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# Take it easy.



Soft Whiskey may be soft, but it's not meek.



**PLAYBILL** AT 52, the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham still seems an incarnation of the boy-scout oath. Setting out to separate the man from the mystique, writer Saul Braun (whose most recent assignment for us was a portrait of Johnny Cash) attended Graham's press conferences, signed up for crusades and even digested an authorized biography; but Graham courteously and resolutely declined to grant a personal interview. He diplomatically refused to confide his reasons, but it's clear that he felt his appearance in *PLAYBOY* would be improper. We don't. The subject of *Nearer, Silent Majority, to Thee* is, to us, very much a part of a society that seems to be pulling farther apart.

Though he thinks "historians ought to stick to the past," Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., tries his hand at forecasting in this issue with *Histories of the Future*, wherein he muses on the directions in which America might move after Vietnam. In the process, the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian demonstrates a hitherto unheralded talent for parody, with a well-honed rendering of alliterative Agnewisms. Schlesinger's own view of the Vice-President's contribution to the political scene: "He's providing some much-needed comic relief." A tongue-in-cheek example of how the United States muffed a chance to change the course of history in the Soviet Union is reported by U.S. Representative Thomas Rees in *Bringing Russia to Her Knees*. Congressman Rees, whose district includes Beverly Hills and the Sunset Strip, believes Southern California affords frightening proof of what happens when a society is designed around the automobile. An exporter by trade, he's also concerned about East-West tensions. "If we're ever going to have peace," he told us, "we must have more integrated commerce. Only a hard-line Stalinist could be heartened by the American refusal to break down the iron curtain by trading with those behind it."

The societal split that some surveys have found most worrisome to Americans is the chasm between generations. Contributing Editor Nat Hentoff, summarizing *PLAYBOY*'s 15th annual Jazz & Pop Poll, suggests that in music may lie a key to understanding between young and old. "Increasingly each year," says Hentoff, "I recognize how thoroughly the music of the young is interrelated with everything else they do and feel. The new popular music is not an avocation; it's an integral part of a life style." Tragically, for two winners of Hall of Fame awards, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, the life style ended all too soon.

With the rise of women's lib, even the age-old battle of the sexes has taken on some of the aspects of guerrilla warfare. In this month's lead fiction, *The Big Pieces*, Thomas Baum explores the relationship between an uptight would-be editor and her male boss. "It started

out as an idea for a revue sketch—sort of a Second City thing," says Baum. "Now, I'm in the process of turning it into a short screenplay." *PLAYBOY*'s nonfictional look at women's liberation, *Up Against the Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!* (May 1970), was written by Morton Hunt. In researching his subject for this month, *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Intelligence*, Hunt discovered that leading scientists are again embattled over the heredity-vs.-environment issue. "After this article, I'll have both sides hating me," he predicts. Hunt is presently working on a new book about another aspect of human behavior—violent crime.

The challenge of raising a genius is dealt with fictionally in William Harrison's *A Nice Enough Funeral*, which will form part of his book *Lessons in Paradise*, to be published by Morrow in March. Crime and what happens to those who are convicted of it are discussed by this month's *Playboy Interview* subject, former Arkansas prison superintendent Tom Murton—who tried to reform that state's penal system and was dismissed after unearthing evidence of unprosecuted murders. Murton talks about timely issues: As we go to press, Arkansas' Cummins Prison Farm is under siege, and a contingent of National Guardsmen has joined 75 state troopers already on duty there.

The tilt-nosed dollies of cartoonist Alden Erikson have often appeared in *PLAYBOY*, but the five-page special *Divorce—Hollywood Style* is his first full-length feature for us. "My original idea was to do a thing on California's new divorce laws, but somehow it ended up in Hollywood," says Erikson. "I suppose it's because I'm an avid reader of movie gossip columns."

As an antidote to all this dissension, from revival-tent divinity to lotus-land divorce, sit down and relax with one of the vintage recommended by William Masee in *Stocking the Urban Wine Cellar*. Masee, who collaborated on the classic *The Wines of France* with Alexis Lichine, is himself the author of a half-dozen wine books. Or you may prefer to take a vicarious trip aboard *The Executive Jet*, a survey of modern corporate aircraft. To photograph the premier specimen of this genre, Hugh Hefner's Big Bunny, *PLAYBOY* staffer Alexas Urbaclocked some 30,000 air miles.

Since February is the month in which we observe the festival of Saint Valentine, the patron spirit of romance, we offer William Iversen's encyclopedic directory of the osculatory arts, *Bushman's Holiday*, illustrated by young Chicago artist Doug Taylor. This is Taylor's first appearance in *PLAYBOY*, Iversen's 28th. We think you'll find Bill's research provides an informatively challenging guide to spending—with the companion of your choice—a happy Valentine's Day.



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Ramsey Clark's article on American prisons—*When Punishment Is a Crime* (PLAYBOY, November 1970)—deserves the widest possible audience. He has pointed out some of the major deficiencies of our prison system and he eloquently pleads the need for change. His suggestions regarding community treatment, work release, indeterminate sentencing and graduated release have merit, as do his comments on disparities in sentencing.

I would like to add one or two points. First, we will not rehabilitate most offenders unless we train them well enough to hold a decent job. This means that American industry must get into the prisons—perhaps establish branches there—to train and employ offenders while they serve. Our prison industries are often ineffective and exploitive. Secondly, American labor must accept ex-offenders into unions, or all their training may be in vain. In fact, it would be worth while to let a man join a union while he is still institutionalized. And, finally, we have got to enact more "annulment of a conviction" statutes. Five states have them now; all should pass them. These laws provide that after a probationary period, criminal records should be expunged. Thus, an ex-offender need not continually stigmatize himself or render himself unemployable by the requirement that he report to the police when moving into a new community, or that he state on a job application that he is an ex-convict. If we really want to rehabilitate a man, we should remove all the shackles after release. To leave even one legal leg iron can prevent him from going straight.

Milton G. Rector, Executive Director  
National Council on Crime and  
Delinquency  
New York, New York

I disagree with Clark's statement that "the sheer multitudes of people in modern society make the idea of a balancing out between the offender and the many offended a meaningless form of retribution." Our whole concept of law and order is based on society punishing and ostracizing one of its group when that individual breaks the rules of mutual protection. It's difficult to convince any-

one who has been mugged, maimed, robbed or had a relative murdered that all the offender needs is rehabilitation and another chance. That offender has an obligation to the offended individual and to society to be squared away before he can again become an equal in society. It is not enough to say "I'm sorry."

L. V. Nyberg  
West Redding, Connecticut

*When Punishment Is a Crime* was both truthful and thought-provoking. I am a 19-year-old prisoner in the Federal Reformatory in El Reno, Oklahoma, so I'm in a position to know. The correctional institutions in this country *do not* rehabilitate and *cure* wrongdoers. They turn out more refined criminals who are well educated by other convicts on how to beat the courts and/or to wear them down.

Charles J. Foster  
El Reno, Oklahoma

I am presently employed as correctional classification counselor for The Maryland Division of Corrections. I believe that we are at a crucial point in the short history of corrections. Society apparently fails to realize that by punishing an individual we cannot stop or even slow down the crime wave. A man may have "paid" for a certain offense, but chances are he will commit another crime when released. Inmates are not children who, when spanked, will keep away from a candle; we are dealing with grown men with deep emotional and social problems that punishment cannot eradicate.

The correctional system is presently in a state of limbo. We have progressed to a point where punishment is not generally viewed as favorable, but many of us fail to admit the advantages of a rehabilitation program that would give the inmates certain privileges. I am not speaking of giving all inmates rights and privileges, but certainly we should give those who would benefit from them certain basic rights and freedoms. Either we must move forward on this problem or we should build a Siberia where a percentage of our society would remain until death. As it is now, one inmate

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told me, "This place is not good enough to make me want to do something for myself, but it is not bad enough to keep me from committing an offense."

George A. Rodon, Jr.  
Laurel, Maryland

Having been a prisoner in the Federal system, I know what Clark is saying when he speaks of how far behind the times our prison system is today. Penologists should listen to him.

The programs in most penitentiaries are conducted, for the most part, with tongue in cheek. They are operated by old hands who are satisfied that all a man should do when sent to prison is time. But the man who does only time will return soon after his release with a "new bit" to do. There are those who enjoy being in prison, but there are also men who beg for an opportunity to improve their lot, so that when they are released they will have something to take with them other than an ill-fitting suit. They want to take something that no one can take away from them—knowledge. And as prisons are today, most of them will never get it.

Ralph S. Wright  
Columbia Theological Seminary  
Decatur, Georgia

I disagree strongly with the focal point of Clark's article. He states, "If rehabilitation is the goal, only the indeterminate sentence should be used in all cases." He justifies this stand by saying, "the light at the end of the tunnel is visible and it always looks good. It can be a goal—perhaps the first goal of a lifetime . . . and any flagrant abuse could be expected to come under judicial review." California has used the indeterminate sentence for over 20 years. In theory, the idea had merit; in its present application, it is utilized as a psychological weapon to systematically break a man. If a prisoner does not conform in prison—conform to what prison officials want—his parole is denied, year after year. If a man in prison wants to be released in as short a time as possible, he must be what his counselor wants him to be, what his unit (living quarters) supervisor wants him to be, what his instructor wants him to be—and finally, what the parole board wants him to be. In other words, if he becomes an automaton to the whim and caprice of others, all of whom write separate and individual "progress reports" on him, his chances of early release are good. Frankly, to get "rehabilitated" is to be deceptive; it means being all people, because that is the easiest way out, and less time means less punishment. The indeterminate-sentence law in California, the fixing and refixing of terms by the Adult Authority (parole board), has been under "judicial review" a number of times, yet nothing

is ever done to rectify the appalling injustices. I am an ex-convict.

James Testa, National Director  
Youth Development  
Sacramento, California

The publication of articles like Clark's in PLAYBOY will certainly not offset the degrading influence your magazine has in appealing to the baser instincts of man. The rampant immorality that plagues our nation, crumbling homes and the skyrocketing crime rate are directly related to the appeal to man's animal instinct that is the major thrust of advertising and PLAYBOY magazine. It is my prayer that you at PLAYBOY magazine will realize the error of your ways and will make amends before the day when you stand before the judgment bar of God.

R. S. Rice  
Department of Church Schools  
Church of the Nazarene  
Kansas City, Missouri

#### GERBER GOTHIC

Hal Bennett's *Dotson Gerber Resurrected* (PLAYBOY, November 1970) may be presented as fiction, but it brings home the truth about the treatment of black people in the Southern states. No better illustration of the conditions here could be asked for than the incident in the story in which the poor black farmer decides to admit to murder just to be able to say he has "killed a white man."

Harry P. Little  
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

#### UNREFINED GOULD

I have read many of PLAYBOY's candid conversations and found them both entertaining and mentally stimulating, but none moved me more than your November 1970 interview with Elliott Gould. From the beginning of the section concerning Gould's compulsive gambling to near the end, when he said, "We must feel before we can think," I was spellbound.

George White  
Bronx, New York

I can only admire Gould's honest appraisal of his own work when he says, "I'm not one tenth as proud of *M. A. S. H.* as I am of having had something to do with *Getting Straight*." In estimating his contribution to the success of *M. A. S. H.* and the failure of *Getting Straight*, I think his ratio of ten percent to 100 percent is about correct. But I do thank him for that ten percent.

Robert Altman  
West Vancouver, British Columbia  
*Altman is a noted director whose credits include "M. A. S. H."*

Elliott Gould was suggested for the part of the jester in *Once upon a Mattress* by Joe Layton, who was choreographer and codirector of the television

production. I'm sure that in thinking back over that many years, Elliott's mind is confused, because I never said to him, "What do you do? Do you sing, do you dance?" Having seen him in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, I was well aware of his talents. I think he did a magnificent job as the jester and, as a big Elliott Gould fan, I only wish he would share his talent in this direction with the public.

Joe Hamilton  
Los Angeles, California

*Hamilton is a TV producer and the husband of Carol Burnett.*

The totally uninhibited manner in which Gould relates his deepest emotions and thoughts is truly the trademark of our generation. However, I have serious reservations about his political philosophy. His advocacy of change is expected; change is necessary in any society. But to give carte blanche to all young radicals, whom Gould admits he's "with all the way," only deepens the rift. If people such as Gould—who are in a position to publicize their opinions—would support purposeful change through peaceful means, maybe then all young people could unite and change this world we've inherited. But the violence has got to stop.

Averagus Dorigen  
Greenville, North Carolina

Who is Elliott Gould trying to kid? I agree with many of his ideas, appreciate his "embarrassment" at stardom and fame and relate to his derisive attitude toward so many hypocritical and frustrating establishment values. Yet it seems incredible that such piety and sincerity could come from a man who has dedicated his entire life to making it big in the entertainment industry. He is a fine actor and I'm sure he is genuinely bored and tired of the whole phony business, just like the rest of us. But he's still looking for more fame and wealth and he's just as afraid of not making it.

It seems currently fashionable for every entertainer to criticize morals, middle-class values, business, the military, education, sexual mores, etc. Many of these institutions need attacking and have needed it for a long time. But I am getting damn tired of all the amateur psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists and "experts" in all fields. For once, in an interview, I would like to hear an actor, singer, musician or athlete talk about his own field or talent. Why do we set them up as authorities on all these other matters? It's like asking Spiro Agnew for literary criticism, God forbid.

Don Hegg  
Denver, Colorado

#### SUPERLATIVE SHOOT-OUT

Craig Vetter's *Shoot-Out in Johnston City* (PLAYBOY, November 1970) was just



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We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

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great. Capturing the real feeling of a professional pool-hustling tournament is tough work, but Vetter certainly managed to do it. The part about the championship match between Lassiter and Allen was so vivid, I felt I was actually there. Congratulations on a fine piece of reportage.

Peter Scott  
Laurence Harbor, New Jersey

While I admire PLAYBOY's consistently good coverage of major issues and ideas, it was a pleasure to encounter Craig Vetter's *Shoot-Out in Johnston City*. Pool hustling may not mean much in the larger scheme of things, but the Johnston City clash is a charming bit of Americana, and on that basis alone deserves to be taken note of.

Lou Thompson  
Los Angeles, California

#### STRAIGHT OR DEAD?

I congratulate Jules Siegel on his article on communes, *West of Eden* (PLAYBOY, November 1970). As implied in this accurate description of life in the American counterculture, the commune is neither good nor bad, positive or negative—rather, it simply *is*. And it *is* because it represents one of the few self-actualizing alternatives left to alienated youth in our rapidly deteriorating, dehumanized corporate society. Rather than fight this alternative, we should support it. But I know this is asking too much. As one Washington official said, after I suggested that he endorse and support communes to revitalize young, inner-city, Haight-Ashbury heroin abusers, "We couldn't do that because it would be an improper 'resocialization.'" In other words, our leaders are saying, "straight or dead," you have no other choice. Perhaps this is why some people say America is on a death trip.

David E. Smith, M. D.  
Director  
Haight-Ashbury Medical  
Clinic  
San Francisco, California

Our copy of your November 1970 issue has been passed around so much, it's falling apart, but our family will long remember Jules Siegel's article on communes. Siegel is the first author to treat fairly and sensibly this movement to create an alternate life style. We hope that his efforts will inspire even more people to try living more natural and real lives in a communal context. As Siegel shows, life on a rural commune isn't always easy, but the rewards can be magnificent.

Barry Williams  
A Farm in New Mexico

The communal movement is great—if you're into copping out. Running off to

a farm and grooving with your "family" is no way to deal with the horrors that make you want to run there in the first place; you can't beat the system by hiding from it.

Mary Walsh  
New York, New York

#### NIGHTMARE COUNTRY

PLAYBOY doesn't very often dabble in creepy-crawly fiction (I imagine you figure the Gahan Wilson cartoons are enough of a contribution to the genre), but when you do, you do it admirably. Roger Dionne's November 1970 story, *Accidents of a Country Road*, is a classic study in paranoia. A casual beginning, and then, slowly, the mild strains of distortion set in. The ending left me cold—meaning chilled to the marrow.

Mike Rapchak  
New York, New York

Amid PLAYBOY's unblushing promotion of bad movies full of the momentary nudity that still titillates the Midwest, your continuing ill-tempered whining about women's lib (things were so much easier when only the man had to reach orgasm) and your desperate attempts to sell the clothes, perfume, jewelry and deodorants of a dying culture, amid all this, it was a shock and a pleasure to encounter Roger Dionne's *Accidents of a Country Road*, a piece of carefully worked hallucinatory art. Dionne's grim Thanksgiving dinners are much more appealing than all the mindless plastic birds elsewhere in the issue.

J. D. O'Hara  
English Department  
University of Connecticut  
Storrs, Connecticut

#### CINEMA '70

Congratulations to Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert on their fine article *Sex in Cinema: 1970* (PLAYBOY, November 1970). They accurately describe the new ways of the movies, and the selection of photographs accompanying their account was excellent.

David A. Schubert  
Carbondale, Illinois

I suppose that having blazed a rather small path in celluloid history by involving myself the way I did in *Women in Love* (in what I consider to be rather beautiful scenes), I must be qualified to pass some judgment on unnecessary exploitation cinema. However, I remember my father saying that other people's sex is really rather boring, and that one's own should be of rather more interest to oneself. It is not particularly funny to take off your trousers in front of a lot of people. Nor do I find it particularly flattering to be linked in the same article with films that I consider to be of less

artistic value than *Women in Love*. Unlike Caesar, I accepted once, but, to date, have thrice denied myself further opportunity to take part in the present-day mania for cinematographic titillation.

Oliver Reed  
London, England

*Reed has also appeared in "Oliver!," "Hannibal Brooks" and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Is Name."*

Who can quarrel with the text of the piece, or with the obvious cultural gains to be derived from such precious knowledge as: How many expensive films will show *labia minora* pried apart for civil liberty's sake? Or how many cheapies will offer the spurt of seminal truth, 30 feet high? I do disagree, however, with the rationale behind Knight and Alpert's attack on *Myra Breckinridge*, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and 20th Century-Fox. Without defending the films themselves, I'm astonished at the critical onslaught from people who have cheered every lap in the Outrage Derby until this one. Without forgiving any sins, it's still true that Fox alone among the majors has taken picture-maker chances—whether bad, good, over-stuffed, underrated or whatever. The reason for a film like *Myra* is the common, brute, competitive passion to bail out the last disaster with *another* film—but it's also the reason for *Patton*, *M. A. S. H.* and other risky, against-the-tide pictures. (In my time at Fox, *Fantastic Voyage* took that kind of gambler's courage.) My point is that "Do it, grab it, *make* the picture!" atones for a lot of sins out here in the unemployment line. I'll compare my own scars with anyone's, but I think Knight and Alpert's attacks miss the central point and give off some odor of sanctimony as well.

Saul David  
Beverly Hills, California

*David produced "In Like Flint," "Fantastic Voyage" and "Von Ryan's Express," among others.*

Knight and Alpert provide a considerable amount of intriguing information—but I was most intrigued to discover in the accompanying photo spread that I appear in a still from *The Strawberry Statement*, cleverly disguised as another actress. I did appear in that film, but I don't remember making that scene. Could it be possible that I was hypnotized and made up to look like someone else?

Kristina Holland  
Los Angeles, California

*While we wouldn't put anything past moviemakers these days, we're afraid the truth of the matter is less colorful: A copy checker goofed, confusing Kristina with Kristin Van Buren, the young lady who actually appeared in the scene. To our copy checker, we've sent the names*

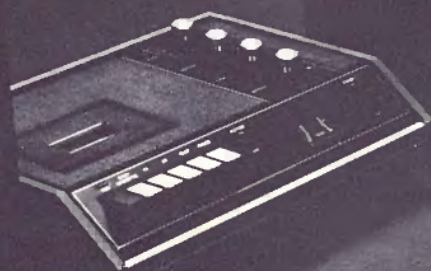


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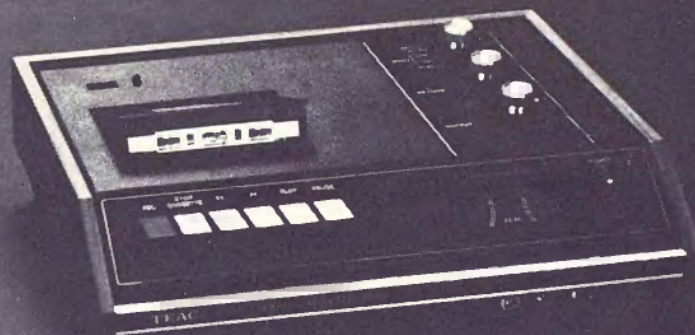
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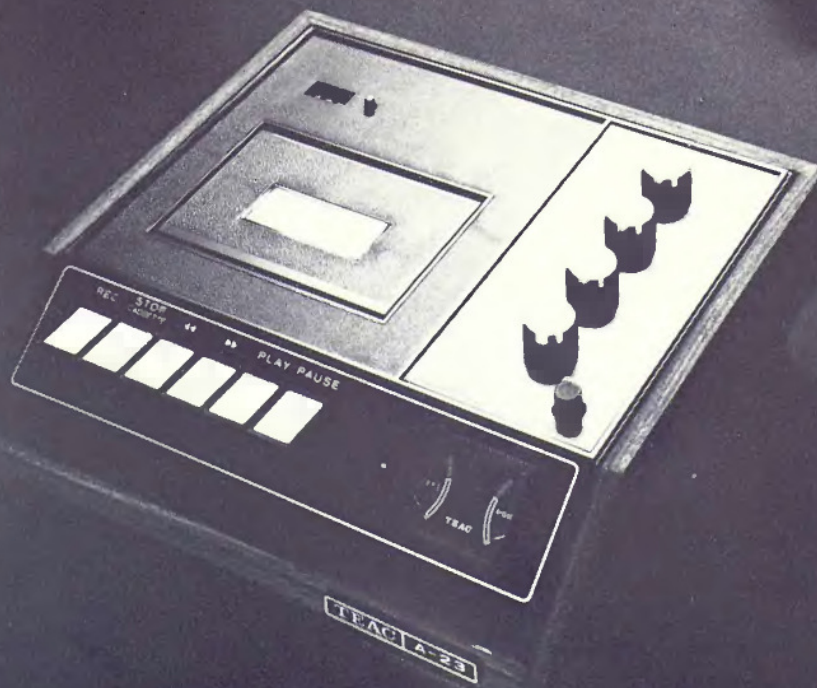
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of two reliable eye doctors, and to Miss Holland, we send our apologies for the mix-up.

#### NASHVILLE POWER

Saul Braun's *Good Ole Boy* (PLAYBOY, November 1970) was more than just another article on an entertainment star. It captured not only the stage presence of a culture hero but also the relationship of that hero to his roots and way of life. Braun's look at Johnny Cash made it quite clear that in country-and-western music, a musician's art and his life style are inseparable. But then, that's the way it is with all great art.

John Baker  
Nashville, Tennessee

I would like to commend PLAYBOY and Braun. *Good Ole Boy* was a tribute to a great country singer and an even greater man. It was an outstanding thing for Cash to have had the will power to kick the dope habit.

SF/2 Jim Hartfield, U.S.N.  
FPO New York, New York

#### TRYING HARDER

After looking at your November 1970 Playmate, Avis Miller, I concluded that even Hertz could not object to Avis being number one, under such circumstances.

Winston V. Morrow, Jr.  
President  
Avis Rent A Car System, Inc.  
Garden City, New York

#### CHART BUSTER

As executive director of Friends of the Earth and a member of the League of Conservation Voters, I read with considerable interest the November 1970 *Playboy's Political Preference Chart*. Naturally, I was extremely interested to see what grades you gave the candidates in the Pollution-of-Environment column.

Nice try, but you were generally too kind to the candidates. There has been, and unfortunately still is, a fairly wide gap between rhetoric and performance in the Congress and the Statehouses. As you perceptively noted in your introduction to the preference chart, rating candidates on the environmental issue poses more subtle problems than those encountered in rating them on other issues. While you did a generally admirable job in sorting through the rhetorical chaff, you fell down on a number of candidates.

PLAYBOY dispensed 40 A's and A-minuses in the environmental column. But only four of the candidates listed merited better than B: Senator Philip Hart (Michigan), former Representative Richard Ottinger (New York), ex-Governor Philip Hoff (Vermont) and former Vice-President Hubert Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey rates an A only if one considers

his performance as a Senator and ignores his nonperformance on environmental issues as Vice-President.

Jointly, Friends of the Earth and the League of Conservation Voters have published voting records for the House of Representatives and the Senate. While a man's voting record cannot be used as an absolute indicator of his merit as a defender of the environment, it goes a long way toward separating the rhetoric from the action. PLAYBOY readers interested in these voting records can get them by sending one dollar to Friends of the Earth, 917 15th Street N. W., Washington, D. C. 20005. Even though it's too late for election year 1970, this kind of information is invaluable in prodding one's elected representatives between elections. And the 92nd Congress had better go down in history as *the* environmental Congress, or there isn't likely to be much of a future for our young people and the coming generations.

Gary A. Soucie  
Executive Director  
Friends of the Earth  
New York, New York

#### DOUBLE CROSSING

Elliott Arnold's *Night Crossing* (PLAYBOY, November 1970) is a remarkable example of the wish-fulfillment type of story. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who, when traveling—whether by plane, boat, bus or train—hasn't wanted to make it with some of the chicks on the plane/boat/bus/train? A moment's delight to break the tedium of the crossing? Arnold, of course, adds the appropriate twist, though I would have appreciated a line or two about Morgan's frame of mind when he realized whom he had slept with.

Jeff Hanson  
Detroit, Michigan

Dull voyage, dull story, gentlemen. Nicely written, I'll grant you—Arnold is a capable wordsmith—but not exactly exciting, and the ending telegraphed halfway through it. It's a touch unbelievable, too. Morgan not able to tell the difference between the girls and the govern-ness, even in the dark? Come, now! Even the poorest of shepherds can tell the difference between a lioness and a lamb!

Harold Smith  
San Francisco, California

A *Night* of delight! When I was younger, one tried to make out with the young ladies he met in the dining car while traveling cross-country. And they had chaperones then, too. A different time and a different place, but Arnold has the situation down pat.

Ramond Pagett  
Cincinnati, Ohio

#### ARTIFACTUAL MAN

Edmund Carpenter's article on Seventies man and his artifacts, *They Became What They Beheld* (PLAYBOY, November 1970), proves that men of science and letters can give their findings to a non-specialized audience with guts, gusto and no loss of sensitivity to the truth.

Alan Lomax  
Columbia University  
New York, New York

*Lomax, a noted collector and anthologist of folk and blues music, co-authored the "Penguin Book of American Folk Songs."*

Having been a graduate student under Carpenter, I remember that one of the fundamental differences between him and other cultural anthropologists was his ability to speak *of* people and not about them. In universities, there are endless rows of dust-covered volumes that describe in extreme statistical detail every characteristic of man, the culture-bearing animal—everything except what it means to be human. Carpenter's short statement is more successful in allowing the reader to become involved in a glimpse of that humanness. At a time when students all over the country cry out for relevance in the living of life, the professional academic journals go unread while creative academic people are published by PLAYBOY. Congratulations.

William C. Hozie  
Instructor of Anthropology  
University of California  
Berkeley, California

#### MAD AVE

I enjoyed Michael Butler's humorous article on the production of television commercials, *And Now—A Word from Our Sponsor . . .* (PLAYBOY, November 1970), but the part about my experience was slightly incorrect. As Butler's story goes, I was auditioning girls for a Noxzema spot and told one of the candidates that "I want something sort of special from you," and that I returned a few moments later to find the girl sitting at my desk stark-naked—all her clothes piled in the corner. Actually, it was a Cinzano Vermont spot and what I said was: "I'm looking for two things from you." And when I came back, all she showed me were her two things. She wasn't stark-naked. Only her blouse and bra were in the corner. Incidentally, the audition was for a radio commercial and she didn't get the spot. Her lungs were fine, but her reading was terrible.

David Altschiller  
Vice-President  
Carl Ally, Inc.  
New York, New York

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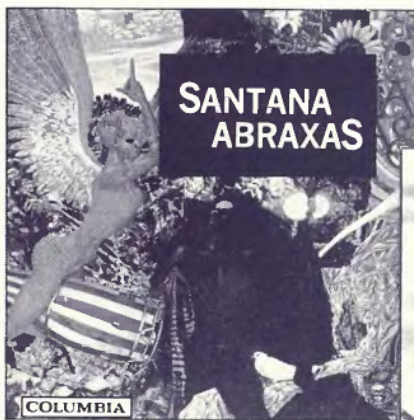
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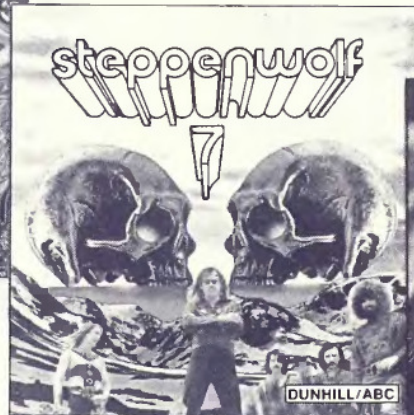
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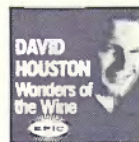
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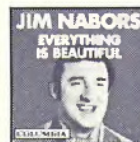
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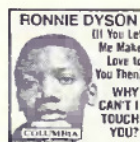
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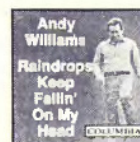
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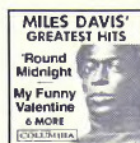
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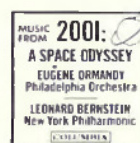
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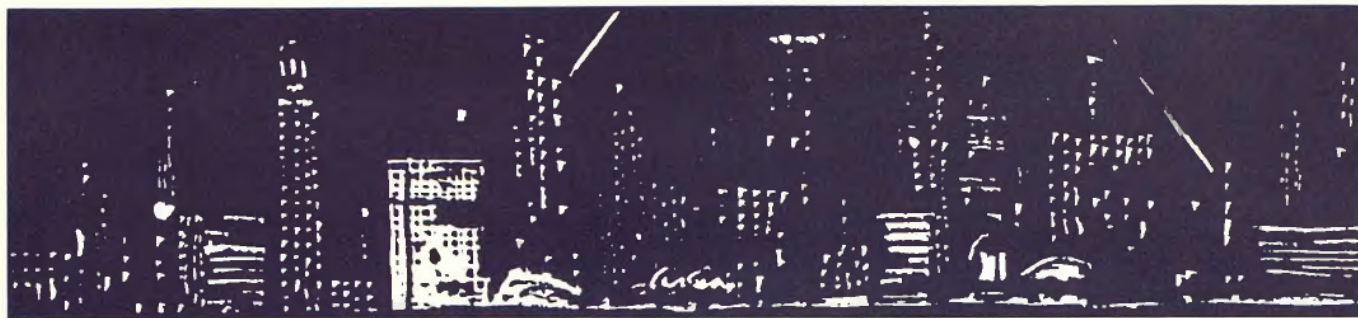
Check out the Toyota Mark II yourself. You'll know it from all the other economy cars by its distinctive features.

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



One of the President's prerogatives is to appoint commissions of acknowledged experts to study urgent national problems and propose solutions. This poses a secondary problem for every Administration: how to gracefully ignore or tactfully reject such reports if they prove unpalatable. In the case of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, Mr. Nixon has an easy out. The commission was appointed by his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson, who packed it with scholars, intellectuals, Democrats and other undesirables well known among Nixon Administration insiders as incapable of recognizing The National Smut Peril, much less combating it. But let's assume for a heady moment that some hypothetical President decided to act on the commission's findings and support legislation based on its recommendations. And let us further assume that the U.S. were to actually repeal all laws regulating the manufacture, sale, importation or possession of pornography by and for adults—as Denmark has already done—on the strength of the commission's conclusion that it is socially and psychologically innocuous. What then, America? Those who persist in believing that pornography is evil will take comfort in our pragmatic conclusion that legalized pornography could spell national disaster.

Consider, if you will, the impact of repeal on the Post Office Department, after all its years of dedication to protecting Americans from pernicious photographic and literary influences. Its job, God knows, has not been an easy one: The Department's increasing postage rates and declining service correlate ominously with the rising tide of smut that has poured through the floodgates opened by the Supreme Court's *Roth* decision in 1957. It was at about this time that the Post Office began canceling stamps not with the traditional **FIGHT T. B. and BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS** messages, but with the stern admonition to **REPORT OBSCENE MAIL TO YOUR LOCAL POSTMASTER**. Interpreting this admonition as a moral mandate, the nation's postmasters forthwith went to work

ferreting out filth wherever they could find it. Since it might be anywhere, the task of riffling through every package and steaming open every letter soon became not only a patriotic duty but a time-consuming burden as well. The rest is history; not even automation, jet aircraft or Zip Codes could prevent the slowdown in mail deliveries, the penny-by-penny increase in postage rates or the mounting restiveness of postal personnel that culminated in the country's first nationwide mail strike. Repeal at this late day, unfortunately, would only worsen matters. Hundreds of postal inspectors would be thrown out of work and thousands of purposeless postmasters would sit brooding over the fact that they no longer received any spicy mail.

Nor would other branches of Government escape the deleterious consequences of legalization. American cultural and political tradition has always required that sin and/or pleasure be prohibited in the public interest. Where they cannot be prohibited successfully, they must be taxed, as in the case of excise levies on liquor, tobacco, theater admissions and the like. (Where the objective is to *really* outlaw something, it's called a regulatory tax: \$200 on privately owned machine guns; \$100 per ounce on marijuana, etc.) Since no state or national administration could resist so lucrative a source of tax revenue (to judge from official estimates of the public's predilection for pornography), the nation would soon become economically dependent on smut. And since legal pornography would promptly lose its forbidden-fruit appeal, the supply, surely, would one day exceed demand. This would compel the Government to begin subsidizing porno as a vital national industry. There would be Federal price supports for pornography, with production quotas; Department of Commerce booklets on how to produce more pornography at lower cost; Federal Trade Commission rulings on marketing, pricing and consumer standards; antitrust litigation to curtail monopolistic smut peddling; and somewhere in the Midwest, vast silos overflowing with surplus erotica.

But taxation of obscenity would have

still more deplorable repercussions. The Treasury Department agency charged with collecting such revenue would doubtless be the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, which recently changed its name to the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Tax Division, and which, presumably, would have to further expand its name to the Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Pornography Tax Division—thus creating the most formidable governmental agency on earth. And as the revenueurs well know, taxation is an invitation to evasion; Inevitably, there would be a blue market for hijacked, counterfeit or home-brewed filth; the media would treat us to exposés of automobile fleets bootlegging illicit stag films along the winding mountain roads of Tennessee, and of the Long Island Smut Fleet anchored just outside the 12-mile limit, transferring crates of sex books and obscene photos onto high-powered contact boats that would run the Coast Guard blockade and land their contraband in fog-shrouded coves.

In accordance with Gresham's law that the bad drives out the good, the burgeoning underground smut market would quickly generate such a surfeit of low-grade erotica as to give pornography a bad name. Simply to survive, respectable publishers would have to market children's books with lurid dust jackets and Walt Disney Studios would have to spice up its family films with sweaty bedroom scenes. Stag movies filmed in Panavision 70 and playing at every small-town theater would doom volunteer fire departments across the country, leaving thousands of communities unprotected. Service clubs and men's fraternal organizations would have to disband, depriving children of Fourth-of-July parades and women of the heart-warming male appreciation expressed by a strategically administered joy buzzer. But worst of all, it would be necessary for **PLAYBOY**—faced by a market glutted with erotica—to abandon its Playmates, cartoons and Party Jokes, and begin publishing landscapes, biographies of the great composers and Norman Rockwell portraits



in their place. Is this what we want for the United States of America?

Disciples of Count Dracula will be disheartened by an Associated Press story from London, where police arrested a young man who was prowling through Highgate Cemetery with a flashlight, a crucifix and a sharp wooden stake. The youth told the judge he was hunting vampires, which he intended to slay in the accepted fashion. The judge found that hunting vampires is within the law and dismissed the case.

We are indebted to *Rolling Stone* for reprinting this typographical classic from the Miami Beach *Thursday Reporter*. The story dealt with the trial of one Jim Morrison on obscenity charges: "Miller [a patrolman] testified that Morrison pulled down what seemed to be dark-leather pants to his thighs and exposed his sex organs for '15 seconds.' Miller said he could not see any underwear and could not tell whether or not the pants were down only in front. During the 15 seconds, Morrison 'took his genitals in his hand and shook them,' Miller stated.

"Add a little soy sauce to pineapple juice, thicken with cornstarch and bring to a boil. Combine with pineapple chunks and pour over broiled pork chops. 'Delicious,' says Food Fair's Golden Kitchens."

*Incidental Ecological Intelligence:* A sign in a Port Elizabeth, South Africa, liquor store reads: PRESERVE WILD LIFE. THROW A PARTY.

For years an elderly Chicago couple could be seen strolling hand-in-hand along Lake Shore Drive. When a neighbor recently spotted the lady walking alone and asked if her husband had passed away, she replied, "He's not my husband. I got tired of having the lazy bum around the house and I kicked him out."

The New Jersey branch of the women's-liberation movement—the ban-the-bra girls—calls itself The Jersey Bouncers.

Our Begorra Award goes to the National Society of Christians, which named strife-torn Belfast, Northern Ireland, as The Model City of the World for 1970. The Society states that Belfast "possesses a zealous Christian attitude and participates with an active interest in religious functions." Amen.

Fifteen members of the St. Cloud, Minnesota State football squad were disqualified when physical exams showed they all suffered from high blood pressure. Dr. John Schrock of the school's health department looked at the testing

setup and decided to re-examine the players. This time they all passed. It seems that the first tests were administered by a shapely young brunette.

*Military-Industrial Complex, Lost and Found Department:* According to *The New York Times*, an Air Force heat-seeking, air-to-air missile was found in the back yard of a vacant candy store. Though no explanation was offered by the Defense Department, it's interesting to note that the property where the weapon was found is owned by a Mr. and Mrs. McNamara.

Spotted on a wall in San Francisco, the following graffito about the head of a well-known speed-reading school: EVELYN WOOD MOVES HER LIPS WHEN SHE READS. Below, somebody had penned, YES, BUT VERY QUICKLY.

A few fortunate souls, it would seem, still haven't heard of Spiro Agnew. According to *The Washington Post*, a letter sent to the Vice-President at his hometown address—1146 Concordia Drive, Towson, Maryland—was stamped by postal authorities, ADDRESS UNKNOWN, NOT FORWARDABLE.

Our Only Driven by a Little Old Lady On Sundays Award goes to whoever placed this ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press*: "I am getting married and would like to sell my electric-power DILDO, size 12. It is only one year old and has been used only three and a half hours. An extra set of batteries included."

## ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

What the Paramount Theater meant to an earlier generation of bobby-soxers conveys just a rough idea of how thousands of fringed and tie-dyed pilgrims of pop feel about Manhattan's *Fillmore East*. Fillmore marks the spot where The Who presented their dazzling rock opera, *Tommy*, long before the Woodstock Nation joined the tuxedo-and-tiara set to cheer the work in a historic one-night stand at the new Metropolitan Opera. As an emotional outlet for New York under-30s who live beyond earshot of Fillmore West—the high-decibel home office in San Francisco, where rock entrepreneur Bill Graham originally got it all together—Fillmore East opened in 1968 and swiftly became a more or less nonstop rock festival. Aspiring young musicians soon learn that to make it with audiences at the Fillmore is to Make It. Despite the lure of bigger money and stadium-sized crowds in concert halls from coast to coast, such star acts as The Byrds, Jefferson Airplane and The Grateful Dead keep coming back because

Fillmore coddles them with superb sound systems and first-rate visual aids on a cycloramic screen, where Joe's Lights, or sometimes the Pig Light Show, rigs up all manner of mind-manipulating psychedelic surprises. Electricity, of course, is the lifeblood of the shows and Graham's programming of the performers he has wired for sound is excellent: hard rock, folk-rock, jazz, funky blues and hand-clapping Gospel groups are judiciously combined to broaden the range of what's worth while in American music. A majority of the Fillmore crowd still responds on the loud-is-good-and-louder-is-better level, but more sophisticated pleasures are there for those who want them. Stepping into the faded plush-and-gilt decor of Fillmore East, a former movie palace that relishes its past, the customer finds a spacious cavern with 2600 seats, and realizes that listening is "in," dancing is "out" (unlike the West Coast's Fillmore, where older tribal customs prevail). Bearded, long-haired ushers, wearing green football jerseys and looking deceptively casual, are as efficient as any phalanx of uniformed guards at Radio City Music Hall—and a no-drugs policy is strictly enforced. There's no specific prohibition, however, about people arriving stoned, which does wonders for the music on an off night. Performances on weekends only, with occasional exceptions, at 105 Second Avenue, in the East Village.

## BOOKS

Ever since Tom Wolfe caromed onto the scene some years ago with a scathing, unfair and occasionally funny attack on the "living mummies" of *The New Yorker* magazine, there has been a tendency among more conventional journalists to dismiss him as a fop with a poison pen. His chief interests were zapping the culturalati of Manhattan's East Side and reporting the latest doings and undoings of Beautiful People and their imitators. It may have been a slender achievement, but as a trend spotter and pop sociologist among the overachievers, Wolfe was unexcelled. Now Wolfe turns truly serious (for him) and in twin magazine-length articles—*Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)—he performs a public vivisection on two groups of pretenders to sociopolitical significance. One group consists of the practitioners of confrontation politics in the slums of San Francisco—the blacks, *chicanos*, Chinese, Samoan and other minorities who hanker to open their own "Ethnic Catering Service" out of public funds. A dramatic Mau-Mau act to scare Whitey, a lot of flak aimed at tender bureaucrats, and presto: A new anti-poverty cadre is born. Wolfe's second group of victims comprises the Peter Duchins, Carter Burdens, Andrew Steins,



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Leonard Bernsteins and other charter members of the Black Panthers Auxiliary, Park Avenue branch, whom Wolfe memorializes as the Radical Chic. A notable piece of reportage, the relentlessly detailed collective portrait focuses mainly on a fund-raising party for imprisoned Panthers at the Bernsteins' elegant Park Avenue duplex. By the time Wolfe is done, it has been taken apart piece by piece. Radical Chic will never be the same.

•

*The Myth of the Machine: The Pentagon of Power* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is Lewis Mumford's 24th book. The second volume of a series, it is the summation of a career devoted to social and political problems, and the most measured assault on conditions in the advanced industrial countries to appear in recent years. It is also the kind of book that everybody hears about but few people get around to reading. In this case, the rule should be broken, because Mumford, unlike such way-out prophets as Marshall McLuhan, has a great deal to say that may not be comforting but is certainly clarifying. Where do our current ills come from? Mumford argues that power, in its naked military form and in its more insidious economic and political manifestations, combined with a world view based on a misreading of science and a misuse of technology, accounts for the majority of the distortions and handicaps that afflict us. On page after page, in chapter after chapter, he offers illuminating insights into consumer civilization and computer technology, into hippie culture and the dead ends of avant-garde art. His rich but flexible prose, so suited to subdued invective, is directed at a multiplicity of targets, all of them worthy of demolition. This is a book that our grandchildren may still be reading; that is, if enough of us bother to heed its author's commonsensical advice.

•

In *The Inland Ground* (Atheneum), Richard Rhodes brings together a collection of 14 essays bearing the subtitle "An Evocation of the American Middle West." Rhodes at his best proves himself a writer of rare gifts. In "Watching the Animals," for example, he visits a packing plant where pigs are slaughtered, and his graphic observations become even more penetrating when he focuses on the impact of the butchering on the men who do the bloody work. He reconstructs the twilight years of Harry Truman, puts together an unusual jigsaw puzzle out of fragments of the life of Dwight Eisenhower, gives a fresh perspective to the work of Masters and Johnson—in every case, transforming stereotypes into complex realities. Much of what he writes is informed by his own experience of growing up in the Middle West. This deep-rooted sense of himself

allows him to describe a day spent hunting coyotes and a night at a cockfight arena without having to pose as either a lover of savage sport or an outrider for the A. S. P. C. A. Instead, he sees beyond the incidents to the violence in all men and to the meaninglessness of killing—and to its excitement as well—sparing no one from judgment, including himself. "And I," he concludes, "since I am of this place and this time also? Old veteran of the knife and the noose and the capsule, I found nothing amiss. Did you?" In this, as in the best of *The Inland Ground*, he compels the reader to answer for himself.

•

Want to know the single essential ingredient of the world-wide hippie underground's cultural strategy—one that's going to revolutionize the world in this decade? It is, says Richard Neville, the "politics of play," and his book, *Play Power* (Random House), attempts to prove that good clean (or dirty) fun is the ingredient that unifies everyone from acidhead dropouts to Yuppies and New Leftists. Neville has the credentials for this task: Not yet 30, he edited an underground magazine in Australia, was acquitted of obscenity charges there and hitchhiked along the Oriental pot trail to England. The bulk of the book is a voluminous documentation of the "international youthquake," from provocations to pop, from guerrilla press to sex and dope hegiras—all of which hardly adds up to a picture of global youth revitalizing the world. Although Neville approvingly quotes Huizinga (whose *Homo Ludens* is the definitive study of the play element in culture) to the effect that "play adorns life, amplifies it," his hippie characters at play seem, for the most part, a sad lot: scrounging for a bed or a meal, stoned into insensibility, desperately agitating and destroying for the sake of destruction. Neville's underground heroes say such things as, "You have a beautiful mind, but it's time you threw it away," and "The way to a girl's mind is through her cunt"—sentiments scarcely calculated to adorn or to amplify life.

•

When Malcom Lowry died in 1957, he left behind a bona fide literary classic, *Under the Volcano*. He also left a trunkful of unfinished manuscripts, which his widow has been industriously dribbling out for publication. In 1961 came a selection of his short stories; next came his *Selected Letters*; then the novel *Dark as the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid*. Now comes *October Ferry to Gabriola* (World). As with most posthumous novels, it is easy to understand why the author himself denied it the life of print: Major motivations are all but missing; key characters are only lightly

penciled in; what is essentially a short story struggles against being forced into a novel's mold. Yet any Lowry is far better than none at all. His uncommonly rich prose, at once symbolic and realistic, still provides a literary feast. In *October Ferry*, as in *Under the Volcano*, the story takes place on a single, seemingly interminable day, interlaced with flashbacks. The hero is again an alcoholic—whose dipsomaniacal haze Lowry renders masterfully. Whereas in *Volcano* the protagonist was passively waiting to be visited by his fate, Captain Ethan Llewelyn, a guilt-ridden retired lawyer and World War Two veteran, is struggling actively in *Ferry* to determine his own destiny, to find a new home and life for his wife and child, after having been evicted from an Eden on the shores of Vancouver. The main action of the novel occurs on a bus ride and ferry trip to a possible new home on the offshore island of Gabriola. It's not smooth reading, but the book—for all its flaws—reaffirms Lowry's place as one of the few authentic prose stylists of this century.

•

In the past decade, American education has been under attack by such radical critics as Paul Goodman, John Holt, Edgar Friedenberg and George Dennison. All have been largely dismissed by those in charge as "romantics." A much more formidable foe, however, is Charles Silberman, whose *Crisis in the Classroom* (Random House) was commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation. Most American schools, Silberman concludes, are grim, joyless and governed by petty and oppressive rules. They suppress "spontaneity, joy in learning, pleasure in creating and sense of self." A careful researcher, Silberman documents these charges with horrendous examples. But it's his illustrations of humane schools that are likely to result in his book's greatest impact. Silberman details the workings of England's new primary schools, which are based on the conviction that "learning is likely to be more effective if it grows out of what interests the learner, rather than what interests the teacher." He also demonstrates, as he titles one of his sections, that "It Can Happen Here." There is the extraordinary remarking of elementary school education in North Dakota, somewhat along British lines, as well as examples of dropouts returning and learning at Harlem Prep in New York and C.A.M. Academy in Chicago. Why do these schools work when the dropout rate in so many public inner-city high schools continues to increase? Because Harlem Prep and C.A.M. Academy "are free to use whatever materials and whatever teaching methods they think will excite their students." In addition, Silberman examines the manifold defects in the training of teachers and suggests practical methods for





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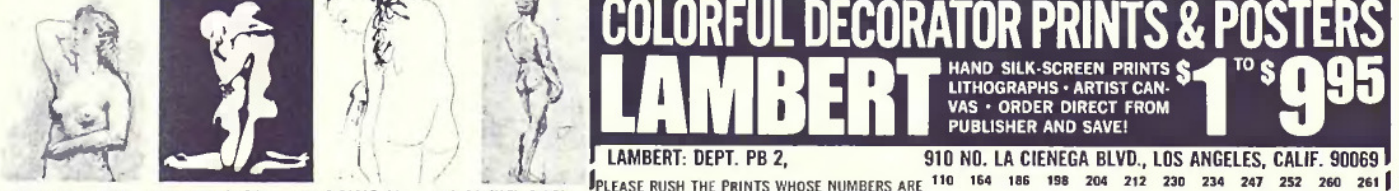
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remedying them. He writes: "When the emphasis is shifted from teaching to learning—when schools become 'centers for inquiry' rather than buildings for the one-way transmission of information—teachers become learners along with their students. . . . And when schools become warm and humane, teachers grow as human beings as well as teachers." John Holt's theories of education, which move toward the very goals Silberman sets forth, are contained in his new book, *What Do I Do Monday?* (Dutton).

Last year, Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich* admitted us to the councils of Adolf Hitler. Now John Toland, with his monumental *The Rising Sun* (Random House), takes us inside the chambers of Emperor Hirohito. Toland's research was prodigious—he interviewed almost 500 people, from the Emperor's confidential advisor and members of Tojo's wartime Cabinet to individual Japanese privates—and the reader becomes a participant in the fascinating councils that pushed Japan into the War, prosecuted it and, in bizarre fashion, ended it. Toland captures the sweep of great events—Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Midway, Guadalcanal, Hiroshima—but he is more concerned with the individual Japanese, the delphic Emperor, the arrogant militarists with their strange samurai code of chivalry and *hara-kiri*, and the common soldier who was so willing, in ways so foreign to the West, to give his life in useless sacrifice. Though Toland himself, with his years of research (which began with *But Not in Shame*, his well-reviewed reconstruction of the War in the Pacific) and with his Japanese wife, still does not entirely understand the Japanese, he nonetheless makes them less of a mystery. Often with new information, Toland reopens old controversies. Could more astute American diplomacy have aided the powerful forces in Japan, including the Emperor, that wanted to avoid war with the U.S.? Was the fire-bombing of Japan any better than the Japanese atrocities? Was Truman justified in dropping A-bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Perhaps most important in our current dilemma: Did America really learn, in its great struggle, that the Asian people, whether or not they opposed the Japanese, wanted Asia to be ruled by Asians?

Admirers of John Knowles's *A Separate Peace* have been hoping that the man who gave us that plum would step back into the groves of academe and pluck another. *The Paragon* (Random House) is Knowles's second such harvesting expedition and, while it's full of wit and whimsy, it may leave many of his fans feeling that you can't go to school again—even if the school is Yale and the hero is as likable as Louis Colfax, ex-Marine, dreamer, lover, lacrosse player and oceanic

visionary. Louis is one of those entertaining young men who combine a laudable humanism with a nutty fixation, which makes for jolly reading. When Lou isn't longing and lusting for Charlotte Mills, with whom he tries to conceive an ideal baby, his restless mind is drawing up plans for a bigger and better bathysphere to investigate the sea's treasures. Scene after scene comes off with all the humor and irony the author intends—as when Colfax's roommate, *soi-disant* aristocrat Gordon Durant, drunkenly rides his thoroughbred into the dormitory in the compleat feudal gesture, horse droppings and all. Individually, the vignettes all work well; what is lacking is the overview that could have focused its succession of brilliancies into a fine novel. Things fly apart; the center doesn't hold. Perhaps the fault lies with Louis, who lives more in his creator's mind than in his own. The fault, however, is a matter for regret rather than for condemnation. For the fun and the mirth are still there.

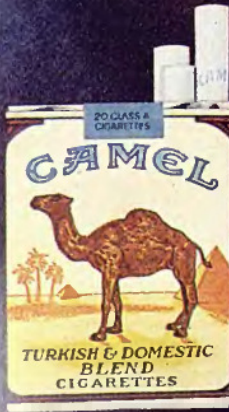
During the 1968–1969 academic year, a group of radical students organized and presented a course, *Social Relations 148-49*, at Harvard. The university's administration has since banned the course, but from it has evolved a challenging book, *Up Against the American Myth* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), edited by Tom Christoffel, David Finkelhor and Dan Gilberg. A radical critique of corporate capitalism, the book argues that meaningful social improvement is impossible in this country without the destruction of capitalism and, furthermore, that such a goal is achievable. Free, for the most part, of the primitive polemics of many self-anointed "revolutionaries," the editors and contributors (among them professors, students and young professionals in various fields) rely on well-researched analysis. Much of the long book is a rigorous exploration of the way in which corporate capitalism works, at home and abroad, and of its deleterious effects on the way most men live. The contributors maintain that so-called free enterprise, in symbiotic relationship with a government protective of profits rather than people, is the reason why poverty, racism, job alienation and other plagues remain so resistant to fundamental change. Required, they argue, is a basic redistribution of power and income with an attendant reshaping of individual and social values, so that this will become a society of cooperation rather than one of acquisitive competition. What is the route to the Promised Land? The best the editors can offer is a reliance on an awakening working class that, together with students, intellectuals and minority activists, will somehow provide the mass force for the destruction of capitalism and its replacement by socialism. Their refusal to retreat into cynical pessimism

and their abjuring of elitist terrorist tactics to bring about "the revolution" are commendable. But how many working-class people will ever read their book?

Don't expect another bull market, says economist Eliot Janeway in *What Shall I Do with My Money?* (McKay), at least not until after the 1972 elections. "What investors and Government policy makers alike need is a new financial first-aid manual," he declares. "Here it is." In the toils of recession, the Government will doubtless ignore Janeway's advice to borrow less and tax more. The investor, on the other hand, is already doing what Janeway recommends: putting money in real estate, life insurance, savings accounts and high-quality corporate bonds—and staying out of the stock market. Using the Q-and-A format of his newspaper column, Janeway also applies his bearish outlook to mutual funds, individual stocks and investment advisors. If one learned nothing else from this book, he would benefit from its counsel to stash not less than six months' income in savings accounts before turning to stocks. Other Janeway advice may be more dubious. Most consumer-minded experts on life insurance don't go along with him on heavy coverage for unmarried men or on his preference for cash-value policies over renewable term policies. Furthermore, careful studies refute Janeway's (and almost everybody else's) notion that the past performance of a mutual fund tells anything reliable about its future performance. Analysts at the Wharton School, in fact, have found that random selections of stocks perform as well as fund-managed portfolios. In other respects, this investment guide, like old-fashioned sex manuals, stops being explicit at the critical moment—but, on balance, is more help than hindrance.

Those few great writers who become "classics" can hardly relish the endless exhumation that fate entails. The latest Olympian post-mortem rattles the bones of *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* (Houghton Mifflin). Its author, critic Maxwell Geismar, seems to believe that all previous Twainologists wrote in bad faith, out of a desire to conceal Samuel Clemens' role as a critic of American society. After putting down such gurus as Bernard De Voto, Edmund Wilson, Justin Kaplan, F. R. Leavis and Leslie Fiedler, and doing it with more snarl than is to be expected of a scholarly critique, one might expect Geismar to deliver shining new goods. Not so. Most of what he says here about Mark Twain, the critic of war, imperialism and "the damned human race," was said decades ago by De Voto and with infinitely more charm and insight. Geismar's main point, moreover—that Twain was our first great politically radical writer—is





**"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."**

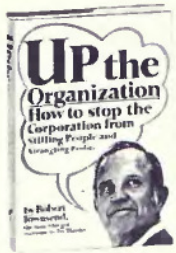
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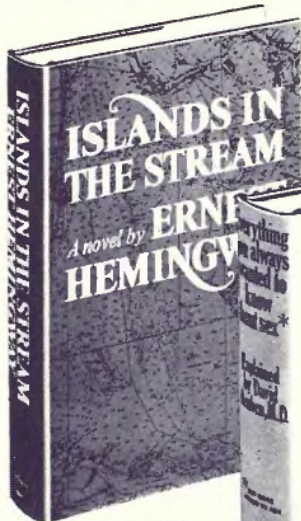
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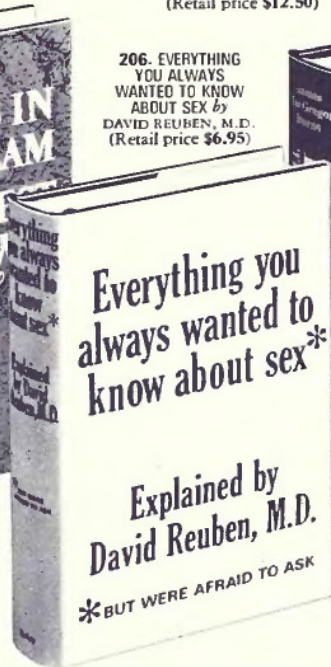
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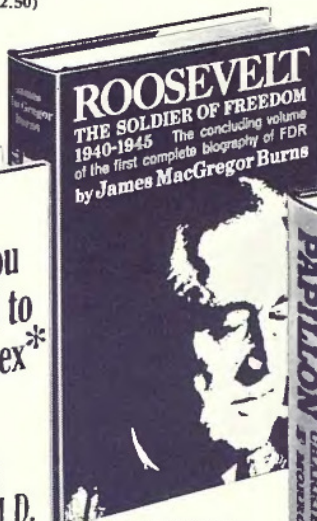
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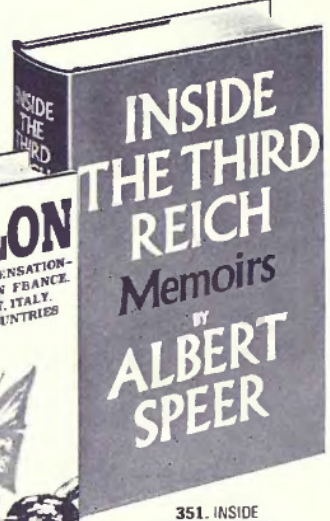
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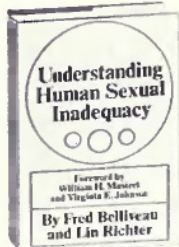


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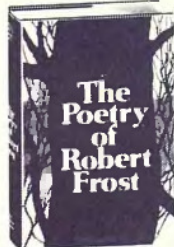


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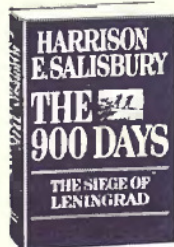
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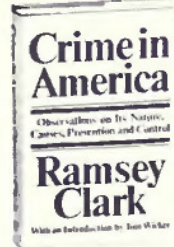
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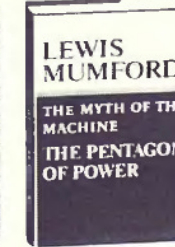
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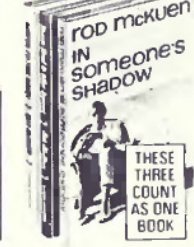
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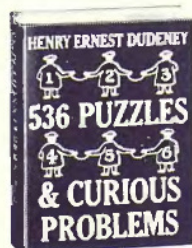
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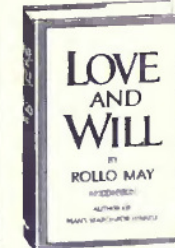
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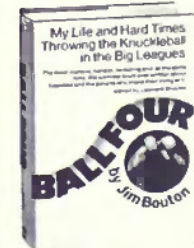
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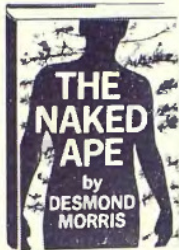
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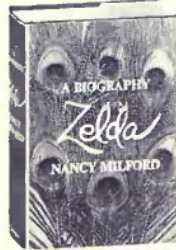
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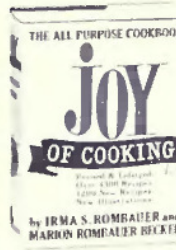
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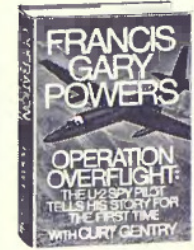
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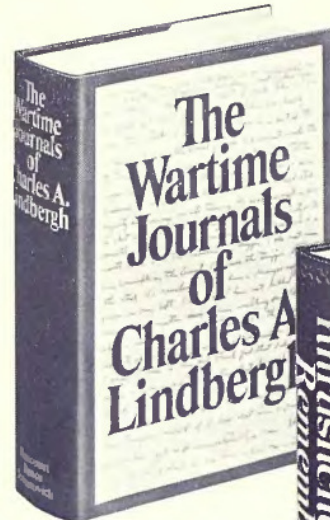
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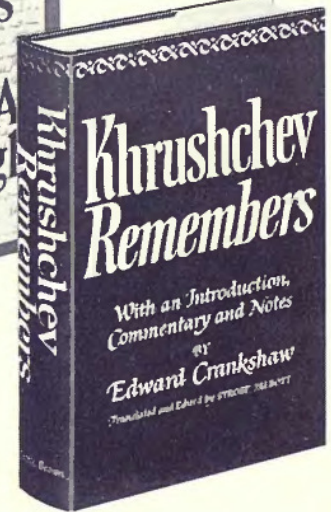
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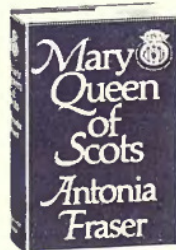


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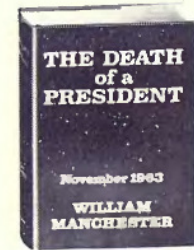
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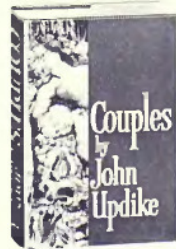
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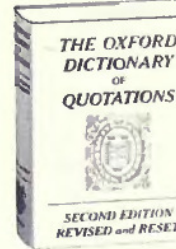
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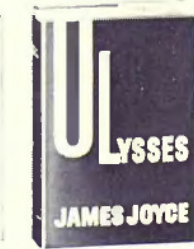
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flatly absurd. What is valid is his contention that Twain, late in life, was not a flaccid senior citizen or Huck Finn's lovable uncle but a broader and often cogent mind. Geismar's son, Peter, just before his premature death, finished a laudatory and brisk account of Franz Fanon (Dial), the psychiatrist-black revolutionist. If Dad seems portentous and obvious, the son is adept and perceptive. Leaving aside the politics for a moment, his book is a brilliant job of journalism. After reading it, one fully knows Fanon, the humanitarian visionary who, born in Martinique and educated in France, opted for revolutionary violence when he saw the brutality of French colonialism in its final phase in Algeria. Like all good books, *Fanon* gives us the raw materials to make up our own minds on the political issues at stake. Geismar admits that the "new world" brought into being by revolutionary violence has already been corrupted. The reader may wind up wondering whether the seeds of corruption may not have been planted in Geismar by that very violence. For a brief, intelligent survey of Fanon's life and thought, see David Cauté's *Franz Fanon* (Viking). This tidily designed book is one of an excellent series on "Modern Masters," being published under the editorship of British critic Frank Kermode. Other masters covered so far include James Joyce, Ché Guevara, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Albert Camus, Noam Chomsky and Herbert Marcuse.

A quarter century ago, Philip Wylie made his reputation with *Generation of Vipers*, a scalding tirade against Momism in America. Now, in *Sons and Daughters of Mom* (Doubleday), Author Wylie broadens his offensive to include the whole human race. His hatred of the female, it seems, is matched only by his contempt for the male; he sees the whole world hell-bent on ecological self-destruction, because no other human being understands the problem as well as Philip Wylie, and no one is listening to him. With good reason; Wylie's rhetoric is straight hell-fire-and-brimstone—outraged, righteous and arrogant. It's sad that a man with genuine compassion and a wisdom born of his respect for the scientific method cannot reason with his fellow man instead of rant at him. Here, for example, is Wylie on the coming uninhabitability of the earth: "Neither the scientist, however liberal, nor the great bulk of nonscientific but allegedly educated men who are vocal and who lead in forming opinion, here, are aware of the real cause of the dilemma, which is *all people*, themselves included." And of what sin is everybody guilty? "Greed is the basic factor, present greed and greed that is only waiting to be triggered." When the bombast is over, Wylie strikes the notes that should have

been his themes from the beginning: that man must assume responsibility for directing the evolution of the human race, that the notion of an enlightened elite must not be dismissed out of hand, that the only basis for morality is a way of life that offers better opportunity for the next generation. Such ideas are not new—but a coherent statement would at least offer grounds for discourse. Instead, Wylie is shouting into the ears of those whom he thinks of as deaf but who, in truth, have simply turned off their hearing aids in self-defense.

Noteworthy: *They Became What They Beheld* (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey), which we excerpted in our November 1970 issue, is an evocative, provocative attempt by anthropologist Edmund Carpenter and photographer Ken Heyman to illuminate what is going on around and inside us during this frenetic age.

### DINING-DRINKING

When *The Flying Frenchman* opened its red, white and blue front doors at Wash and Chestnut a little over one year ago, Chicagoans applauded the food but found the crêpes-only menu a bit limited for evening dining. Now, the owners have broadened the selections and The Frenchman's gustatorial popularity—it's an excellent spot for both lunch and dinner—is rising faster than the free-floating balloon with wicker basket that serves as the restaurant's symbol. The interior of The Frenchman is a charmingly calculated clutter—some of it left over from the previous tenant, a night club named The Garage. Fifteen feet up one of the brick-and-dripping-mortar walls in the barroom hangs the tail end of an antique car. So it won't get lonely up there, a miniature reproduction of a hydrogen balloon dangles nearby. Red-and-white-check cloths cover the tables (a few with umbrellas) around which are comfortable pub chairs. And a platform with canopy helps create an angular, multilevel effect. The main dining room is equally casual, but slightly less campy; in summer, there's also a charming outdoor patio. Although the menu has expanded, The Flying Frenchman's specialty still is crêpes—there are more than a dozen to choose from, including *Crêpe Riviera* (beef, spinach, tomato, cheese sauce), *Crêpe Fudienne* (chicken with a mild curry sauce) and, for dessert, perhaps *Crêpe Michel* (custard, pineapple and chocolate sauce). For openers, however, we recommend the thick and delicious French onion soup. Noncrêpe entrees include turbot with avocado, *coq au vin* and *boeuf bourguignon*—all at reasonable prices. (The *Entrecôte Maître d'Hôtel*, at \$4.95, is the most expensive entree on the luncheon menu, while for dinner, the *Canard rôti à l'Orange*, at \$6,

is the highest-priced main dish.) A small but select wine list is offered or you can order a carafe or half-carafe of the pleasantly adequate house wine. The Flying Frenchman is the informal counterpart of the same management's *haute cuisine* establishment, Chez Paul, but shares more than ownership with its classier cousin: namely, a meritorious regard for quality and service. It is open 11:30 A.M.—3 P.M. and 5 P.M.—2 A.M., seven days a week; the kitchen closes at 10 P.M. on Sunday. Reservations are recommended: 787-0577.

### MOVIES

There is a new thing happening to American films that reaches a climax in *Husbands*, a noteworthy if far from perfect movie by writer-director-actor John Cassavetes, who made a measurable splash with *Faces*. Cassavetes' *Husbands*, though unequivocally personal, owes a lot to *cinéma vérité*, neorealism, method improvisation and all those fine little foreign films that have used nonprofessional actors to rediscover simple truths. Here a moviegoer finds himself light-years away from the well-rehearsed and ordered world of such traditional films as *Ryan's Daughter* and *Rabbit, Run* (reviewed on pages 30 and 34). *Husbands* creates an illusion of total spontaneity, as if the characters were inventing themselves on the spot. Cassavetes, Peter Falk and Ben Gazzara share equally in the title roles, playing three middle-class married squares who go on a binge after the funeral of a buddy whose death leaves a hole in their foursome. Intimations of mortality begin to crowd them. They get drunk, throw up, argue, go to the gym. One stops home for a clean shirt and tries to strangle his wife. Finally, prolonging their game of extramarital hooky, they jump on a plane for London and make complete asses of themselves with assorted party girls (played winningly by Jenny Lee Wright and Noelle Kao, and still better by an unforgettable blonde named Jenny Runacre). That's about all the plot, but plot isn't the point of *Husbands*, which its promoters call "a comedy about life, death and freedom." It would be truer to call it *John and Peter and Ben*, backslapping and boozing their way through a devastating put-down of the Middle-American male. These are the guys who have an insured home mortgage, 2.3 children and a life expectancy of 67.5 years—nearly all of it spent in an indefinitely prolonged boyhood. Though uncommonly believable, all the actors overdo it at times, perhaps because Cassavetes has not yet developed a directorial discipline to govern his style. Nearly every scene runs too long, sometimes crossing the line between spontaneity and self-exploitation by performers who hate to quit while they're winning. Yet, if Cassavetes





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begs our indulgence, he earns it with his pioneer efforts in a new, wide-open style.

Though he cannot be called a great film maker on the level of Bergman or Fellini, David Lean is a major director who projects other men's visions with flawless professionalism, as in *Brief Encounter*, *Great Expectations* and sundry semiclassics. Lean's 15th film is *Ryan's Daughter*, from an original screenplay by playwright Robert Bolt (who also worked with Lean on *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Dr. Zhivago*). Curiously enough, Bolt's scenario has the density of another adaptation, a long romantic novel crowded with characters whose destinies overlap during the Irish rebellion of 1916. Lean has filmed the story in an appropriately lush but resolutely unfashionable style—with awesome, rugged west Ireland as backdrop—and even worldlings who find *Ryan's Daughter* a drag will appreciate Fred A. Young's broodingly beautiful color photography. The story, set in a coastal village, concerns the local pubkeeper's daughter, Rosy Ryan (played with passionate truth by Sarah Miles, Mrs. Robert Bolt in private life), a girl whose dreams of a consuming love are stifled among the rigidly Catholic peasants of KIRRARY. After an impulsive marriage to her former schoolmaster—who performs on cue in the nuptial bed, then nods right off to sleep—Rosy plunges headlong into an affair with a handsome British captain, a half-dead casualty of World War One, crippled in body and soul. The consequences of Rosy's indiscretion are dire, to say the least. But they are seldom dull. Robert Mitchum, cast against type as the doggedly loyal husband, underplays with reasonable conviction, while Christopher Jones is asked to do very little and does it perfectly as the walking-wounded officer who is dead to everything but desire. In crucial supporting roles, Trevor Howard's village priest and John Mills's village idiot act as if they were determined to upstage the fantastic scenery. Scale is the chief problem with *Ryan's Daughter*, which would probably look better-proportioned if Lean had chosen to shoot it at half the length, in black and white, on a small screen, with unknown actors.

Not content to be merely the director and star of *First Love*, Maximilian Schell also took a hand in the production and screen adaptation of this celebrated Turgenev story. His movie-making technique is so sloppy that passers-by in modern dress are clearly visible through the windows of a fashionable café full of actors impersonating 18th Century aristocrats. But if you can overlook such lapses, the screen is sashed with leafy, shimmering pastoral beauty by photographic director Sven Nykvist, who has done as much for

a number of Ingmar Bergman films. There are secondary rewards in the subtly sensual presence of Dominique Sanda, a bewitching blonde who dominates *First Love* as the daughter of an impoverished princess, planted for the long hot summer in one of those gracefully decrepit country houses that dot the landscapes of prerevolutionary Russian literature. Schell himself plays the wealthy next-door neighbor whose teenage son (young John Moulder Brown, exuding more dewy-eyed innocence than *Elvira Madigan*) succumbs to the girl's charms, never suspecting that his own father is the man most at home in her bed. The heroine's circle of passionate admirers also includes the poet Moidanov, which is worth mentioning only because British playwright John Osborne sashays through the part with considerable aplomb.

Two uneasy riders from Nova Scotia are observed with honesty and compassion in *Goin' Down the Road*, the kind of self-critical drama that often signals the presence of vital young film makers who have begun to pose loaded questions about the social scene. For Canadian producer-director Donald Shebib and scenarist William Fruet, Toronto is a trouble spot where a pair of bumbling country boys (Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley) arrive in a painted jalopy to try their luck. They learn the hard way that the rewards an urban society bestows upon unskilled labor are few—boring jobs, a binge on payday and the company of dim, marriageable birds with nothing on their minds much weightier than plastic curlers. Director Shebib's quasi-documentary style is primitive and economical (he brought the film in for a minuscule \$82,000). And his story is as old as any slice-of-life drama turned out by Hollywood during the Depression. Yet, if one can respond to the familiar woes of the working class, there is a sting of recognition in the unheroic blokes portrayed by McGrath and Bradley. As wage slaves drifting into careers of petty crime, they would make ideal villains for the sort of hoked-up commercial movie that this film's obstinate integrity puts to shame.

The laughs are cheap and very scarce and the corruption of values is total in *Dirty Dingus Magee*, a Western spoof that carries several gifted people a bit too far along the low road. Joseph Heller is credited as one of the screenplay's three authors, believe it or not, so maybe he wrote the gag dialog to accompany an Indian attack ("Circle the wagons!"—"We ain't got enough!"—"Well, make a half-moon."). That's about the cream of the jests. Elsewhere, you'll find Frank Sinatra mucking about in the title role as an old desert rat who'll do anything for a dollar when he isn't digging Michele

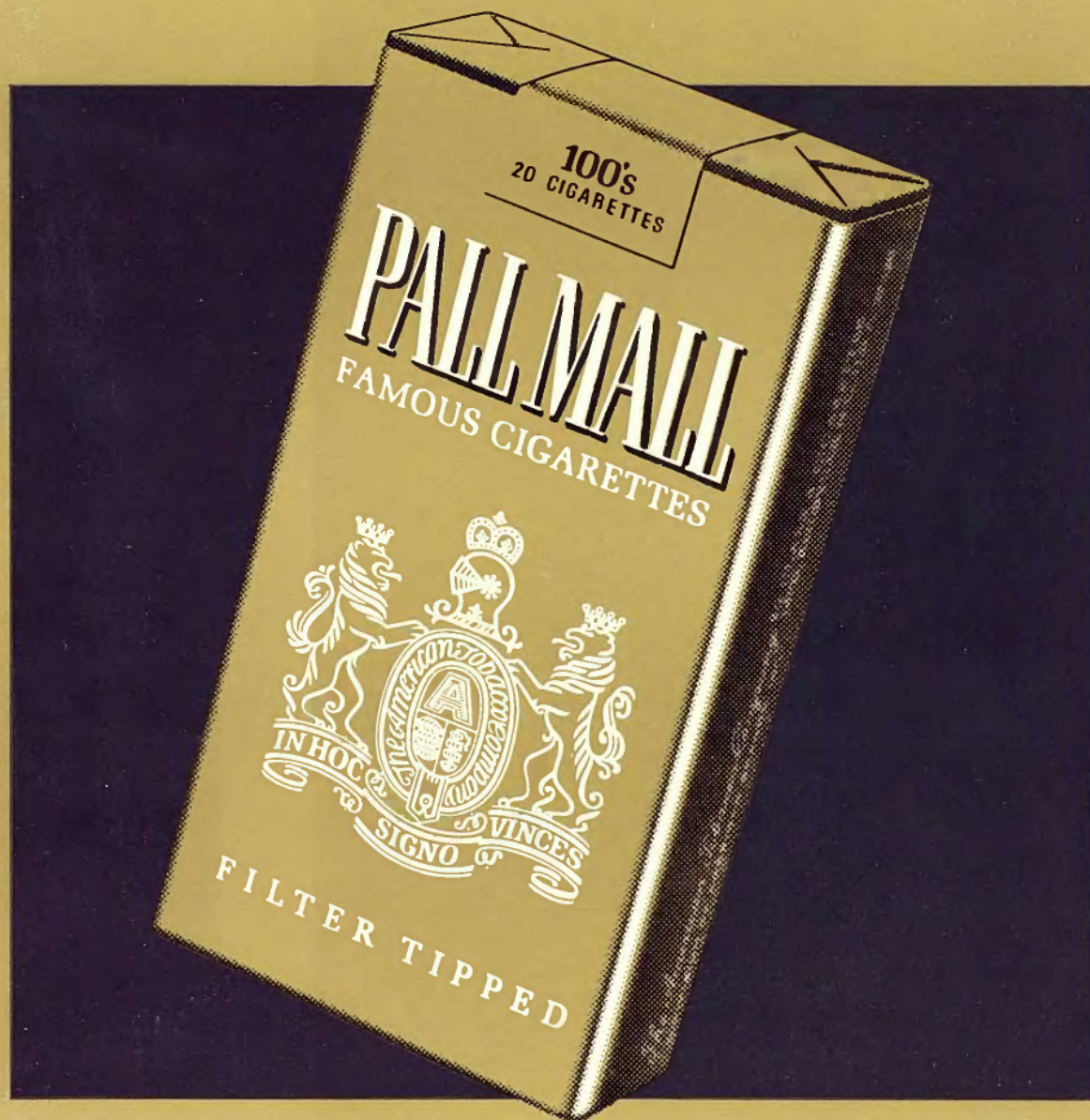
Carey, as an Injun princess named Anna Hotwater (daughter of Chief Crazy Blanket). Princess Hotwater alltime wanna make bim-bam. Director Burt Kennedy, heretofore the creator of a few better-than-average Westerns, settles for stock commercial japes. His idea of a sight gag is a dog lifting its leg in front of a burning brothel. Other lowlights: strident music by Billy Strange; Anne Jackson working against insurmountable odds as a bordello queen; plus the old wheeze about a regiment of tomcatting cavalymen who are forever caught with their pants down—*whores de combat*, you might say.

Marcello Mastroianni's fans probably won't like seeing him cast as a doltish bricklayer, occupying the loser's corner of *The Pizza Triangle*. Yet Mastroianni is exceptionally able in the part, as usual. His romantic problems are multiplied by Monica Vitti, as a delightful bird brain who sells flowers, and newcomer Giancarlo Giannini, as the handsome pizza cook who woos her away from his slow, unsuspecting friend. Complications arise from a suspicion in the hero's mind that such decadent, bourgeois things shouldn't be happening to a loyal member of the Communist Party. The love triangle, mounted with an improvisatory air of *commedia dell'arte*, takes some unexpected turns into violence, murder and madness. The plot goes on and on, and is pretty foolish on the whole, but it's played with warmth and spirit. Pay particular heed to Monica—in full sail as the knockabout comedienne she used to be before she became a sullen symbol of alienation in the films of Antonioni.

The only actor in *The McKenzie Break* who might be called a star is Brian Keith and his performance gives a rock-solid center to this gratifying escape drama, an enterprise that would ordinarily employ a supermale cast of internationally famous profiles. Keith has the disgruntled look of a guy who was sleeping off a hangover and had to get up to answer the door—just the right look for his role as a roistering Irish captain on special assignment to a prison camp in Scotland during World War Two. The prisoners—a swarm of arrogant German officers led by a crafty U-boat commander (Helmut Griem)—have all but taken over the place and are evidently up to something big. While the boozey captain tries to figure out what, the Germans dig their tunnels and launch a reign of terror that claims victims on both sides. The conflict of two strongly drawn characters gives *McKenzie* some human perspective and director Lamont Johnson (in close collaboration with scenarist William Norton) allows equal time for atmosphere and action sequences that move toward a



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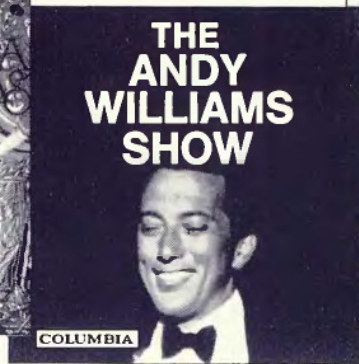


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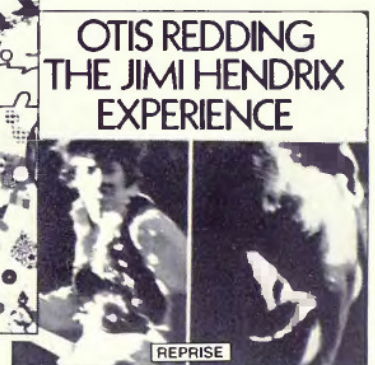
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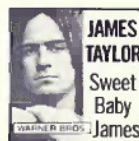
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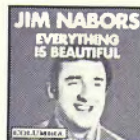
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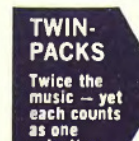
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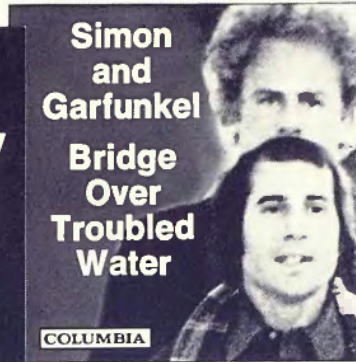
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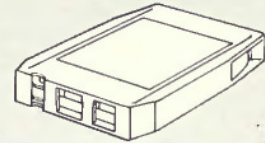


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powerful climax. Nary a minute is wasted, thank God, on sermons about the futility of war, except for a cool, gutsy scene in which Keith and Griem argue ideology while passing a brandy flask across the corpse of a murdered homosexual *Luftwaffe* lieutenant.

The Man, The Woman and The Boy comprise an aristocratic family of three who pass their evenings watching sexy movies in an immense Italian castle. One day they attend a carnival at a nearby village and come across The Girl (Silvana Venturilli) who looks amazingly like an amorous acrobat they have enjoyed on film. They invite her home for a weekend and find out—after each in turn has made love to her—that she may be only a bedworthy will-o'-the-wisp conjured up from their own sexual fantasies. Which at least explains why *The Lickerish Quartet* appears in public brandishing a quotation from Pirandello about the nature of illusion and reality. Producer-director Radley Metzger, a leading entrepreneur of sexploitation movies (*Therese and Isabelle* and *Camille 2000*), is a poor match for Pirandello, but he does manage to make eroticism elegant on a shoestring budget. There are no performances to speak of in a Metzger spectacle, but much can be said for the glittering decor—particularly a devilish den where the lord of the manor makes it with his house guest on a luxurious carpet emblazoned with words such as prick, masturbate, fuck and phallus. As one of Metzger's four players says, "Cruelty is in the eye of the beholder."

David Newman and Robert Benton, the tongue-in-cheek team of amateur criminologists whose first screen effort was *Bonnie and Clyde*, took their second script to producer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz, an old Hollywood hand with an enviable track record. The result is *There Was a Crooked Man*, seemingly some kind of comedy about the inmates of a godforsaken territorial prison situated way out west in the year 1883. For quite a while—a reel or so longer than seems feasible, in fact—the movie plays almost straight in quasi-Western style, with Kirk Douglas strutting his stuff true to formula as a highway robber who gets caught red-handed. In prison, a Devil's Island entirely surrounded by desert sand, he makes the acquaintance of Warren Oates, Hume Cronyn, John Randolph and Burgess Meredith; and, eventually, Henry Fonda (who else?) shows up as the new warden. It's no secret that Douglas is planning an escape, offering a cache of stolen money to recruit accomplices, and the plot could hardly be more predictable, right? But don't go away just yet. While Messrs. Newman and Benton may have written *Crooked Man* for loot, they were also writing for

laughs, planting booby traps in the so-called Code of the West. And they score without much help from Mankiewicz, whose direction is so Hollywood slick that the movie's mischievously clever script often sounds perfectly sober. The quirky characters offer a clue that nothing is quite what it ought to be in this man's jailhouse, where the only certified good guys are Cronyn and Randolph as a married pair of bickering old queens. The story cheats a little (when all's done, the joke is on the audience), but it has remarkable holding power, and finally wins the day with a string of surprises.

Leslie Bricusse's new musical, *Scrooge*, is by no means miserly with melody—and the songs are a distinct improvement over his instantly forgettable score for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Bricusse also wrote the screenplay, based on *A Christmas Carol*, naturally. If the Dickensian flavor was better captured by earlier, tuneless, less lavish versions (there have been seven to date) starring, among others, Lionel Barrymore and Alastair Sim, *Scrooge* has the considerable asset of Albert Finney, a magnetic actor who croaks his songs and revels in ha'penny-pinching piety. Alec Guinness steals what is left of the movie with a wickedly campy impersonation of Marley's Ghost. Though Edith Evans and Kenneth More perform elegantly as Christmas Past and Christmas Present, the film is a little tepid. But then, a Dickens tale offers countless temptations to be cloyingly cute or precious—and director Ronald Neame has found nearly all of them irresistible. It's a real family show—for quietly desperate families whose kids have seen *Oliver!* five times.

The works of French writer-director Claude Berri add up to a serialized autobiography—from *The Two of Us*, a memorable reminiscence of his boyhood during World War Two, to *Mary Me, Mary Me*, in which Berri himself acted out the romantic misadventures of a whimsical young man. In *The Man with Connections*, Berri recalls his compulsory military service from 1955–1957, when French draftees were apt to be sent off to trouble spots in Morocco or Algeria. Though he's alleged to have helpful connections in the army, Claude gets shipped to North Africa anyway. So he leaves his girl, encounters a couple of wretched whores in Morocco's teeming brothels, spends a bit of time in the guardhouse and, when his hitch is over, finally goes home; not much of anything else happens. Berri's charm and wistfulness seem a little forced when he tries to wed them to barracks humor. His greatest miscalculation was to hand the pivotal role of Claude to another actor, French music-hall comedian Guy Bedos, whose presence kills a labored running gag

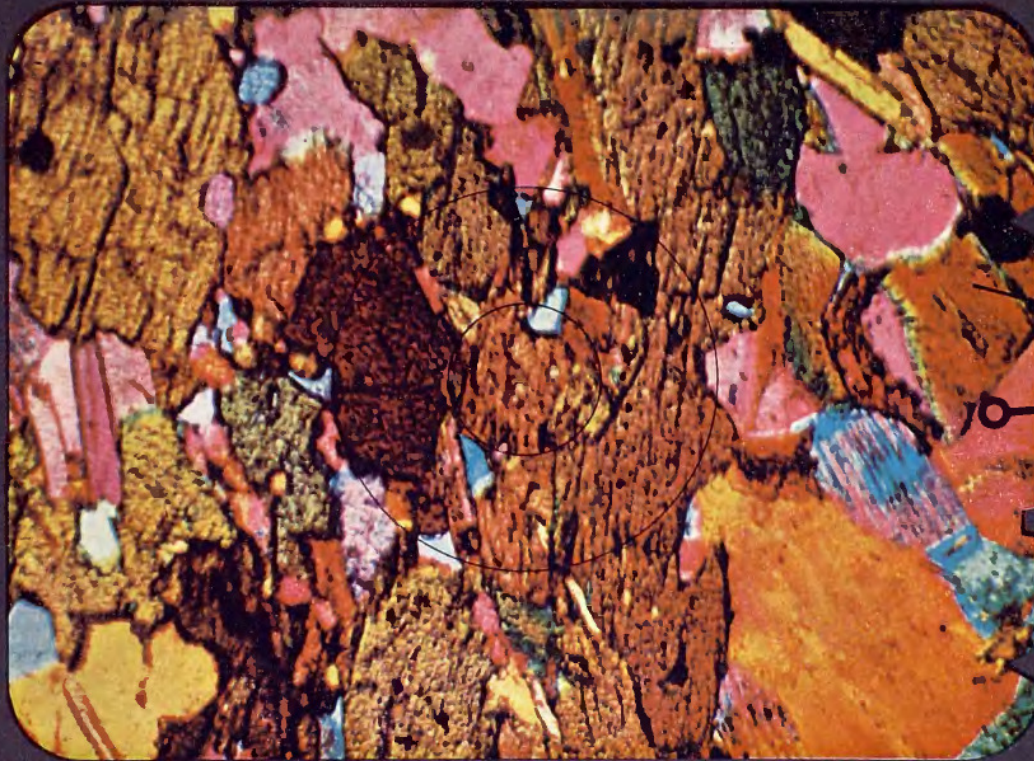
about making out with Brigitte Bardot, because it's so easy to believe that Bedos might, in fact, date Bardot; Bedos is far too handsome and smooth as silk in a part clearly written to be played by a natural-born schlemiel.

Her press agents may have gone overboard in hailing Ursula Andress as the most beautiful woman in the world, but it doesn't matter. As the husky-voiced heroine of *Perfect Friday*, Ursula is still well worth seeing anyway. So are Stanley Baker, as a bank manager with some sneaky ideas about profit sharing, and David Warner, as an elegant English lord who has found out what makes life worth living: "Appearance and fornication." Conflicts of personality are unavoidable, and amusing as well, when this unlikely trio determines to rob the bank. All three sulk and preen during dress rehearsals for the caper, as if they were about to open a *boutique*. Substantial credit for their smooth misbehavior accrues to director Peter Hall from Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company, a man with long experience at putting old themes into new decanters.

The latest trend in movie music is to use a random collection of rock tunes instead of the standard background score. Picking words and music that match what's happening onscreen doesn't seem to matter, as long as the sound is "now." The gimmick worked in *Easy Rider*, and it hyped album sales. In *Rabbit, Run*, the trouble is that all that contemporary sound-track static sounds utterly irrelevant. Based on John Updike's second novel, published in 1960, the movie itself has negligible relevance in spelling out the conventional hang-ups of a former high school athletic star (James Caan) who can't cope either with responsibility or with the guilt he feels when he leaves his wife and child for a while to live with another girl. Caan is the kind of performer who conveys youthful insecurity by shifting from foot to foot during pauses in the dialog. Exotic Anjanette Comer plays his sleep-around chick, Carrie Snodgrass (effectively following up her impressive debut in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*) the slovenly, alcoholic wife. But *Rabbit, Run* is stuck with a hero whose attitudes have all become clichés, particularly the final sprint of long-distance running that symbolizes (we know, *we know*) another emotional evasion.

*No Blade of Grass* begins with a montage of belching smokestacks, wasted landscapes and polluted streams. The place is somewhere in England in the Seventies, with complacent Londoners munching at a banquet table, while a TV newscaster describes the crisis in China—where several hundred-million people have been destroyed by nerve gas, so that





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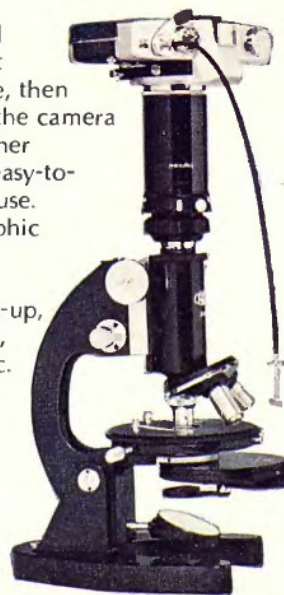
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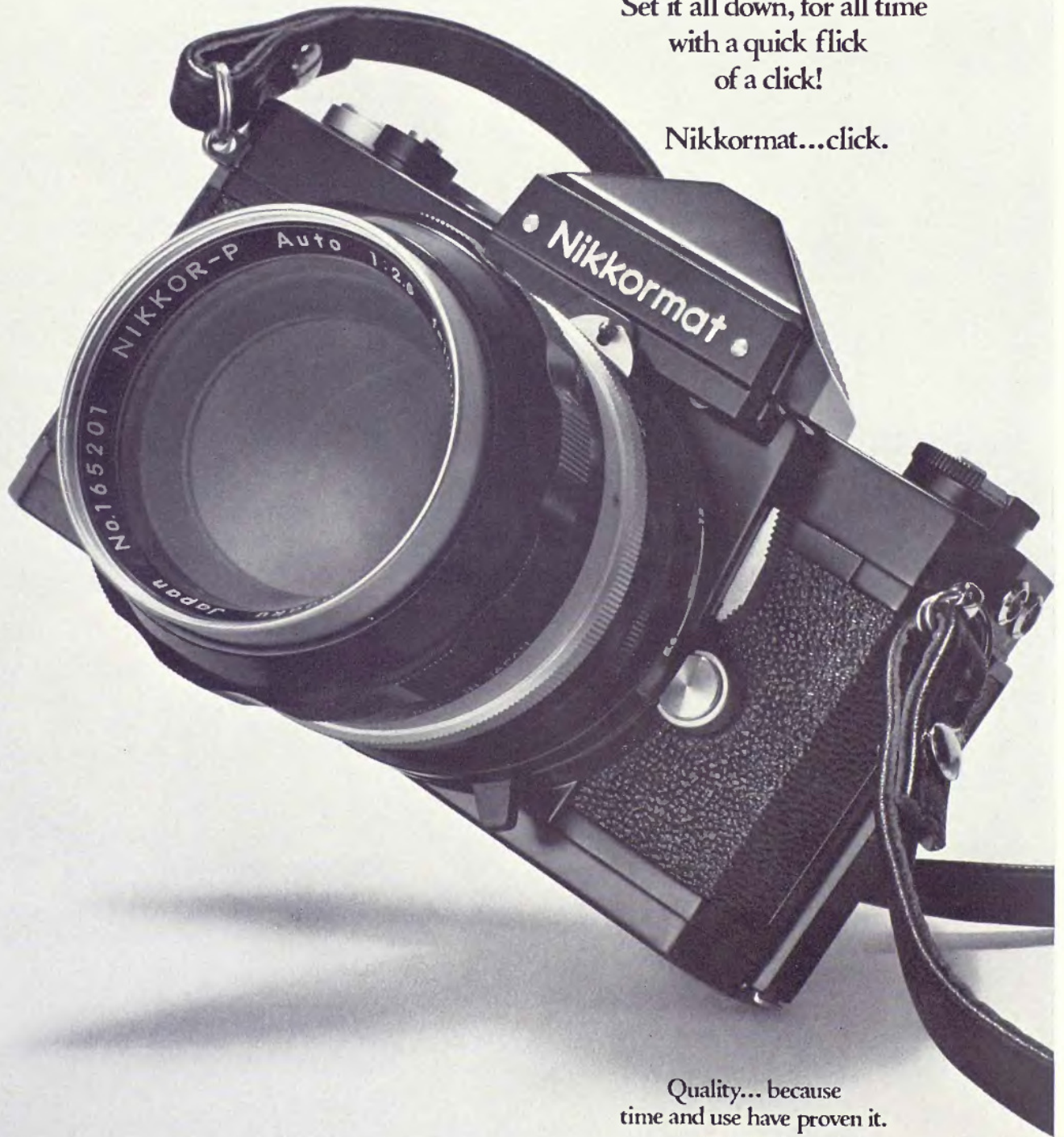


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others may live. Thus *Grass* gets under way, setting things up for the first ecological drama—but not, we may be sure, the last. *Grass* refuses to grow after an initial thrust or two, when a handsome English couple (Nigel Davenport and Jean Wallace, who happens to be the wife of the movie's producer-director, Cornel Wilde) sets out from London just as panic strikes. Before they reach a promised haven in the north, mankind's barbaric nature has been exhaustively explored—through rape, murder, thieving, cheating, fratricide and whatever else people do when the chips are down and the fish are inedible. The idea begs to be treated seriously and, at times, the devastated countryside recalls one of those apocalyptic scenes from a film by Jean-Luc Godard. Unfortunately, Wilde's actors are left wandering with dialog better suited to a freaky down-the-road melodrama that might be called *Mrs. Miniver Meets the Wild Bunch*.

A game of mixed doubles involving Hywel Bennett, Sven-Bertil Taube, Jane Asher and luscious Leigh Taylor-Young keeps *The Buttercup Chain* clanking from England to Spain to Sweden. All the backgrounds are picturesque, and so are the two couples whose quest for identity permits them to see a lot of Europe while making a mess of their young lives. Leigh starts off with Hywel, but marries Sven-Bertil and—a couple of years later—carelessly lets her baby drown while she and Hywel are making it on the beach. This seems to be looked upon as a *faux pas* even in Sweden's permissive society. As a study of contemporary manners and morals, *The Buttercup Chain* has no significance whatever—which may come as a relief—and its plastic people are presented in the kind of glossy gift wrap that only big-studio money can buy, or would want to. Columbia Pictures footed the bill.

The hippies' cherished myth of love and innocence dies hard, but die it does in *Gimme Shelter*, a vivid documentary that might as well be edged in black. "Will this be Woodstock West?" someone asks as the Rolling Stones prepare to end their 1969 American tour with a free outdoor concert at the Altamont Speedway, in California. The answer has entered pop history: The Woodstock Nation was no sooner defined than Altamont blew it all in a widely publicized debacle of bum trips and violence that ended when a young man with a gun was murdered by a knife-wielding thug dressed in Hell's Angels leather. With codirector Charlotte Zwerin, Albert and David Maysles (the team of ace documentary film makers responsible for *Salesman*) present on-the-scene footage of Altamont in a rhythmic, loosely structured form. Within the movie, the Stones' Mick Jagger raps with members

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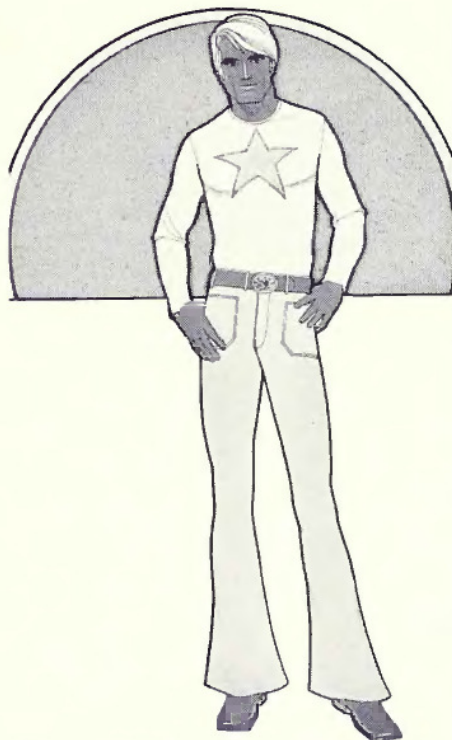
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of his group and pensively studies fragments of film—sequences of earlier concerts; there are vignettes of San Francisco's flamboyant attorney, Melvin Belli, arranging the Altamont gig, the concert itself (with Hell's Angels members serving as onstage bodyguards for the performers) and the actual murder. The movie is hypertense, revealing, scary, sad, ahum with all of Altamont's bad vibrations.

### RECORDINGS

*Jesus Christ—Superstar* is the most ambitious rock composition to date—going beyond The Who's *Tommy* in size, complexity and emotional range. This 87-minute rock opera employs a symphony orchestra, a rock band, a jazz combo, three choirs and a Moog synthesizer. Both on records (Decca) and in its first, truncated American performance last October at New York's St. Peter's Lutheran Church, *Jesus Christ—Superstar* is memorable for its bold melodic contours, its multilayered rhythmic structure and its incisive characterizations of Jesus, Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilate.

The lyrics are contemporary and often idiomatic; but, as an English critic has pointed out, it is just as legitimate as Handel's version of *The Messiah*, which "similarly clothed the Christian story in the language, verbal and melodic, of its day." Brilliantly cast—with Ian Gillan, lead singer of Deep Purple, as Jesus; Murray Head, of the London production of *Hair*, as Judas; and Barry Dennen, the satanic master of ceremonies in the London production of *Cabaret*, as Pontius Pilate—the work is simultaneously satiric, serious and searchingly pertinent to the present.

In the New York performance, composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, 22, and lyricist Tim Rice, 26, provided narrative connections as a tape of the score was played with evocative color slides—Renaissance paintings of the Christ story—reflecting the action. Though it was set up in the manner of an audition, the power of the piece was immediately and durably arresting. The Neo-Gothic church setting, the high ceilings and stained glass, proved particularly appropriate; but, clearly, *Jesus Christ—Superstar* can also be effective in a theater, in films or on television. And theatrical plans are under way, with one potential producer trying to convince the authors to cast Jesus as black. ("If only Jimi Hendrix hadn't died," he mourns.)

The work, in no way blasphemous, does exactly what Tim Rice claims for it: "We do not want to exploit anybody's beliefs. What we are saying in our music is: You can view Christ as a man or as a god. We have looked at him as a man and we find him just as inspiring as if

we had chosen the latter perspective." Adds the dean of St. Paul's in London: "This work is a desperate cry. Who are you, Jesus Christ? is the urgent inquiry, and a very proper one at that."

*Yardbirds—Featuring Performances by Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page* (Epic) has a title that tells you what the two-LP set is all about. In the early Sixties, the Yardbirds were an innovative group that seemed to serve as a launching pad and training ground for guitarists. All three men mentioned in the LP's title later went on to become big stars—Clapton with Cream and Blind Faith, Page with Zeppelin and Beck with The Jeff Beck Group—yet, at the time the Yardbirds existed, the band's music was just too far ahead of the present groove to be commercial. With this collection, the best of the Yardbirds' material has been captured, along with the transitions of time and the changes induced by each succeeding leader. The best cut is *The Train Kept A-Rollin'*, which Michelangelo Antonioni chose to use in his movie *Blow-Up*.

Clapton's *Derek and the Dominos / Layla* (Atco), a double LP collection of "Layla and other assorted love songs," includes an interesting bluesy version of the late Jimi Hendrix' *Little Wing*, and *Thorn Tree in the Garden*, a touching tune about the love one still feels for a once-rejected girlfriend—but the showpiece is *Layla*. The song starts off as a marriage of British blues and American rhythm and blues, then slips into a mixture of Clapton's early-Beatles, adolescent-love-is-sad guitar and Jim Gordon's classic piano. For rock-'n'-roll lovers.

When Linda Ronstadt sings *I'll Be Your Baby Tonight* on *Hand Sown . . . Home Grown* (Capitol), we find ourselves highly receptive to the proposition. Linda, a healthy, homey girl, is refreshing and no less seductive than the archetypal female vocalist. In fact, her attraction is all the greater, being based on a real personality and a natural magnetism rather than on affectation. The selections on the LP run from Bob Dylan's haunting *Baby You've Been on My Mind* to the old country hit *Silver Threads and Golden Needles* to a shouter, *Break My Mind*. Put together with producer Chip Douglas' sensitive touch, *Hand Sown* is a gas.

With Tony Bennett, the name of the game is taste and he hasn't done anything more tasteful than Tony Bennett's "Something" (Columbia). In a session charted by conductor Peter Matz, Bennett brings to bear all the vocal talent that has kept him on top. There's *Everybody's Talkin'*, *On a Clear Day*, Antonio Carlos Jobim's haunting *Wave*, a remarkably perceptive approach to *Come Saturday Morning* and



eight other impeccably rendered songs that help sustain the Bennett legend.

*The Johnny Cash Show* (Columbia) is a live recording of the television series that has lifted Johnny and his country sound to nationwide fame. The album comes off as an accurate, very lightly edited aural reproduction of the show and, thus, also contains the weaknesses of the program, the most noticeable being the wall-of-strings production. This technique, sensibly avoided on Johnny's previous albums, sounds ludicrous. If you can ignore the schmaltz, the set contains some interesting material: *Six Days on the Road*, *Detroit City* and 10 other cuts.

Ronnie Hawkins seems to have a knack for finding sidemen who later split and head for greatness. First, it was The Band and, five years later, King Biscuit Boy with Crowbar. Hawkins feels no bitterness toward King Biscuit Boy and says, "He's the best damn harp player I ever heard." K. B. B. also has the fastest-selling Canadian album in history, *King Biscuit Boy with Crowbar / Official Music* (Paramount), and has left his native soil to tear it up at the Fillmore East and other East Coast landmarks. It's all on the album, as he sings, blows his harp and picks his slide guitar through Willie Dixon's *Don't Go No Further*, the late Otis Redding's *Shout Bama Lama* and originals such as the nine-minute *Biscuit's Boogie*.

**Robert William Scott** (Warner Bros.), better known as Bobby Scott, is a composer, pianist and singer of formidable stature. He gives his all on this LP, doing ten tunes that bear his indelible stamp. Scott's voice sounds as though it just came off a three-day bender—whiskey-rough, about to break, filled with dues-paying poignancy—and his piano-work is straightforward and funky. The album contains *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother* (written with Bob Russell), his smash *A Taste of Honey* (penned with Ric Marlow), five beautiful items done with Danny Meehan, *That's Where My Brother Sleeps* (with Arthur Resnick), *I Wish I Could Walk Away* (with Mort Goode as collaborator) and an adaptation of *Glory, Glory Hallelujah* that will lift you out of your seat. Great Scott!

Dvorak always belonged in George Szell's top drawer and it was thus fitting as well as fateful that the conductor's final recording session—three months before his death last summer—should have been devoted to the lyrical *Symphony No. 8 in G* (Angel). Delicately shaded, gracefully phrased, tautly controlled, the performance eloquently evokes Szell and his Cleveland Orchestra at their best. Unlike many of the earlier Cleveland

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recordings, which erred on the side of excessive brilliance and dryness, this one radiates warmth and resonant presence. Two *Slavonic Dances* rounding out the disc give further evidence of Szell's unmatched status as a Dvorak interpreter.

Amid all the violence, head guru Bob Dylan—on the title cut of his latest album, *New Morning* (Columbia)—sings to a country beat. "So happy just to be alive . . . on this new morning with you." Maybe he sees a new morning for his followers, a peaceful American morning. "Storm clouds are raging all around my door, I think to myself I might not take it anymore," he sings on *The Man in Me* and, on the moving *Sign on the Window*, Dylan opines. "Build me a cabin in Utah, marry me a wife, catch a rainbow trout | have a bunch of kids who call me Pa. That must be what it's all about." Dylan plays piano through practically the whole set, with assistance provided on several instruments by old buddy Al Kooper. The front cover of the album carries a picture of the present-day Dylan and it looks as if the rebel-without-a-cause has been transformed into Thoreau.

Roberta Flack has got to be the greatest thing to come down the musical pike since the blues-shouting Bessie Smith. *Chapter Two* (Atlantic) picks up where her LP debut left off—which means at the top. Miss Flack has enough excitement in her voice to fill a dozen albums; the opening *Reverend Lee*, a Gospel romp, is worth the price of the recording alone. The personnel changes behind Roberta and her piano (Donny Hathaway, in fact, takes care of the piano chores on *Reverend Lee* and *Gone Away*), with strings and brass adding only the polish and none of the fire. But, no matter—in taking care of works by Jim Webb, Bob Dylan and Buffy Sainte-Marie, Roberta proves to be the whole show.

The irrepressible, ebullient pianist par extraordinaire, Erroll Garner, demonstrates on *Feeling Is Believing* (Mercury) that he can still put it all together in grand fashion. The accompaniment varies behind him, but never the quality of Garner's performance. Burnished to a brilliant hue are *For Once in My Life*, *Yesterday*, *The Look of Love*, *Spinning Wheel*, *Strangers in the Night* and a quintet of Garner originals. Roll on, Erroll.

If you ever wondered what the worst job on earth might be, consider being principal of the California high school where Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart—originally known as Don Van Vliet—were in the same class. That poor soul's nightmares may be subsiding by

now, but they'll come back fast if he hears the latest release from either distinguished alum. *Chungo's Revenge* (Bizarre) is a Zappa platter of preternatural goodies ranging from time-warp movie music in the title cut to *Rudy Wants to Buy Yez a Drink*, a sort of steam-callopie rhythm and blues. Zappa is still front runner in the Weird Derby, but with *Lick My Decals Off, Baby* (Straight), his ex-classmate shows he's coming up fast. Beefheart is into surreal blues with Dadaist lyrics and one cut, *The Smithsonian Institute Blues*, sounds like Kerouac reciting while on DMT, backed by John Coltrane at war with the Rolling Stones. If you're looking for the edge of the ledge, these two will show you where it's at.

### THEATER

Hammering Clifford Odets' mundane play about Noah, *The Flowering Peach*, into a musical comedy was a bad idea to begin with, and it's been made worse by clumsy execution. *Two by Two*, the new Richard Rodgers musical, exists largely as fodder for matinee ladies who can identify with Mrs. Noah. Sample gag: On the ark, an absent-minded mother says, "I've been thinking about our house. I forgot to close the windows." The worst part of *Two by Two* is Peter Stone's platitudinous book, full of such feeble gags and sentimental set pieces, which demean the material into situation comedy. Noah's age, 600, is milked for much more than it's worth—and this is one show that can ill afford to make the audience time-conscious. The flood happens during intermission, but the play seems to last 40 days and 40 nights. As for the music, the Rodgers score is sleep-inducing. One syrupy, false-folksy tune sounds like another, and Martin Charnin's lyrics bobble along with the music. Joe Layton's staging is at times ingenious, but also irrelevant. There are huge rear projections of old-master paintings. What does that have to do with anything? And there is an enormous amount of offstage crashing, bashing, clanging and banging. Danny Kaye struggles with the role of Noah and, considering the circumstances, performs well enough—but the part bottles up his effervescent talent. There are a few tiny, and much needed, moments of ribaldry—but mostly he is called upon to be sweet, sad and lovable. The rest of the cast, except for newcomer Walter Willison, who is in good voice as Noah's son Japheth, is merely adequate, which is more than can be said for the show. The verdict is noah. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

Give *Sleuth* points for literacy and slickness. This British thriller by Anthony Shaffer is at its most intelligent when



it's putting on the mystery genre from which it derives. Anthony Quayle plays an extraordinarily successful writer of second-rate detective stories, who lives and works in a castlelike country house. He has ground out a spate of stories about St. John Lord Merridew, a veritable demon at ratiocination. The goings-on are amusing as Quayle concocts aloud the latest mind-boggling adventures of Merridew, but then at last, alas, must return to reality. In a program note, the audience is sworn to keep the plot secret—but the plot keeps giving itself away. The twists are obvious, if farfetched, as Quayle involves his wife's lover, played unconvincingly by Keith Baxter, in a game of crookery—possibly murder. Before the final curtain, one of them has to discover clues hidden in view onstage in order to save his life. This is briefly entertaining, but only as a parlor game, not as a race against death. *Sleuth* is playful but not much of a play. At The Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

After successes in Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum and at Yale, Second City stalwart Paul Sills has brought *Story Theater* to Broadway, and it's a pleasure—pure and simple. The *Story Theater* method, invented by Sills, attempts to transform the literary into the dramatic without the services of an intervening dramatist. The actors, almost all of them former Second Citizens, improvise and mime—and the stories leap onstage, a small miracle of theatrical transformation. *Story Theater* is made up of fairy tales, mostly Grimm, with a little Aesop thrown in for seasoning. Innocents outwit the worldly-wise, the greedy get their comeuppance, evil is thwarted and goodness is its own reward. The tales are full of moral lessons, but leavened with impieties—which makes them funny as well as timeless, and more suitable for adults than for children. Sills's inspired troupers turn themselves into a variety of curious characters and everyday animals. Paul Sand is an uncanny canine woofing at the world, a 100-wattle Turkey Lurkey and a perfect simpleton, in a story that proves naïveté wins not only the golden goose but also the pretty princess. Peter Bonerz plays a goofy crow, God in the form of a fey flounder (faced with a demanding woman who wants to be God herself) and an elegant master thief and con man; Richard Libertini, a henpecked fisherman, a W. C. Fieldsian Foxy Woxy and a groovy rooster. Hamid Hamilton Camp leads a sprightly combo, The True Brethren. Collaboratively, Sills and company create an evening that is both enchanted and enchanting. At the Ambassador, 215 West 49th Street.



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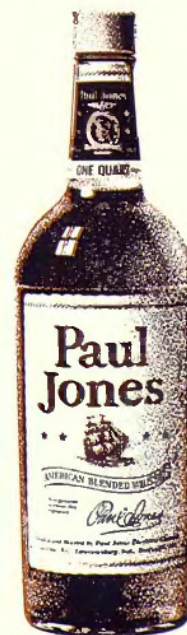
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**F**or four years, I have been a close friend of a girl, though there has never been any real romantic interest. The other night, I invited her over to my place for nothing more than conversation, but she brought along a bottle of rum. She drank to get drunk and so did I, whereupon we had sexual intercourse. Afterward, she cried, slapped my face and took a taxi home. Later, she told me that she didn't expect a "friend" to act as I had. I would like our relationship to continue, but she won't allow it. How can I apologize for being human?—S. T., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Why should anyone apologize for being human? There's more than an outside chance that, once loaded, both of you did what you had wanted to do for years and that, rather than marking the end of a friendship, it might be the start of a new and deeper relationship. But if your friend won't accept that interpretation, then perhaps both of you might profit by recalling a line from Henrik Ibsen: "The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one does for them, but in what one, out of consideration for them, refrains from doing."*

**M**y brother and I are building a boat and we hope to launch it this spring with all appropriate ceremony. Which got me to thinking: When and how did the practice of christening a ship first start?—B. G., Tampa, Florida.

*The tradition of christening a ship by smashing a bottle of champagne over the bow is deeply rooted in history. The vikings and various South Sea Islanders made a human sacrifice when they launched a ship by binding the victim to the rollers over which the ship lurched down into the sea. Before champagne became the "in" thing for boat baptizing, red wine was used—presumably the color was symbolic of the blood shed during the earlier sacrificial rites. Ancient Greek and Roman sailors propitiated the deities by having their priest pour wine and oil on an altar on board and dedicated the ship to the appropriate goddess.*

**T**he other night, my girl and I happened to get into a discussion about her maidenhead. She claimed that a doctor had told her if she didn't have sex for a period of two years, her hymen would grow back. I said this was ridiculous. Who was right?—D. C., Ames, Iowa.

*You are. Ruptured hymens belong in the same category as Humpty Dumpty after the fall, George Washington's cherry tree, the wonderful one-hoss shay after 100 years had passed and The Who's guitar after they beat Abbie Hoffman off*

*the Woodstock stage with it—all of them damaged beyond repair, unable to be sewn, stitched, welded, splinted, nailed, grafted, pushed or pasted back into place.*

**W**hat was the Tucker automobile of the Forties all about? Was it another Edsel?—T. W., Butte, Montana.

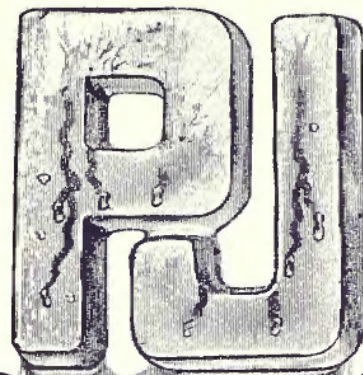
*The Tucker was the brain child of Preston T. Tucker, an engineer from Ypsilanti, Michigan, and designer Alex Tremulis, a former Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg stylist. The car, originally designated the Tucker Torpedo and finally produced in Chicago in 1948 as simply the Tucker, was a six-cylinder sedan that contained a number of advanced styling and engineering innovations: three headlights, among them a center one; rear engine; wide-track suspension; disk brakes; padded dash; front-passenger crash compartment; and a pop-out windshield. Unlike the ill-fated Edsel, this car never reached the mass-production stage—only 49 were produced, not all of them exactly alike. Tucker was charged by the Securities and Exchange Commission with defrauding stockholders of \$28,000,000, but he was vindicated in court. Several years later, he opened negotiations to produce an automobile in Brazil, but he died before anything came of them.*

**I**f I really dig a chick, I find it difficult to ask her to go to bed. With the ordinary girl, there's usually no hesitation on my part to let my desires and intentions be known. But when my feelings for a girl verge on love, I find myself getting inarticulate and even find it difficult to get very physical at all. What can I do about it?—C. J., Chicago, Illinois.

*Your problem is a little like that of the ballplayer who displays great cool in an exhibition game and then loses it in the world series. Just as the athlete develops greater composure with increased experience, the best way to overcome your uptightness with women you care for is to get to know them better. Then you can relax, remembering that sex is one of the kindest things that two people can do for each other.*

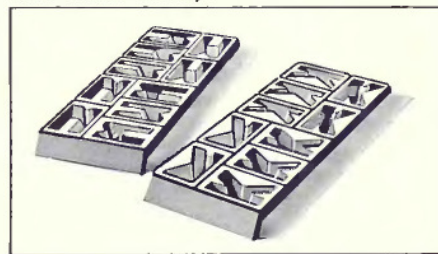
**A**uthor Fredric C. Appel stated in his article on aphrodisiacs, "Just Slip This into Her Drink" (PLAYBOY, August 1970), that mandrake root and rams' testes were once thought to make men potent. What other edibles have been regarded as aphrodisiacs?—F. R., Kansas City, Missouri.

*In addition to hyenas' eyes, Pliny recommended the snout and foot of the hippopotamus, Horace suggested dried*



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marrow and liver, and Petronius mentioned, among other items, snails' heads (in a sauce, of course). In France, both the truffle and almost any kind of seafood have been given the nod, while in 17th Century Europe the lowly potato was alleged to have aphrodisiacal qualities. Madame Du Barry preferred pheasant in wine sauce, while Boswell opted for whale ambergris. But why go on? The list is as endless as it is useless.

Some years ago, I was at a Chicago night club in which the cigarette machine dispensed such little-known brands as Sweet Caporals, Wings and others. The odd-ball brands were great conversation starters, but nowadays, at least on the West Coast, all I run into are the standard varieties. Do brands of cigarettes, like brands of beer, vary in popularity from one part of the country to another?—D. S., San Francisco, California.

Yes—though not to as great a degree. While most brands are distributed and advertised nationally, there are some brands that primarily enjoy a regional popularity. And, of course, brand favorites in cigarettes, like those in tooth pastes and soap flakes, rise and fall in popularity and are discontinued when they fall out of favor altogether. Sweet Caporal, Helmar, Spud and Murads—among a host of others—are no longer with us. Still available, nationally or on a regional basis, however, are Marvels, Picayune, Piedmont, Home Run, Wings and Fatima—the last reminding us of the old axiom, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; if Camels don't get you, Fatimas must."

On a trip to Canada, I ordered a rye old fashioned that was unusually good. Upon investigation, I discovered that the bartender had made it with a Canadian whisky; and, when asked why, he stated that every Canadian whisky is a rye whisky. Is this true?—P. K., Dubuque, Iowa.

The bartender was mistaken. By law, Canadian whisky must be produced from cereal grains only, and these may include corn, rye, wheat and barley; the proportions of each are the secret of the distiller. Straight rye whiskey is one distilled from a fermented mash of grain, of which not less than 51 percent is rye; while blended rye whiskey is one that by volume contains not less than 51 percent straight rye whiskey. Straight whiskeys tend to be full-bodied and full-flavored, while blended whiskeys—mixtures of straight whiskeys with grain neutral spirits—tend to be comparatively light-bodied and light-flavored.

Soon my boyfriend will be giving me an engagement ring. Long before I met him, he had been engaged to another girl but then broke off the relationship.

He still has the ring and it is exactly what I want, setting and all. If he offers the ring to me, would it be proper to accept it?—Miss J. C., Miami, Florida.

If you like it, accept it.

Before the pill, what methods were employed by prostitutes to prevent pregnancy?—P. J., Akron, Ohio.

Like the rest of the female population B.T.P., prostitutes took their chances with whatever birth-control methods were available. The girls, having more experience, were undoubtedly more expert at it; also, abortions were more available to them—through underground contacts—than to the ordinary woman. Nonetheless, motherhood was an occupational hazard, as illustrated in Ogden Nash's wry four lines:

*My pappy was a gentleman, and musical, to boot.*

*He used to play piano in a house of ill repute.*

*The madam was a lady, and a credit to her cult,*

*She enjoyed my pappy's playing, and I was the result!*

Though I have enjoyed sexual intercourse with many women, until recently I had never made love to a virgin. The girl who changed all that is one on whom I had expended months of effort. Though I was under the impression that gaining entrance to a virgin is supposed to be difficult, penetration was relatively easy. Frankly, it was no different from any of my other scores; I certainly didn't experience the sensitive reactions I was expecting. How come?—W. W., Des Moines, Iowa.

If you were denied your fantasies of a painful reception and a bloody sheet, perhaps it was because she (a) was not a virgin; (b) was a virgin, but had lost her hymen through some athletic pursuit; (c) was a virgin, but had had her hymen removed by a doctor; (d) was a virgin, had her hymen, but did not respond according to your stereotype; (e) responded to your stereotype, but you were too wrapped up in yourself to notice.

Why did the record companies choose 78, 45 and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm as the speeds for their records?—T. B., Lincoln, Nebraska.

The original speed of approximately 78 revolutions per minute was picked as the optimum for maximum volume and minimum distortion and record wear for early discs, when reproduction was by mechanical means (via a small megaphone mounted atop the pickup) and the machine was cranked by hand. When electric motors were introduced, the speed of 78.26 rpm became the standard; this is a 23-to-1 gear reduction of a motor running at 1800 rpm on standard 60-cycle current. Western Electric first used

33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm for the sound records that accompanied the first talkies (33 $\frac{1}{3}$  is a 54-to-1 gear reduction of the same motor). RCA introduced 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm for home use in the mid-Thirties, but the turntables and pickups of the period could not effectively use it. In 1948, Columbia reintroduced the speed for its long-playing records, while RCA chose 45 rpm (a 40-to-1 gear reduction) as the optimum speed for its seven-inch singles introduced at the same time. Since then, 45 rpm has become standard for singles, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm for albums.

At 42, I'm the father of three children and am quite sure I don't want any more. My wife has been using the pill for the past several years and, though her side effects have been minor, the recent stories about it have scared the hell out of her. As a result, she's been on my back to become sterilized. Is the operation reversible—in case I change my mind or my wife should die and I remarry? And does it affect a male's sexual performance?—R. D., Seattle, Washington.

Male sterilization, or vasectomy, consists of cutting one-half to one-inch sections out of the thin tubes (the vasa deferentia) on both sides of the testicles. These tubes carry sperm from the testes into the urethral canal of the penis. The operation eliminates sperm in the ejaculate (and, hence, the danger of pregnancy), though it doesn't noticeably reduce the amount of ejaculate itself. A vasectomy is reversible in about 50 percent of the cases—80 percent in California, where urologists have more experience with it. There is no physiological effect on a male's potency and most men who have had the operation claim it has no psychological effects (in fact, once the fear of impregnating their wives is eliminated, some husbands become less inhibited in bed). Notable exceptions are men who confuse fertility with potency and thus are fearful about the operation. Psychological hang-ups might also occur when the husband is pressured into sterilization by his wife. Since castration symbolism can easily be associated with this operation, it's obvious that no man should agree to it who does not feel secure in his masculinity. Because of this and the other factors mentioned, it might be wise to consult a marriage counselor or psychotherapist in addition to the surgeon.

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





A woman with long, straight blonde hair is the central focus, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved blouse with a subtle floral pattern. She is positioned on a balcony or terrace, with her hands resting on a dark railing. In the foreground, there are dark, leafy branches of a bush or tree, some with small white flowers. The background is a soft, out-of-focus sunset or sunrise scene with warm, golden light and blurred lights in the distance. The overall mood is serene and elegant.

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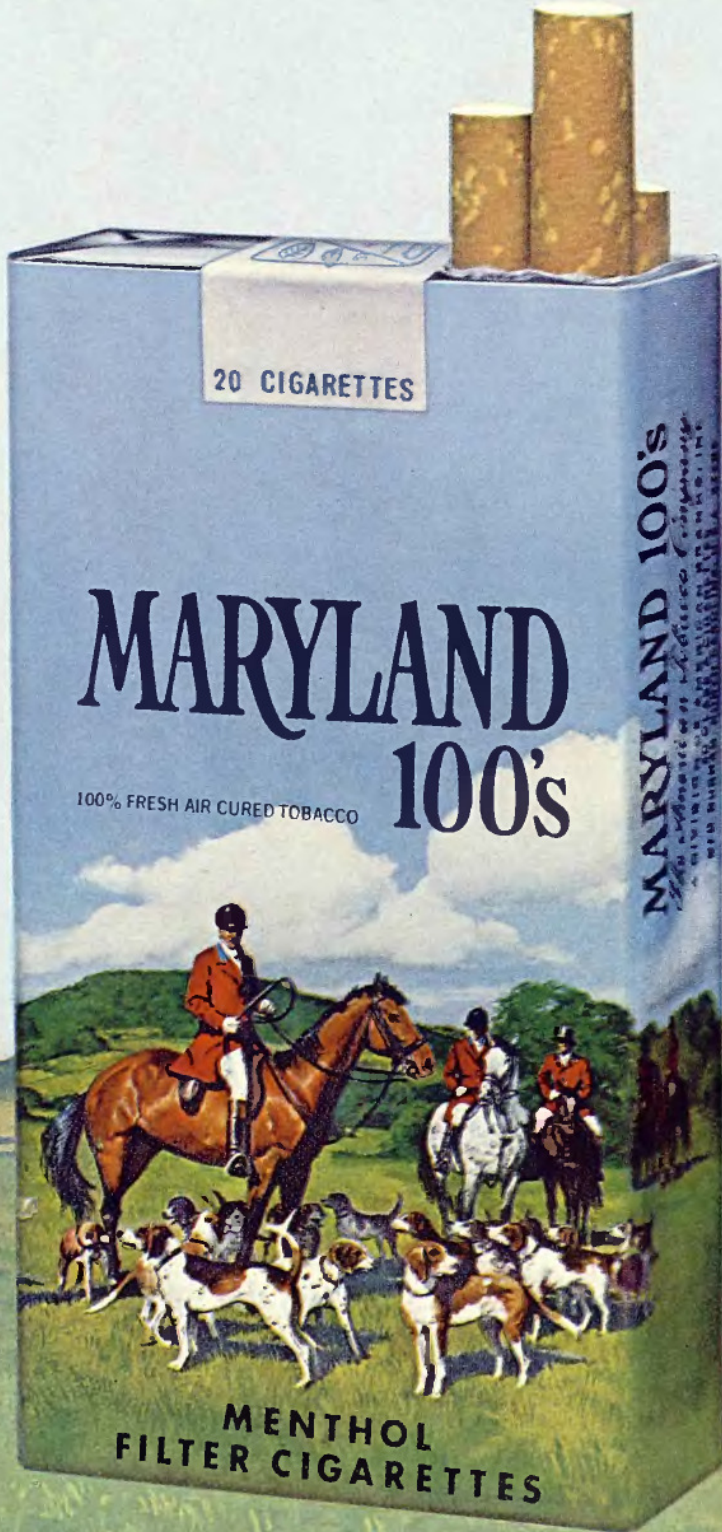
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## EQUAL TIME FOR SEX

Women become aggressive and competitive when sexually frustrated. The most important equal opportunity we need is the time and means to enjoy sex as much as men enjoy talking about it. **PLAYBOY** is one of the best things we women have going for us, because you always put sex where it belongs—among the arts. You have encouraged people to be better and more complete lovers, which, I believe, is the solution to a great many problems.

Molly Talbot  
Tucson, Arizona

## FEMINISM

I support all reasonable demands issued by the women's liberation movement, such as the right to abortion, male assumption of half the responsibilities of child rearing and the right of women to receive the same salary as men when doing the same or similar work. However, some of the far-out women's groups seem to be aiming at total abolition of the concept of femininity as we know it today. As far as I can see, a society in which there were no differentiation between the sexes would be like a society of robots. Such a development would be tragic for everyone.

Tim Gage  
Lubbock, Texas

## PAMPERED WOMAN

I am a pampered wife. I love it. I have one child in school, lots of time to myself, my own car and a home beside the ocean. My husband provides me with all this and I'd be a stupid fool to give it up for the right to do the kind of work he does. What I do is provide love, a clean home and good meals for my family. I'm a fulfilled woman. I'll be damned if I'll let anybody tell me I'm missing the boat.

Mrs. Jeff Kenyon  
Manhattan Beach, California

## FRINGE BENEFITS

"Being a woman, I frankly enjoy the difference in sex roles if it means having a door opened for me, my cigarette lit, a chair pulled out, a soft word spoken in my ear," writes Carolyn Williams in the September *Playboy Forum*. I've read similar letters elsewhere, all mentioning having cigarettes lit, doors opened and chairs pulled out as major benefits to women. Meanwhile, feminist groups talk about civil rights, equal pay for equal

work, rights to contraception and abortion, day-care centers and the freeing of women who work 40 hours a week outside the home from having to do all the domestic work as well.

How having a cigarette lit can possibly be preferable to the latter goals is beyond me. All I can say is, I have my lighter handy—right beside my perfume.

Pat Strauss  
Rochester, New York

## CASTRATING FEMALES

Frequently, one hears women active in the feminist movement described as castrating females. This implies that women seek equality in order to deprive men of their virility. Nothing could be more opposite to the truth. It is the oppressed woman, not the liberated one, who seeks to render men impotent, as Betty Friedan explains in *The Feminine Mystique*:

In the attempt to live by sex alone, in the image of the feminine mystique, ultimately she must "castrate" her husband and sons who can never give her enough satisfaction to make up for lack of self, and pass on to her daughters her own unspoken disappointment, self-denigration and discontent.

If this book were read by all American girls and boys of high school age, it could help us build a more decent society.

Carole Cleveland  
Hoopeston, Illinois

## LOVE AND LIBERATION

This letter is from a man and woman who are deeply in love. The controversy about women's liberation provokes us to contribute our thoughts on the matter.

We feel that women are exploited economically in this male-dominated society; but, on the other hand, men bear the burdens of the draft and of alimony. Thus, it seems that the present system has certain disadvantages for both sexes.

If there is a better system, it must be based on love, not on hatred and resentment. When we first met, a love began between us that was greater than anything we had experienced. We began doing things together, combining our talents in everything from painting and poetry to cooking. Even a simple letter to the editor becomes a mutual project. We have passed beyond closeness to a kind of oneness. From this perspective, it seems to us that women's liberation—


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and men's liberation—can be achieved only in harmony, not in hostility. Orgasm can be a glory shared by two lovers and not merely an exploitation of the woman by the man.

It is tragic that many spokeswomen for feminism have missed out on the joys of loving and sharing, and it is sad that their bitterness causes many men to discount their legitimate complaints as part of their puritanical neuroses. True liberation for both sexes will come with the end of puritanism—and the dawn of an age in which all will understand the simple truth of the Beatles' lyric, "All you need is love."

(Names and address withheld by request)

#### LET IT ALL HANG OUT

The growing controversy and bitterness engendered by the no-bra style strike me as being rather amusing. The dispute has very neatly reversed itself within my lifetime.

Before the 1920s, the bra was almost unknown in this country. For example, my mother—an exceedingly proper woman—never wore a brassiere; she wore a knit shirt under her slip. The bra came in as a fad during the "Roaring Twenties," but its purpose was to flatten the breasts, in accordance with the boyish figure popular at that time. The supporting and uplifting bra was introduced in the Thirties and created considerable horror among the older generation. I can still remember pious ladies complaining, "She only wears that thing to make herself stick out and attract men." Eventually, as time passed, the wearing of the bra became normal and even old people stopped noticing it or worrying about it.

Now the no-bra look is coming back, and the older generation is again horrified; but, in a few years, they will get accustomed to the softer lines and stop screaming. Then a new cycle will start, I suppose.

Mrs. M. Louise Bilinsky  
Vacaville, California

#### EXTRAMARITAL ADVICE

My attention was caught by a letter in the November 1970 *Playboy Forum* from a woman who had attempted suicide because of the futility of her love affair with a married man. I, too, am in love with a married man and have had much spare time over the past few years to do extensive thinking on this subject. If my opinions sound cold, it is not because I am a cold person but because being in this position makes one more tough-minded than the average woman.

This is what I would say to a woman contemplating an affair with a married man: The chances are a thousand to one that he won't leave his wife to marry you or even live with you. He will probably

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### ABORTION REFERENDUM

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—Without action by either the legislature or the courts, abortion has been legalized in the state of Washington—by voter referendum. Dr. Samuel Goldenberg, a leader in the reform movement, believes that this was the first time anywhere that the abortion issue has been decided at the polls by direct popular vote. The referendum passed by a substantial margin, about 56 to 44 percent, despite an extensive anti-abortion campaign by a group calling itself the Voice of the Unborn. Posters and billboards were erected throughout the state, some depicting a dead fetus and the slogan KILL REFERENDUM 20—NOT ME! The new law requires 90 days' residence in the state and consent of parent, guardian or spouse if the woman is under 18 or is living with her husband, but otherwise permits licensed physicians to perform abortions on request at accredited hospitals or state-approved medical facilities during the first four months of pregnancy.

#### SMOKING AND SEX

MOSCOW—According to the newspaper Soviet Russia, scientists in the U. S. S. R. have evidence that smoking after 30 years of age—and especially after 40—cuts down on sexual activity. One reason for this is that smoking appears to cause changes in the blood, which alter the sex hormones.

#### SEX AND SNACKS

DETROIT—It may still be true that sex sells, but apparently it doesn't sell popcorn. Burt Levy, head of a large Detroit firm that supplies snacks and goodies to movie theaters, grumbles that "Where sex is the main thing in the film, people don't buy candy and popcorn. And when a theater shows nothing but skin flicks, you may as well close the concession stand." Sales figures indicate that G-rated films are best for the snack business, erotic films the worst. Blood-and-thunder movies make audiences nervous enough that they keep nibbling, Levy speculated, but youth and rebellion films seem to quash appetites. He judged that John Wayne was "probably the popcorn king" of movieland.

#### ASTRONAUTICAL INTERCOURSE

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—The University of California is being sued by a test subject who was fired from an experiment because he refused to vow celibacy. Jack Crawford, a 25-year-old bachelor, agreed to participate in a 12-week experiment monitoring nutritional intake, waste output and energy output for the Nation-

al Aeronautics and Space Administration. When the researchers discovered that some of the make-believe astronauts were making love to their girlfriends during the twice-a-week visiting periods, they imposed an immediate ban on sex as an "unauthorized energy output." Crawford, though contending he had not expended any such energy, insisted that celibacy was not part of the original bargain and that it was his right to have sex should the opportunity arise during the course of the experiment. Thereupon, he was evicted from the imaginary space capsule and is now suing for the remainder of his salary, plus interest.

#### MENTAL ILLNESS IN WOMEN

Two researchers studying psychiatric patients have found that while the symptoms of mental illness in men are no more severe than they were ten years ago, today's mentally disturbed women are significantly worse off than their counterparts in the same period. Dr. David Rice, a University of Wisconsin psychologist, and Dr. Joseph Kepecs, a psychiatrist, conducted comparison tests on two groups of 100 patients and attributed the increasing severity of female mental illness to the times. "The changes in sexual and social role expectations during the past decade seem to be greater and somewhat more ambiguous for women than for men," the researchers reported. This has resulted in greater female anxiety, depression and alienation and a reduced ability to cope with stress. The scientists correlated these changes with the rise of the feminist movement but quickly added that they were not against women's liberation.

#### TOUGH MOMS AND TRUTH TELLING

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—A group of psychologists has found that relaxed, warm, supportive mothers have sons who tend to tell lies, while demanding, authoritative, punitive mothers produce truth-telling sons. With girls, it's the other way around: The warmer the relationship with the mother, the more likely the girl is to be honest. The psychologists did not conclude that tough mothers are a good thing; rather, they declared that a certain amount of dishonesty in preadolescent boys is an indication of inner security, a sense of freedom and a good relationship with parents.

#### GAY LIBERATORS

MARKLEEVILLE, CALIFORNIA—To the dismay of residents, a group of homosexuals has hatched a plausible scheme for taking control of a scenic, isolated and sparsely populated county in the Sierra



Nevada mountains of Northern California. Leaders of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front calculated that 200 to 300 homosexuals could establish residence in the county under the state's new 90-day law, hold a special election and vote themselves into power. The county has only about 380 registered voters, and over 500 homosexuals reportedly were signed up for the move. Since hearing this news, Alpine County residents have appealed to Governor Reagan for help, considered an annexation plan and hinted darkly of vigilante action against any incoming "fruit." Dr. Carl McIntire, a right-wing fundamentalist preacher, has volunteered to send reinforcements. If homosexuals move in, he said, "Our Christians, with the backing of our churches, will also move in in trailers, establish residence and work as 'missionaries' to prevent what "could very well become the first U. S. atheist and Communist county."

#### BACK TO RENO?

JUAREZ, MEXICO—The quickie Mexican divorce is a thing of the past—at least theoretically. The Mexican federal government has enacted a uniform national residency requirement of six months, and the state of Chihuahua, which includes Juárez, has added further restrictions on divorce, such as requiring the presence of both spouses and any children born of the marriage. However, the president of the local bar association has intimated that the new rules can be surmounted by resourceful Mexican lawyers. "It's ridiculous to say there won't be any more divorces in Ciudad Juárez," he said. "There'll just be a little more red tape involved and it'll take a little more time." The previous time was about two hours.

#### JUSTICE TRIUMPHS

EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA—A Los Angeles pharmacist charged with illegally refilling a \$1.65 barbiturate prescription was acquitted in superior court on grounds that he was the victim of police entrapment by a sexy female undercover agent. The defendant's lawyer proved to the jury's satisfaction that the young druggist supplied the agent's request not because he was trying to peddle pills but because she was attractive, seemed friendly and he had high hopes of seducing her.

#### HEROIN EPIDEMIC

NEW YORK CITY—New York City's narcotic problem has increased to the point that heroin use is now the leading cause of death among the city's teenagers. Dr. Michael M. Baden, New York's deputy chief medical examiner, reports that 224 persons in the 15 to 19 age group died from acute reactions or infections due to heroin injection in 1969 and another 24 died from accidents or homi-

cides directly related to the drug. He estimated teenage heroin-related deaths for 1970 at "close to 300."

#### THIN-SKINNED G-MEN

NEW YORK CITY—Dr. Abraham Blumberg, a well-known professor of law and sociology at City University, commented in class that J. Edgar Hoover's lengthy tenure as FBI director was bad for the bureau because it fostered cultishness and intolerance of constructive criticism. Among the professor's students were 15 G-men, who reported this heresy to superiors. As if to prove the professor's point, the FBI ordered the agents to drop out of the school in protest. The New York Times editorialized that "An institution that places itself above criticism cuts its bridges to vital realities" and described the FBI's action as a perfect example of the bureau's "self-destructive insularity."

#### MR. NUDE

ROSELAWN, INDIANA—As a concession to the women's liberation movement, the Naked City nudist camp, which has instituted an annual Miss Nude America pageant, this year will stage the first contest to name a Mr. Nude America.

#### THE ARMY WAY

FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA—In fall 1969, anti-war activist Joel Polin requested permission from Fort Bragg authorities to distribute a one-page leaflet merely quoting a discussion among Senators Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern and Vance Hartke on the Vietnam war, reprinted from the Congressional Record. When permission was refused, Polin advised the Secretary of the Army and pointed out that Army regulations state "a commander may not prevent distribution of a publication simply because he does not like its contents" but only when the material is obscene or "counsels disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty." Over a year later, permission was granted. But the Army restricted Polin to one hour on one Fort Bragg street corner on a one-time basis, refused to let him bring any helpers and required him to pick up all discarded leaflets afterward.

#### SIGN OF THE TIMES

NEW YORK CITY—The New York chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union reports a "growing trend of political purges of teachers" and a "resurgence of the kinds of complaints we haven't gotten for years." The complaints have been mostly from the state's high school teachers, who claim their academic freedom has been threatened because of teaching methods or personal political beliefs. The A. C. L. U. said that formal complaints were coming in at the rate of half a dozen a week—"more than at any time since the [Joe] McCarthy era."

be truthful about this in the beginning, but as the months go by, you'll convince yourself that he will change his mind. He won't. He is never going to love and need you as much as you love and need him. He is never going to arrange his life around you. He will fit you in. You will cry yourself to sleep many nights out of loneliness and frustration. You will learn to lie. You'll lie to your friends, your husband, if you have one, your children and yourself.

He will be very possessive toward you, but you should not be possessive toward him. His wife will always have first call on him. You may get the idea that if you become pregnant by him, he's yours forever. Forget it. His wife didn't keep him that way and neither will you.

To a man who must cheat on his wife, I'd say this: Be kind to the woman with whom you are cheating. Try to give her at least as much consideration as you give your wife. You should no more talk to her about your life with your wife than you would talk to your wife about your affair. If you do not intend to commit yourself fully to this woman you yearn to bed down, then drop her and find a prostitute. Don't say you love her or even imply it, because your actions may indicate to her that you are feeling deeper thoughts than you are saying.

A bit of Byron's poetry explains the difference between a man's and a woman's thinking when they enter into an affair:

*Man's love is of man's life a thing  
apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence.*

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### GOOD SEX

I've just read the letter in the November 1970 *Playboy Forum* from a woman in Frankfurt, Germany, who criticizes the sexual prowess of the American male. I agree with her. I feel that my husband has a lot to learn. But he seems so embarrassed about most things that I suggest, that we don't communicate very much in our marriage.

My husband simply doesn't take long enough to make love to me and I rarely reach a climax before he does. After his climax, he wants to rest, so I pretend I am satisfied and let him be. I have tried to tell him I need more loving, but he doesn't catch on. Sometimes, when it's wonderful, I tell him I wish we could make it like that every time.

I feel so alone at times that I finally started an affair with a man five years younger than myself. It has been great, but I don't want to hurt my husband, since he is so good to me and our two children. I've tried to stay away from the other man, but when I go without sexual satisfaction for too long, I begin to feel



as if I am losing my mind. Is it I who needs help, or my husband?

(Name withheld by request)  
Waco, Texas

*Both you and your husband need to learn to communicate with each other. If you are willing to endanger your marriage by having an affair with another man, why not be willing to risk having some frank talks about sex with your husband?*

#### TEEN SCENE

A very enlightened Illinois law authorizes doctors "to supervise and control the rendering of birth-control services to certain minors." By virtue of my membership in the Chicago area Planned Parenthood Association, I am involved in an effort to implement this law. We started a program called Teen Scene, which went into operation in October 1970, at two Planned Parenthood clinics. We help teenagers obtain counseling, information and contraceptives without any significant hassle. Those in the Chicago area interested in obtaining further information about these services can call Planned Parenthood.

Jerome A. Becwar  
Chicago, Illinois

#### ABORTION IN FLORIDA

I have prefiled a bill in the Florida senate that will, if passed, repeal all abortion laws from the state statutes. The bill will be considered during the legislative session that convenes during April and May this year.

Personally, abortion is repugnant to me—but so is the damage done to children's mental and physical health when there are too many in a family; so is the sterilization and other mayhem that often result from illegal abortion; so is the vegetation of minds that frequently occurs in institutionalized children who are never adopted; and so is the inequity of our present system in which the rich can almost always obtain either a legal abortion or a safe illegal one, while the poor are forced to either risk their lives or bear unwanted infants.

I am not optimistic about the passage of my bill, unless Floridians who favor abortion reform write to their legislators in support of it. Otherwise, the people who will do most of the letter writing will be those who are told to in church.

Senator Cliff Reuter  
Florida State Legislature  
Sharps, Florida

#### ENCOUNTERING ABORTION

Five weeks after the birth of our first child, who was planned, my husband and I were faced with the possibility of a second—completely unwanted—pregnancy. About a month later, my suspicions were growing stronger, though my doctor was unable to confirm them.

I knew another child coming so soon

would be a great financial burden and that I was both physically and mentally unprepared for another baby. So I asked myself how I truly felt about abortion: Was it morally right, was there really a question of human rights when the fetus was only a very small organism with undeveloped characteristics? I just didn't know.

After days and nights of soul-searching, I finally decided to go ahead and plan an abortion. This seemed right for my infant son's sake: I felt that another baby would harmfully deprive him of being the baby when he was only about ten months old. I also felt that I would not be able to give two children the time and attention each deserved.

Three weeks later, I found myself not pregnant and, therefore, I didn't have to go ahead with the abortion. After such an experience, however, I can understand why abortion is the only answer for many women. I don't feel that our male legislators can give this matter fair and complete consideration when they've never experienced an unwanted pregnancy.

(Name withheld by request)  
Madison, Ohio

#### THE BELOUS CASE

Dr. Robert Hall's article, *The Abortion Revolution*, in the September 1970 PLAYBOY gave a detailed and accurate history of abortion-law reform and repeal in the U.S.; however, there are some points that need clarification and amplification. Dr. Hall writes that 12 states have American Law Institute-type abortion-reform laws, that reform has been found to be a futile compromise and that the movement is now demanding outright repeal. He continues, "Hawaii led the way. And then New York and Alaska." A precedent-setting decision was handed down by the California supreme court on September 5, 1969, on my appeal challenging the constitutionality of California's pre-reform abortion law. If not for that, New York, Hawaii and Alaska would still be burdened with archaic abortion laws.

Though California's Abortion Act is the poorest of the new abortion laws, any married or single woman in California can obtain a legal abortion without any trouble whatever. Residents from the 11 other states with supposedly liberal abortion laws frequently fly here to terminate their unwanted pregnancies. All this is a result of the pronouncements of the California supreme court and their effect on the courage of the doctors and hospitals in our state. The court explicitly stated that women have the fundamental right to bear or not to bear a child, and if the law is carried out properly—namely, with the abortion performed in an accredited hospital and approved by two of the hospital's staff physicians—then the decision between patient and doctor cannot be challenged by a jury or district attor-

ney. The court also urged in a footnote that the 1967 Abortion Act be found unconstitutional; however, the court was not able to do this itself, because the act was not brought before it.

But the forces of hatred and reaction are still rampant. Only a few months ago, a group picketed in front of my office building, calling me, among other things, a Neo-Nazi.

Leon P. Belous, M. D.  
Beverly Hills, California

*Dr. Belous, an obstetrician-gynecologist, won a landmark appeal in 1969 on a conviction of conspiracy to commit abortion. The ruling, the first of its kind by a major state court, rendered the law invalid in California and thereby cast doubt on the constitutionality of similar laws in many other states.*

#### MASTURBATION EXPLOSION

*The New York Times* has published a fulmination by L. Brent Bozell, the ringleader of the Sons of Thunder, an activist group that has been harassing hospitals in which abortions are performed. In the midst of a diatribe against "genocide" and the "murder of innocent children" (his names for terminated pregnancies), Bozell comments:

Sex, instead of being the meeting place for love and life, the supreme occasion for giving both, has become an act of masturbatory gratification. The conventional excuse for contracepting and aborting babies is that catchall cop-out, the "population explosion." But the initial scare of environmental apocalypse is over—the myth of too many people is now being abandoned even by those active in population-control circles. What is left is not a population explosion but a masturbation explosion.

Anyone who has read current ecological studies can easily reel off the names of scores of scientists who are seriously worried about a population explosion, but Bozell seems to be quite alone in his dread of a masturbation explosion. I always knew that anti-abortion cranks couldn't tell an egg from a chicken (that's the whole basis of their belief that a fetus is a person) but now I find that at least one of them can't tell heterosexuality from autoeroticism. Nonetheless, Brent Bozell seems to be improving: He once co-authored a book in which he couldn't tell Senator Joe McCarthy from Saint Joan of Arc.

James O'Malley  
Brooklyn, New York

#### ANTI-SEX LEAGUE

I have just read in Arthur Hoppe's column in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about a new organization called Citizens' Committee for Decency Everywhere. This group, led by a Dr. Morgenthau Murd, not only opposes pornography



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but opposes sex as well; Hoppe describes them as "waging a lonely, if logical, battle to ban not only photographs and descriptions of sexual acts, but the acts themselves." Dr. Murd is alleged to have stated, "Every American on viewing pornography instinctively knows it's obscene, because he knows in his heart that sex itself is obscene." Claiming that erotic behavior is much more prurient and immoral than mere descriptions of erotic behavior, Dr. Murd cites studies showing that many husband-and-wife teams have become bank robbers, and he urges a real "all-embracing sex law with teeth in it" enforced by anti-sex agents, who will patrol apartment corridors, listening for sounds of copulation.

Now, I am 99 percent convinced that this is a put-on, but Dr. Murd's ideas are consistent in a weird way with those of anti-pornography crusaders; and America certainly does breed some peculiar attitudes toward sex. Was Hoppe joking or is there really a Citizens' Committee for Decency Everywhere?

Ed Johnson

San Francisco, California

*Hoppe was writing satire, not fact—but groups rejecting sex entirely have appeared periodically in the Christian world, from the Manichean heresy (circa 300 A.D.) to the Shakers in Ohio during the 19th Century. Hoppe's hoax was merely a humorous way of calling attention to the psychological links between modern anti-pornography forces and the earlier fanatics who rejected sex entirely.*

#### THE PORNOGRAPHY REPORT

I was pleasantly surprised to discover that there were so many intelligent and liberal-minded men on the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. But it was a short-lived pleasure when it became obvious that the views of the three men on the commission who disagreed with the majority were getting more respectful attention from members of the Government than those of the other 15. Two of these men are conservative clergymen. The third, Charles H. Keating, Jr., is the founder and legal counsel of the pro-censorship organization Citizens for Decent Literature. That Keating was the only man on the commission who was appointed by President Nixon reflects unfavorably on the Nixon Administration. How could the President see fit to place a man so obviously prejudiced, illogical and unscientific on such a commission?

In his dissent from the majority report, Keating wrote, "For a Presidential commission to have labored for two years at the expense to the taxpayers of almost \$2,000,000 and to arrive at the conclusion that pornography is harmless must strike the average American as the epitome of Government gone berserk." Must it indeed? Only if one is already blindly convinced that pornography is harmful.

What strikes me as berserk is the pious horror of President Nixon and his cohorts at the work of this commission. Keating goes on to say, "The law is capable of coping with the problem of pornography and obscenity, but it must be law coupled with the logic that an American is innately capable of determining for himself his standards of public decency and, beyond that, he has a right to make that determination." How can a statement like that be an argument for censorship? It is because individuals have the right to determine their own standards of what to read and look at that the views of people such as Keating are an insult to Americans. "Credit the American public with enough sense to know that one who wallows in filth is going to get dirty," says Keating. Isn't it time that we started wondering about the mental state of people who persist in connecting portrayals of sex with filth and dirtiness? While much pornography may be described as tasteless from an aesthetic point of view, there is nothing essentially dirty about bad art or about sex.

It is the fact that our national leaders listen to such people as Charles Keating that has the youth of America up in arms. It is my fondest dream to live in an America in which Keating and his sort would be laughed out of public life.

Robert Montgomery

Morehead City, North Carolina

The release of the Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography during the height of a national political campaign was a tragedy. The enormous amount of thought and analysis included in the report was drowned in the yelps and posturings of politicians hot to exploit our national hypocrisy about sex.

Intelligent, progressive, but politically staid, nations throughout Europe have discovered that complete sexual freedom for consenting adults—freedom of action as well as thought—does not result in moral decay, social corruption, increased crime or any of the other shibboleths invoked by American politicians. What the commission's report clearly points up is that sex, like any other bodily function, need not be regulated by law. Centuries ago, man was obsessed by a need to prohibit certain foods, clothing styles and forms of speech. He has outgrown these regulations, but he cannot leave his neighbor's sex life alone.

The U. S. has grown physically, yet, in emotional maturity, it lags sadly behind many other nations. The official Washington reaction to the report seems calculated to retard the nation's maturation.

Brian Richard Boylan, Editor  
*Sexology Magazine*  
New York, New York

#### MARIJUANA PENALTIES

Congratulations on your fine November 1970 *Playboy Forum* editorial on

marijuana penalties. I doubt that marijuana is totally harmless, because no drug is harmless, but every sane person knows that it's almost impossible to find a pothead as bad off, mentally and physically, as the average alcoholic. The spectacle of the President worrying about what mild marijuana is doing to the younger generation, while poisonous alcohol is destroying many members of his own generation, is absurd.

After the no-knock law, what bright ideas will Washington bring forth in the future?

Randall Kryn

Oak Park, Illinois

Your editorial, "An Open Letter to the Parents of Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., and R. Sargent Shriver III," was one of the most remarkable and thoroughly enlightening articles I have ever come across on the subject of marijuana legislation.

Please accept my congratulations.

Gary Gray

Fort Worth, Texas

Thank you for your editorial on marijuana penalties. Having served four years in the cages of various California prisons for selling some grass to a friend (at his request), I can personally attest that these punishments do not create respect for the Government. Rather, I have an undying contempt for the society that can enact and enforce such barbaric statutes.

It is especially galling to one in prison when the news from the outside reveals how selective the enforcement of these laws is. People on the Government's hate list, such as Timothy Leary, Lee Otis Johnson or poet John Sinclair, get enormous, almost incredible, prison terms; but relatives of Government officials almost always obtain probation or even dismissal of charges. Does anybody really believe that this type of justice encourages faith in our laws and courts?

The largest obstacle in the path of reform is the average pothead himself. Crouched behind locked doors and drawn shades, he passes the joint around his circle of friends and only occasionally bitches about why "they" don't change the laws. Actually, we are "they" as much as Art Linkletter is "they"; that is, there are 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 of us and our voices can be heard if we will only raise them often enough. People who say that officials just ignore letters from the public are unduly defeatist. A friend of mine in San Quentin wrote to a state senator, enclosing a clipping on recent legislation in another state; as a result, the senator introduced the same legislation in California. All of my letters to officials have, at the very least, received a reply.

Any person concerned with the reform





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of our marijuana laws should start writing to his elected legislators, and stay at it until we're all out of our cages. After all, the bust you stop may be your own.

Howard N. Ingram, Jr.  
Susanville, California

I believe very strongly that police should not lobby to make certain actions crimes, nor should they lobby to eliminate certain actions from the status of a crime. The police job is to effectively enforce the law. Therefore, you will not hear me proposing the legalization of marijuana nor increasing the penalties for its use or possession. I do, however, deeply resent the open, flagrant incitation to break the existing laws by the pro-pot crowd quoted in your magazine. They, in effect, along with pied pipers such as Timothy Leary, have led many a young person down the primrose path to serious narcotic use and into arrest situations.

Until all the research is in on Cannabis, I think that all bunnies should stay off the grass.

E. M. Davis  
Chief of Police  
Los Angeles, California

*Chief Davis' opinion has the ring of professional integrity, but professionalism can be a bane, as well as a blessing, to a society when it becomes a rationale for refusing to take responsibility for anything outside one's self-defined area of competence. A chief of police has considerable influence in a community; to refuse to use this influence in behalf of needed change is not to remain neutral, it is to declare one's support of the status quo. Furthermore, it is obvious that the police departments of our great cities are limited in their resources and, like good generals, the heads of our law-enforcement agencies have to decide where to commit their resources for the greatest possible benefit to the community as a whole. Not every traffic violator can be ticketed, every burglary solved, every Syndicate official jailed, every pothead captured. Therefore, the police have to decide how much of their manpower they are going to devote to the prevention and solution of such crimes as murder and robbery and how much to crusade against the use of marijuana. It seems to us that no police chief ought to take a seemingly neutral stance on such a question, but should seek the best information available and then establish policy accordingly.*

As a reporter covering government, law and crime for the *Lincoln Evening Journal*, I read *The Playboy Forum's* marijuana editorial with great interest. While I agree that most state laws set excessive penalties for marijuana smoking, I do not think that the solution is to eliminate prison terms and replace them with fines. Here in Nebraska, the

penalty for first-offense conviction is seven days in jail with a course of instruction on drugs by members of the State Health Department.

Mere fines (and a night in the tank) is the usual method of dealing with drunkards. This neither helps nor hinders the alcohol problem, and I don't think it would solve the marijuana problem. Nebraska's program promotes dialog between the youthful offender and the establishment; this, I think, is more hopeful.

What is your opinion of the Nebraska law?

Roger W. Hirsch  
Lincoln, Nebraska

*Seven days in jail is, of course, the most humane sentence for first-offense marijuana possession in any of the 50 states and we certainly think it's a step in the right direction. As for the course of instruction given by the State Health Department, we think that this should be given to everyone, in the schools, and that it should be honest and objective. We have no way of evaluating the course given in the jails, but we strongly suspect that, in that setting, most of the prisoners are extremely skeptical of the information offered. We doubt that it opens a real dialog. A man in a cage is not interested in learning from his captors; he just wants to get away from them.*

#### VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

For many months now, *The Tampa Tribune*, *Tampa Times*, WFLA-TV and WFLA-FM, all owned by the same corporation, have been waging a campaign against drugs. In an editorial titled "Death For Drug Sellers," *The Tampa Tribune* urged, on December 30, 1969, that the United States adopt the Iranian system, under which ten drug sellers have been executed by firing squads. A local radio station, WLCY, has encouraged teenagers to turn informer against their friends, resulting in over a dozen arrests, which have created a climate of terror among the young.

On October 21, 1970, the inevitable happened. A 19-year-old boy, Roy Arthur Rettig, was arrested in a local bar for possession of marijuana. The arresting deputies searched him and found he had no weapon on him. While taking the suspect from the bar, the deputies were observed by Thomas Pynn, an honor student and former Marine who had served as a guard at the U. S. embassy in Argentina. He said, "It looked like two hoods beating on a young guy—they didn't act like policemen." Rettig broke away and ran. To quote eyewitness Pynn again, "It would have been easy to catch him." Nevertheless, knowing the youth was unarmed, the deputies fired upon him three times, killing him. Citing his own experience dealing with rioting students in Argentina, Pynn said, "I'm not unfamiliar with the rules. What I saw

was unnecessary."

Students at the University of South Florida and the local A. C. L. U. demanded an investigation. A grand jury was convened and, as usual, the police were vindicated. The facts that Rettig had "tracks" on his arm, was evidently an addict and had hard drugs in his home were cited, but all this was discovered after his death. At the time of the killing, the boy was charged simply with marijuana possession (and resisting and assaulting the officers).

In a flurry of angry correspondence in *The Tampa Tribune*, one local resident wrote, "Hats off to [the police] for the job they have done in restoring decency to our neighborhood. I think the decent people of Tampa will agree with me."

It is now legal and socially sanctioned to murder young people in the city of Tampa if they are suspected of drug offenses.

Alton R. Pittman  
Attorney at Law  
Tampa, Florida

#### A LITTLE HELP

I'm a 19-year-old Marine in trouble with drugs. I knew I needed help, but I was afraid to ask for it, knowing that I would be imprisoned and might get a dishonorable discharge. Finally, I contracted hepatitis and had to go to a doctor. Once hospitalized, I admitted that I had been using drugs. The hospital authorities reported me to my company commander. An officer came to the Naval hospital, advised me of my rights and told me that I would be court-martialed for drug abuse.

My fate, whatever it may be, is sealed. But there are many other Marines who have drug problems and are afraid to ask for help because, if they do, they will be in trouble, as I am. Thus the Armed Forces' regulations perpetuate the drug problem. And lonely, sick men have nowhere to turn for help.

(Name withheld by request)

Camp LeJeune, North Carolina

#### EQUAL TREATMENT FOR OFFICERS

The Army does not discriminate; it is equally malevolent toward officers and enlisted men who dare try to exercise their rights. I am a captain and a doctor in the U. S. Army, stationed in Vietnam. I met and fell in love with a Vietnamese girl and, following military procedure, I submitted an application requesting permission to marry her. I was immediately visited by a member of the colonel's staff and informed that the colonel would not tolerate any man in his command marrying a Vietnamese. He further told me that I should reconsider my application or I might find myself transferred to another unit. In the days that followed, I was put under considerable pressure and was repeatedly lectured by various officers.

I was adamant in my intention of





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marrying the woman of my choice and, therefore, I was moved to a new location in Vietnam, 200 miles away from her. I was subsequently transferred a second time because my new commanding officer thought I might bring her to live near me.

As an officer, I am not harassed nearly as much as are enlisted men. But I have come to loathe every lifer for his narrow-minded views and insufferable superiority complex. The lifer officer is given the power to play God and he takes full advantage of the opportunity by controlling people's lives and suffocating individuality. The biggest threat to the American way of life may not be communism but, rather, this inhuman war machine that destroys any man who harbors an independent thought.

Capt. Melvyn Chase  
APO San Francisco, California

#### GI RIGHTS

Over the past several months, I have read the many letters you have published from GIs who have suffered the abuses of military injustice. One of the main obstacles to fair play for lower-ranking soldiers is their ignorance of their own rights—an ignorance that is carefully cultivated and preserved by the brass. GIs are unable to obtain reliable information about military administrative procedures, court-martial rules or their rights when in conflict with a superior. When they are not totally in the dark, they have often received false information from officers.

At long last, a book is available to correct the fallacies, half-truths, rumors and threats that flourish in the barracks: *GI Rights and Army Justice: A Draftee's Guide to Military Life and Law*, by Robert S. Rivkin, a lawyer who is himself an ex-GI. The text is very clear and readable (sprinkled with clever humor) and every enlisted man who reads it will be armed against dangerous misconceptions.

Jerry Wingate, Coordinator  
GI Counseling Services  
New York, New York

#### THE PEACE SYMBOL

William Walker, in the October 1970 *Playboy Forum*, mentions a leaflet that describes the familiar peace symbol as an anti-Christian, pro-Communist emblem. There are two such leaflets circulating in this area, both the work of far-right organizations: the Network of Patriotic Letter Writers and the John Birch Society.

Unbelievable as it may seem, officers of the U.S. Navy are lending official sanction to the propaganda of these right-wing extremists. The commanding officers of the Naval air stations in the Pensacola complex have issued a statement that says, "The peace symbol is an instrument of the Marxists and is both

Communistic and anti-religious and will not be tolerated on board Naval air stations in the Pensacola complex." Both my wife (who is a civil service employee at a Naval air station) and I (a junior Naval officer) have been warned and then ordered by our superiors to cease displaying this symbol. Our attempts to discuss our views with these seniors have resulted in our being labeled trouble-makers and Communist dupes.

We seriously doubt the legality of this policy but we lack the resources to challenge it. Incidentally, AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT decals and pro-war symbols are prominently displayed without restriction on cars belonging to Naval personnel.

Since my wife has been threatened with firing and I with adverse-fitness reports and being ordered to Southeast Asia, please withhold my name if you choose to publish this letter.

(Name withheld by request)  
Pensacola, Florida

#### THE LOYAL AUTOMOBILE

The following statement appears on the application for permission to drive an automobile on the grounds of the Honolulu Naval Communication Station and must be signed by the applicant:

I certify to the following: My vehicle does not and will not display any anti-war slogans or other material derogatory to the policies of the United States Government.

CT/3 William H. Lane  
FPO San Francisco, California

#### BRING US TOGETHER

It is truly a sad situation that the political tolerance and diversity on which this nation was founded are almost dead. The violence that radical left-wingers and intolerant policemen use against one another has now escalated into a split among all groups in our society, and cries for law and order do not cover up the deep divergencies on matters such as the Indochina war, hunger, poverty, race riots, student rebellion and inequality and brutality. Meanwhile, such slogans as "America—Love It Or Leave It" and "America—Change It Or Lose It" solve nothing, and we evolve into a country bumper-sticking its brains out on an intolerance trip.

Can't we begin tolerating differences and seeking reasonable compromises before the torch of liberty is extinguished "with a bang, not with a whimper"?

Ronald W. Thee  
Westwood, California

#### SERGEANT BOB MC ANDREW

In the September 1970 *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter from my son, Sergeant Bob McAndrew, about the violence that is tearing America apart. His letter ended, "Please, let America sur-

vive; let me return to a home that is worth living in." This is how far he was willing to go for his country: He was killed in action in Cambodia.

Edward F. McAndrew  
Tarzana, California

*Sergeant McAndrew was posthumously awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart.*

#### GUARDSMEN VS. STUDENTS

I am a National Guardsman currently undergoing advanced infantry training. I am also a college student just five credits short of a degree in psychology. I think I can see the student-Guardsman controversy with a certain perspective that may be lacking in those who have stood on only one side of the line.

Frankly, it makes me sad to think that many men with whom I have trained, and whom I regard as friends, will shortly be sent to Vietnam, where some of them will die. The war is wrong, it was always wrong and not a single American life should have been wasted there.

If this Government gives me a gun and sends me to a campus, I will never shoot at anyone protesting against the war. They are right, and I am ashamed of the uniform I wear. Blessed are the peacemakers.

(Name withheld by request)  
Fort Ord, California

#### SPIRO'S HEROES

As a result of such civil disturbances as the Kent State tragedy, the Ohio National Guard is being tested for its ability to contain and suppress future disorders. Here's how my Cincinnati Guard unit was tested: The site was a cow pasture at a local home for the aged. After we scattered the cattle at eight A.M., we lined up 20 or so two-and-a-half-ton trucks to simulate streets. Then, all day long, we practiced dispersing mobs. About 50 of us formed a wedge, carrying M-1s and wearing steel helmets and gas masks, and advanced, stamping our feet and groaning, upon a group of about ten new recruits led by a second lieutenant. As we approached the "demonstrators," our first sergeant would either nod to indicate that we did, in fact, stamp and groan to his liking or criticize our poor dramatic performance.

Our major told us, "If ya growl like ya got a pair o' balls on ya, ya'll scare the shit right out o' them hippies right off the bat. Hell, there's nothin' more demoralizin' than ta see a bunch o' troops ready for bear, 'specially to them queers with their hair an' beads an' shit."

We were told that we would be graded by the Regular Army. At 4:30 P.M., a staff car pulled into the pasture. We lined up, our superiors mumbling, "This is it." Three Regular Army field-grade officers and three N. C. O.s got out of the staff



car, and we went through the stamping and groaning routine. In less than 30 minutes, they were on their way back to Fort Knox and we headed back to our armory, where our beaming superiors told us that we had passed the test with flying colors and were "ready for 'em."

I hope if we are ever called on to control a real civil disturbance, the demonstrators or rioters will be charitable enough to disperse before we get too close to them.

(Name withheld by request)  
Hamilton, Ohio

#### ABUSE OF FREEDOM

All over this country, groups of people are demanding more freedom. If it isn't women's liberation or gay liberation, it's the freedom to smoke pot, freedom from the draft or freedom to stage any sort of demonstration one wants, even one that gets out of control and infringes on the rights of others. Many spokesmen for these various liberation movements claim that the U. S. is going through a revolution that, in the end, will produce a beautiful world in which the individual can do whatever he wants, as long as he doesn't harm others. I don't believe that such a world is possible with human nature as we know it. Undisciplined people will always try to harm others, and the only means we have to prevent this are the institutions that keep order in this society, such as the police. Furthermore, many Americans are firmly opposed to this vision of total freedom and, if pressed, they will resort to severe measures to prevent its realization.

Thus, the people who demand freedom are tearing the country apart by making extreme demands and generating extreme opposition. They can get away with what they are doing because there is already a great deal of individual freedom in America. In Russia, for instance, a person carrying a protest sign in Red Square wouldn't last five minutes. Totalitarian governments don't let individual citizens rock the boat. In America, it is possible to rock the boat, but is it desirable? I think not. When people flaunt their freedom to the point where they endanger the stability of society, they may be within their legal rights, but they are acting foolishly. If the state's survival is threatened, it and those who support it will fight back with all the weapons at their command, and Americans will lose the freedoms they now possess.

John A. Palcer  
Manassas, Virginia

#### THE HERESY HUNTERS

A recent incident in Edgewood, Iowa, seems, to me, a depressing parable on the whole horrible Agnew Age that we have entered. A young University of Iowa geology student, working on his master's thesis in vertebrate paleontol-

ogy, began exploring a large cave in the vicinity, seeking fossils that would relate the ancient animals of the area to their modern descendants. Occasionally, other students visited him to help with heavy work. Because they were young and because they did not wear their hair cut and trimmed, some local patriots decided they were—you guessed it—hippies. The rumor went out that hairy, Commie-loving monsters were living in the cave, smoking dope and probably engaging in un-American activities. A group of locals, armed with shotguns, went to the cave to confront this threat to the commonwealth. The student was not there at the time, so they smashed all his scientific gear and ruined nearly a year's careful work. The whole affair is terribly reminiscent of the Dark Ages, when scientists were treated like witches and ignorant mobs smashed their laboratories and tied them to stakes.

There is nothing surprising about this incident. When the President denounces dissenters as bums and aligns himself with rioting hard-hats, when the Vice-President fulminates against independence as impudence and plays upon the ignorant fears of the most ill-educated citizens, when the Justice Department sets out a legislative program aimed at chipping away the Bill of Rights, what can be expected of the masses? They follow their leaders, and the old spirit of the witch-hunt returns. Any stigma that might indicate heresy—opinions of the wrong sort, hair of the wrong length, even (this is increasingly common) meeting to play music of the wrong type—unleashes the fury of the mob. When this happened in the late Middle Ages, millions died (9,000,000, according to one historian of witchcraft). In Nazi Germany, the same hysteria killed 6,000,000 Jews, 1,000,000 gypsies and perhaps another 1,000,000 miscellaneous political-social offenders or deviates. Nixon and Agnew are sowing the wind again today; can sanity return to America before we reap the whirlwind?

John J. Allen  
Des Moines, Iowa

#### LOSING FAITH IN TECHNOLOGY

In *The Engineering Mentality* (PLAYBOY, September 1970), Gene Marine perfectly describes the attitude of Western man that raises fascination with technique to a sort of irrational faith in it. This attitude is the exact opposite of scientific thought and prevents the correct posing of problems. Why is this so? Why are we fascinated; why are we locked into asking how to do things, when we are incapable of correctly defining what should be done? It is as if the more rational technology, administrative organization, planning, research and development and means of communication become, the more man adopts behavior and attitudes that are irrational.

It appears, from the beginning of history to the present, that man cannot be reduced to his rational dimension, that he cannot behave purely reasonably and that he is very unhappy in a society that is too well organized. The more technology and organization grow, the more they lead man to adopt aberrant attitudes. Pop music, hippies, Happenings and eroticism are examples of such attitudes. But the flight into irrationality can be completely unconscious, and a more common form of it is to take refuge in belief in technology.

Because of this belief, there is nothing more difficult, dangerous and troubling than posing the question, "Why does man have such faith in technology?" To ask this question requires one's adopting the same attitude as the questioning of God's existence would have required during the Middle Ages. Western man feels that there is no future except through technology and that all problems raised by the press, television, politicians and economists either can or should be solved by technology, which has specifically created an accumulation of effective methods and moves through successive solutions to new or more complex problems. Life seems, then, like a succession of problems solved progressively (and this is very often the way history is presented). Consequently, technology guarantees that a future is possible. And if one does not know how to answer some particular type of question, it is certain that sooner or later, technology will be able to do so.

Western man sees clearly that it is impossible to retreat. He is thus obliged to flee forward, but at the same time, he is incapable of giving himself the responsibility of creating a future, other than as a technician. It is at this point that he adopts a magical mentality toward technology. But perhaps we are reaching the limit; will it be possible to maintain this attitude for long? It seems that the new obstacles encountered by man and provoked by technology may be of such complexity, of such size, that man will no longer be able to extricate himself, either with his irrational dream of hypothetical technologies or with his normal growth of effective techniques. I think that the rupture of natural cycles, the ecological disruption and the growth in population will oblige man to take a new direction.

But we should not have any illusions; this will be a grave crisis, comparable with the religious crisis of the 15th Century. Everything will be put into question if we put technology into question. That is to say, if we accept as fact that it is the creator of nuisances as important as its benefits, if we reach the point of questioning basic problems not in terms of technical possibilities but in relation to a differently understood reality, it will be a



very serious crisis, for man will have the feeling that a future is no longer possible and that nothing makes sense. He will experience immense frustration. Nevertheless, this crisis is the condition required for a balanced development of human society.

Man does not want to question what he has done for three centuries; circumstances are going to make him do so. But man can still refuse to see the situation, he may take refuge in the dream and persist on the one-way street of technology, in which case "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Jacques Ellul  
Le Canon, France

*Jacques Ellul is the author of widely acclaimed sociological books, "The Technological Society," "Propaganda," "The Political Illusion" and "A Critique of the New Commonplaces," as well as a series of shorter studies, including "The Presence of the Kingdom" and "Violence." He is professor of law and government at the University of Bordeaux.*

#### KUNSTLER'S TRAVELS

The following quote from the *New Haven Register* is symptomatic of our times:

Attorney William Kunstler, leaving New Haven Tuesday after his speech at the Connecticut Bar Association's annual meeting, was arrested for allegedly stopping to pick up hitchhikers. State trooper Larry Ahearn said he arrested Kunstler . . . and gave him a citation to appear in 6th Circuit Court on Nov. 23, when Kunstler stopped his car in the middle of the roadway around 12:45 P.M. The lawyer, who the trooper said submitted passively to the arrest, had allegedly stopped to pick up two male hitchhikers. . . .

A few years ago, it would have been unthinkable for me to consider that the troopers were under orders to harass Kunstler. In today's growing repression and movement toward a police state, I find it hard to believe that it was accidental that Kunstler was arrested on this minor charge.

Gail Kinney  
West Haven, Connecticut

#### PLAYBOY AS OPPRESSOR

I completely agree with William Kunstler's accusation (*Playboy Interview*, October 1970) that PLAYBOY symbolizes "a way of life achieved by the incessant, unrelenting and conscienceless oppression of millions of men, women and children, both here and abroad." Perhaps 20 percent of your magazine is devoted to advertising, the sole moral principle of which is that only sales are holy. Of course, PLAYBOY is no different from most other magazines in this

respect, but it deserves special censure because it has sought consciously to be more than a magazine; it advocates a life style. This life style includes the appreciation of excellence and the enjoyment of sex, both of which are good qualities; but when PLAYBOY also implies that conspicuous consumption is an indispensable characteristic of the ideal male, it earns severe censure.

Carroll Moore  
Seattle, Washington

After being attacked by William Kunstler in the October 1970 *Playboy Interview*, you answer:

Rather than reply to your allegation that PLAYBOY is somehow involved in and symbolic of human oppression—which PLAYBOY despises and opposes as vigorously as you do—we would prefer to let reasonable readers of this magazine draw their own conclusions about the validity of your indictment.

All right, here is the conclusion I draw: You do not despise and oppose oppression. If you did, you would not pay tremendous taxes, a large portion of which goes to the destruction of Vietnam and the murder of its inhabitants. You would not carry ads for such polluters as the manufacturers of alcoholic beverages, cigarettes, cars, motorcycles, dune buggies and motorboats. You would not publish fashion features that urge men to waste textiles by buying new wardrobes several times a year. You would not engage in mail-order advertising for subscriptions, for the Playboy Clubs and the like, thereby wasting mountains of paper.

You know that our capitalistic system lets the rich get richer and the poor, poorer. If you despise oppression, how can you continue to make and keep your profits, when that money could be redistributed to the underprivileged of this nation?

John Patrick Emerson  
San Diego, California

*The syllogism Kunstler suggested and you apparently support is: Capitalism oppresses people; PLAYBOY portrays the favorable aspects of life in a capitalist society; therefore, PLAYBOY is a symbol of oppression. But both premises and the conclusion are false. Oppression, far from being intrinsic to the American economic system, is actually detrimental to that system. As Henry Ford figured out when he started raising the wages of the men who worked on his assembly lines, the poor, the ignorant and the downtrodden do not make good customers for the kind of products American industry has to offer. Furthermore, oppression exists in one form or another in every quarter of the globe, regardless of the prevailing economic system.*

*Oppression is made possible by economic scarcity, and it is a condition that is being corrected as technological progress offers an ever-improving standard of living to an ever-increasing portion of the world's people.*

*That sort of progress, in this country, arises from a cycle in which consumption creates jobs and advertising encourages consumption. Besides supporting the general prosperity, the advertising in PLAYBOY supports this magazine's efforts to change the American way of life for the better, which includes publishing interviews with such people as William Kunstler. Advertising, the bane of so many superficial critics of American society, is just as rampant in collectivist societies around the world, both in its ordinary form as a sales message needed to keep the wheels of commerce turning and in the form of government propaganda—the government being identical with industry and commerce in such countries.*

*To suggest that PLAYBOY should stop paying taxes, and then to say that wealth and profits should be taken from the rich and redistributed to the poor, indicates unawareness that this is precisely one of the functions of taxation. We think that a great deal of the money we shell out to the Government is being misused, but we also think our function is to communicate opinions that may change Government actions, not to waste our resources hassling over taxes. If we were to stop carrying advertising, quit doing our own advertising and stop paying taxes, the combined consequences of these decisions would probably put PLAYBOY out of business. If there are 40,000,000 underprivileged people in the U.S. and if the liquidation of PLAYBOY and its related enterprises made \$100,000,000 available for distribution to them, each deprived person would get \$2.50. And all PLAYBOY employees would be added to the unemployment rolls. Proposals like this are pure foolishness.*

*Through greater individual freedom, through continued scientific and technical progress and through more vigorous efforts to establish political equality and equality of opportunity, our society can evolve toward one that satisfies human needs better than any that preceded it. Oversimplified moralizing doesn't contribute to this process.*

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*





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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM MURTON

*a candid conversation with the outspoken prison-reform crusader and controversial deposed director of the infamous arkansas penal system*

On a bleak, rainy morning in late January of 1968, a small group of convicts trudged through the dark, alluvial mud behind a levee that keeps floodwaters from the Arkansas River out of a mule pasture at Cummins Prison Farm. When they reached a spot marked by a 58-year-old black prisoner, Reuben Johnson, they dug into the earth and, within an hour or so, struck the first of three coffins uncovered that day. The superintendent of Cummins, Tom Murton, told the press that the remains were those of inmates who had been secretly and brutally murdered under previous prison administrations; he also said there was evidence that as many as 200 other men were buried on the prison grounds. The governor of Arkansas, Winthrop Rockefeller, promised a full investigation. Instead, Murton was fired and the burial site was officially described as a paupers' graveyard. There was no more digging in the mule pasture.

The summary dismissal—he was given three days to get his wife and four children and their belongings out of the quarters he occupied on the prison grounds—came as no surprise to Murton; it had happened before. A year earlier, he had lost his job at Southern Illinois University. “I was one of three instructors in a program to train prison middle-management types, and the school

wanted me to talk about the ideal number of cells and bars and that sort of thing. Instead, I tried to get my students talking about whether we needed cells or bars—or even prisons—and if we do, what their role in society should be. That was obviously unacceptable, because I was asked to leave.”

Murton established his reputation as an iconoclast in the field of penology before the experience at Southern Illinois. From 1952 to 1954, when Alaska was still a territory, he was a Deputy U. S. Marshal, sometimes working in the jail at Anchorage. Because of his efforts to expose and eliminate alleged corruption in the marshal's office—including some under-the-table dealings with organized crime that would have brought slot machines and other gambling into the territory—Murton was fired in 1956, shortly after he returned to his job from a two-year tour in the Army. During his hitch, Murton was confinement officer for the stockade at Fort Richardson, near Anchorage. “They chose me because I was one of the few people in the Army at that time with any outside experience in the field. For my part, I became more interested in the problems of prisons and prisoners. I guess that's where the seed was planted.”

Staying on in Alaska, Murton put his college degree in agriculture to work and

farmed for a brief period before going back to school to take a degree in education. He was teaching algebra when Alaska became a state. With the change from Federal to local control of law enforcement, he went back into penology, rising from the position of jail administrator in Ketchikan to chief of correctional institutions for the state in 1964. But once again, he succeeded in alienating the higher-ups. Murton was called upon to testify before the state legislature and, against the governor's wishes, did so. He complained that he was being thwarted in his efforts to build a model prison system by state officials, who tied up the materials he needed and for which funds had been allocated. Although the charges were true, Murton was fired for the second time in Alaska.

Next, he went to Berkeley and earned a master's and a doctorate in criminology. “By this time, I had all the credentials—degrees and all that sort of thing. But I couldn't get a prison job in Alaska.” So Murton went to teach in Illinois. While he was there, the prisons in Arkansas were being exposed by the press as medieval even by that state's archaic standards. When Rockefeller was elected the first Republican governor of the state since Reconstruction—some claimed the prison scandal played a large part in the Democrats' defeat—he talked



“I realized that I couldn't take over Tucker Prison Farm by force, since I was the only nonconvict in the place with a gun—a little .38 I smuggled in past the guard at the gate. It was an insane situation.”



“An inmate said he buried three prisoners. We found them. A grand jury considered indicting me for ‘grave robbing.’ They were more interested in why the men were dug up than why they were buried.”



“Whenever a true reformer comes in, he's going to be opposed by those who have a stake in the old order. Eventually, he'll push too hard and they'll get rid of him. I'm not the first—or the last.”



to Murton, who was serving as a consultant to the Arkansas prison system under a Federal grant, and was impressed enough with his blunt assessment of the situation at notorious Tucker Prison Farm, and with his self-confidence ("I'd like to go to Tucker and demonstrate to the people of Arkansas that you can run a prison without torture and brutality"), to hire him as superintendent of the institution. Once Murton had reformed Tucker, he was to take over its larger parent institution, Cummins, and responsibility for all correctional programs in the state. The next 13 months were filled with political backbiting and subterfuge, reform and revolution in the prisons, and a sense of both accomplishment and frustration for Murton—culminating with the exhumation of the bodies at Cummins and his subsequent dismissal.

This time, the period of unemployment lasted two and a half years. "I seem to be able to accomplish more each time I get a job, but then the roof falls in and things get tougher." Oregon turned Murton down when he asked for a prison position there. Alaska wouldn't accept his applications to return for either corrections work or teaching. While his wife taught in Anchorage, Murton served as a part-time security guard for Atlantic Richfield during the oil boom of 1969. Finally, in September 1970, he was appointed visiting professor of criminology at the University of Minnesota, a position he still holds. "I haven't found anything around here to rebel against yet. I really don't expect to."

Between his departure from Arkansas and his return to academe, Murton campaigned for a full investigation into the dark past of Arkansas' infamous prisons. And in speeches before students and professional colleagues and through letters written to public officials, he has continued to press for more digging around Cummins and more questioning of the men who were inmates there. His efforts have been unsuccessful, but he continues writing and speaking. Last fall, his book, "Accomplices to the Crime" (co-authored with writer Joe Hyams and published by Grove Press), a chronicle of his experiences that indicts many Arkansas officials, came to the attention of Dick Cavett, and Murton was invited to be a guest on Cavett's late-night talk show. Murton took along some of the torture devices he had found at Tucker and described them to a shocked audience. He also said Governor Rockefeller had subverted his campaign for reform in Arkansas and his subsequent efforts to find employment; he claimed that Arkansas prisons had gone back to the bad old days since his departure, and that the new head of the system there knew that murdered inmates were buried around Cummins, but refused to do anything about it.

Rockefeller protested and demanded equal time. Since it was an election year, Rockefeller himself was not allowed to appear, but Arkansas Correction Commissioner Robert Sarver was invited in his place. He told Cavett that he wanted "the same reforms Murton wants," but that he realized he had to work within the system and be willing to compromise. He said that Rockefeller was "a very busy man" who didn't have time to keep Murton from getting a job; that while the prisons in Arkansas had a long way to go, they were making progress; that Murton's claims about worsening prison conditions were simply untrue; and that while there may be more inmates buried around Cummins, they weren't his responsibility. A few weeks later, on November 2, 1970, there was a riot at Cummins and Sarver himself was held hostage for a short time. The next day, Rockefeller was defeated in a bid for reelection.

Concerned about the issues Murton has raised, PLAYBOY asked the embattled prison reformer for an interview. He consented. After spending two days talking with him in his university office in Minneapolis, Assistant Editor Geoffrey Norman reports: "Even though he has four degrees and is a college professor, Murton likes to refer to himself as an Oklahoma farmer. During the interview, he alternated between the dry, technical speech of a sociologist and the colorful idiom of prisoners. He was thoughtful and deliberate when he discussed theoretical questions, but animated and intense when he related the story of his experiences in Arkansas. We began by asking him to recapitulate that story."

**PLAYBOY:** What was the situation when you took over the Tucker Prison Farm?

**MURTON:** It couldn't have been much worse. There had been no prison superintendent at Tucker for weeks. One had lasted 90 days and my predecessor had been there only a month before he was found in his office cradling a Thompson submachine gun and defying the inmates to "cross the line." When I arrived on the prison grounds, "order" was being maintained by the presence of 13 unarmed state troopers. It was ludicrous: They were there to control more than 300 inmates, many of whom were armed to the teeth.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did they get the guns?

**MURTON:** From the state. Since no funds were appropriated for prison administration, farming operations were supposed to turn a profit for the state. One of the economies instituted at Arkansas' two prison farms, Tucker and Cummins, located about 50 miles from each other, was a system whereby trustees—inmates who have proved they can be trusted—serve as armed guards over work details

of the other two classes of prisoners: the "rank" men, who harvest the crops and perform most of the drudgery around the prison, and the "doh-pops," so called because they used to have to pop doors open for wardens and trustees. "Doh-pops" work with livestock herds, farm machinery and in the garage and slaughterhouse. As part of the prison underground, the inmates also ran a number of illegal activities such as gambling, dope and liquor sales, and homosexual prostitution. The prison staff granted these privileges to trustees who cooperated with them in keeping order and enforcing discipline through the use of torture and brutality.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of torture and brutality?

**MURTON:** In 1966, then-Governor Orval Faubus authorized an investigation of the prisons based on a number of letters and complaints about excessive brutality. It uncovered a variety of shocking practices employed by the wardens, their staffs and inmate trustees. Among these was the use of the strap, which was authorized by state law, making Arkansas the last state in the Union legally utilizing corporal punishment. The mandate was carried out with a vengeance. For offenses as trivial as failure to pick an established quota of cotton, men were forced to lie naked while a warden struck them as many as 60 times with a five-foot-long, wooden-handled leather strap. Every time the leather cut into his flesh, the prisoner had to shout the number of blows and "Oh, Captain!" Some men's buttocks were ripped and scarred beyond recognition; others passed out from the pain.

But this wasn't the most brutal device. That distinction belonged to the "Tucker Telephone," a satanic instrument employed by Jim Bruton, who was superintendent of Tucker until Faubus fired him in the wake of a report by the state criminal-investigations division. When a man received this form of punishment, he was taken to the hospital infirmary, stripped, then strapped to the operating table; electrodes were attached to his big toe and penis and wired to an old-fashioned rural telephone. When the handle was cranked, six volts of electricity discharged into his body. The process was repeated until the man was thought sufficiently disciplined, revealed some desired information or passed out from a sustained jolt of electricity, which inmates referred to as getting a "long-distance call." Typical prison humor. Some men were rendered permanently sterile; others went insane.

Not all torture, of course, was this exotic. Some men were beaten with pipes, clubs or rifle butts. As knowledge of this kind of barbarism became public, Rockefeller was able to campaign for



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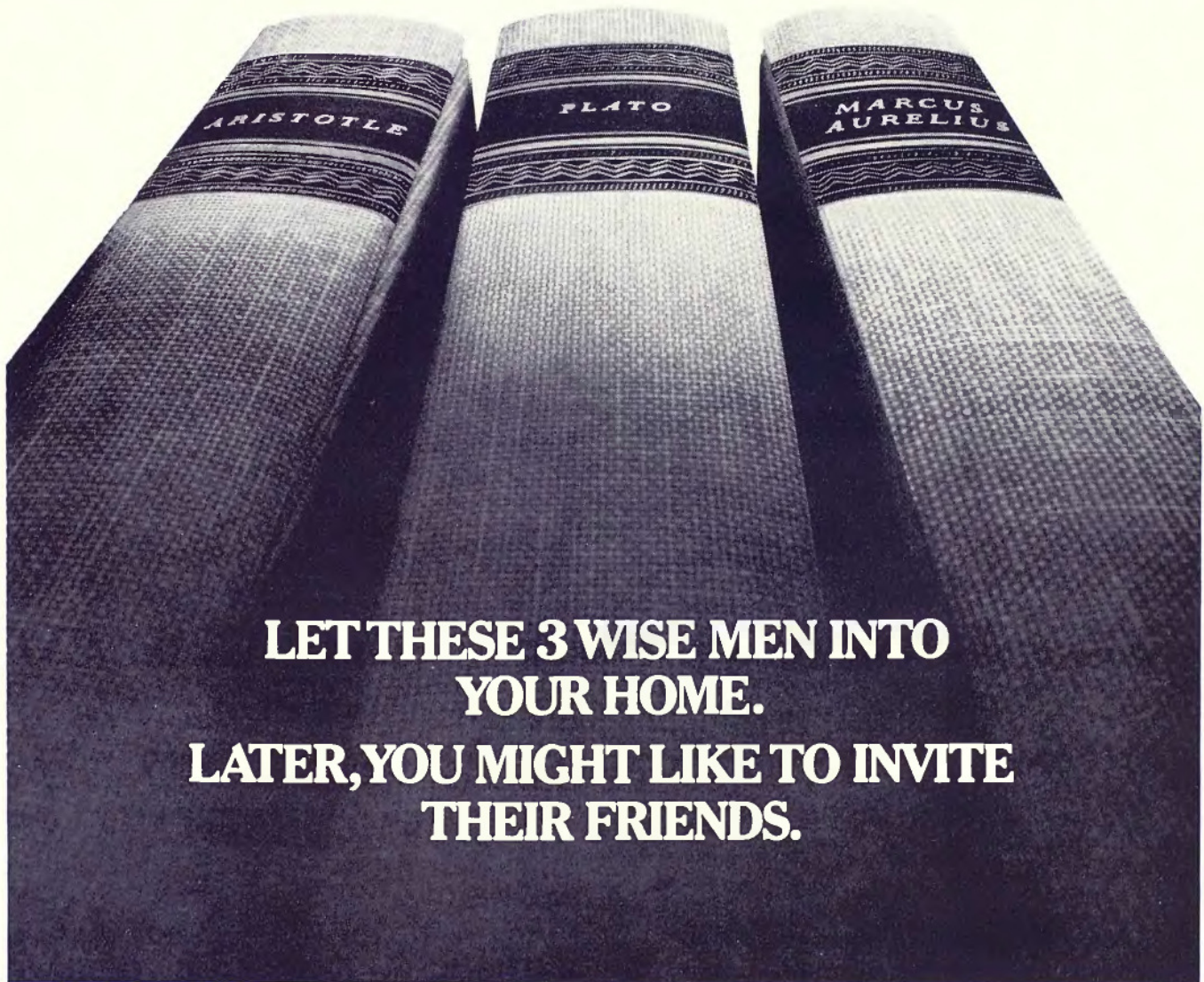
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Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



17317 CASALS—  
Plays Beethoven  
Phil LP



42673 LED ZEPPLIN  
II  
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



30607 FOUR TOPS—  
Still Waters Run Deep  
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDS-  
BORO—Greatest Hits  
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



38364 CANNED HEAT  
—Future Blues  
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



42765 ROBERTA  
FLACK—Chapter Two  
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38367 SUGARLOAF  
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



17719 HOLST—The  
Planets  
MusGu LP



44712 MIDNIGHT COW-  
BOY—Soundtrack  
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



67510 THREE DOG  
NIGHT—Naturally  
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



39071 5TH DIMENSION  
—Age of Aquarius  
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



44378 PAUL MAURIAT  
—Gone Is Love  
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



65775 VERY BEST OF  
LOVIN' SPOONFUL  
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



44381 MYSTIC MOOTS  
ORCH.—English  
Muffins  
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



30618 DIANA ROSS  
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



66595 BOBBY  
SHERMAN  
—Here Comes Bobby  
Metro LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—  
Messiah (3 records)  
Phili LP



31787 MAMAS &  
PAPAS—16 Greatest  
Hits  
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



31979 JOHN COLTRANE  
—Transition  
Impul LP



66671 RARE EARTH  
—Ecology  
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE &  
TEICHER—Love Is  
A Soft Touch  
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



42770 IRON BUTTER-  
FLY—Metamorphosis  
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY,  
STILLS, NASH &  
YOUNG—Deja Vu  
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38359 IKE & TINA  
TURNER—Come  
Together  
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



44728 FERRANTE &  
TEICHER—Play  
Midnight Cowboy  
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



43860 ERROLL GAR-  
NER—Feeling Is  
Believing  
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



48794 BEVERLY  
SILLS—Sings Mozart  
& Strauss ABC LP

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3 FREE LPs  
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8 track  
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or  Defer Selection—send expanded list.

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Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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**CHARGE IT** to my credit card. I am charging \$ ..... to cover my \$5.00 membership and any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected by both me and the gift members will be added).

Check one:  Diners Club  Master Charge  
 American Express  BankAmericard

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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## RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club



prison reform and was elected the first Republican governor in nearly 100 years. I was appointed a month later. My first job was to serve as superintendent of Tucker Farm; later, I was to take over Cummins and, simultaneously, the responsibility for all prisons and correctional institutions in the state.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you able to do at Tucker to ease the tension and take control?

**MURTON:** Well, I realized that I couldn't take over by force, since I was the only nonconvict in the place with a gun—a little .38 I smuggled in past the guard at the gate. In that insane situation, I had to have the inmates' approval before I could begin to take charge and run the place. So, as my first official act, I abolished all forms of corporal punishment to show them I intended to make life better for them. Then I replaced with a civilian the inmate who kept the prison records and ran all the communications—radios and telephones—to let them know that I was going to administer the institution.

Then I called a meeting with the trustees, who were afraid of losing their power and privileges under my administration. I knew that if they wanted to stop me, they could, since I depended on them for all the services in the prison. I told them so and assured them that there wouldn't be any immediate shake-up. I promised not to demote any of them to "doh-pop" or rank jobs, where their lives would be in danger because of the resentments that had built up against them. I told them that if they cooperated with me, we could work together and make the prison a better place, that I intended to eventually stop their illegal activities, but that they would have plenty of notice.

Then I called a meeting of the other prisoners and told them that there would be no more brutal treatment; that the trustees would still be guards, since I didn't have the funds to change that; so they couldn't expect to just take off or they would be shot. But I told them I was going to improve conditions. After these meetings, I had to make good on my promises to both groups to win their confidence.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you able to do that?

**MURTON:** Slowly. But some things called for immediate action. Prisoners live from day to day; their lives are simple. To improve their lot, you tackle the simple grievances—like food. When I got to Tucker, the prisoners were all being fed in segregated groups to avoid mess-hall riots and fights between the trustees and rank men. The quality of food a man ate was determined by the power he had in the institution. If he was a trustee or had money, the inmates in the kitchen saw to it that he had meat three times a day, milk, vegetables and as much as he wanted to eat. Most "short hairs," as new

inmates are called, got a spoonful of rice a day, plus some soybeans, corn bread and water. They ate meat once a year, usually pigs'-knuckles soup. The food was rancid and often contaminated with weevils. If they wanted any better fare, they had to bribe someone to get it. Some men were 40 to 60 pounds underweight. All this despite the fact that the kitchen, which had been built in 1966, was completely modern; the prison was farming several thousand acres and had large livestock herds and a slaughterhouse; the means to feed the convicts well were all right there.

I brought in an old friend, Bea Crawford, a large, dynamic woman who had worked with me when I ran the Alaskan correctional institutions, to take over the kitchen. She put the inmate kitchen crew to work cleaning the place up, started planning meals, accounting for supplies and feeding all prisoners three meals a day at the same time. Within a couple of weeks, we were serving meat at every meal and all the inmates had enough to eat. This accomplished two things: It showed the prisoners that I would deliver on my promise to improve conditions and it eliminated two major sources of tension—bad food and black-marketing of provisions. In any prison, there are a few simple measures that can be taken immediately that will win the prisoners' confidence and improve conditions. These are the things I went after right away in Arkansas.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do next?

**MURTON:** I went after the rackets. Any kind of prison racket is a source of trouble. Violence erupts because of debts not paid off to loan sharks, and theft of contraband, whiskey or narcotics. If you can eliminate the illegal activities, you can cut down on violence and assaults. The usual approach is tight security, close inspection of all mail and packages coming in, close supervision of visiting—in some places, they even shake down visitors—all the obvious police techniques. But these techniques, like all the other traditional tools of prison administration, are negative and unproductive. In Arkansas, where the inmates were in charge, trustees were allowed to go uptown and buy liquor, so shakedowns were even less likely to eliminate illegal activities, since the inmates didn't need people on the outside to get booze. They had what they call "brozene," an inmate coin. The trustees would go uptown on the tractors or horses, buy whiskey in the liquor store and give the man brozene. The liquor-store owner would come out to the prison and exchange the brozene for real money. That's how open it was.

When I went in there, we stopped the procedure of shaking down the visitors for contraband whiskey or weapons or drugs and the shaking down of inmates

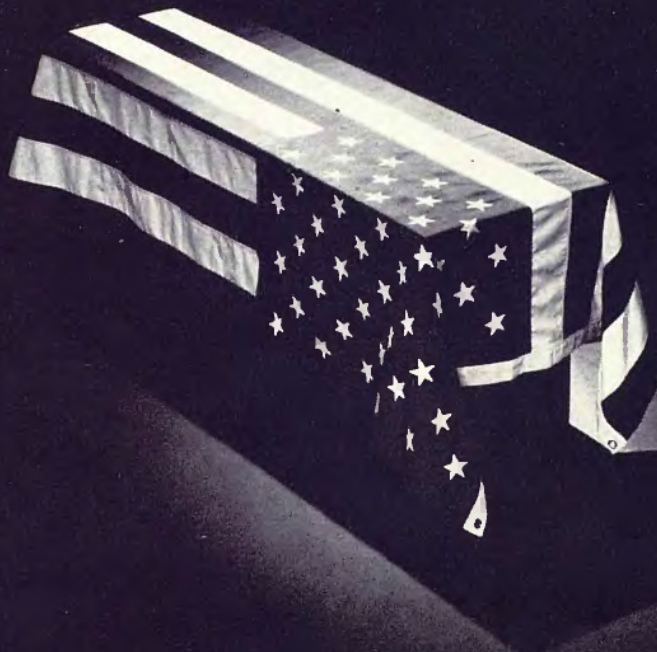
by other inmates. I opened up the prison to unsupervised visits by family, friends—everybody—and there's no evidence that anything was ever smuggled in after that, since the prisoners didn't want to risk losing these new privileges by trying to bring contraband inside. Then we eliminated the brozene and instituted a ledger system whereby a convict could purchase goods at the commissary but couldn't make cash transfers to another inmate. Under this new system, they couldn't buy whiskey when they went into town on prison business and they couldn't gamble for large sums. They still played cards for chewing gum and soft drinks, but nobody is going to get stabbed for a Coca-Cola.

**PLAYBOY:** Homosexuality is a major cause of prison violence. How did you handle this problem?

**MURTON:** I used some other nontraditional approaches. The homosexual situation was particularly bad in Arkansas, because there were only a few cells. If you can provide single-cell confinement, a man can, at least, be protected at night. But most of the inmates at Tucker were in three barracks of 100 to 150 men each. A complicating factor was that there was no minimum age for commitment, so I had 14-year-old boys in the same barracks with older men, since there were no special facilities for either. The first thing I did was put a staff guard in charge of the yard, the central hallway that controls the dormitory area, but this didn't really accomplish much, because the one man we could afford couldn't cover three barracks. We had serious situations develop, where kids were raped, and one even had his eye knocked out of his head. We were able to put into isolation some men who were likely to make homosexual attacks, but we had to double them up, since we only had seven cells and they had to be used to confine other prisoners for such things as attempting escape. Under these crowded conditions, one man was raped in his cell. So things were getting pretty bad.

Realizing that the professional staff couldn't handle it, I turned to the major source of change in the prison—the inmate power structure. I took a man by the name of "Chain-saw Jack," who was serving life for cutting a man's head off with a saw for making homosexual advances to him. He obviously had a useful hang-up, so I put him in charge of a barracks that I had been having a lot of trouble with. He called the boys together and he said, "OK, you know what I'm doing time for. I'm going to run this place, and if I catch two of you in the same sack, I'm gonna go up front and check out the chain saw." He was joking, of course, but being an older man and being in for murder, he had a certain status and they knew he wasn't going to tolerate any homosexuality. As long as





# In the last ten years, over 335,000 of our buddies have been killed or wounded in Vietnam. And more are being killed and wounded every day. We don't think it's worth it.

We are veterans of the Vietnam War. We have fought and bled from the swamps and hills of Vietnam to the plains of Cambodia. We have seen our buddies die there. And we can no longer remain silent.

We have seen the Vietnam War for ourselves. And from what we have seen, we believe that it is wrong, unjustifiable and contrary to the principle of self-determination on which our nation was founded.

We believe that the Vietnam War is a civil war—a war in which the United States has no right or obligation to intervene. We believe that the Saigon Government must stand or fall on its own. And we have seen the type of government it really is. A military dictatorship in which there are no free elections and some 40,000 people are held as political prisoners. We don't think that is the kind of government worth fighting for.

We have seen what the war is doing to Vietnam. The country is being physically destroyed by bombing, defoliation, and the killing of its civilian population. (Civilians in Vietnam are being killed and wounded at the rate of 200,000 a year, 60% of them children. And 80% of them as a result of American firepower.) And we don't think that that's worth it.

We have seen what the war is doing to our own country. We are being torn apart. Our young people are being alienated. Our most pressing domestic problems are being neglected for lack of funds while the war which has already cost us \$130 billion goes on at \$800 a second... \$48,000 a minute... \$2,880,000 an hour. Meanwhile the value of our dollar is being destroyed by inflation. And we don't think that that's worth it.

We have seen what the war is doing to our buddies and their families. Over 43,000 have already been killed and another 292,000 wounded—many of us maimed for the rest of our lives. And more are being killed and wounded every day. And we don't think that that's worth it.

We believe that the basic problems of Vietnam are not military but social, economic, and political. We believe that there is no military solution to the war. We believe that, in any case, we cannot win a land war in Asia. And we believe that in this nuclear age our national security does not require us to win it.

Therefore, we believe that the best way to support our buddies in Vietnam is to ask that they be brought home, now, before anyone else dies in a war that the

American people do not understand, did not vote for, and do not want. And we think that that's worth fighting for.

If you're a Vietnam veteran and feel the same way we do we ask you to join us. If you're a concerned citizen we ask you to support us by filling out the coupon below. But we ask you to please do it now. The lives of a great many of our friends depend on it.

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## Vietnam Veterans Against the War

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P



he was in charge of the barracks, the rapes dropped to zero and the other, consensual activities were so infrequent, you couldn't count them. This is the way we changed the prison—using inmates with leadership ability to bring it about.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you convince these men that it was in their interest to cooperate with you?

**MURTON:** Every inmate wants two things in prison: to survive and to get out. His ability to get out is dependent upon pleasing the warden, since the institution makes recommendations to the parole boards. If the institution doesn't recommend it, the man will never get out until his sentence expires. So it's not difficult to make people do things the way you want them done. But not all of them. Chain-saw Jack was one of those few people in prison who can be killed but not controlled, like Cool Hand Luke in the Paul Newman movie. Those are the kind you want on your side. Once these very powerful men see that there's a better way to live, they'll follow you and become leaders of the new movement. And other people will emerge who never demonstrated leadership ability before under the corrupt system.

**PLAYBOY:** A number of your colleagues would contend that this is the worst possible means of reforming prisons—that it's letting the lunatics run the asylum. The man who replaced you in Arkansas, Robert Sarver, says that what is needed to reform prisons and reduce recidivism is more funds for professional supervision and training of inmates to prepare them for the kind of responsibilities you gave them outright.

**MURTON:** My colleagues and the other public figures in America who address themselves to prison reform are, as far as I'm concerned, generally sincere and well motivated, but lack an understanding of the true situation. When they speak of work-release programs—whereby a prisoner holds down a day job in the community—and vocational training, academic training, conjugal visits, group therapy, psychological counseling, halfway houses, all of these experiments that have been tried over the past 50 years, they're missing the point. There's no empirical evidence to demonstrate that any of these things has the slightest relationship to reducing recidivism. And that should be one of the first aims of any prison reform. The major justification for most of these programs, aside from employing people, is that they keep the inmates busy and, when they're busy, they don't cause trouble. It's an internal device for control of the institution.

**PLAYBOY:** But don't all these things have a place in penology? Can't the prisoners be at least partially rehabilitated by educational and vocational training?

**MURTON:** It's not too difficult to get the inmates interested in such things, but

what have they got to do with recidivism? What have they got to do with anything? Educational and vocational training may assuage the guilt that liberals feel about the treatment convicts receive, but that's about all. A warden I know talked to a guy who said he'd learned two things in prison: welding, so that when he got out he would be more competent as a safe-cracker, and Dale Carnegie lessons, so he could better con the probation officer and the court when he was arrested again. That's an honest statement by an ex-inmate and it's typical. If you don't change the basic problem with the man, all you're doing is turning out a more skilled and better-educated criminal. As long as you maintain the autocratic system, whatever other Mickey Mouse stuff you do is irrelevant, because you can't let a man be raped at night and expect rehabilitation through group counseling and remedial reading during the day. All these things may be valid, or they may not, but they're probably secondary and superfluous if the true function of the prison is to prepare a man for the free world, which it should be.

We have a democracy here on the outside—compared with other political systems, at least—yet the professionals choose an autocratic, dictatorial system to train a man to function in society. It's analogous to training a man in the Gestapo to be president of the P. T. A. The man most likely to obtain parole is the man who adapts to the autocratic system of the prison, the one who "adjusts" and becomes a robot, the one who isn't bothered by somebody telling him when to get up, when to eat and everything else; he's the one most likely to regain his freedom. He's also the most likely to fail outside, because in free-world society, decisions aren't made for him anymore. He has to decide for himself where he's going to live, where he's going to work, what he's going to do, what time he gets up, what time he goes to bed. I'm suggesting that a better preparation for those responsibilities would be a democratic prison system—one based, at least partially, on inmate self-government.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you succeed in achieving true self-government at Tucker?

**MURTON:** Definitely. We even held elections in which some of the men voted for the first time in their lives. We set up an inmate council composed of six members; each of the three barracks sent two representatives. I explained voting procedures to the men and some of the inmates whose trust I had cultivated supervised the balloting. It's significant that no prison "wheels" were elected. When the council was established, we split it into two committees—one in charge of work assignments, the other of discipline. The committee on discipline would hear the case of a man who had been charged with violating any rules,

allow him to speak and present evidence in his defense, then decide on his guilt or innocence and pass sentence. Since I had outlawed corporal punishment, discipline consisted of extra work loads, denial of privileges or, in extreme cases, a period in solitary—the hole. The committee was remarkably fair and, in many cases, sterner than I would have been. I had veto power, but I never felt obliged to use it.

The committee on prisoner work assignments looked over the records of each new inmate and decided on his function in the prison labor force, based on his outside experience and other factors. It also had the responsibility of determining the appropriate level of custody for each man and deciding which inmates carried guns. These inmates knew more about the minds of convicts than I did and were able to arrive at reasonable conclusions about a man's potential threat to the well-being of the institution and the probability that he would attempt to escape. Again I had veto power but never used it, and none of the men assigned to minimum custody by the inmates ever attempted to escape. Those who weren't able to demonstrate responsibility were given a high-custody grade or restricted until they were able to show they could achieve responsibility. The prisoners know instinctively who these men are. There's no scientific method. You can't tear the walls down and you can't grant everyone the same freedoms in the institution. But I suspect that most prisoners can rise to a higher level of responsibility than they're usually allowed.

**PLAYBOY:** How much *are* they usually allowed?

**MURTON:** Practically none. The traditional approach is to put a man into the system at the maximum-custody level, where he's placed under a microscope and examined and evaluated by people who may or may not be any smarter than he is, and who may or may not decide to reduce his custody level—regardless of his trustworthiness. This happens even to a draft dodger or a pot smoker. Why send him to maximum custody? The custody level should be determined by whether he's going to run or not and whether his running constitutes a real threat to the community. If a man is in for nonsupport, forget it. If he runs off, he's not going to nonsupport another woman. No hazard to the community. Maybe it would be well to send first offenders and people convicted of nonviolent crimes to the sort of minimum-custody detention camps where the total impact of imprisonment would not be imposed upon them. There *are* people, of course, who, for a variety of reasons that may be either congenital or environmental, are a physical hazard to the free-world community. They will always be a problem and should be in a



maximum-custody unit. Every legal effort should be made to detain them. But the impulse of most wardens is to provide the highest level of custody for everyone, despite the fact that only about 15 percent of the inmates require the severity of custody we impose; and most condemned men aren't even allowed out of their cells.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have condemned men at Tucker?

**MURTON:** Nine—eight of whom were black. When I arrived, they were confined to their cells, which were filthy. One man hadn't been out of his cell for eight years. They weren't allowed to have books, newspapers or magazines. They weren't allowed to communicate with other inmates. They were fed by guards who poked them with sticks and then threw food between the bars, like afternoon feeding at the zoo. One of the first things I did was provide materials for the men to clean and paint their cells. I sent reading material in to them. Then, gradually, I let them move around the cell block. Finally, I allowed them to go outdoors. It was an almost maudlin sight: Men were weeping and kissing the ground. They began to do work around the prison grounds and eat in the mess hall with the other inmates. That was the first instance of this kind of integrated dining in the history of the Arkansas prison system. The death-row men formed a baseball team and built a playing field where they played the other inmates. They became completely integrated into the prison society without any problems. In fact, they were vital to one of the greatest morale boosters we came up with while I was at Tucker.

**PLAYBOY:** What was that?

**MURTON:** The chaplain, Jon Kimbrell, who had been around Tucker before my time, but was only allowed to give ten-minute Bible readings to the inmates, who were forced to march to his chapel to hear them, dedicated himself to reform when I arrived and began going around talking to the inmates on a personal basis. He came up with the idea of a prison band. He had heard one of the inmates playing and singing some of his own tunes on an old rebuilt guitar and thought it might be a good idea to encourage an inmate group that could give concerts at the prison. I agreed and spent \$2000 from the inmate welfare fund on equipment. Five inmates, including two from death row, formed a group and began playing for the other prisoners. They even traveled off the grounds and played for the patients at the state mental hospital on one occasion. It's hard for people outside to understand how much something like this means. These men had known nothing but sheer drudgery, brutality and hostility for years. At the first concert, trustees and rank men, black and white prisoners, staff and inmates all sat together and

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enjoyed the music. In Arkansas, that's a revolution. Later, the band played for dances. At the first one, prisoners were allowed to invite their wives or girlfriends—not both—and staff men attended with their families.

**PLAYBOY:** And there was no trouble?

**MURTON:** None whatsoever. The traditional prison warden would never have scheduled such an event for fear that somebody would get raped. I demonstrated my trust in the inmates and they responded in kind. Before the evening was over, prisoners were dancing with staff wives and there was even some interracial dancing, which gave my hate mail a real boost.

**PLAYBOY:** Even without the racial factor, isn't your kind of program especially vulnerable to charges of "coddling criminals"?

**MURTON:** The issue of coddling is a smoke screen. I've never found an inmate who preferred prison to freedom, whatever privileges he enjoys inside. There is, by definition, no real way of coddling a man in prison. You're not giving him a break by having him there even if you treat him decently. There are some exceptions: old men who have been in prison most of their lives. Their families are all gone, they have no skills, they have no trade, they're weak—and that's their home. There's another group, which is like military men who do 30 years and really thrive on it and aren't comfortable out in the free world. I think there are even a few people who would commit a crime in order to go back to prison, but such an infinitesimally small number that it's not worthy of debate.

When you strip a man of his masculinity, his heterosexual experiences and his freedom of choice, he simply isn't going to prosper. Because as bad as it may be on the street, he can still decide which side of the street he wants to walk on. Of course, you can do what they did with Joe Valachi: Give him a penthouse, like the Bureau of Prisons did—a special suite; he probably lived better there than he did outside. That, I would say, was definitely coddling. But I'm not out to make the prisoner's life posh and comfortable. I'm talking about the common humanity of reminding the inmate that he's a human being. That's where reform starts—as a communication to the inmate that he has dignity as a man.

**PLAYBOY:** But don't you also have to communicate to those on the outside? Doesn't the idea of inmate power seem a little dangerous to most people?

**MURTON:** Well, prisoners had been running the Arkansas prison long before I got there, so the citizens weren't too worried about my substituting one form of inmate control for another. As far as educating the public about my objectives, I did the only thing that's effective, that lets both the prisoners and the tax-

payers know they're being told the truth: I instituted a completely open press policy. Any newsman from any of the media could come in. No newsman had ever been in Tucker before I got there and it blew their minds. I would say, "Here's the joint. I'll give you a brief orientation, then you can talk to any officer you want to, or to any inmate. If you feel uncomfortable going through the institution unescorted, I'll assign an officer to you. But if you have no fear for your personal safety, you can go into the barracks, into death row, anywhere you want." This way, the inmates know their story is being told and the public feels it's hearing the truth, not just the administration's version of it. I believe in an absolutely free press and I was never burned.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any of those who read about your administration and its unorthodox procedures ever raise any objection to them?

**MURTON:** Not really. When you try to change anything, the people who fight you are those who have the most to lose. In the case of prisons, that doesn't include the inmates, who stand to lead better lives; or the public, which is told every day that crime is rising and that they're threatened if they dare walk the streets or fail to lock the doors on their homes. When the recidivism rate is better than 50 percent nationwide, they don't really stand to lose anything when a warden tries to change things with an eye to rehabilitating criminals and thus reducing recidivism. The people who do stand to lose both power and prestige in a campaign of genuine reform are those who have an interest in the old system. That applies to any power structure: In the Army, those who resist reform are the senior officers, who have their lives tied up in the old-style caste system; in the Government, it's those who have administered the programs that have failed for all these years; in penology, it's those who have created and supervised the old autocratic, brutalizing system. When somebody comes in with a new way of doing things, he's telling them that they've failed and that they're going to lose whatever prerogatives they've accumulated. They'll fight and fight hard against that.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't they want the same results you do?

**MURTON:** Sure. But they have other interests, too. Almost every man who comes into corrections feels he's going to change things, work to help the inmates, improve the system. But as these new men break in and begin to see failure all around them, they either quit or compromise, and there's a long litany they all use to justify their failure: "We've studied the problem, we know what the answers are and we do the best we can. But we just don't have the money. Give us the funds and we'll produce." This

way, they rationalize their own failures and shift the blame elsewhere. The whole process leads to a very sad conclusion and you wind up with men whose convictions and integrity have been diluted and frustrated through years of operating in a system that isn't working and never will, but that they have a stake in.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of experiences bring on this disenchantment?

**MURTON:** It's a pattern, a sort of evolution. Generally a man works his way up to warden, going through a lot of jobs before he gets there and learning a lot on the way. A rookie correctional officer, a "screw," is normally assigned to the third tier, one of the toughest jobs in the prison. After a brief period, the inmate tier boss will come to him and say, "Welcome to the joint. Tonight we're going to do a little hustling." Meaning homosexual prostitution, gambling, pushing or some other type of illegal activity. The officer has two choices: He can either ignore the hustling or he can enforce the rules of the institution—turn violators in. If he turns them in, the inmates will rattle their cages, drag their cups across the bars, stuff paper in the toilets and flush the water down on the tiers below, raise so much hell that the officer's going to be in trouble, because these things will occur only on his shift. The inmates will then force his reassignment to another location. If he goes through about three of those transfers, he'll be fired. That's how the inmates can run the institution; it can't operate without them.

They run all the housekeeping functions; if they strike, no cooking gets done, no heat is provided, no laundry, no services at all. The amount of authority exercised by the staff is the amount granted by the inmates. They let the staff pretend they're in charge and allow them to control routine procedures in the prison. But the administrators maintain the fiction that they're in charge, doing the job, working with their limited resources to correct the abuses. Finally, you get a situation where the corrections people are doing literally anything to keep the prison from erupting, and lying to the public about what's going on, keeping up a good front with educational programs and the like, and trying to keep alive the lie that a prison can follow—like a number of institutions—the medical model whereby the treator is able to help the treatee whether the latter wants help or not. The assumption is that the treators have inherent wisdom that can be communicated by coercion to the treatee. It can't be done. I can't rehabilitate anyone, but I can create an environment wherein change may come about. I can provide a man with positive experiences. In Arkansas, I ate with the prisoners, talked with them in language



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What happened was that America, the world's leading exporter of innocence, ran out of the product at home. Let's not go through the list again. Growing up anytime, anywhere is hard work. Growing up in America has become almost unbearable.

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Today the Peace Corps is in 60 countries. That's 59 more than it started in. It's changed a lot, but so has the world and so has America, and so — after all — have you.

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they could understand, and wore Levis and work shirts.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't they feel you were patronizing them?

**MURTON:** Hell, I'm just a hick from Oklahoma; that sort of thing is what I like to wear. But aside from that, I was running a farm and I was out and around all the time, so I wore clothes that were practical for the job. But the real reason was so that I wouldn't set myself apart. There are certain barriers to communication: One is having your degrees hanging on the wall; another is wearing a suit when your clientele in prison is wearing cruddy uniforms. What you're really doing when you wear a suit is identifying with the establishment. When I'm with the square Johns in the free world, I dress like they do; I wear their uniform so that I can communicate with them; when I'm working with inmates, I dress like they do. In Arkansas, one group of inmates wore Levis, another group wore white and the trusties wore khakis. Some of the trusties told me they outranked me because they wore khakis and I wore Levis.

For the same reason, staff, trusties and rank men all ate in the mess hall. And when the prison board came to visit, I made them take a tray and go through the line with me. You can imagine what that does to the inmates. These are the ways you tell a convict you don't consider yourself any better than he is by status or birth or any special knowledge. That's how you establish rapport, and you can't fake it. It has to be for real. I don't think I'm any better; I may have had some advantages, some experiences that are different, but if you cut me, I bleed just like any inmate. Prison reform starts with the rapport.

My critics would say there's danger in my methods, but they've got 180 years of prison experience to show what doesn't work. They don't have any experience to show what *does*. I'm arguing that I've *demonstrated* what works. I'm not talking from a purely theoretical stance. I've been there; I've carried the keys. I'm not a patsy or a Pollyanna. There are people I would never let out of a cell. I used the hole and I used humane punitive measures. A certain segment of the inmate population is dangerous; you grant them as much freedom as you can without threatening the rest of the people in the prison community. But even the men on death row, who have the least to lose by resisting reform—you can only kill them once—will cooperate if you're straight with them.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about capital punishment?

**MURTON:** There's only one valid reason in favor of it and that's retribution. It's one of the few things in the criminal-justice system that we have statistics on. We know there's no such thing as a deterrent effect. Georgia, for example, had more

executions since 1930 than any other state; it also has one of the highest homicide rates. There is no empirical evidence—in fact, the empirical evidence demonstrates to the contrary—that execution serves a valid function in a criminal-justice system, unless you accept the validity of retribution. Of course, it does reduce recidivism; you can't argue with that. The man you execute never commits another crime.

**PLAYBOY:** What effect do executions have on the other prisoners?

**MURTON:** Brutalizing. Inmates come up to you and ask how you can murder an inmate when murder is against the laws of the state. You can't tell them that it's legal; try to explain legal murder. That poor slob may have done something in a moment of passion; he may have had some emotional problem that precipitated the act. But you're doing it as a cool, calculated act. You're going to squash him like a bug. In many ways, that's less forgivable than the original act.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there any executions in Arkansas while you were there?

**MURTON:** No, because all the cases were on appeal. I would have resigned before allowing an execution. I wouldn't have participated in any way. In fact, we converted the death house into an infirmary and closed off "Old Satan," the electric chair. I could never have killed one of the death-row inmates. They were some of the best men I had. I was never quite so moved as when I received a Christmas card from the men on death row, shortly before I left Tucker to take over Cummins. The message was simple: "There is no possible way for us to put what you truly mean to us on this card. If it wasn't for you, there might not have been [a Christmas]. So from our hearts we say, may the God of your father, Jesus Christ, be with you and your family forever."

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you leave Tucker?

**MURTON:** It was part of the plan. Once I had control of Tucker, I was to take over Cummins and eventually administer both institutions. The last five months at Tucker were incredibly calm—one attempted escape and no assaults; at the same time, Cummins was getting worse. Everything I found when I went into Tucker prevailed on an even larger scale at Cummins, since they had an inmate population four times the size of Tucker's. The trusties at Cummins knew that at Tucker I had eliminated the corruption that was their source of power, so they were opposed to me even before I got there. The staff opposed me because I represented a threat to them, too. So they kept the prisoners in a high state of agitation for several weeks before my take-over. O. E. Bishop, who had been running the institution, confined all prisoners to their barracks for three weeks before my arrival. One man had been stabbed to death in a fight over a poker game. There had been sit-down

strikes. The situation was so volatile that plans had been made to make a detachment of state troopers, National Guardsmen and airborne troops available in case the institution had to be taken over by force.

**PLAYBOY:** How much force was actually required?

**MURTON:** I had one man with me when I took over—Chain-saw Jack.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there any violence?

**MURTON:** No. We went in quietly. Two of the blacks from death row at Tucker came to Cummins a few days after I took over and talked to the black inmates there and convinced them that working with me would be to their advantage. Chain-saw Jack accomplished the same thing with the white inmates and I worked out a temporary truce with the staff by appointing one of the guards there temporary superintendent to act in my place during the first weeks, when I would be moving between Tucker and Cummins and couldn't be on the scene at all times.

**PLAYBOY:** Your successor has accused you of allowing this man to use corporal punishment. Is that true?

**MURTON:** Yes, it is. But I needed the support of the staff while I gradually brought my own people in and changed the trusty assignments. I drafted a memo appointing Clay Smith acting superintendent and instructed him to use any lawful means he thought necessary to maintain order at the prison. I couldn't hold him responsible for the institution without giving him full authority. The strap hadn't been outlawed in Arkansas at that time, so its use fell within his mandate; and he used it once. I had to prove to the staff that I wasn't a fanatic out to undermine them. They could have ruined me by stirring up the inmates. My tactic worked; there was no explosion and, within a few days, Smith resigned. I was able to fire most of the old guards who had relied on the strap and replace them with people who believed in my methods. I never personally authorized corporal punishment as long as I was in Arkansas.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you able to institute the kind of reforms at Cummins that had worked at Tucker?

**MURTON:** To a certain extent. Within the 67 days I was there, we cleaned up the mess hall, broke up the rackets and generally brought a sense of order and purpose to the place. At the same time, I turned my attention to the Women's Reformatory at Cummins.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the situation there?

**MURTON:** Women have been little discussed in relation to prisons. Hardly a single story or article or book has been written by a female ex-offender. Their problems are almost never brought to the attention of the public. They are truly the neglected prisoners of America. The women in the Arkansas reformatory were lodged in an antiquated facility



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that looked like a converted chicken house. There were cracks in the walls, the facilities were poor and it was totally segregated. The Negro women were only allowed to eat the scraps of food from the table after the white women left. The matrons stole most of the food that was brought to the reformatory and they had clothing made for their own families by the inmates. The Negro inmates clipped the grass with their fingernails; they wouldn't even give them clippers. Not that they thought clippers were dangerous. It was just one more mindless humiliation. Those women didn't even have any fingernails; just gnarled stubs.

Worse than that, they were beaten; they had the hide laid on them. They were put without clothing into the hole—a concrete-block structure with no heat and no water, no bedding—and they would have to defecate in a number-ten can. One of my predecessors as superintendent had a buzzer installed beside his bed and he'd just punch it and some gal would have to come trotting over from the reformatory to perform sex acts on him. If it matters, this guy was married. The women were transported to the prison in the back of a van with male convicts—no separation, no supervision. Consequently, they were all raped before they got to the prison. This is the prison as it was.

**PLAYBOY:** What changes did you make?

**MURTON:** I kept the women from being raped. And we got the place cleaned up, the women dressed and fed, and we put a stop to the brutality. But the thing that really broke it as far as the inmates were concerned was when an inmate by the name of Ann Shappy had her baby at the state hospital. She would probably be characterized by many people in that area as poor white trash—not too literate, low socioeconomic group and so forth. She'd had eight children before, by a variety of men, and the father of this particular baby was, at that time, in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. I got a call from the head matron at the women's prison and she told me Mrs. Shappy was very despondent and the prison doctor thought she was going to commit suicide because she'd never been allowed to see her newborn baby, even though she'd given birth to it at the state hospital three weeks before. I called the state hospital and asked why. "Because she's a convict." I couldn't believe my ears. So I went over there and asked her, "Do you want your baby with you?" She said she'd like to see it, at least. So we got the baby and brought it to the prison.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you authorize the baby's release from the state hospital?

**MURTON:** I let them believe that we'd found a foster home and were placing it with the foster parents. The next day, the welfare department was going to

take the baby and put it out for adoption and Mrs. Shappy would never have been able to see it. I had no notion of raising that kid in the prison, but at that time his mother needed her baby and he needed his mother. Unless the mother's beating her baby, it's better for a child to be with the natural mother for the first two years—even in prison—than with anyone else. So I went up and grabbed it and we got a case of formula milk and went on back to the prison. By the time we got there, one of the trusties had given up her bed; they'd strung a curtain across the corner and we had a nursery going there. After a few days, the male inmates down at the carpenter shop built little toys and a high chair. The women's attitude changed, the whole joint changed; we had no problem at all.

By this simple act of humanity, I was able to gain the confidence and respect of the inmates at the Women's Reformatory. I did the same thing at the men's prison by firing a staff man who was stealing. Many of the inmates literally went to the wall with me; they risked their lives by taking on the old system and risking the vengeance of the trusties and guards who ran it. That's how we changed the prison—recognizing these people and giving them a chance.

**PLAYBOY:** What finally happened to the baby?

**MURTON:** The "new, progressive" prison board expelled the baby while I was away. The reason wasn't because the people in the community complained, although a few did. The staff tolerated it and the inmates loved it. The reason was because the people in the power structure thought it was unethical to have a baby in prison, because prisons are bad for people. They ought to know; they make them that way. All of this came from those in the system who were afraid of the ways I rocked their little boat. It was just a general resistance to innovation that might eventually threaten their fiefdoms. But it wasn't until I began to expose the system in its most naked brutality that they fought back hard. Hard enough to get me fired.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you referring to the murdered inmates whose bodies you uncovered?

**MURTON:** Right. When I arrived at Cummins, the records were in such bad shape that we didn't even know how many men we had in the prison. Some men had two files; brothers were listed in a single set of records; men were still carried who had escaped or been released years before. It was a total mess. Gradually, we got things straightened out, but we discovered a curious thing in the process. Over 200 prisoners were listed as escapees and had never been found—an unusually high number. The prison doctor also found that a number of inmates had been listed as victims of heart dis-

ease on death certificates—six within a four-day period.

Then he talked to a 58-year-old black inmate, Reuben Johnson, who said he had buried three prisoners, one of whom was listed as an escapee. He claimed he had seen the man murdered in 1947—on Christmas Eve—by a warden who told him to bury the dead man. Johnson said he built a coffin, put the body in it and buried it out near the levee that kept the floodwaters from the Arkansas River out of the prison fields. He said he had buried two other convicts, one of whom had been beheaded by a warden, the other bludgeoned to death by trusties, in the same location. He said he could point right to the spot.

A reporter from *The New York Times* called me shortly after I received this information and asked if I had heard anything about murdered inmates buried on prison grounds. I told him we intended to start digging. After his story appeared, we were besieged by newsmen. On January 29, 1968, we took a crew to the spot indicated by Johnson and with reporters and television newsmen watching, began digging. In a few hours, we uncovered three coffins. Preliminary study of the bones indicated that one man's head had been cut off, another's legs, and one's skull had been pounded to the size of a grapefruit. Since the press was there, all of this was front page and on the evening news. We had a large scandal on our hands in Arkansas, since most of the people who had run the prisons when the murders were committed were still around.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the official reaction?

**MURTON:** Governor Rockefeller called a press conference and promised a full investigation that would "let the chips fall where they may." In less than a week, he was begging off this promise, saying he thought the Criminal Investigation Department of the state police should have handled the digging, that I should have cleared it first with him—although I had authorization from his office—and that I was probably not the right man to run the Arkansas prison system. He was being pressured by members of the legislature, some of whom had worked in the prison system or had relatives and friends who had. A grand-jury investigation was held in Lincoln County, where Cummins is located; it consisted for the most part of people who had connections with the prison. The judge in Lincoln County, Henry W. Smith, was the same man whose nephew I had made temporary warden at Cummins. Judge Smith so structured the grand jury that they were even considering indicting me for "grave robbing." They were far more interested in finding out why the men were dug up than who they were and why they were buried. A number of people in the state suggested that I had stumbled across a





# Playboy Club News



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FEB. 1971

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NEW JERSEY (Special)—Playboy's tradition of creating superb golf courses will be enhanced with the opening of the Great Gorge fairways this June.

Keyholders can look forward to 27 exciting holes, designed by golf-pro-turned-architect George Fazio, with Doug Sanders serving as consultant. At least three holes are destined to become trademarks of Playboy's Eastern resort. They demand play into, across and out of a spectacular rock quarry with sheer stone cliffs abutting the fairways and

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special parties, excursions, luxurious accommodations, lavish breakfasts and dinners, add bikini-clad Bunnies, tropical breezes across an azure sea and white sand beaches beneath a cloudless sky and you have a glimpse of Swingathon in Jamaica. And it's all yours for eight days and seven nights for as little as \$228\* through April 15.

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paupers' graveyard, and the deputy state medical investigator said he doubted that any of the men whose skeletons we had found had died violently. Nobody seemed very concerned about explaining why a head had been cut off and another crushed before these "paupers" were buried. And although there were several depressions in the earth in the field nearby where we found the skeletons, there was no additional digging to see if these were more graves.

**PLAYBOY:** And there was no action taken?

**MURTON:** I was fired.

**PLAYBOY:** For digging up the graves?

**MURTON:** Well, that wasn't the official charge. They said I wasn't a good administrator. In fact, my supposed lack of administrative talent was so grievous that I was given 24 hours to leave the prison grounds. This was generously extended to three days of house arrest, so I could have time to pack.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your record as an administrator ever challenged?

**MURTON:** Oh, yes. After I was fired, John Haley, chairman of the Board of Correction, drew up a list of reasons for my dismissal. His charges were simply untrue and in some cases ludicrous. Among his specific allegations was the charge that I had ordered asparagus tips for the prison mess hall. I'll admit that something of so serious a nature can't go unpunished, but as it happens, I never ordered the purchase of gourmet items. The State Purchasing Department did, however, buy 137 cases of asparagus tips for other state institutions during that year, so they might have fired the wrong man. Haley did make one responsible charge during the press conference at which he and Rockefeller tried to justify my dismissal to the press: He said I had an abrasive personality. The evidence being that when he or the governor talked about creating "a model prison system" in Arkansas, I had said things like, "You can't get there from here." True. I said it—and you can't.

**PLAYBOY:** Has anything been done since to determine the cause of death of those three men, or to find out if others are buried in the same area?

**MURTON:** Nothing, even though there is no statute of limitations on murder in Arkansas or in any other state. My successor, Robert Sarver, even admits that more men may have been secretly murdered and buried in that pasture at Cummins, but he doesn't make any effort to do anything about it. He says it's not his responsibility, that the local prosecutor should conduct the investigation not the prison administration. All this is technically correct, but four years have passed since we first discovered the bodies. I think that indicates just how concerned the law-enforcement people are about the murder of inmates in Arkansas prisons. Sarver makes high-sounding statements about how he's

concerned with the living and with trying to make prison conditions better for them. Well, I wonder how the living feel about working over the bodies of inmates who were murdered in the night and secretly buried by men who will never have to answer for their crimes. No prisoner in Arkansas can believe that justice is anything but a travesty as long as the resources of the state can be mobilized to punish him for his crime while the barbarism of state officials goes unpunished even when the evidence is clear.

I don't want to single Sarver out, however. He's no worse, and in many ways better, than a number of men in the corrections profession. At the last convention of the American Correctional Association, I introduced a resolution condemning acts of murder in the Arkansas prison system and urging that state to take action against such crimes by holding a thorough investigation to see that justice is done and the guilty parties punished. It was voted down 36 to 70. One hundred members of the association didn't even vote. Couldn't decide which way to stand on the issue of murder.

**PLAYBOY:** Even though nothing has been done to determine if more bodies are buried on the prison grounds, hasn't Sarver, as he claims, continued your campaign to reform the Arkansas prison system?

**MURTON:** I can't see how he could make that claim. Since I left, the inmate council has been abolished; the open-press policy has been eliminated; death-row inmates are once again restricted to their cells for most of the day. Conditions at the women's reformatory have reverted to those of the old, brutal days. Women are thrown naked into isolation units that have no plumbing, water or heat. They are fed miserably and sometimes beaten. Things became so bad that women began to attempt escape—something that had never happened before. In 1968, the then-superintendent at Cummins, Victor Urban, had inmates chained to a fence for several days as punishment. The men had to sleep on the ground and defecate publicly. Shortly after this, 100 inmates sat in the prison yard to protest work loads, inadequate food and other conditions. Although they constituted no threat to prison security, did not riot and made no attempt to escape, they were shotgunned. Twenty-four men were wounded. One lost an eye.

The inmate power structure is once again operating a number of rackets, so violence among prisoners has increased. There have been at least 18 stabbings and seven deaths since I was fired. Most of the staff I hired left with me or were fired shortly after my dismissal. The inmates who had worked with me and taken great risks to bring about reform weren't so lucky. They had to stay and face the

vengeance of guards and inmates who regained their old positions of power. Chain-saw Jack was blinded in one eye when an inmate attacked him with a log chain. His assailant was never punished. The action that finally demonstrated the total bankruptcy of Arkansas prison reform was a court ruling. Judge J. Henley Smith, a Federal District Judge, ruled in February of 1970 that confinement in the Arkansas penitentiary was per se unconstitutional because it violated an inmate's right to protection against cruel and unusual punishment. He gave the prison officials several months to present a plan for reform to him.

**PLAYBOY:** Have they done so?

**MURTON:** Yes, and he's rejected three plans to date. He's insisting that the state prison system be brought up to minimal constitutional standards and he's threatened to close the prison if they don't do it. I mean totally close it. They'll have to board their prisoners with some other state or some other system, unless he receives a plan that's acceptable to him.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, aren't prison administrators more often hindered than helped by the judicial system? Chief Justice Warren Burger recently addressed the American Bar Association on this issue, contending that bail procedures and long court delays are keeping men in prison who shouldn't be there and, in effect, perpetuating the cycle of criminality.

**MURTON:** I view prison as only part of the whole system. You have to consider not only the system of criminal justice but the entire societal matrix. There are social, economic and political factors that perpetuate the cycle of criminality. Therefore, any single attack on only one segment of that conglomerate is futile. It does no good to talk about reform of the prison from the standpoint of breaking criminality unless you're talking about reform of probation, parole, the courts, the bail system and a variety of other things. And that can't happen until the public understands that experiments in many of these areas aren't threatening to them, that they don't involve turning murderers and rapists loose on a whim.

Take probation. Since many offenders are placed on probation anyway, why not try something new? In an experiment in California, now being duplicated in other states, probationers were randomly placed under supervision, from a maximum level of daily contact to no contact at all—the probation officer never saw the probationer and never heard from him. Failure was determined if the probationer was arrested and convicted of a subsequent crime, including parole violation. The highest failure rate was with those who had *daily contact* with the probation officer. Those who had the lowest rate never saw the probation officer. What are the implications of that? Maybe that



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many offenders don't need a probation officer at all.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of restrictions are put on a man on probation or on parole under the present system?

**MURTON:** Generally, without permission, he can't get a driver's license, he can't get married, he can't buy a car, he can't change jobs, he can't go into a saloon and drink whiskey. Parole is really an extension of the prison; it's custody without walls. If parole is supposed to be easing the man back into full responsibility for himself, how can you have Big Brother checking him in at night? It's the same way with state-operated halfway houses. A halfway house is supposedly a transition from the prison to the street. If a guy's on parole and is messing up and needs a little closer supervision, you move him back into the halfway house so he gets a little tighter structure, where you can watch him a little closer and maybe you won't have to send him back to prison. Excellent idea, excellent theory. But it doesn't always work that way. A man has to sign in and sign out. He can't have female guests in his room. He has to submit to bed checks. This sort of treatment at the hands of the state after a man has been physically released from prison does nothing but remind him of his degradation.

The best halfway houses are those operated by ex-inmates, because they know how to talk to a man. They know that confinement and supervision of a man who has committed a crime is only part of the solution. He also needs some basic understanding and respect. There's an uninformed notion that once you convict a man and send him to prison, that solves the problem. But about 95 percent of these guys come back—if they don't die in prison. What we *should* be doing is turning these men out of prison with the proper training—not just in manufacturing license plates, because about the only place you can practice that trade is inside a prison—then help them get jobs and offer the help of the state in solving their problems. But above all, we must start treating these people as humans. Every man who goes to prison isn't a moral reprobate. Until we stop behaving as though prisoners are fallen people whom we can pity and supervise and straighten out by imposing some formal "book" solution, we're going to re-enforce their antisocial attitudes.

So parole, halfway houses, work release and all the rest of the ways we have of working a former prisoner back into society are good only as far as they're administered by people who don't assume a posture of superiority to the man they're trying to help. This change in attitude is what I want to see. All the money for all the high-priced help in the world is useless if we insist on treating those who have performed criminal acts

with condescension and authoritarianism. **PLAYBOY:** Can anything be done *before* a man gets to prison to reduce the chance of his repeating criminal acts?

**MURTON:** Any number of things. Prison should be the last resort. We should be trying to keep lawbreakers *out* of prison. Consider the first offenders who do go to prison and fall into the cycle of criminality. The poor man's kid goes to the reformatory and the rich man's kid goes to the military academy. Or we can talk about suburbia, where you'll find essentially the same incidence of criminal conduct as in the ghetto. It's just handled informally. The adolescent vandal winds up on probation rather than in juvenile hall. I'm not suggesting that the rich should have imposed upon them the system that the poor have. I'm suggesting that the rich could *share* with the poor their method of escaping the criminal-justice system, because in many cases these informal systems seem to work and the kid does not recidivate. Those who could benefit by probation should be taken out of the prison system. One could talk about the whole court process; one could talk about the system of criminal justice for the rich and the system for the poor; or about the bail system, which in most cases is based more on a man's ability to pay than the danger he represents to society or the likelihood that he won't appear in court.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any validity to the charge that our system of justice is biased against racial minority groups as well as against the poor?

**MURTON:** It's weighted against the *powerless* in our society, and that includes not only the poor and the indigent but the black, the Indian and the Spanish American. But this is probably more a function of the fact that they can't retain adequate counsel than of racial bias. But it's a cold fact that no white man in Arkansas has ever been convicted and sentenced to the chair for raping a black woman. Yet Negroes are condemned for the opposite crime all the time. So there's no denying that there's a differential enforcement of the law. Until such basic injustice is corrected, it's a little fanciful to think that more sociological expertise among prison, probation and parole authorities is going to infuse a sense of responsibility to society in the people who are convicted of crimes. They're simply going to believe they've been shafted because they're unwhite and unrich. And they'll behave accordingly.

When prisoners look around and see only people like themselves inside the walls, they take it as evidence that they're being singled out by society as scapegoats. Inmates aren't dumb and they aren't entirely cut off from the outside world. They know that organized crime flourishes, that corporation officials are violating the law and getting away

with it, that public officials are making and taking payoffs and being re-elected in spite of it. Until recently, you had no college-educated people to speak of in the inmate population. Now, with people like Joan Baez' husband, David Harris, and many other "political prisoners" coming into the institutions, there is going to be a change in inmates' political attitudes. It's too early to tell exactly what direction it will take. But wardens are already talking about it, and not with any gleeful anticipation, because people like Harris see the treatment of prisoners as part of a general political malaise, something that can be changed through political action. Prisoners never had any sense of this before; they fought back in very unsophisticated ways, individually or in mobs. Once they learn the language and tactics of confrontation, we may see unrest in prisons that will make some of the college disturbances look very tame.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that prison is a microcosm of society and should be studied as such. Doesn't this contradict what you just said about most prisoners being from disadvantaged socioeconomic backgrounds?

**MURTON:** Not really. I don't think prisons represent an exact one-to-one model of the society that establishes them. But they are a perfect model of the development of power systems. There is no masking in prison. Nobody worries about the social amenities and that sort of thing. So prisons should be studied by people who are interested in the motivating factors involved in human behavior, in understanding how power systems evolve and how people are manipulated. We can evaluate how far society has progressed on the evolutionary scale by examining how it treats its deviates, what form punishment takes for those who commit antisocial acts.

There have always been prisoners, slaves, people awaiting trial, execution or some other form of punishment. In the late 18th Century, the Quakers thought a man who was locked up alone in a cell would have time to dwell on his sins and become penitent. Hence the term penitentiary. But they soon learned that people in solitary confinement tend to go insane. So they started letting prisoners have some human contact—but not talk. They worked side by side and all the rest, but they weren't allowed to talk. Then, toward the last third of the 19th Century, there were a number of changes. The prison began to be seen as a place to reform a man through education and work projects. Parole and probation came along. Juveniles were taken out of the prison system. But there were still problems. One was overcrowding; another was outside opposition, in this century, to prison industries. Labor





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unions were able to outlaw the interstate sale of prison-made goods, arguing that it was unfair for free workers to have to compete with inmate labor.

So drudgery became the name of the game and, today, we have prisoners making license plates and breaking big ones into little ones—all this despite the innovations that have come along, all the things the professionals talk about. The official posture of the American Correctional Association is that prisons were created to implement the philosophy of retribution, and then moved into an era of reform of the individual and of the institution, and that the next few years will be devoted to “reintegration,” as they call it—trying to get the offender from the prison back into society in such a manner that he won’t commit criminal acts again. That’s the *official* posture. But I really don’t see that much difference; there’s a difference in terminology, but the reality is still essentially the same as it was in the 18th Century: punitive.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you suggest a more humane form of imprisonment?

**MURTON:** A society will always have its outcasts. Even in prison, which is a sub-society consisting entirely of outcasts, you *still* find outcasts—those who are sent to solitary. Maybe we should find a new way of marking people as deviant. We had other means before the modern prison came along: branding, exile, the stocks and all sorts of other degradation ceremonies. It might be possible to come up with some sort of new ritual by which a man is ostracized for antisocial behavior. I don’t know exactly what it would be, but until we come up with something better, the prison should at least be in a continuous state of reform.

Certain inmate groups and radical reformers have taken up the cry, “Tear down the walls.” They believe that the present system is a monster and that we should quit feeding it. But they’re like some of the radicals in the larger society who want to abolish the system: They don’t have anything to replace it with. The people who want to abolish the prison system don’t have an alternative method of taking dangerous people off the streets. I want to see the walls torn down, too; but until they are and something better replaces them, I want to help the inmates who are still behind them.

**PLAYBOY:** Don’t you lose any chance of doing this by alienating your employers and getting fired? Couldn’t you accomplish more, as Sarver contends, by bending a little and cooperating with elected officials instead of attacking them?

**MURTON:** I do polarize people, no question about it. I was fired in Alaska when I testified before the legislature about prison conditions there. I had helped establish the system when Alaska became a state and was in the process of build-

ing a model prison camp. But I couldn’t get any support from the governor and his people. When I was invited to testify, I embarrassed the governor and he fired me. But I would do it again. Rockefeller didn’t want the abuses in the Arkansas prisons spread all over the national media, so he got rid of me. But I didn’t create the problems. When I tried to improve them and he and his staff resisted, that made news. It was news, too, when I discovered evidence of mass murder. I wouldn’t do anything differently in Arkansas, if I had it to do over. There is no easy road to true and lasting prison reform. Attention has to be called to the reality of prison conditions, and this is certain to make some people look bad—especially those who have created the situation. So whenever a true reformer comes in, he’s going to be opposed by legislators and other government officials who have a stake in the old order. Eventually, he’ll push too hard and they’ll get rid of him. It’s a cycle that’s been going on for a long time. I’m not the first—or the last—person who’s tried to reform a prison and been dismissed just as real change was being made.

**PLAYBOY:** Couldn’t you settle for a rate of change that wouldn’t create so much political hostility?

**MURTON:** Not without losing the trust of the inmates. You can’t fake it with them.

**PLAYBOY:** But as you said, the inmates are worse off now than they were when you had the job. Which is worse: incurring their distrust or being responsible—by leaving the job—for returning them to inhuman living conditions?

**MURTON:** Inmate trust is an absolute thing. You can have their welfare in mind and still not have them believe in you or cooperate with you. If they see you make small compromises with their rights and well-being, they’ll suspect that you may be willing to sell out when more critical issues are at stake. So they won’t work with you. And until you have the inmates on your side, there’s going to be no real reform. The prison can’t run without the inmates, since they run the joint in so many ways. But if you have them on your side, anything is possible. First, however, you have to go to bat for them. Show a little trust in them and they’ll respond. That’s what I did in Arkansas—and it drove people crazy. You can’t just move into a prison and take over and say, “Let bygones be bygones.” There are going to be prisoners there who have been beaten or tortured and guards who have done it. There are going to be powerful inmates who run rackets. There are likely to be state officials involved in some sort of corruption. The brutal guards have to be exposed and held accountable or the inmates aren’t going to trust you and believe that you have any real concern

for their rights. The prison rackets have to be broken up or the inmates are going to be assaulted. The corruption has to be eliminated or you won’t be able to look a prisoner in the eye and tell him that you’re justified in keeping him in because he broke the law and criminal acts should be punished. But when you do these things, you make enemies and they fight back. You cause a fuss and people get embarrassed. They’d rather have things quiet, so they get rid of you and bring in someone who promises tranquility.

Now, I don’t have any political ambitions and I don’t resist legitimate political authority. If they tell me to paint a barn red instead of green, hell, I’ll paint it red. But I cannot accept the mere façade of reform and neither can the inmates; when real issues come up, questions about true prison reform, I have to take a stand for what I believe is right—first, because I’m a man and I value my own integrity; second, because if I don’t, the next warden with a riot on his hands is going to be Tom Murton. Since I left Arkansas, a lot of people have gone around saying I make waves and that I don’t cooperate. I wasn’t able to get a job although I have four degrees and a teaching certificate. I’m a visiting professor at the University of Minnesota now, but before that, I was unemployed for two and a half years. I was on food stamps. I applied for a job in the Alaskan prison system and Rockefeller said he couldn’t recommend me because, while I was an “extraordinary penologist,” I had “other shortcomings”—like honesty, presumably. I wasn’t allowed to teach in Alaska and, at first, neither was my wife. Now, I don’t think you get this kind of treatment just because you’re ill-mannered. You get it because you pose some sort of threat to things as they are. I love prison work. I feel strongly about inmate welfare. Because I feel strongly, I want to be on the inside. But I also want to do what’s right. Under the present system, that makes me a pariah.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you’ll ever be allowed to work inside a prison again?

**MURTON:** Yes. This may be the decade of prison reform. Human rights will be provided by the prison administrators, imposed by the courts or seized by the inmates. But as Martin Luther King, Jr., once observed, freedom is never willingly granted by the oppressor; it must be taken by the oppressed. So we will probably see more riots like those at three New York State institutions and people like myself will finally be hired because the others have failed again. I don’t want to see this happen, but when it does, I’ll go back—because my real place isn’t in the ivory tower; it’s in the gun tower.






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*fiction* By THOMAS BAUM  
*can a very uptight women's-  
lib type find happiness bedded  
down with a male chauvinist?*

"LESBIANS ARE PEOPLE." In one of the four elevators serving the first ten floors, someone had carefully lettered a message on the inspection certificate. Susan Roth, going down in the elevator with Paul Merlo, of Cousins & Merlo, reached out and touched the little

**THE BIG**





# PIECES

glass door that housed the card. The person, whoever it was, had opened the door and written directly on the certificate, on the line under the most recent inspection signature. Susan, with a glance at Merlo, tried to imagine a woman, in all seriousness, doing that. Merlo, for his part, must have been watching Susan, because when they were outside, walking east on 49th Street, he turned to her and said, "First graffiti—graffito?—I ever saw in a



big-office-building elevator."

"Graffito," said Susan, annoyed to learn he had been observing her. They had passed Le Marmiton, a restaurant between Third and Second avenues: For that, at least, she was grateful. Le Marmiton, in Merlo's book, was for entertaining authors or launching affairs, if men like Merlo, recently divorced, still called them that. For his sake, she was relieved when he turned at the corner of 49th and Second and entered the coffee shop there. She went in, noting with added displeasure the two women sitting in the front booth. One was a reader at Random House, the other a secretary at Dial: Both gave her looks as she followed Merlo to a booth in back. In an industry where everybody knew everybody, everybody especially knew Paul Merlo. She might as well be in a high school cafeteria.

"Those girls were smirking at you," Merlo said, sliding into the booth.

"I didn't see any girls. I saw two women."

"They looked about your age," Merlo said.

"When you were twenty-five," said Susan, "did people call you boy?"

"Not always. Sonny, I got called. Kid. Champ. I'll have a chicken salad down and a celery tonic," Merlo said to the waitress. He leaned forward slightly. "There's a novel we're doing I want you to edit."

"Rare cheeseburger and iced coffee. A novel you want me to edit. Does that mean you're making me an editor?" Susan folded her hands on the table.

"That will depend on how you do with the book."

"Why don't you make me an editor and find out?"

"It's fair, I think, to give a trial assignment."

"Fair by whose standards?"

"We'd ask the same of a male reader," he said.

"Would you really?"

"I think you can do a good job with the book," he said.

"You mean it needs a woman's touch," Susan said brightly, reaching into her vest pocket for a cigarette.

"The title of the novel is *Placenta Woman*. Placenta woman as in, they threw away the baby and brought up the placenta. The title is honorific. A band of women inflict various tortures on their liberal male victims. The tortures are all fairly obscure, on the theory that what does a sadist do to a masochist?"

"Nothing."

"Yes. I think the author got the idea from 'Earl's Pearls.' May I not light your cigarette?"

"You watch Dick Cavett, too," she said and, when the food came, lapsed into silence. Merlo, too, seemed in no hurry to speak. Susan watched his eyes as he ate. No doubt, he had been told a hundred

times by women that he had beautiful eyes and by now believed it. They were a peculiar off-green color, his eyes, the pupils strange, with large spokes, ragged in outline, as though some tiny creature had been nibbling at them. And his hair, which looked different every day of the week: Today it hooked back along his forehead in two smooth, water-buffalo waves. Often it was simply curly. Perhaps he had used a hair drier left behind by his wife. There were women, Susan supposed, who found this sort of narcissism irresistible. She looked out the window onto Second Avenue. A small, blonde model walked past, dragging a huge black portfolio: She appeared to glance briefly in at Merlo, then away.

"Separate checks," said Susan to the waitress. After they had paid and were walking back along 49th Street, she said, "Have you cleared this project with your partner?"

"Don't worry about Cousins," said Merlo.

"I don't worry about behind pinchers. I walk the other way."

"I think he feels," Merlo said, "that if it's wrong to apply white standards to black literature, the same goes for a novel like *Placenta Woman*."

"He's so enlightened."

"For instance, there's quite a lot in the book about the incompetence of men in lovemaking, their sexist sex techniques, and so forth, which only a woman might be able to judge properly. Besides, I have a feeling this book is going to take off, and that wouldn't hurt the editor, either, especially on her first project. Tell me something about that button you're wearing. Does it mean you've sworn off men?"

They were coming to Third Avenue. "The button doesn't mean that, no."

"But you have?"

"I'm detoxifying."

Merlo smiled. "That's very good. I think women are our best hope."

"You and every other liberal male I meet."

He laughed. "You're going to love *Placenta Woman*. Oh, and lawyers."

"Lawyers?"

"Our second-best hope. The unacknowledged poets of the human race. Lawyers and women. Women lawyers. The author of *Placenta Woman*, so I understand, was admitted to the bar, and it wasn't McSorley's." He halted suddenly. "Oh, hell, you won't believe this."

"What?" He had stopped in his tracks.

"The manuscript." He was looking at her helplessly. "All this talk and I forgot to take it to the office."

"I see," said Susan.

"Right. Don't say it. If you were a man, I wouldn't have forgotten."

"You said it, I didn't."

"You're probably right, though. It's sitting on my bed, I can see it." He

tapped his forehead irritably. Then he shook his head. "All right, it can wait."

"I guess it can."

"Please don't be annoyed. I'm really anxious for you to see this book."

"The unconscious never lies," Susan said.

He stopped again. "All right. You're right. Look, my place is just around the corner. I can run up quick and get the manuscript. You want to wait? Or I'll meet you back at the office."

"Curiouser and curiouser," said Susan.

"What? Oh. Oh, I see what you mean." He blinked. "Or do I?"

She shook her head sadly. "You don't even know when you're being insulting."

"I'll just be a second," he said apologetically. He had stopped in front of a tall apartment building. "You can wait in the lobby."

"Goodbye," said Susan, turning.

"Oh, hell," he said. "What did I say now?"

"It's incredible." She shook her head. "Men's mentality. If I come up to your apartment, you think you have to score with me or you've failed, failed, failed. It's so pathetic. It really is."

"I just thought it would be more convenient if we worked back at the office—"

"Oh, wow. Sure you did. When was the last time you got any work done in that office? Oh, really, what is the big deal?" She went by him into the lobby. "Come on. I won't castrate you. If it's your pride you're worried about, nobody even has to know I was here."

His apartment was on the top floor. Susan felt, upon entering the living room, that she could have identified it as Paul Merlo's out of 100 rooms; that Merlo himself might have picked it out of 100 rooms on display in the furniture department of Macy's. The Lion's Den, it had to have been called, before transplantation from 34th to 49th Street: There was even an antelope skin on the floor, surrounded by chairs of brown leather. Along one dark-paneled wall stood a massive series of shelves enclosing a bar, a tape deck, two stereo speakers of a size suitable for a convention room at the Waldorf and a row of books, all by Paul Merlo's own authors, placed conspicuously at eye level. Books and shelves and floor, and the kitchen, too, Susan noted, were spotless. A maid must come in every day, probably a holdover from his marriage—though, in any case, Merlo would not be one to play the helpless divorcé. In the whole dark, dustless room, Susan could detect only two discords, two departures from Macy's notion of masculine integrity: a plastic horse, standing on four wheels in one corner, awaiting the next visit from Merlo's children (was it two he had or three?), and a hand-painted water pipe.

(continued on page 165)





Rowland B. Wilson

*"Oh, yeah? Well it so happens that I always get my man, too!"*









## BUSSMAN'S HOLIDAY

*a connoisseur of the kiss, past and present, observes that there's more to osculation than meets the lips*

**article By WILLIAM IVERSEN** Kissing, the ancient Greeks believed, is the "key to paradise." If they were right, at least half the human race has been locked out of Elysium since the birth of mankind. They never learned to kiss at all.

Among the Chinese, Japanese, Polynesians, Eskimos, Malaysians and numerous African peoples, kissing has traditionally been looked upon as a kinky Western perversion. Sniffing is held to be more pleasurable and proper. Lovers whisper "Smell me," rather than "Kiss me," and the foreplay of the face consists of nose rubbing and passionate inhalations of the scent of skin and hair.

For all its singular importance to the love life of the Western world, kissing is not nearly as ancient as hugging, squeezing, nuzzling, nibbling, fondling and groping. Nor is it as instinctive. Unlike most forms of amorous behavior, kissing is culturally learned.

As a sign of reverence and humility, the peoples of the ancient world were prone to kiss the hands, feet, hems and

dusty footprints of their kings and conquerors. Biblical friends and family members greeted each other with kisses on the head, shoulders, hands and neck. In wooing support for his political ambitions, Absalom, son of old King David, "rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate," there to kiss not the constituents' babies but the constituents themselves. More selective and appealing were the warm-lipped yearnings of Solomon's beautiful Shulamite, who sang for all the ages to hear: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine." Her lips were like "a thread of scarlet," painted in the manner of the Egyptians and Babylonians, for whom a reddened mouth was supposed to provide protection from demons.

It was not for fear of smearing their lipstick that the Egyptians would never give a Greek a kiss. As the Greek historian Herodotus learned, it was, rather, to avoid religious contamination by the beefeating Greeks, who did not venerate Egypt's holy cows. "Instead of speaking to each other when they meet in the streets, they make an obeisance, sinking the hand to



the knee," the un-kissed Greek visitor noted—though it still isn't clear whose Egyptian knee got the silent treatment from whose courteous hand. When Persians of slightly different status met in the street, Herodotus observed, their kisses were "given on the cheek," while those of equal rank silently kissed each other "on the lips." The talkative Greeks, however, saluted each other on the cheeks, neck, lips, shoulders and eyes, and planted so many religious smooches upon the bronze mouth of a statue of Hercules that the god's lips and beard were eventually worn away.

It was the insatiability of the habit that led Socrates to philosophize upon the kiss's power to enslave. He warned his young male followers against the bewitching kisses of women. But his pious endorsement of comradely kisses between men and boys leaves little doubt that the erotic was never far from his thoughts, nor from the mind of his pupil Plato. The "Platonic" quality of such kisses was largely a matter of idealized interpretation by later scholars.

The Romans, who seldom took the trouble to idealize their sexual urges, recognized three types of kisses: *oscula*, or friendly kisses; *basia*, or kisses of love; and kisses of sexual passion, which were known as *savia*, or *oscula libidinosa*. Writing of the last sort, Ovid suavely comments upon the *savia* of his mistress, her tongue "working around in my mouth, taking all mine into hers. I don't exactly complain of this particular feature." He adds:

*Still I have one complaint . . .  
Only in bed could she get in-  
struction in this kind of kissing,  
Who was her tutor, and when?*

During the poet Martial's lifetime, kisses of greeting between friends and acquaintances became obligatory. No one escaped the kissers, he complained. "They meet you, stop you, after you they run." There was literally no place in Rome where a citizen was safe from the eager-lipped *basiatores*:

*A chair is no defense, with curtains  
guarded,  
With door and windows shut, and  
closely warded,  
The kissers through a chink will find  
a way . . .  
[To kiss] Those who do bathe, or re-  
create in pool,  
Who are withdrawn to ease them-  
selves at stool.*

"Every neighbor, every hairy-faced farmer, presses on you with a strongly scented kiss," Martial wrote. "Here the weaver assails you, there the fuller and cobbler, who has just been kissing leather; here the owner of a filthy beard, and

a one-eyed gentleman." Particularly obnoxious were the cold, snivel-nosed embraces of the winter kisser. "A hundred times, I'd rather kiss his arse," Martial declared, in one of the earliest literary allusions to that popular form of invitational indignity.

Roman soldiers, slaves and pupils kissed their masters' hands in respect, and kissing one's own hand to the statue of a god was a form of adoration. Promiscuous top-to-toe kissing was perhaps the tamest of activities at orgiastic religious rites—but Roman lip service to pagan fertility gods failed to produce so lasting a ritual as the ancient Nordic custom of kissing under the mistletoe. However, something more than a mere kiss was undoubtedly due the female who placed herself beneath the sacred sprig. Scandinavian legend has it that the custom originated when Balder the Beautiful was mortally wounded by a mistletoe arrow that had been fashioned by Loki, the god of mischief. After Balder was miraculously restored to life, the mistletoe was placed in the care of the goddess Frigg, who ordained that the plant should thenceforth be hung from the ceiling, out of the reach of mischievous hands, and that persons passing beneath it be obliged to embrace in a kiss of love and peace.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Christian savior had been betrayed by the spuriously peaceful kiss of Judas Iscariot, the kiss of peace was religiously exchanged by the members of several early Christian sects. "Salute one another with an holy kiss," the apostle Paul had enjoined on several occasions. "Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss." But, in time, there were rumors that some sects held "feasts of love" at which the kisses were far from holy. Saint Epiphanius reported that "they used first to tickle each other" and "gave each other very immodest kisses" to judge "the degree of their faith." Worse yet, it was alleged, one Picardus "invented a new sect of Adamites, to go naked as Adam did, and to use promiscuous venery. . . . When the priest repeated that [commandment] of *Genesis*, 'Increase and multiply,' out went the candle in the place where they met, and without all respect of age, persons, conditions, catch that catch may, every man took her [that] came next, etc."

Abuses of the kissing ritual caused councils and synods to denounce the sectarian love-ins. Much approved, however, was the reverential kissing of holy relics. The kissing of a crucifix was said to bring blessings and happiness. In times of danger, it also warded off catastrophe—and if no crucifix was handy, feudal peasants prayerfully kissed their crossed thumbs, making the X sign that has

served as the symbol of a kiss ever since.

Throughout the feudal period, princes of the church and realm were humbly saluted with kisses on the hand and foot—but seldom with such unfortunate consequences as befell that most hapless of feeble-minded French monarchs, Charles the Simple. Having, by some fortunate stroke of ineptitude, achieved ascendancy over Rollo, the Norman viking, Charles foolishly insisted that Rollo should render unto his foot the customary token of respect. Rollo, who bowed to no man, fulfilled his feudal obligation by yanking the king's foot up to his mouth—dumping Charles upon his royal rump, "whilst mirth around did ring."

Young or old, ladies of a noble medieval household were expected to kiss the lips of any titled visitor, "whether he came as an ambassador, expected guest or chance passer-by." This get-acquainted gimmick was a part of womanly etiquette even in the 16th Century, when a guest at one royal welcoming party declared that he felt as if he "had been present at the Rape of the Sabines." Kissing receptions were often followed by an evening of kissing dances. And, since many upper-class "maidens" made a habit of "going by night into the men's chambers and kissing and embracing them in their beds without candle," it is not surprising that medieval literature is replete with parental warnings against kissing, fondling and wanton glances. In compliance with their elders' advice that they keep to the straight and narrow, Italian lovers squeezed into specially built kissing lanes—two of which still survive as the shortest and narrowest streets in Italy. Bacciafemmine—or Kiss the Woman—Lane in Spoleto measures but six yards in length and narrows to a snug 27 inches, while a much-frequented cul-de-kiss in Città della Pieve is some 14 yards longer and six inches narrower.

While Italy can boast of its kissing lanes, Ireland draws countless tourists to its kissing stone at Blarney Castle, which was built for Cormack MacCarthy in 1446 A.D. The Gaelic gift of gab and powers of glib persuasion are said to be granted to those who kiss the Blarney stone. Since the stone is located near the top of the castle, on an outside wall, this takes a bit of doing. But despite the risk of vertigo, the superstition has endured somewhat longer than the medieval German belief that the best cure for a toothache is to kiss a donkey on the chops.

As old superstitions go, however, donkey kissing was downright aesthetic. Woodcuts of the German witches' sabbath depict "his Satanic majesty in the guise of a goat or cat, sitting on a high seat, while his worshipers reverently approach and kiss him under the tail."

(continued on page 178)



1971

*drink*  
By William E. Massee

GRAND VIN

## STOCKING THE URBAN WINE CELLAR

### *a gentlemen's guide to the pleasures and protocol of the grape*

IT'S ALL VERY WELL to pick up a wine or two on the way home from the office, but to fully appreciate the varied pleasures of the grape, you need a rack or a cellar filled with bottles that range from good to fabulous. Wine is one of the few commodities that hasn't been standardized—there are hundreds to choose from—and that, alone, is a reason to celebrate. There are times when you don't want the subtlety of a great wine but prefer the simple pleasure of a Valdepeñas, the roughness of a Rhone, the lightness of a Bardolino. These and other inexpensive wines should be bought in mixed-case lots, so that you can broaden your tasting experience by sampling a variety of vintages while saving room in your cellar for more costly bottlings that require proper aging—good red Burgundy and Bordeaux, for example, which appear on the market three years after the harvest.

#### STORAGE

If you're an apartment dweller, you can store your wines in their wooden or cardboard cases, preferably at the back of a cool closet. The cases help insulate the bottles from vibrations, light and sudden temperature changes, the three conditions that can cause a wine to age prematurely or even spoil. Better yet, buy a ready-made rack or have a carpenter construct a shelving unit fitted with vertical dividers to make bins a foot square. Each bin should hold about 12 bottles stored on their sides, so that the corks won't dry out and let air in, thus spoiling the wines. After you drink the first bottle of a specific lot, soak off the label and tack it to the bin for quick identification.

Ideal storage calls for a cellar where the temperature is a constant 50 to 55 degrees,



not an easy feat in an urban high-rise unless you air-condition your wine closet or purchase a special honeycombed refrigerator designed to hold a specific number of bottles. It's generally agreed, however, that cellar temperatures can fluctuate from 55 to 70 degrees without appreciably harming the wine, providing the change is gradual.

#### EUROPEAN RED WINES

With storage problems solved, you're ready to concentrate on acquiring an oenological library of grape expectations ranging from young and fruity to well-aged classics. You would do well to begin with the red wine of Bordeaux, an area of France that annually produces some

many Gallic wine labels. All the better French vineyards (except for those in Champagne) use this designation, which, roughly, certifies that the wine produced meets certain government standards, including what kind of grapes were used and that the finished product is what it's represented to be on the label. In other words, you're getting what you paid for; it may or may not be exceptional—but it's authentic.

Of course, you'll want a few great bottles from Bordeaux' most outstanding châteaux—the famous eight are Margaux, Latour, Lafite, Haut-Brion, Petrus, Cheval Blanc, Ausone and Mouton-Rothschild. But you must allow them time to mature. They taste bitter with

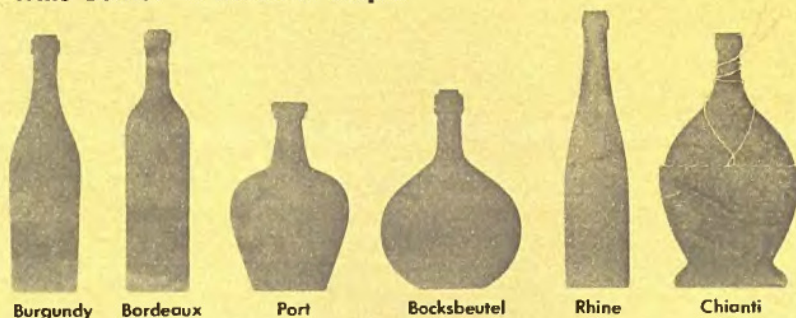
is still rising. The time to buy into a good year, obviously, is early in the game. You can't turn around and sell the wine for a profit unless you have a liquor license—or can work a private arrangement—but you will have the pleasure of seeing your purchase perhaps triple in value within five to ten years. And a bottle of wine from your private cellar is a very impressive gift—especially if the wine has disappeared from the market and the offering is now worth three times the price you originally paid.

The eight Bordeaux châteaux previously mentioned, of course, are unsurpassed, but there are more than 100 other rated châteaux, whose wines may mature in a dozen years or so and are

## A GUIDE TO RECENT VINTAGES—HOW THEY RATE AND WHEN TO DRINK THEM

COMPILING VINTAGE RATINGS and when-to-drink charts is a tricky business. Wine is a living thing, subject to shipping and storage conditions and, finally, to the preferences of the taster. At right, we've rated—on a sliding scale from 20 down—the quality of red Burgundy, Rhone and Bordeaux wines produced in specific years, and listed when they will be at their prime, ready for your glass. White wines are not listed because most—except for white Burgundies and the best of the sweet wines of Sauternes and the Rhine—should be drunk young. So should rosés and most Beaujolais. We've also excluded those years in which the wines rated 12 or less. A discriminating shapper, however, can find excellent values in off years. (For example, although 1965 was definitely an off vintage, Château Haut-Brion that year produced a good wine that is now fully matured and selling for about \$5 or less a bottle.) It is still too early for conclusions on the 1970 vintage, though all signs point to a bountiful harvest. There is already talk that 1970 may be the "Year of the Century" for red Bordeaux and, in the Champagne region, an expanded planting program has produced a record yield.

### Wine Bottles—A Guide to shapes



Burgundy

Bordeaux

Port

Bocksbeutel

Rhine

Chianti

RED BURGUNDY	RATING	WHEN TO DRINK
(excluding Beaujolais)		
1959	20	Now to 1975
1961	19	Now to 1975
1962	17	Now to 1975
1964	17	Now to 1975
1966	17	Now to 1976
1969	18	1975 to 1985

RED RHONE	RATING	WHEN TO DRINK
1959	16	Now to 1972
1960	19	Now to 1975
1961	17	Now to 1985
1962	13	Now
1965	13	Now to 1975
1966	18	1972 to 1980
1967	16	1972 to 1980
1969	16	1972 to 1980

RED BORDEAUX	RATING	WHEN TO DRINK
1959	19	Now
1960	13	Now
1961	20	1972 to 1999
1962	17	Now to 1975
1964	18	1974 to 1980
1966	19	1976 to 1985
1967	13	Now
1969	17	1975 to 1990

20, 19—Very great wines. 18, 17—Many great wines, some very great. 16, 15—Many good wines, some great. 14, 13—Many fair wines, some good.

70,000,000 gallons of wine. The label on a bottle of good Bordeaux (the British call it claret) will carry either (1) the name of one of the more distinguished Bordeaux districts, such as Graves, St-Emilion, Pomerol or Haut-Médoc; or, better yet, (2) the name of a township in the Haut-Médoc district (Margaux or St-Julien, Pauillac or St-Estèphe); or, best of all, (3) the name of the actual vineyard, called a *château*, where the wine was made (i.e., Château Margaux), along with the phrases *Mise du château* or *Mis en bouteilles au château*. This certifies that the wine was bottled at the *château*.

Another phrase to watch for is *Appellation Contrôlée*, which appears on

tannin and sharp with acid when they're young, and most of them, sadly enough, are consumed before they're ready to be drunk. Reds such as these usually take from 12 to 20 years to mature. And the longer you wait to acquire them, the more expensive they are going to get. To give you some idea of price, the 1959 vintage of Château Haut-Brion originally sold for \$72 a case (12 bottles) if you ordered it a few months after the harvest. In 1961, the price had risen to \$87.50 a case and the wine hadn't even left France. When it arrived in the U. S. in 1962, the going rate in Manhattan was about \$96, depending on where you shopped. Today, a case of 1959 Château Haut-Brion brings over \$240 and the price

only slightly less magnificent. They will provide a memorable accompaniment to any meal that calls for a red wine. You might begin by sampling some of the following:

- Calon Ségur (St-Estèphe)
- Montrose (St-Estèphe)
- Cos d'Estournel (St-Estèphe)
- Duhart-Milon (Pauillac)
- Pichon-Longueville-Baron (Pauillac)
- Pichon-Longueville-Lalande (Pauillac)
- Lynch Bages (Pauillac)
- Pontet-Canet (Pauillac)
- Batailley (Pauillac)
- Beychevelle (St-Julien)
- Léoville-Poyferré,
- Las-Cases or Barton (St-Julien)
- Talbot (St-Julien)



Gruaud-Larose (St.-Julien)  
 Ducru-Beaucaillou (St.-Julien)  
 Gloria (St.-Julien)  
 Lascombes (Margaux)  
 Brane-Cantenac (Margaux)  
 Palmer (Margaux)  
 Carbonnieux (Graves)  
 Bouscaut (Graves)  
 Belair (St.-Emilion)  
 Canon (St.-Emilion)  
 Figeac (St.-Emilion)  
 Pavie (St.-Emilion)  
 Trotteville (St.-Emilion)  
 Némin (Pomerol)  
 Vieux-Certan (Pomerol)

Burgundy, both red and white, is a softer, fruitier wine than Bordeaux and also a trickier wine to buy, because a

Chambolle being the original name of the local village—which, in the last century, was changed to Chambolle-Musigny; Musigny being the best single vineyard within the township. Thus, any grower living in Chambolle-Musigny gets to use the distinguished name of Musigny on his label even though his product bears little resemblance to *the* Musigny. Because of this dubious labeling policy, Burgundy's *grands crus* (great growths) can be sold without the township appellation. By law, the following red Burgundies are the only ones that can be called *grands crus*:

Chambertin  
 Chambertin-Clos de Bèze  
 Charmes Chambertin

Musigny  
 Clos de Vougeot  
 Romanée Conti  
 Richebourg  
 La Romanée  
 La Tâche  
 Romanée St.-Vivant  
 Grands Echézeaux  
 Echézeaux  
 Corton

Even these wines vary with the vintner and the shipper. They are always expensive and the best of them are invariably estate bottled—that is, bottled by the owner of the vineyard. This is indicated on the label by such phrases as *Mis en bouteilles par le propriétaire*, or *Mise du Domaine*, followed by the grower's



For the urban cellar-master. Top, left to right: Barn-board wine rack, by Boards and Beams, \$40. Decorative barrelhead, from Nieman-Marcus, \$200. Two cut-glass decanters, by Imperial Glass, \$13.50 and \$10 each; and rough-crystal decanter, by Harvey L. Reid, \$100. Cyclopedia wine rack, from Beylerian, \$5 per section. Silver-plated wine cooler, by Gorham, \$95. Bottom, left to right: Wrought-iron wine jail, \$60, and Wine Record Book, \$10, both from Nieman-Marcus. Alexis Lichine's Encyclopedia of Wines & Spirits, from Alfred A. Knopf, \$15. The Great Book of Wine, from World Publishing, \$50. Silver-plated bottle holder, by Gorham, \$14.95. Pump-type cork lifter, \$6.95, and Lucite-and-metal corkscrew, \$8.50, both from Hammacher Schlemmer. Two Schoonmaker white-wine glasses, by Seneca, \$2.50 each. Massee red-wine glass, by Cardinal, \$1.25 each. Peach champagne glass, \$18.50 (box of 4), and winged corkscrew, \$11.50, both from Hammacher Schlemmer. Smoked-Plexiglas wine rack, from Raymor, \$50. Four-bottle Plexiglas wine rack, from Tablerie, \$17.

single vineyard may have many owners, each making wines his own way and marketing them separately. The 125 acres of Clos de Vougeot, for example, have some 100 owners. What's more, many a Burgundy town will tack the name of its best vineyard to its own, so that all the township wines can carry the famous name. As an example, consider the wine labeled Chambolle-Musigny,

Mazoyères-Chambertin  
 Latricières-Chambertin  
 Mazis Chambertin  
 Chapelle Chambertin  
 Griotte Chambertin  
 Ruchottes Chambertin  
 Bonnes Mares  
 Clos St.-Denis  
 Clos de la Roche  
 Clos de Tart

name. Wily shippers sometimes use similar but meaningless phrases such as *Mis en bouteilles dans nos caves*, which serve to mislead the buyer.

Confusion can be further avoided by following the Burgundian saw, "*Respectez les crus*," which means pay attention to vineyard names. To thrifty Europeans, this means buying first growths, *premiers crus*, from the famous townships of the



Côte-d'Or, which is the heart of Burgundy. Many of the first growths equal or surpass some of the *grands crus* just mentioned, but official reclassification is not easy in France. Ratings published in 1861 concentrated on the reds of the northern half of the district, the Côte de Nuits, and the whites of the southern half, the Côte de Beaune. As a consequence, reds from communes of the southern half are underrated. This is particularly true of the wines from Volnay and Beaune, which can be the best of buys. First growths generally mature faster than great growths. They are often ready to drink four to six years after the vintage, which partly accounts for their slightly lower ratings. Some of the best Burgundy first growths are:

Clos St.-Jacques  
 Clos de la Perrière  
 Clos du Chapitre  
 Clos des Lambrays  
 Les Charmes  
 La Grande Rue  
 Beaux-Monts or Beaumonts  
 Malconsorts  
 Les Saint Georges  
 Clos des Corvées  
 Corton-Clos du Roi  
 Cuvée Dr. Peste

To the south of the Côte-d'Or are the wines of the districts of Chalon, Mâcon and Beaujolais. All are meant to be drunk young, particularly Beaujolais. Regrettably, there is far more so-called Beaujolais on the market than the region could possibly produce; unscrupulous shippers mix it with the most ordinary wines and then peddle it as genuine Beaujolais. The best Beaujolais will bear the name of a town—possibly Brouilly, Chiroubles, Juliéna, Fleurie, Morgon or Moulin à-Vent.

Côtes-du-Rhône is the general name given to the wines produced in the Rhone Valley of France that runs between Vienne and Avignon, a distance of 120 miles. Côtes-du-Rhône reds are perhaps the best buys in French regionals today. Top-quality bottlings carry a town name, such as Gigondas. The famed Rhône wine Châteauneuf-du-Pape is best when about five years old, but it's usually over the hill at ten. Hermitage, another famous wine of the Rhone Valley, is always big and full, often needing ten years or more to round out. Côte Rôtie is similar, but the production is small.

The vintage years of Italian reds don't matter much since most of the wines are ready to drink when they reach the stores. Barolos, however, age well and may still be good after ten years. Regional and/or grape names to try, in the following descending order, are: Barolo, Gattinara, Barbera, Grignolino, Chianti Classico, Valtellina, Bardolino and Valpolicella.

Spanish reds are usually ready to drink when available. The Riojas may last for ten years or longer. The lighter wines from Valdepeñas are usually *finito* after five years.

A good cellar also makes room for port, perhaps the most delicious sweet wine in the world, and should include ruby, when young, and tawny, after a few years in wood. There are also vintage ports, hard to find, and crusted ports (extremely rare), bottles of which are to be treasured. Ports are best after 20 years or more; vintages to buy during this decade: 1960, 1955, 1947, 1945 and 1942.

#### EUROPEAN WHITE WINES

Most white wines are ready to drink when you get them, two or three years after the vintage. Only the best of the sweet wines of Sauternes, the Rhine and Hungary (Tokay) will last beyond ten years, and dry whites are not for laying away. The greatest drys are the Montrachets, Corton-Charlemagnes, Chablis and Meursaults of Burgundy. First growths from the towns of Chassagne-Montrachet and Puligny-Montrachet often equal them, as do the Pouilly-Fuissé and Vinzelles of southern Burgundy. White Burgundy, incidentally, is a beautifully flexible wine; it's a perfect compromise when, say, your date is having ham or duck and you're having veal.

Light and flowery wines of the Loire—particularly spicy Pouilly-Fumé, delicious Vouvray and dry Muscadet—are good ones to keep on ice. Other flowery whites come from such a satian towns as Berghem and Ribeaupville, Riquewihr and Mittelwihr, Kayserberg and Amerschwih. The best are made from Riesling and Gewürztraminer grapes.

One of the most underrated of white-wine districts is the Graves of Bordeaux, where soft and flowery whites are made from the Sauvignon Blanc and Sémillon, grapes that also do well in California. The drier of these wines is one from Château Haut-Brion, but you should also try Domaine de Chevalier and Châteaux Bouscaut, Carbonnieux and Olivier.

German white wines, too, are flowery and fruity, ranging from dry to sweet. The fruitier wines are generally the *Spätlesen* (from late-picked grapes and lightly sweet—just right for seafood and creamy dishes), *Auslesen* (richer than *Spätlesen*), *Beerenauslesen* and *Trockenbeerenauslesen* (both sweet, from selected berries and selected dried berries). The best of the German wines are labeled with the names of the town and vineyard.

And, of course, you'll want the bubbly—*brut* and *extra sec* or extra dry, depending on how it's marketed. Excellent champagnes to buy include Charles

Heidsieck, Krug, Bollinger, Roederer, Taittinger, Pommery-Greno, Moët & Chandon, Mumm, Mercier, Piper Heidsieck, Perrier-Jouet, Pol Roger, Veuve Clicquot and Lanson.

No cellar is complete without some luscious Sauternes—Château d'Yquem or La Tour Blanche, Coutet or Climens—for sipping after dinner with ripe pears or a soufflé on some cold night with a warm companion.

#### CALIFORNIA WINES

Wines from the Northern California coastal counties around San Francisco—Napa, Sonoma and Mendocino, the Livermore Valley, Alameda and Santa Clara, San Benito and Monterey—have improved so much over the past decade that they are causing a sensation among vinophiles. Reds from the Cabernet Sauvignon, the grape of Bordeaux, compare favorably with classed growths of that region. Pinot Noirs rate favorably with many Burgundies. Zinfandel, a grape with no European counterpart, makes a fruity wine that can be drunk young or allowed to age. Every cellar should boast a mixed case of rosés, and the grenache rosé of California compares favorably with that from the French region of Tavel. White wines from the Burgundy grape Chardonnay and the German grape Johannisberg Riesling are excellent; the Chenin Blanc and Folle Blanche can be outstanding, often surpassing their European counterparts. Some California vintners, such as Christian Brothers and Louis M. Martini, Beaulieu and Inglenook, Charles Krug and Wente Brothers, Almaden and Paul Masson, distribute their wines nationally, while the wines of a few of the smaller producers, Stony Hill and Schramsberg, for example, are difficult to find even locally. (Stony Hill wines, in fact, are sold only at the vineyard.) The following is a list of other California vineyards with limited distribution. These wines are worth trying, even if you have to bring them back from your next trip to the Coast.

Heitz Wine Cellars  
 Souverain Cellars  
 Robert Mondavi  
 Freemark Abbey  
 Mayacamas Vineyards  
 Buena Vista  
 Hanzell Vineyards  
 Sebastiani  
 Windsor Vineyards  
 Parducci Wine Cellars  
 Mendocino Vineyards  
 Ficklin Vineyards  
 Concannon Vineyards  
 Weibel Champagne Vineyards  
 Korbel Winery  
 Hanns Kornell Cellars

(concluded on page 184)





***FRAN-TASTIC!***

*miss jeffries  
knows the way  
from san jose*





EVER SINCE she sang her way to first place in an amateur-night show in San Jose, California, at the age of 12, Fran Jeffries has been headed for acclaim. She scored initially as a headline singer at the Copacabana and other top night clubs, waxed romantic records and filled guest spots on TV variety series (Ed Sullivan, Tom Jones). Moviegoers took note of her singing and dancing talents in *The Pink Panther* and *Sex and the Single Girl*. Now, although Fran still sings for her supper in Las Vegas 12 profitable weeks a year, her career is about to take some new twists. First, there's a nonmusical role—"Well, I do whistle a little"—in Paramount's forthcoming *A Talent for Loving*, with Richard Widmark, Cesar Romero and Topol, the Israeli star of *Fiddler on the Roof*; then, a set of new recordings with what Fran describes as "a completely different thing for me—more of a bubble-gum sound than the ballads I used to do"; finally, there's talk of a TV series starring animal-loving Fran, the proud owner of a pet raccoon, as a lady veterinarian. Whether songbird, screen star or video vet, Fran is in great shape in our book.







# THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO INTELLIGENCE

article **By MORTON HUNT** *what it is, how we get it, how much we have, how much we can have and what we can do with it*

AS IF THERE weren't enough controversy in our time, people are now fighting about *intelligence*—not the CIA type but the kind that *Webster's Dictionary* defines as: "the faculty of understanding; the capacity to know or apprehend." What could be debatable about that? Listen:

- Sir Charles Snow, the eminent British novelist and scientist—and a liberal—says in March 1969 that the astonishing disproportion of Jews among Nobel Prize winners and other outstandingly intelligent groups suggests that "there [is] something in the Jewish gene-pool which produces talent on quite a different scale from, say, the Anglo-Saxon gene-pool." For this, he draws a fierce barrage of criticism from non-Jews and Jews—many of *them* liberals—who call his suggestion "benign racism" and a "mirror image" of Nazi racist theories.

- The Los Angeles City Council, following the lead of New York City and Washington, D. C., votes in early 1969 to eliminate I. Q. testing from the lower grades of public schools. The cause: pressure by militant Negroes and other disadvantaged people, who regard I. Q. testing as one of Whitey's tricks to keep them out of college and the better schools. They have some odd bedfellows: The John Birch Society has been attacking I. Q. testing for years, on the ground that it is an effort by Big Government to control the minds of Americans.

- Psychologist Arthur Jensen, of the University of California at Berkeley, publishes a long, dense, scholarly paper in the *Harvard Educational Review*, using statistical methods to show that heredity is far more responsible than environment for differences in tested intelligence and suggesting that this may account for most of the 15-point difference between average white and Negro I. Q. scores. Dozens of newspapers and magazines find this article "inflammatory" and "incendiary." In the staid, academic pages of the *Harvard Educational Review*, various scholars and educators term his article "mischievous" and "unforgivable" and label him a "high priest of racism." At Berkeley, his office is picketed by the SDS, black students try to disrupt his classes and his safety is threatened via mail and phone.

- In October 1969, physicist William Shockley, of Stanford University, arises to deliver an address to a National Academy of Sciences meeting held at Dartmouth College. Shockley, a Nobel Prize winner as coinventor of the transistor, wants the academy to support research on the inheritance of intelligence. As soon as he is introduced, some 40 Negro students begin clapping loudly—and keep it up for 90 minutes, until Shockley and the administrative staff call the meeting off.

- A militant social-reform group named American Psychologists for Social Action circulates an anti-Jensen, anti-I. Q.-testing petition. One of the more vocal members of the organization, Dr. Martin Deutsch, of New York University, tells me: "There's no scientific definition of intelligence at this time. It's a convenient label for certain kinds of behavior; but I suspect that, in actual fact, the thing itself doesn't really exist."

Intelligence doesn't exist? What's he talking about? Don't we all *know* it exists? Even when we were children, we could tell which kids around us were smart and which were dumb. As adults, we have a fair idea, after a few minutes of conversation, whether a new acquaintance is bright or stupid and, after spending some time with any person, we *know* which he is. But our everyday experiences of intelligence do not tell us exactly what it is; they do not even prove its existence.

However, we have more than everyday experiences to go by; indeed, in the past 66 years, no subject in all of psychology has been so extensively researched and put to practical use as has intelligence. Each year, millions of I. Q. tests are given to school children, college students, draftees and job applicants. Articles, monographs and books on new research in intelligence appear at the rate of one a day. Current research concerns a wide variety of topics: the development of many new kinds of tests; the relationship of intelligence scores to social class, to ethnic origins, to the time and place of testing and even to the sex of the tester; the chemistry of the brain; problem-solving ability in pigeons, rats, cats, dogs, WASPs and Negroes; and such arcana as the representation of







the structure of intellect by a three-dimensional matrix. Dr. Deutsch must be wrong; some of these people must know *something* about the subject.

And they do; the trouble is that they disagree about the meaning of most of what they know. Incompatible theories of intelligence exist in embarrassing profusion. The oldest was formulated half a century ago by English psychologist Charles Spearman, who noted that many mental abilities are statistically correlated: A person who does well in vocabulary is likely to do well in arithmetic, pencil-and-paper mazes and so on; a person who does poorly in one of them is likely to do poorly in the others. To Spearman, this clearly suggested that an unseen general intelligence, or *g*, lay behind the various specific abilities, or *s*'s, and made all the scores go one way or the other. But what was *g* itself? Spearman could only suggest that it was the ability to perceive relationships or connections between things.

Most psychologists accepted *g* as a reality; a number of them, in fact, set about improving upon, and complicating, Spearman's basic theory. Louis Thurstone, of the University of Chicago, an authority on intelligence, and others found "group factors" common to bunches of *s*'s—higher than *s*'s, but still subordinate to *g*. Raymond Cattell, now with the University of Illinois, and various others found not one but two kinds of *g*; one provides the brain power for routine learned abilities such as vocabulary, another provides the brain power for less teachable and more complex abilities such as abstract reasoning. Some psychologists eventually decided that *g* doesn't really explain anything and that the theory might as well be junked. J. P. Guilford and his students at the University of Southern California identified many highly specialized mental abilities—more than 80, at last count—and organized them into a kind of three-dimensional structure, in which all are of equal merit and there is no overriding unseen "pure" intelligence. The brilliant Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget has, meanwhile, ignored practically the entire business of *g*, *s*, I. Q. and testing; instead, he has studied intelligence as a living, growing thing and described its functions in the various stages of the mind's development.

Those are some of the theories at the present time. Each answers some questions, raises others, ignores yet others. But not all is chaos. There are two distinct sides in the intelligence war and, on nearly every debated issue, psychologists are in one camp or the other. The two are those old classic opposites, nature versus nurture, heredity versus environment, instinct versus experience—the very same polarization of views that exists in the field of animal-behavior studies, between the instinct-oriented ethologists and the developmentalists. (See *Man and Beast*, PLAYBOY, July 1970.)

Hereditarians think that intelligence is essentially based on the individual's brain structure and chemistry, and hence is largely predetermined by his genetic make-up. Environmentalists think intelligence consists primarily of acquired or learned abilities to understand, to think and to solve problems; they consider it largely determined by experience.

Many adherents of one side or the other, however, are repelled by the company they find themselves in: hereditarians by racists who maintain that the Negro is an inferior species of human being; environmentalists by those liberals who refuse even to consider genetic knowledge. As a result, psychologists often equivocate. One distinguished member of this discipline, who publicly is a convinced environmentalist, privately told me, "Arthur Jensen has done us a real service—we needed to pin down the genetic contribution." But Jensen himself, having argued at great length in print that racial I. Q. differences are largely inherited, states that he has never labeled Negro intelligence "inferior."

Some hard facts do, nevertheless, exist and are generally accepted. They are nearly all derived from I. Q. testing; for despite its limitations, it is still the only means we have of measuring intelligence. To date, no one has observed the actual phenomenon of thought taking place in the brain, nor seen any record of its having occurred. Physiologists know a

fair amount about the brain—that it weighs about three pounds in the adult; that thought takes place in the cortex, a paint-thin outer layer of gray matter consisting of some 12 billion nerve cells, or neurons; that each neuron is almost, but not completely, connected to many other neurons at contact points called synapses; and that remembering, learning and problem solving involve the transmission of electrical impulses through the cells. At present, it is thought that the cell, when excited, produces a chemical, acetylcholine, that permits the electrical impulse to pass across the gap at the synapse to the next cell, exciting it, in turn; the moment the message has passed, however, another chemical, cholinesterase, destroys the acetylcholine and ends the transmission—all this within 4/10,000ths of a second.

A group of researchers at the University of California at Berkeley have been rearing bright rats and stupid rats, chopping off their heads and chemically analyzing their brains—and finding different ratios of acetylcholine to cholinesterase in the brains of the two strains. It may be that one ratio makes for faster transmission than the other: that is, faster thinking. But this still leaves many questions unanswered. Where and how is information stored and how is it drawn upon in the thinking process? Why are some men superb thinkers in some areas, such as music and mathematics, but not in others? Why have we never found any indication, under the microscope, of the "memory trace"—the record of permanent change due to learning or experience? Why is there no perceptible difference between the neurons of a genius and those of an idiot, those of the learned man and of the ignoramus, those of the dominant (operative) half of the brain and of the subordinate (unused) half?

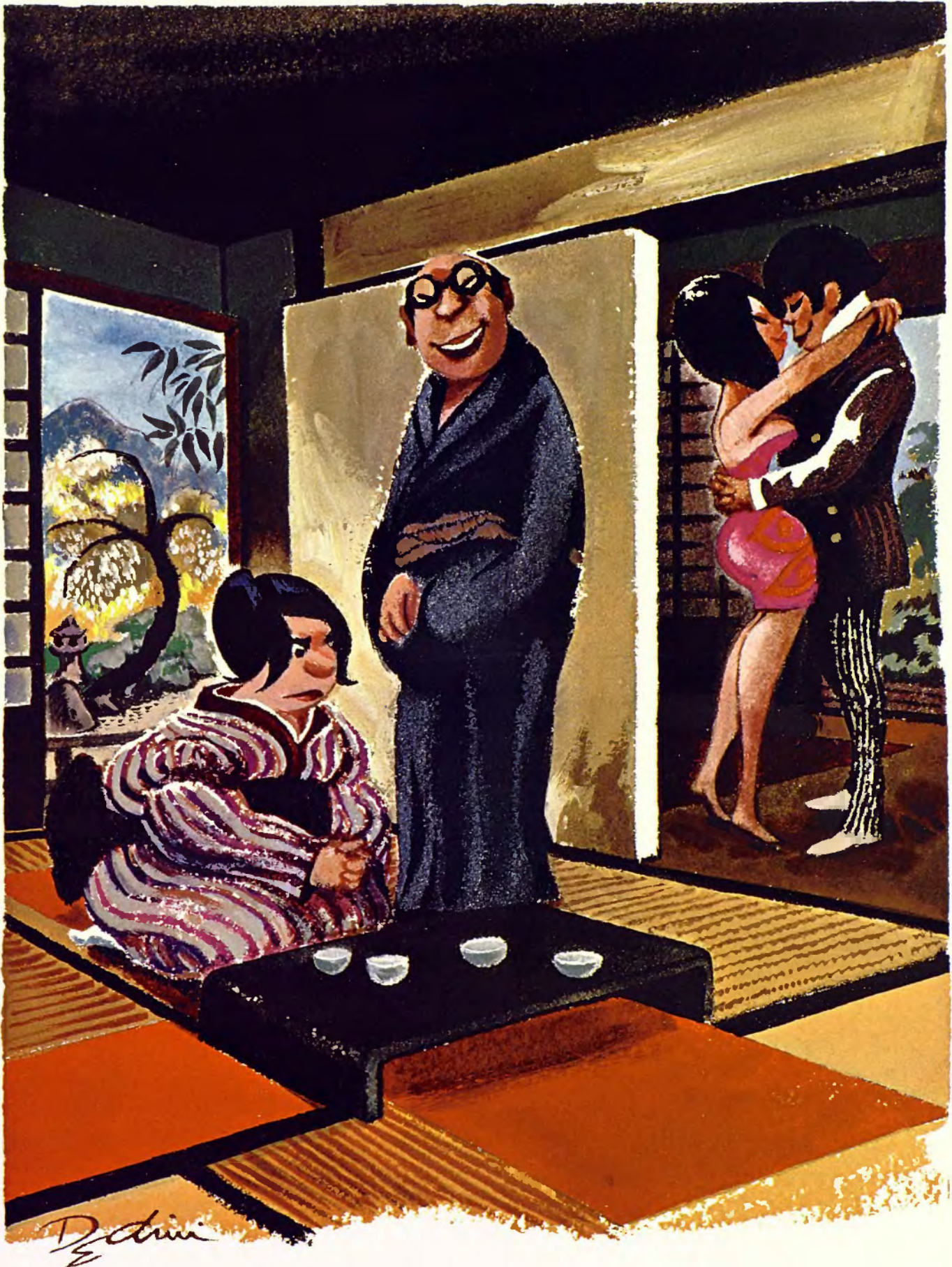
But if we cannot yet observe intelligence directly, at least we can observe its effects in the form of intelligent behavior. This is why testing has been the principal source of information on the subject. It began 66 years ago, when the Ministry of Public Instruction in Paris commissioned psychologist Alfred Binet to design a test that would identify in advance the children who lacked the capacity to follow the regular curriculum and who should, therefore, be put in special schools. Binet's test consisted of numerous tasks and questions that graded those perceptual, verbal, arithmetical and reasoning abilities necessary for success in school; yet, it seemed obvious to him, and to most other psychologists, that he was measuring not only achievement but over-all intelligence.

Known in its various American revisions as the Stanford-Binet, it is still the most widely used individual intelligence test, although there are at least 40 others in print, including the well-known Wechsler-Bellevue test. All of them, however, are unsuited to large-scale use because they have to be given to one person at a time. Group tests, therefore, in which the subjects read questions to themselves and check off multiple-choice answers, have become a big business; there are close to 200 of them in print, with the Otis-Lennon Mental Ability Test (used in many schools) and the Armed Forces Qualification Test the best-known.

Originally, Binet scored each tested child as to his mental age, depending on how far the child got in the test compared with other children. But since a bright child might have a mental age of ten when he was only eight—and a dull one a mental age of ten when he was chronologically 12—the important figure was the *ratio* between mental age and chronological age; this ratio was his intelligence quotient, or I. Q. For the bright eight-year-old, it would be  $\frac{10}{8}$  (x 100 to get rid of decimals), or 125; for the dull 12-year-old, it would be  $\frac{10}{12}$  x 100, or about 83.

The tasks in all I. Q. tests are arranged in the order of their increasing difficulty. In the Stanford-Binet, for instance, three-year-olds are asked to do simple things such as building a bridge with three blocks or copying a circle. The four-year-old begins to get simple verbal and reasoning problems, such as "Why do we have cars?" or "Father is a man, mother is a \_\_\_\_\_." The ten-year-old, in the (continued on page 106)





*"Don't worry about the kid. Every boy has to sow some wild rice."*



# new-fi

*a sound appraisal of ear-worthy innovations to heighten the pleasures of stereo*

IN THIS AGE of affluent overkill, most American industries seem to operate on the premise that each year's model has to be bigger and better—and more expensive. Fortunately, the high-fidelity business remains a maverick. Though it never ignores the top of the line, where price is seldom an objection, it is one of the few industries that year after year offers a consistently better (and usually lighter and smaller) product for less—despite inflation, increased costs and the firmly ingrained belief that it's the American Way to charge whatever the traffic will bear. By way of improvements, in recent years the industry has adapted transistors for use in tuners and amplifiers, improved the operation and increased the number of control features, and chipped away at distortion levels. It currently turns out stereo receivers that cost less and deliver better

performance than some of the top-rated amplifying systems of just a few years back. But progress, though steady, brought nothing dramatically new—nothing that would make you perk up your educated ears. Nothing, that is, until the Los Angeles hi-fi show of October 1969, when Scott, Telex/Viking, Crown International and a number of others introduced four-channel—quadriphonic—stereo. At the time, some authorities regarded this development as important as that of stereo itself; others felt that it was vastly overrated. Now, 16 months later, more manufacturers four-channel—quadriphonic revolution and a number of prerecorded-tape manufacturers are turning out four-channel equipment; as a result, the handwriting is on all four walls. Four-channel stereo is not only here





Opposite page, left to right, top to bottom: Model TC-854-4 three-motor Quadradiol tape recorder both records and plays back in four-channel stereo, has a vari-speed pitch control, four VU meters and a headphone switch for listening to front- or rear-channel stereo, by Sony/Superscope, \$1395. Model 729A Acousta-Voicette Stereo Equalizer connects to hi-fi system and re-creates original acoustic environment of recording hall, by Altec Lansing, \$799 including installation. Model WS-80 omnidirectional speaker with 8-inch woofer, 5¼-inch midrange and 3-inch tweeter, disperses sound in complete circle for perfect stereo separation, by Fisher, about \$200 a pair. Model 100 Noise Reduction Unit, designed to operate as a separate component, incorporates the Dolby-system circuits and can be used with any recorder on the market, reduces hiss and other noise inherent in the tape-recording process without changing the musical integrity of the recorded signal, by Advent, \$250. Model C28 preamplifier, touted as the world's quietest, accommodates up to three tape machines, by McIntosh, \$528 with walnut cabinet as shown. Below: Concept 2000 two-speed (33½ and 45 rpm) manual turntable/tonerarm combination is mounted on a transparent-Plexiglas base and a black-Plexiglas deck plate, features a tricept system that supports both 7- and 12-inch records at the center and at three points near their circumference; the tonearm is supported by a single vertical pivot post and comes with a pedestal-mounted stylus brush and a record brush; the turntable is mounted on adjustable feet for easy leveling, by Revox, about \$300.

Below, top to bottom: Model 333X recorder includes record and playback for reel-to-reel stereo and mono, 8-track stereo cartridges and 4-track stereo cassettes; offers transfer from reel to cartridge and from reel to cassette, as well as from any auxiliary source, such as a tuner; comes with two built-in speakers and two VU meters, by Colifone/Roberts, \$559.95. Model KC-6060A solid-state audio/lab scope tests incoming FM signals for precise tuning and strength of broadcast signal, enables correct placement of antenna for minimum multipath distortion, by Kenwood, \$219.95 including cabinet. Model 433 Digital Frequency Synthesizer FM Stereo Tuner operates on a digital readout system rather than a dial, offers manual station scanning (useful when a specific frequency is known), automatic scanning (tunes in either mono or stereo broadcasts), automatic stereo scanning (stops only on stereo broadcasts) and card-programmed tuning (programed punch card automatically brings in desired frequency), by H. H. Scott, \$599.95.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



to stay, it will dominate the scene in the years to come.

Basically, quadraphonic stereo is two times conventional stereo. To the existing front left and right channels are added rear left and right channels, each carrying a different audio signal. In effect, the natural acoustics of the recording hall are virtually duplicated and the sense of reality is heightened; you not only hear the natural placement of the instruments but, aurally speaking, you are in the hall where the recording was made.

But while we're among the first to admit that four-channel stereo is here to stay, the change-over from conventional stereo to quadraphony is going to take a few years, as did the change-over from mono to stereo. The FCC has to make some decisions on the transmission end (K101-FM, of San Francisco, has been given approval to begin experimental broadcasting in four-channel—the first solo station to do so—but there are at least four different broadcast techniques being considered); and record companies have to agree on recording techniques, as do cassette-tape producers. But four-channel reel-to-reel tapes have been somewhat standardized already and it's in this area that most of the experimentation and product development have taken place.

One of the more recent results to come out of all this research has been what is termed synthesized four-channel. This is a technique in which the standard two stereo channels are fed into an amplifier and then electronically converted to four channels. Although it isn't strictly four separate channels, surprisingly good results have been obtained. Both Sansui and Harman-Kardon have such synthesizers on the market and others are following suit as an interim step prior to the total development and standardization of true four-channel stereo. Marantz is reported to be working on a four-channel receiver, as well as a synthesizer, and the Victor Company of Japan (JVC in the States) has indicated that its entire line will soon be quadraphonic oriented, so that the electronics necessary for four-channel operation can be added by plug-in modules or circuit boards. Top-of-the-line tuners and receivers from a number of other companies will also have provisions for conversion, so that they can receive four-channel broadcasts, once the FCC has approved a system.

Perhaps the most dramatic development of all has been the recent announcement by JVC that it has developed quadraphonic records. According to the vice-president in charge of engineering, one groove will contain the sound necessary for four separate channels. The records will be completely compatible

with present-day equipment, though only for stereo effect, not four-channel. In turn, equipment designed to play the four-channel records could also play regular stereo records. JVC's records, decoder and cartridge are currently being evaluated by American record companies, and four-channel discs may be available far sooner than anybody thought—and the success of the quadraphonic revolution will be assured.

Most of the quadraphonic activity, as we've noted, is in the open-reel area and Roberts, Ampex, Sony/Superscope and Astrocom/Marlux, in addition to Teac, Crown and Telex, have decks on the market that are quadraphonic/conventional-stereo compatible.

An example of what's available is Sony/Superscope's four-channel Model 854-4, which carries a price tag of \$1395. This tape deck has speeds of  $3\frac{3}{4}$ ,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and 15 ips and features a servo-drive motor and dual capstan drive for precise speed control. The 854-4 can, of course, record and play back four-channel open-reel tapes, more releases of which are being announced each month.

Another noteworthy tape recorder is Roberts' Model 333X, which, while not a four-channel model, features open-reel, cartridge and cassette capabilities all in the same unit. The 333X allows the user to record his choice of format from any external source or to convert open-reel tapes to either of the compact formats. The 333X, which is a complete recorder, not a deck, lists for \$559.95.

Not all of this year's innovations are in tape recorders, of course. Fisher's new four-channel AM/stereo FM receiver, the Model 701, includes delay lines to derive the rear two channels from standard stereo input (it will also handle four separate channels), \$699.95, while Scott has a four-channel integrated amplifier, the Model 499, which delivers 35 watts per channel RMS and is available at \$599.95. The amplifier field is rounded out by McIntosh, which is offering a preamplifier that includes a number of unique and useful features. The Model C-28, according to Mac, offers the lowest signal-to-noise ratio of any unit to date. Among other features are a built-in 8-ohm headphone amplifier and front-panel switching of main and remote speakers through an accessory switching relay. Also on front-panel display are push-button controls for dual tape-recorder facilities. This preamplifier, which retails for \$499, allows you to copy from one tape to another, while listening to yet another source (tuner, turntable, etc.) over your speakers.

One of those sources just might be the Concept 2000 turntable, from Revox. A two-speed ( $33\frac{1}{3}$ , 45 rpm) turntable/ tonearm combination, with a transparent-plastic base and black-plastic deck plate, the turntable has no regular platter but

supports a record at its center and at three points near its circumference. There are also a continuously variable-speed adjustment and illuminated strobe markings for precise speed control; turntable speeds are switched electrically. A spirit level mounted on the deck plate aids in leveling the unit. Price tag for this latest in see-through sound: around \$300.

Equally futuristic is Scott's Model 433 Digital Tuner, a unit that goes far beyond what its name implies; it has a good deal more going for it than just a digital readout system instead of a station dial. As a matter of fact, there are no dials on the Model 433 at all. To operate this tuner, a prepunched program card (a complete set for all frequencies is supplied) is inserted into a slot on the front of the unit, which then automatically tunes to the desired frequency. To change stations manually, you depress a button that triggers the tuning-computer network and brings in the next frequency, digitally indicating it on the front of the unit. As long as the button is depressed, the tuner will continue to change frequencies—always, of course, in the same direction. The length of time the Model 433 will pause on a frequency while the station-selector button is depressed can be varied. The tuner is expected to retail for around \$600.

Switching emphasis from the receiving and amplifying aspects of your system to the playback, Fisher has introduced a variation on the omnidirectional type of speaker with its WS-80 system—the WS standing for wide surround. Placement of the WS-80 can be anywhere in the room, without the quality of the sound being affected. The speaker cabinet is rectangular, with a tabletop surface across half the top and an upward-pointing woofer, mid-range and tweeter occupying the other half. The woofer and tweeter disperse sound up and out in a 360-degree circle. Sound from the mid-range speaker is deflected by the tweeter cone and also dispersed in a circle. The WS-80, with its 8-inch woofer, retails for \$99.95.

California's James B. Lansing has also introduced a new type of speaker system with its Aquarius line. These speakers produce an extremely diffuse, reflected sound that creates a spatial illusion. The sound appears to be coming from an imaginary area behind the speaker system itself, even when units are placed directly against the wall. Since the reflecting panels are actually part of the system, the speakers can be free-standing as well. Like the Fisher WS-80, the quality of the sound they produce is not dependent on their position in the room. Ultra-modern in appearance and available in several colors (as well as in oiled walnut).

(concluded on page 185)





# BRINGING RUSSIA TO HER KNEES

humor By U.S. REPRESENTATIVE THOMAS REES

*a california democrat laments the chance we missed to sabotage the soviets*

I'M AFRAID I have some shocking news to report. It pains me, as a Congressman, to criticize my fellow House members, but someone must let the public know how this august body missed its chance to bring Soviet Russia to her knees, to win the Cold War without sending American boys to fight anywhere—simply by extending a line of credit to the Fiat automobile company for \$50,000,000. Because the money would have been paid back with interest, we could have turned a profit, in the best capitalist tradition, while saving the world from communism; but Congressional shortsightedness has thwarted this opportunity to rip down

the iron curtain and toss it into an American junk yard.

To explain what happened, I must go back in time to a phone call I received:

"Congressman, as a member of the International Trade Subcommittee, how would you like to visit Russia and eastern Europe after Thanksgiving?" It was Paul Nelson, staff director of the House Banking and Currency Committee, of which I am a member, calling me at my Los Angeles office from Washington.

Like any dedicated legislator, I replied. "Aren't there any banking problems in Bermuda or Tahiti that need investigating?" I'd had a difficult re-

election campaign and was in need of rest. Besides, I would much rather have been with my family in California through Christmas. But a week later, I accepted. I mean, who gets a free trip to Russia in December except Louis Armstrong, William Buckley or members of an invading army? Let the older Congressmen, encrusted with seniority, explore Bimini, Hong Kong and Rio de Janeiro—I would do my duty in Moscow.

I picked up my briefing book and passport in New York between flights. And on the plane to Rome, I learned the details of this diabolically clever plan. On the (continued on page 176)





# The Statue

*a pubic-spirited film in which david niven as a nobel prize winner turned private eye searches for a male member of the cast who posed for the cast of a male member*

A DECADE AGO—it seems almost like ten light-years—movie sex spoofs always seemed to star Doris Day as the virginal career girl who invariably headed off Rock Hudson's pass. The sex farces of the Seventies promise to treat the same subject far more candidly—and graphically. As if to offer proof of this premise, Cinerama will shortly release *The Statue*, a none-too-serious, one-tracked sex romp that simply could not have been made in the early Sixties. In his 83rd movie, Oscar winner David Niven portrays Alex Bolt, a "glottologist" who, at the start of the film, has invented a universal language that he calls, appropriately enough, Unispeak. For his efforts, Bolt is awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and is to be additionally honored by a statue of

himself that will stand outside the American embassy in London. Fittingly enough, our ambassador—played by erstwhile *Man from U. N. C. L. E.* Robert Vaughn—commissions the glottologist's equally respected sculptress wife to create her husband's likeness. Rhonda Bolt, portrayed by voluptuous Virna Lisi, produces what turns out to be the real star of the show: an 18-foot-high marble statue of Niven in the nude. (Actually sculpted by a team of Italian artists, the statue weighs 500 pounds and, during filming, was secreted in a specially guarded room at Rome's Cinecitta studios, where part of this English-American coproduction was shot.) Although Bolt is at first flattered by the painstaking artistry of his wife's labors, he notices on closer examination that

As Alex Bolt, David Niven seeks out the model for the genitalia on a statue of himself (top left) sculpted by his wife. Below, Niven relaxes on a bordello set; in the movie, Bolt bribes the madam to let him watch the girls at work—in hopes of uncovering the stand-in.





not every feature of the statue seems to be modeled after his own. Specifically, Bolt becomes more than mildly upset when, after checking out the statue and himself, he concludes that his wife has fashioned the private parts of the statue's anatomy (parts he refers to as "Charley") after another man—with whom she, presumably, has had more than casual relations. When Bolt confronts his wife on this score, she not only heatedly denies the accusation but also offers to prove her devotion to Bolt by inviting him to make love to her then and there. The glottologist decides to go along with her wish, but, much to his dismay, discovers he's become so obsessed by the thought of his mate committing adultery that he can no longer function in bed.

Bolt comes to the conclusion (the best he can do under the circumstances) that all will be well once he discovers the identity of the male model—and also whether or not his wife has been unfaithful. To aid in his investigation, he gets from the housekeeper a list of all the men who have visited his wife's studio in the past year, and begins running down every suspect. One of his sojourns takes him to an English rock musical where, during the finale, the cast—and members of the audience—strips onstage, giving Bolt the chance to inspect the show's leading man. Sorry, old man. He next travels to Rome, where, aside from encountering some smashing *signorine*, his sortie meets with equal failure. Next, he tracks down an artist with insatiable

sexual appetites whom, he has reason to believe, Miss Lisi may have satisfied more than once. Bolt finally finds his man secreted in a monastery and gets him out in the open, so to speak. But after photographing the painter's "Charley," he sees he's come up again with the wrong man. Bolt's search for Superstud takes him to France, to yachts in the Aegean and finally back to Italy, where he unveils the solution to the mystery, much to his and—the producers hope—the audience's satisfaction. It's all done with tongue planted firmly in cheek and plot planted firmly in the burlesque-black-out genre. About the only offcolor sight gag or innuendo overlooked by director Rod Amateau was to give his picture the title it really deserved: *Where's Charley?*

In addition to starring with Virna Lisi in the film, Niven shares the screen with a number of well-wrought young actresses. Two of the comeliest are blonde Katerina Litfeldt and Veronica Gardnier (below left), both of whom are featured as Greek ladies of easy virtue. Below right, Niven mugs between takes with stylish 18-year-old Eva St. Laurent, an English fashion model, who makes her film debut in *The Statue*.







Aboard a yacht, Niven's secretary, a clothed Ann Bell, manages to convince party-minded passengers to strip for some intimate games people play.



To get a suspected artist to expose himself, Niven hires two Greek prostitutes, who are delivered by helicopter to the painter's retreat.







One of Niven's leading suspects is a rock singer who's starring in a raucous English musical, which bears a resemblance to *Hair* (left and above).



At the conclusion of the show, the cast and members of the audience strip onstage—giving Niven an opportunity to photograph his man.





**PLAYBOY GUIDE TO INTELLIGENCE**

(continued from page 96)

Otis-Lennon test, has to do much more advanced reasoning, involving questions such as this:

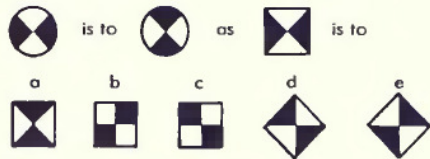
The opposite of *easy* is:  
hard slow tiresome simple short

or this:

Which number should come next in this series?

2 3 5 6 8 9 ?

or this:



REPRODUCED FROM OTIS-LENNON MENTAL ABILITY TEST. COPYRIGHT © 1967 BY HARDCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIICH, INC. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION.

Questions for teenagers and adults are, naturally, even harder and call upon anywhere from seven different mental abilities to scores of them. In The Psychological Corporation's Multi-Aptitude Test, which is much like other tests of general intelligence, there are, for instance, items testing verbal ability, such as:

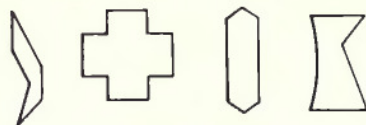
What word means most nearly the same as *IMBUE*:  
distort refute abstain inoculate allege

Others deal with quantitative (arithmetic) reasoning, such as:

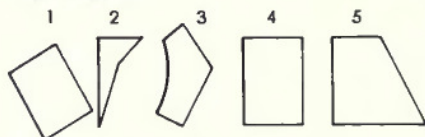
Find the rule according to which this number series is formed, and write the next *two* numbers of the series:  
5 -7 10 -14 19 -25 — —

Still others deal with abstract reasoning, such as:

These four figures are alike in some way:



Which one of these five goes with the four above?



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("Inoculate" comes closest in meaning to imbue; the rule for the number series is—the difference gets larger by one each time, but also the sign changes every other time, hence the last two numbers are 32 and -40; figure 3 is the only one that goes with the set of four because it alone has more than four angles.)

Using various I. Q. tests, psychologists have learned that intelligence is "normally" distributed in the general population—that is, the great majority of people have I. Q.s of 100, give or take a few points. More than two thirds have I. Q.s between 85 and 115; less than three percent score under 70 and less than three percent score 130 or above. The former are the mentally retarded; the latter are the gifted.

Such statistics are helpful as guides to planning the size of the school system, institutions for the mentally retarded, manpower needs and the like. More important, they enable us to ask what makes for intelligence; for when we find out what kinds of people are at the upper end and at the lower end of the I. Q. curve, we may begin looking for cause-and-effect relationships. For instance, most of the people at the high end are in the higher socioeconomic strata of society and most of those at the low end are in lower and impoverished ones. Hereditarians, by and large, think that intelligent persons make their way to the upper levels, unintelligent ones remain behind or sink in the scale. Environmentalists feel that children of poverty—and especially of minority groups—never have a chance to develop their intelligence and that, moreover, I. Q. tests are built on middle-class values and do not give a fair picture of the talents of the poor.

Equally indisputable are facts about the average I. Q. of various ethnic groups—and equally moot are the explanations offered. Scots in the British Isles and Jews in America have higher average I. Q.s than the populations around them (Jews, for instance, run five to eight I. Q. points above the average of non-Jews in their same social and economic positions). Americans of northern-European origin average somewhat higher than those of southern-European origin. Oriental children, in some West Coast school surveys, come out consistently higher than white children. Why? Innate superiority? Social factors making for greater striving? The particular cultural tradition or kind of family life in which the child is reared? Every possible view has some adherents and some supporting data.

I. Q. is, as might be expected, as good a predictor of success in life as it is in school. The distinguished psychologist Lewis Terman followed a number of highly gifted children through decades of their lives; as a group, they turned out to be uncommonly successful in terms of career, social position, creative output, health, marriage and similar criteria. More generally, people with high I. Q.s

tend to have careers of high social status and, indeed, careers that tend to require high I. Q.s: Ph.D.s have a median I. Q. close to 140; accountants, 128; lawyers, 127; salesmen and managers of retail stores, 116; auto mechanics, 102; farmers, 94; and teamsters, 89. (These are only averages; some farmers have scored as high as 147, some accountants as low as 94.)

The field of intelligence studies is full of curiosities of this sort. Here is a sampling:

- Despite all the clichés concerning the mental dullness of the criminal population, it seems to have about the same intelligence as the population at large.

- Males are consistently more intelligent than females, but only by a negligible amount—and only beyond the onset of adolescence; in childhood, girls score slightly higher than boys. In adulthood, though women score a little lower overall, they definitely surpass men in vocabulary and verbal fluency as well as straight memory; men are superior in arithmetical reasoning, mechanical aptitude and spatial relationships.

- Leadership among children, and probably among adults, is correlated with high I. Q., but only up to a point. When a person is 30 or more points brighter than most of the people in his group, he does not become a leader; it's anybody's guess why not. (There have been notable exceptions, however; Jefferson was evidently a highly intelligent man, and so were Churchill and Woodrow Wilson, among others.)

- Of all the measured similarities between man and wife, such as economic background, education and the like, the highest correlation is that of intelligence; spouses are even more alike in intelligence than brothers and sisters. Love evidently can't grow or survive where one lover is painfully dumb, or the other objectionably smart.

- The first-born child in a family is likely to be brighter than the last-born child by a little over three points. The difference could be due to the better intra-uterine or other biological advantages of being first in line; it might, however, be due to the greater attention and training first-borns get from their parents.

- Not all children of high-I. Q. parents are bright and not all children of low-I. Q. parents are dumb; in fact, on the average, children are part way between their parents' level and the average of the whole population.

- Creativity is not an automatic accompaniment of high I. Q.; in fact, some creative people have modest I. Q.s. A high I. Q. is essential for creativity in nuclear physics, mathematics and architecture; but numerous studies have shown that among painters, sculptors

(continued on page 191)





Sokol

*"How long do you think it will take us to  
wipe that smug look off his puss?"*



# HISTORIES OF THE FUTURE

**L**ET US CONSIDER one scenario: It is October 1971. There are fewer American soldiers in Vietnam now, only about 225,000, and fewer casualties, too—about 25 a week. But still the war continues. It has continued despite the American incursion into Cambodia in the spring of 1970 to wipe out enemy sanctuaries. It has continued despite the American incursion into Laos in the spring of 1971 to wipe out enemy sanctuaries. "They don't know when they're licked," the Secretary of Defense observes of the enemy that summer. "They're dead, but they won't lie down."

And the American people wait, patiently, grimly, wearily. The invasion of Cambodia had led to marches on Washington, demonstrations on college campuses, killings at Kent State. The invasion of Laos a year later produced a desultory, almost perfunctory, response. Protest goes through its motions, but only a few thousand marchers arrive in Washington, drift glumly around the Mall and go away. Nor does the Get Behind America rally at Madison Square Garden in New York do better; the Reverend Carl McIntire addresses a few hundred of the faithful, while acres of empty seats stretch into the distance. It is as if the nation has been drained of its capacity for emotion over Vietnam, as if the people are fatalistically resigned to a seemingly endless war.

Now, in late 1971, the Joint Chiefs of Staff present an urgent and unanimous recommendation. They propose a resumption of sustained bombing in North Vietnam in order to destroy supply and reinforcement trails, ammunition dumps, rice silos and, it is hoped, the secret enemy command headquarters. "These will be surgical strikes," the J. C. S. chairman assures the President. "We have pinpointed the targets; they're all military objectives and we can't miss. We'll keep at it till they drop."

The President consults his advisors. They remind him how much less protest there was over Laos in 1971 than over Cambodia in 1970. "The country is beginning to get our game plan," says the Attorney General in his bluff, no-nonsense way. "The kooks and the long-hairs may rave for a couple of days, but results are what count for real Americans. After a couple of weeks of this, those fellows in Paris will be on their knees, whimpering

for negotiation." The President's National Security Advisor demurs. "What about Moscow?" he asks. "What about Peking?"

"Don't worry, Henry," the Attorney General replies jovially. "The only thing the Commies respect is power."

A week later, Americans opening their morning papers read that, in an elaborately synchronized operation, American planes and ships are raining high explosives on selected strong points in North Vietnam. At noon, the President goes on national television. "Our action," he says, "is strictly limited and strictly defensive. Let there be no doubt about that. We do not invade the territory of North Vietnam. We do not threaten the independence of North Vietnam. All we seek to do is to stop North Vietnam's aggression against its neighbors. All we seek to do is to bring the negotiations in Paris to a rapid and successful conclusion. All we seek to do is to bring this war to an end—and we will never be able to do

that if the other side continues to regard America as a pitiful, helpless giant. All we seek is peace."

He continues: "I could have done the easy thing, the popular thing. I could have let the ground war drag endlessly on—in South Vietnam, in Cambodia, in Laos. I could have watched from the side lines, while our boys are shot from ambush and murdered by booby traps. But I know that the American people want their President to think not of himself and his re-election but of the safety of our fighting men and the honor of the republic. So, at whatever cost to my own political future, I have ordered our planes to keep bombing North Vietnam until we achieve peace in the world."

That night, a Tass bulletin reports that "volunteers" flying a squadron of the latest Soviet bombers have taken off for secret airfields in North Vietnam. From Hanoi, the correspondent of *Le Monde* of Paris cables





# THE PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR SPECULATES ON THE COURSE OF AMERICA—TOWARD TOTALITARIAN REPRESSION OR NATIONAL REGENERATION—AFTER THE LAST GI LEAVES VIETNAM

ARTICLE **By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.**

that American B-52s have obliterated 17 North Vietnamese villages in eight hours. The correspondent of the *Toronto Star* files a story, widely reprinted throughout the United States, describing in vivid language the incineration of women and children by napalm and the wholesale devastation of schools, factories and hospitals by American bombs.

Soon television films horrifyingly document the apparently aimless destruction. In the United States, the peace movement explodes into sudden life. A parade begins in New York with a few students carrying hand-painted signs—IMPEACH NIXON, BOMB THE PENTAGON and WE'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE—and, in two hours, more than 200,000 people join the march. Dynamite is discovered in the Federal Building in Boston; soldiers mutiny at Fort Bragg and, when their commanding officers direct their arrest, the MPs refuse to carry out the order. Nearly every campus in the country, including

General Beadle State Teachers College in South Dakota, goes out on strike. In Washington, Senators John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and George McGovern of South Dakota submit an amendment requiring immediate cessation of the bombing and shelling of North Vietnam and the total withdrawal of all American troops from Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia within 90 days.

In Peoria, Illinois, where he is receiving an award as Father of the Year from the chamber of commerce, the Vice-President attacks the Cooper-McGovern amendment. "Our nation," he says, "has had enough of this clamorous cacophony of cultured cowards. Let every patriot get behind the President and stand up for our nation in its moment of peril—and let the rotten apples face the righteous wrath of the people."

But in Washington, 12 Republican Senators, led by Aiken of Vermont and Smith of Maine, come out for the Cooper-McGovern amendment in a

mass press conference. Senator Hugh Scott, the Republican leader, goes to the Bethesda Naval Hospital, where his doctors say he requires total rest and can talk to no one.

The debate is bitter but short. A week later, the Senate passes the Cooper-McGovern amendment by a vote of 80-19. In the meantime, Soviet planes are in the air over North Vietnam; observers predict that, with a cover of North Vietnamese crews, they may soon start bombing the south. In Europe, East German troops mass around Berlin and, in the Middle East, the Egyptian air force, its ranks stiffened by Soviet advisors, bombs Tel Aviv. Letters pour into the House of Representatives denouncing the re-escalation of the Indochina war. Congressman Mendel Rivers staggers onto the floor to oppose Cooper-McGovern and, after an incoherent babble of words, collapses into his seat. The House passes the amendment by an astounding margin of 78.

White House spokesman Ron Ziegler summons an emergency press conference. "The President," he says, "deplores the decision of the Congress. But the Congress is exercising its constitutional authority to withhold funds from American boys fighting for freedom and the President feels he has no choice but to carry out the Congressional will. The war is over; America is suffering the first defeat in her history—a defeat inflicted not in Vietnam but in Washington." Speaking in Montgomery, Alabama, where he is receiving the Jefferson Davis medal from the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Vice-President declares: "This twittering tribe of torpid traitors has gone too far. I do not say that they are evil men, or disloyal men, or unpatriotic men. They are simply a sorority of simpering super-sophisticates and the people will not forgive them for what they have done today." And so, by Presidential directive, the American intervention in Indochina comes to an end.

In January 1972, the troopships begin to sail home. Some American units have to fight off South Vietnamese troops as they make their way to the ports. Arriving in San Francisco, Private Harold Earp of Red Face, Wyoming, electrifies the country in an interview on the Walter Cronkite (continued on page 186)









# HOME BODY

*in a rebellious age,  
nonconformist willy rey prefers  
the hearth to the barricades*

THOSE CONCERNED about the lack of communication between young and old will be heartened to know that 21-year-old Vancouverite Willy Rey, unlike some of her contemporaries, talks freely with her parents and actually digs life at home. "I've been close to my folks since we moved to Canada from the Netherlands. That adjustment really drew us together." Besides her preference for living under the parental roof, Willy has some strong opinions that campus radicals would regard as pure establishment. "Many of the activist groups are so fanatical," she feels, "that they ignore all reason in their desire for change." Though some of her peers might want to alter her views, we imagine few would disagree that the rest of Miss Rey should remain exactly as it is.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

A busy advertising model, Willy begins one of her rare days off with a leisurely hot bath.











Opposite page: Willy tries on a new outfit and, with a few dance steps in front of her bedroom mirror, gets a sneak preview of how it will look when she wears it to one of Vancouver's frenetic *discothèques*. "My ideal night out would have to include some dancing and there are a lot of good rock spots here." Whether she's dancing, enjoying the entertainment at The Cave—a local night club that regularly bills top U. S. singers and comedians—or simply strolling through one of the city's many parks, Willy prefers the company of a clean-cut male; in other words, no beards or long-hairs need apply. "Guys with long hair look effeminate to me," she states emphatically. "I want my dates to look like men." Above: Offering to share kitchen duty with her mother, Willy begins slicing an onion, only to fall victim to the chef's occupational hazard: tear-filled eyes. Despite such minor irritations, she often helps out at mealtime, cooking primarily meat-and-potatoes Canadian-American fare. Below, she joins her mother and father at the dinner table to sample her latest culinary creation. Their verdict: Delicious!





MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Teasing her pet, Whiskey, who is half German Shepherd and half Great Dane, Willy first gets his attention from inside and then opens the window, but not far enough for him to bound into the house. She and her parents also have a cat and, like their owners, the animals live together in harmony. Willy says she personally prefers dogs to cats, though she has to admit that "they both get to be a terrible nuisance at times." Below, relaxing on the couch, she shows her affection for the huge but lamb-gentle Whiskey.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The angry wife was waiting at the front door as the bedraggled husband staggered in at eight o'clock in the morning. "And how will you explain this?" she snapped.

"Well, after I called to tell you I was working late, I drove my secretary to her apartment and she invited me up for a nightcap," said the weary husband. "Then she began to get friendly and we finally decided to sleep together."

"Don't lie to me," snarled the wife. "You've been playing poker again."



A worried fellow entered the psychiatrist's office wearing love beads, bell-bottom pants and shoulder-length hair and smoking a joint. "You claim you're not a hippie," said the physician. "Then how do you explain the clothes, the hair and the pot?"

"Doctor," sighed the chap, "that's what I'm here to find out."

We know an aging ingénue who thinks the best way to keep her youth is never to introduce him to other girls.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex* as a mutual fun investment.

And, of course, you've heard about the horny Eskimo who visited an Anchorage brothel and requested a nose job.

Shortly before closing time, the bartender distributed checks to the few remaining drinkers. "What's this for?" snarled one angry fellow. "I already paid you for the drink."

Wishing to avoid a scene, the barkeeper politely said, "Excuse me, sir. My mistake."

Noticing the bartender's lack of resolve, the next chap also complained that he had already paid. Once again, the bartender apologized for the mistake. To the last customer, he dolefully explained how the previous two men had taken advantage of his courtesy.

"Well, everybody's got their troubles," said the sympathetic fellow. "Now, if you'll give me my change, I'll be on my way."

Did you and your boyfriend finally come to a decision about getting married?" asked the sorority sister.

"No," replied the unhappy coed. "We just went through the motions again."

Attending a class at the police academy, a rookie cop was asked the course of action he would take if an attractive girl complained about being attacked by a stranger. "First of all," he replied, "I'd reconstruct the crime."

A firebrand women's-lib activist was invited to speak at a teamsters' convention. Addressing the all-male audience, she declared, "Woman was the foundation of the American republic!"

"Maybe so," rumbled a voice from the back of the room, "but remember who laid the foundation."

Come over immediately," the old maid shrieked into the telephone. "A naked man is trying to climb into my apartment window."

"I'll transfer your call to the police department," the voice at the other end said. "This is the fire department."

"I know," came the impatient reply. "It's the fire department I'm after. We need a longer ladder."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as coming unscrewed.

After calling in one of the sisters for a chat, the priest asked, "What would you have been if you hadn't become a nun?"

"A prostitute," the nun replied.

The father fell back in his chair aghast and then, after regaining his composure, he repeated the question.

"A prostitute," the sister answered again.

"Oh, thank God," sighed the priest. "I thought you said a *Protestant*."



A bride-to-be, who had enjoyed a very swinging single life, visited her gynecologist and asked him for help in convincing her rather prudish fiancé that she was still a virgin. The quick-thinking doctor suggested transplanting an ear membrane to the young lady's vital area. Everything went fine on the wedding night; but, a few days later, the husband dropped by the physician's office. "Doctor," he complained, "there's something terribly wrong with my wife."

"Oh, what seems to be her problem?" asked the gynecologist nervously.

"Well," the chap replied, "whenever I talk to her, she lifts one leg and says, 'Huh?'"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard, 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.





*"Surely you jest!"*



**R**endering unto the Press: The first of two Billy Graham press conferences I attended took place in February 1970 at the Penn Garden Hotel, across the street from the new Madison Square Garden, and also across the street from a restaurant that has a tank full of live perch in its front window. After coming out of the press conference, I watched the fish for about an hour. There were maybe a dozen of them in the tank. I soon observed that most of them huddled fearfully in one corner, packed together like commuters. They barely moved. Two or three others swam around seignorially in an ill-defined middle ground occupying about one third to one half the tank.

The rest of the water—more than half the space allotted to these perch to live out their lives before being consumed by the perch-loving visitor to New York City—was in the possession of a single, large, powerful and ever-watchful perch with a strikingly pronounced jaw line.

The top perch's jaw line reminded me of Billy Graham's, which I had just spent an hour or so studying. In both cases, it is a singular peninsula, a jutting out, a thrusting forward that attests at once to the owner's power and tenacity and his willingness to use both in defense of his prerogatives. There the resemblance ends, however. The top perch has become deformed and ugly from his perpetual need to defend himself and his territory. His face is repulsive, his eyes are wary and the total effect is one of angry rigidity. Graham, on the other hand, is vigorous and comely. His face is clear. His eyes are not wary but open and receptive to encounter. The total effect is one of virile serenity.

The difference, of course, is that whereas the fish has to spend his every minute asserting himself and expending energy to save himself from all sorts of danger, Graham does not. Billy Graham is in no danger. He has been saved by a Higher Power. He can assert himself, not on his own behalf, but as the agent of an idea, a principle, a system. Consequently, he can relax; he is, in Max Weber's phrase, "an instrument of a god" and has nothing to fear but the horsemen of self-doubt: fear, guilt and shame.

This blessed assurance is precisely the quality he transmitted throughout the press conference. True, he has had years to acclimatize himself in this arena and it is not precisely like the Christians and the lions. But reporters can be relentless and, while they are not allowed to rend the flesh, they can certainly wound the spirit. But Billy Graham is very nearly invulnerable, except for the very few times when he feels the need to be less than perfectly candid. On those occasions, he is notably weakened.

Somebody, for example, asked him whether he didn't think that Spiro Agnew was doing the country less than a service by his caustic attacks on the young. Graham had to pause for an instant, in which a flush crept over his already well-tanned face. His eyes shifted and, for an instant, he seemed oddly indecisive. Then he remembered that he wasn't facing these reporters on his own behalf; he knew what he had been enjoined to render unto whom and if Spiro Agnew wasn't precisely Caesar, so what? Finally, Graham said he wouldn't comment on personalities (though he already had commented on several) and his face cleared and he invited the next question.

When the conference ended, I went up to Graham and introduced myself. He had just concluded a short, lively chat

with a pretty, dark-haired girl from *Time*, conducting himself in a manner I can only describe as sexless flirtation. We chatted a bit and I discovered that Graham in private discourse is friendly, responsive and alert. Everybody goes away from him liking him immensely and so did I. I had learned that Graham always called Mr. Nixon Dick, but now calls him Mr. President; that marijuana is not a hard drug but it lowers the resistance toward hard drugs; that the evangelist's eldest daughter, Gigi, made her decision for Christ at the age of five. That a son of his went to Stony Brook Prep School and never tried grass, whereas, in *his* youth, Billy Frank smoked a Camel and his dad gave him such a beating, he's never *wanted* a cigarette since. That Mrs. Ruth Graham, his wife, raised *their* children similarly, with a Bible in one hand and a hickory stick in the other. That this generation is more disturbed than previous ones, but that he "loves" them, and blames their problems on the older people.

When I indicated that I was interested in joining Graham for the New York crusade, which was scheduled for June 24–28, 1970, he said that would be just fine. He took me over to Bill Brown, the crusade director, and said to me, "Now, whenever you're ready, just contact Bill."

Late in May, I met Brown again and said I was ready. He gave me a copy of the authorized biography to read, a 1966 book, by John Pollock, which, according to the jacket, "meets the need for genuine biographical treatment."

Here I learned that William Franklin Graham, Jr., was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, on November 7, 1918. His father was a farmer who had experienced a religious conversion in early manhood. His mother was a distant relative of President James K. Polk. Billy was high-spirited; frequently, "off came his father's belt or out came his mother's long hickory switch." Not surprisingly, Billy recalls "a great sense of burden that I was a sinner before God and had a great fear of hell and judgment." At the age of 16, he attended a revival meeting in town and came under the spell of fiery evangelist Mordecai Ham. He came forward. He decided for Christ.

I found the book genuinely biographically edifying. I also enjoyed a May 26 meeting at Carnegie Hall that Bill Brown invited me to attend, at which Mrs. Graham spoke before a large throng of women in cotton dresses to below the knee. They had almost all arrived by buses chartered far away, in the unknown terminals of the Silent Majority and Righteous Path Coach Lines. Many, many, many of them looked like Pat Nixon. Their faces had an etched quality, as though they had been acted upon year after year without the owner's participation, shaped impersonally by impersonal forces, lacking crucial components of the self. The knowledge that they had been saved (and the subtler knowledge of what they had lost) came out in their faces as a mixture of resignation, resentment and pride.

Several speakers preceded Mrs. Graham, including an earnest young lady named Peggy, who assured everybody that "when you have a need, just say it. All of heaven goes into action." Then Bill Brown introduced the evangelist's wife: "It's just wonderful to see how God is using Ruth Graham."

Mrs. Graham's silver-gray hair was neatly coifed and swept up and sprayed. She had a bony face, with sunken eyes and a large mouth set in a permanent state of semismile, as well as a long, beautiful neck and a very strong jaw line. She presented herself as a typical parochial housewife (which she is) through a series of homely little anecdotes embodying the Message, like a stand-up comic for godliness, her (continued on page 134)

## Nearer, Silent Majority, To Thee

article By SAUL BRAUN *heaven's supersalesman billy graham leads an ever-growing flock in the unswerving belief that god, the flag and the president are an immutable trinity—and may the unwashed heathen be damned*





Gilbert L. Stone  
76





**A**s soon as the whine of the Boeing 707's four jet engines stops, the door opens and a man hurries down the steps, followed by a cluster of aides. They cross the ramp, still damp from a late-afternoon Washington shower, and enter a waiting helicopter. Lifted by whapping blades into the darkening skies over Andrews Air Force Base, the chopper heads northwest to land at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Air Force One (any Service) *(text continued on page 129)*

**SABRELINER:** The North American Rockwell jet, at left—a commercial sequel to the Sabrejet fighter—flies at altitudes up to 45,000 feet with a full complement of passengers.







**COMMODORE:** Israel Aircraft Industries builds this plane, shown at left landing with deceleration-aiding parachute billowing behind. The Commodore has been improved recently with the introduction of model 1123, a larger and more powerful business jet than its predecessor, the 1121.



# THE EXECUTIVE JET

*its unique ability to transport the corporate decision maker and his party to the most exotic corners of the globe comfortably, conveniently and swiftly makes the new breed of airborne offices one of today's business musts*

**LEARJET:** Among laymen, the Gates Learjet at right is probably the best-known exclusively business jet. Below, fast-moving executive gives a farewell performance after **HUGHES 500** 150-mph jet chopper has set him down at ready-far-take-off **BH 125**.







**DASH 9:** The West German-made Hansa is an easily identified flying object—shown, above left, soaring over the nighttime skyline of New York City—due to its uniquely designed wings, which make a 15-degree forward sweep.

**BH 125:** The passenger cabin, top right, in the Beechcraft Hawker jet (also shown in boarding stage on page 123) is a well-equipped office in the sky, as these meeting-bound execs demonstrate. While one dictates a letter, the other briefs himself for an upcoming conference by scanning his agenda. The BH 125's plush interior typifies that found in the modern executive jet.

Colors, elegant fabrics and accessories such as stereo recording systems are optional, depending on the buyer's needs—and his predilection for luxurious extras. Bottom right, the BH 125 cruises over a mountain range.

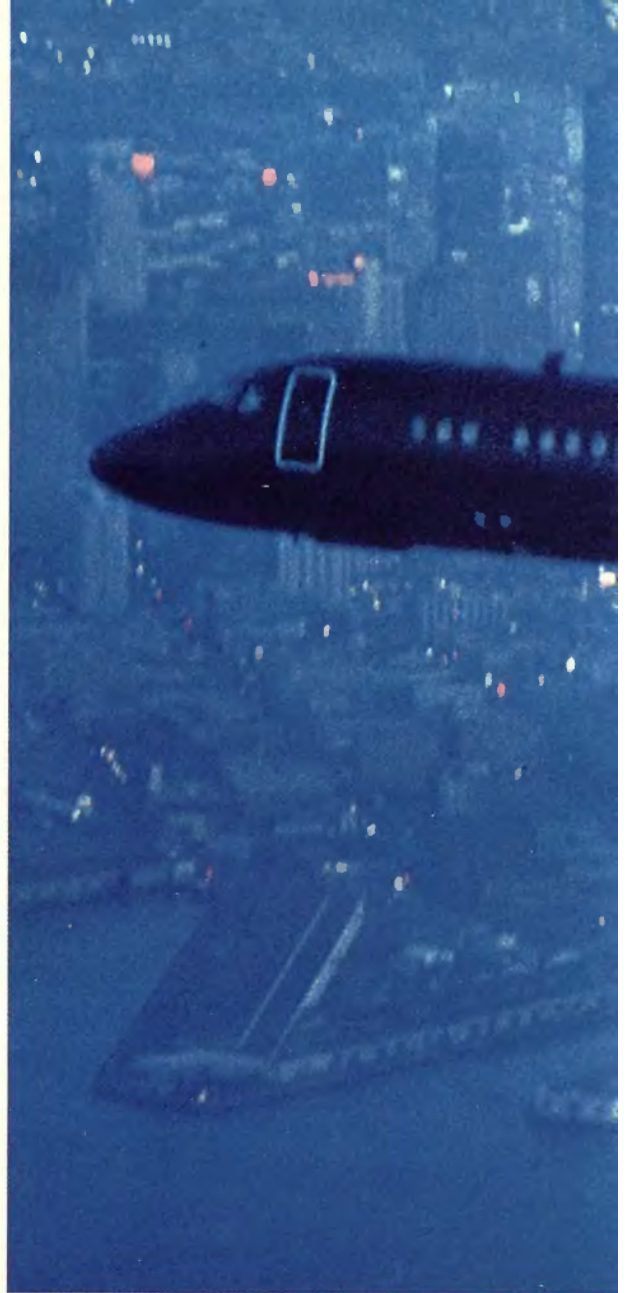
Inside the handsomely furnished Commodore, a quick-change act—from casual in-flight wear to the appointment-proper business suit—is performed by this busy flier with the assistance of his traveling secretary.







**F-28:** As the eager travelers above are about to discover, this sleek Fairchild can hold 20 passengers in a spacious layout of couches, tables and chairs.  
**CITATION:** Still in the prototype stage, the soon-to-be-marketed Cessna jet, below, is a compact carrier that sacrifices some size and passenger room for the ability to land on short—even unpaved—runways.







**DC-9-32:** The ultimate in executive aircraft is this jet-black jet, Hugh Hefner's Big Bunny, seen winging its way over San Francisco Bay. The plane, built by McDonnell Douglas, boasts custom-designed features that raised its price tag to approximately \$5,500,000. At right is the living-room area, where guests may relax or conduct business.

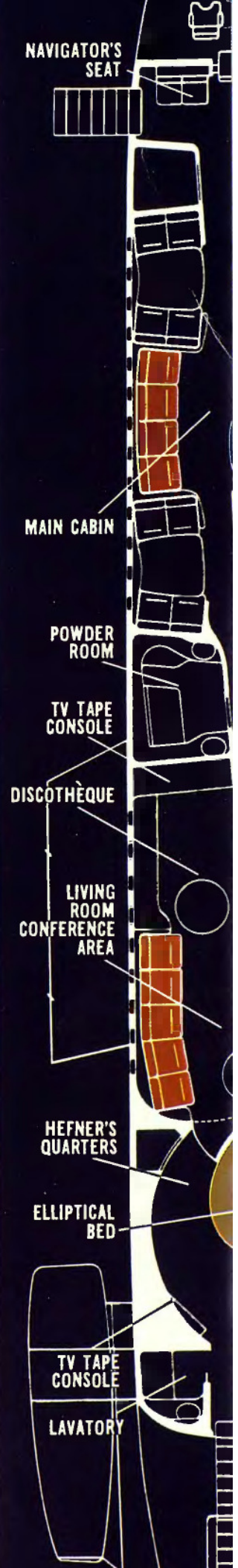
**GULFSTREAM II:** Grumman's entry, at left, has a range that permits nonstop transcontinental or transoceanic flights—an essential consideration for the globe-hopping executive. Geared for relatively large numbers of passengers—as many as 30 in a three-obreast seating arrangement—it features a portable cabin divider that, when in use, turns the closed-off section into a conference room.







Aboard the Big Bunny, Hefner shows companion Barbi Benton the operation of the Ampex 660 color video-tape machine in the living room (left). The apparatus plays back prerecorded programs for viewing on seven television monitors throughout the plane. Below, guests engage in a game of Risk in the main cabin; at night, this area can be converted into sleeping quarters. At right is a schematic diagram of the interior of the craft, showing the location of special features in its three principal sections: main cabin, forward; living room-conference area, above the wings; and Hefner's private quarters, aft. The celebrated elliptical bed, covered with a spread of Tasmanian opossum skins, is seen in photo of Hefner's personal compartment, at top, far right. At bottom, far right, the Playboy jet's passengers enjoy an impromptu dance fest in the discothèque corner of the living room.





aircraft in which the President is a passenger is given the designation One) is, of course, the world's best-known executive jet. It is office, bedroom, communications center and magic carpet. What Air Force One is to the President of the United States, more than 1000 other jets are—in varying degrees—to company executives, entertainers, high-level salesmen and engineers: They offer their owners increased maneuverability, expanded corporate horizons and greater opportunity for either in-transit work or relaxation between high-pressure appointments. The most famous privately owned jet—Hugh Hefner's DC-9-32—has enabled its proprietor and his staff of Playboy executives to scout new resort sites, whisk celebrities from one coast to the other for Playboy Club or television appearances and even embark *(continued on page 208)*





**VARGAS GIRL**

*"I really don't think it matters what length you wear; it's how you wear it!"*







Vargas





# TRAVELING LIGHT

*colorful resortwear and waitless carry-on luggage for the winter-weary urbanite who wants to jet away from it all*

*attire and accouterments* **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

IT'S THAT TIME of year when frostbitten city dwellers break the winter ice by hopping a jet pointed south. Our smartly attired escapees, above, get their vacations off to a flying start wearing and toting the latest look in resort garb and carry-on travel luggage. The lead-off sun seeker, at far left, deplanes in a textured cotton-and-Terital-blend two-button single-breasted suit with notched lapels, patch pockets and deep center vent, by E. S. Aubrey, \$135, a Kodel-and-cotton broadcloth shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Holbrook, \$9, a paisley-patterned wool tie, by Turnbull and Asser, \$15; plus a leather 20-inch two-suiter with zippered compartments, by Harrison, \$60. The next happy wanderer is on the right trek in a belted,





geometric-weave, single-breasted cotton safari suit with deep center vent, button-through flap patch pockets and handy fatigue-type pocket located in the trouser leg just above the knee, \$150, a paisley-and-chain-link-print cotton shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, \$35, both by Bill Blass for PBM, and a pair of calfskin boots, by Italia, \$28. He's carrying a leather-trimmed canvas one-suit with a locking outer pocket and brass fittings, by Gucci, \$75, and a shoulder-strapped tote bag of elephant-grained leather that features a 13-inch outer pocket, by Harrison, \$40. His fair-weather friend comes on in a geometric diamond-weave Terylene-and-wool-blend single-breasted suit with notched lapels, flap pockets and deep center vent, by Corbin, \$125, a Dacron-and-cotton

durable-press shirt with long-pointed collar and French cuffs, by Hathaway, \$12, a textured-weave dotted silk tie, by Bert Pulitzer, \$12.50, a wide-brimmed felt hat, by Tenderfoot, \$12, and a pair of buckled, simulated-alligator slip-ons, by Pierre Cardin, \$35. At his side is a canvas bag that converts into a single-strap shoulder bag or a knapsack, by Atlantic Products, \$25. The last smart-looking sun worshiper has just landed and already has the situation well in hand; he's wearing a lightweight knit wool tunic suit with zippered front, by Bijou de Bruestle for Rafael, \$160. His attractive carry-off—the other one—is made of vinyl-covered duck over a lightweight aluminum frame and features a shirt compartment, full inner lining and combination-lock closure, by Lark, \$85.



## Nearer, Silent Majority, To Thee

talk studded with references to "the dear old Negro caretaker" and the "delightful little Jewish businessman" and "one of the most delightful and refreshing little Christians I know today." Her delivery was faltering and pallid and it was clear that she must have worked hard to school herself to these tasks. She received a warm hand. The program ended with Mrs. Fred Esty, whose husband is chairman of the United States Banknote Corporation, delivering a prayer in which she thanked God for His omnipotence and omniscience.

The second press conference took place at the Roosevelt Hotel, on West 45th Street, just prior to the commencement of the crusade. In the meantime, I had talked to my editor at PLAYBOY and asked if he was interested in a piece on Billy Graham. The editor had sent off a letter of assignment to Mr. Gil Stricklin, Graham's press officer, asking for the cooperation of the Graham organization.

Thus, when I entered the Oval Room, where the conference was being held, I first said hello to a girl named Twyla of the Graham press office, who said they had received the letter from PLAYBOY and mailed my credentials to me. (They arrived a month after the crusade ended.) Then, I walked over to Dick Jensen, another member of the Graham press team, and the only one not given to a ready show of warmth. Jensen is not the only suspicious man on the team but he is the only one who makes no attempt to hide it. Upon first meeting me, he had sized me up, made a number of hastily conceived assumptions and said, "Well, like, man, what can we do for you?"

Jensen took me over to Stricklin, a short, thin man with a sympathetic smile and the mixture of brashness and humility appropriate to a little-known Apostle. With a sorrowful crinkle about his eyes, he informed me that Mr. Graham wouldn't be able to give any interviews, he was too busy, and the Graham organization wouldn't be able to cooperate at all.

There must be some mistake, I said dim-wittedly, Bill Brown gave me the authorized biography.

Stricklin said he sympathized with my plight; he truly did. He started to walk away.

Wait a minute. Mr. Graham himself said he would cooperate.

The truth is, Stricklin said, Mr. Graham will not consent to any interview for PLAYBOY, he is against what PLAYBOY stands for. Stricklin said he'd had many conversations with "your Mr. Anson Mount" [PLAYBOY's Public Affairs Manager], and that the conditions had been made plain.

I don't know anything about condi-

(continued from page 120)

tions, I said. Why don't you tell me what they are?

Well, one of them, Stricklin said, is that PLAYBOY take the Playmate centerfold out of the issue in which the Graham interview appears.

As soon as the conference ended, I approached Graham, who was once again talking to the girl from *Time*. Before I could say a word, Graham smiled warmly and held out his hand, saying, "Hello, good to see you again," and in that same moment Gil Stricklin spotted the encounter and came running. Swift as the vengeance of the Lord, he struck. Darting forward with the information that this was Saul Braun—yes, Graham smiled, I remember him—who had taken an assignment from PLAYBOY and that "we" had told "them" many times, there wouldn't be any interviews. I raised my voice angrily, interrupting, and asked if Stricklin wouldn't mind letting me speak for myself. In the midst of this hubbub, Billy Graham lifted his right arm slowly and magisterially in a sensitive arc, stilling us both instantly. Then he turned to me and smiled.

That smile is a possibly conscious imitation of Christ. It is soft and gentle and comforting, and invites a feeling of reassurance. That this is an ancient smile is attested by the kindly lines framing his mouth and eyes. His eyes are very blue, very intense, piercing, it is hard not to feel judged, but there is no doubting the genuineness of his warmth. It made me shy and fumbling. I am on balance a doubter, but also a seeker, and something about the way Billy Graham cast his net made it easy for me to be dragged in. He stands for the principle of stern but merciful judgment, embodying it in such a way as to enable you to feel secure in the integrity of the system. For the first time in many years, I felt willing to put myself under the protection of another man's justice and mercy. I reported on my dialog with Stricklin and explained that I hadn't known about the problem with PLAYBOY and would be happy to relinquish the assignment, if that would clear up the problem.

No, he said, I won't have time for any interviews at all. Still smiling. He leaned back with a challenging look on his face lurking just beneath the smile.

I was baffled. Why not? I asked.

He said he wouldn't say.

Is it because of the PLAYBOY assignment?

He said he wouldn't say.

Why won't you say?

Graham leaned forward sharply, his chin suddenly outthrust, a triumphant look on his face, his finger jabbing in the direction of my left hand. Because you have your tape recorder going, he said.

I looked down. The tape recorder was

indeed going. I was mortified. There were perhaps half a dozen people around and they were all looking at me. Their eyes upon me shamed me further still. I had done something wrong, something bad. I knew I had done something bad and had been justly punished for it. I hung my head. I felt a burning sensation in my ears and wished only that the earth would open up beneath me.

The tape recorder had been running without pause for more than an hour. It had been on throughout the press conference. I was carrying it about with me reflexively, as I conceive any good reporter would. When I gave myself a moment to reflect on it, I knew for certain that I had not switched it on to trap Graham into some heinous admission of distaste for PLAYBOY, or even thought of it. *Then why was I feeling guilt and shame? Where had these feelings come from? By what mysterious alchemy had this relentless doubter, also a seeker, submitted himself for judgment?* I was amazed. Searching my heart for malice and finding none, I raised my head with assurance.

Graham, in the meantime, had turned back to the girl from *Time* and commenced a discussion of the flag and of patriotism, matters I had intended taking up with him. However, I was now filled with self-righteousness and the knowledge that I was on a higher mission than my own petty journalistic ends. I snapped off the recorder with a conspicuous gesture and shoved the microphone into my pocket, fortifying myself with the sacrifice of a few good quotes. I squatted alongside Graham's chair and said, excuse me, but it is very important to me that you know it was never my intention to trap you. I said that it was important to me that Graham believe that, saying that and searching Graham's face carefully, kneeling beside his chair now because I am getting too old to squat for any length of time, one of my arms extended like a mendicant's, resting upon the arm of Graham's chair.

Graham leaned forward and smiled, gripping my forearm and squeezing it gently. "I know," he said.

He knew. I believed that he did know and it was as if a great weight had been lifted from me. I had been right in trusting that all I needed to do was search my heart and report on it honestly and Graham would understand. I was Graham's child. Graham loved me and would care for me.

Then I can have the interview?

No, he said, you cannot.

After a long pause, my cheeks burning, I said, why not?

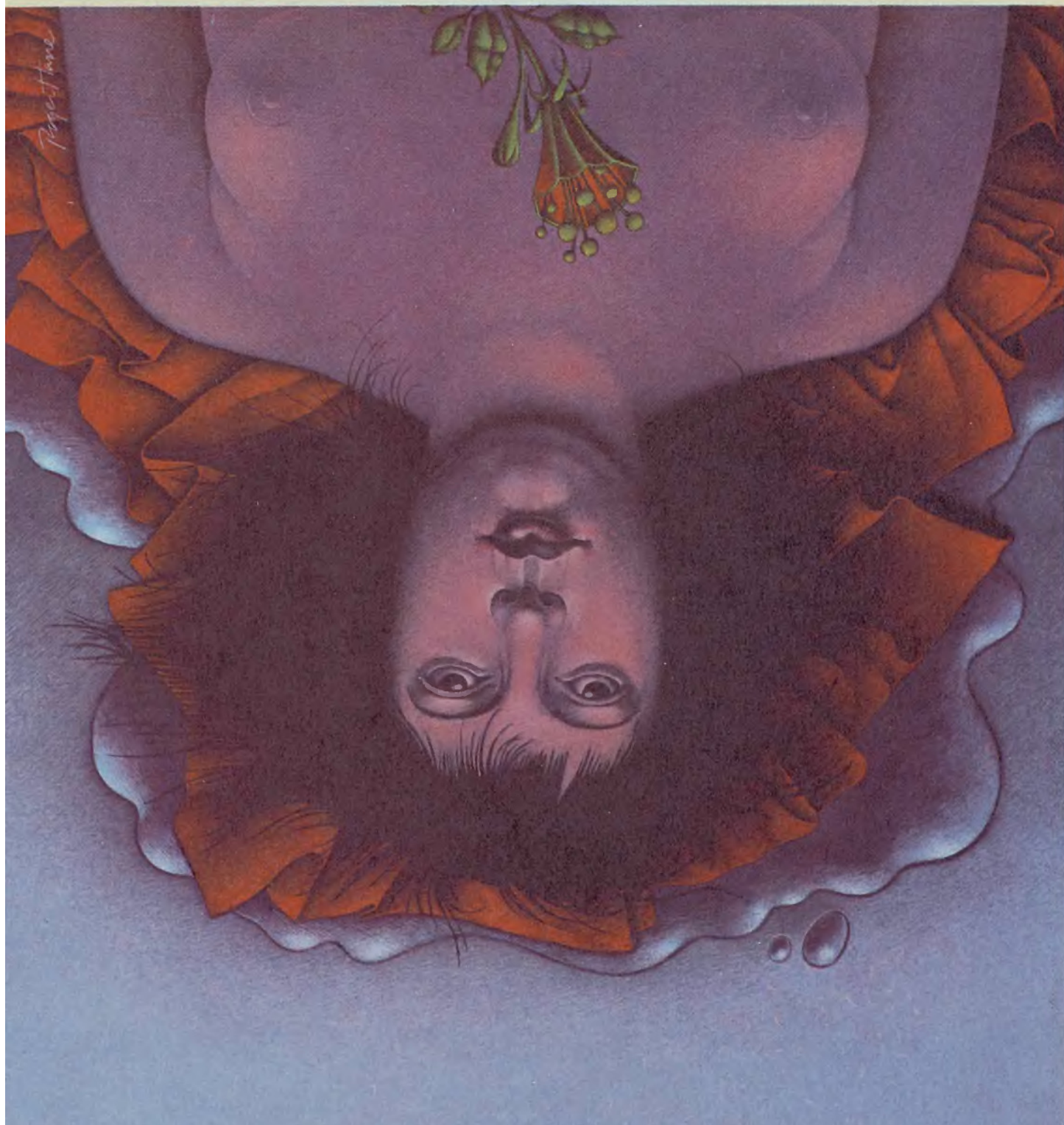
I'm not going to say.

You're not going to say?

That's right.

(continued on page 195)





## *A Nice Enough Funeral*

*fiction* **By WILLIAM HARRISON** *there they stood, naked at the graveside, saying last goodbyes to their dear, eccentric mother-mistress-friend*

IT WAS A BRIGHT spring morning, the flowers of the Garden District were lush and open, and Baskin, unhappy with life among his numbers and equations, got out of bed slowly, dressed and walked toward his laboratory at the university. Small premonitions rode around inside him, he felt fatigued and his memory—that cavernous storehouse by which he lived—was spinning out of control. As he walked, he peered up into the leaves arching overhead, into a deep foliage that was unmistakably New Orleans, yet he saw something else: a distant ranch, his mother, the vivid snow-tipped buttes, a high pasture and the gray sweet clouds that always



lingered down the length of the valley beyond his childhood house in Montana.

All that morning, then, he sat in his cubicle at the lab playing with his dull equations and thinking about his mother.

Quickthought: sitting with her in the big lunchroom at the University of Chicago in 1957. I was eight years old and proud of forking in my food European style. Very cool eating habits. Mother sat across from me reading problems out of the trig book, watching the rhythm of my eating and waiting for my answers. She read me all those problems aloud, so that I could work them in my head for her. Pleased, she offered to buy me another banana pudding and I accepted. Why all these problems when I'm eating? You know perfectly well you'll get indigestion if you don't occupy your mind while you eat, she answered. You'll get nervous tummy. No I won't, not really. Yes, you will. Drink your milk and concentrate on this one. Try to get the picture in your mind's eye as I tell you the equation. All right, now, are you ready? Yes, ready.

The prodigy years. They've ended now, haven't they? I'm 21 years old. I'm Baskin, the rememberer, the warm computer, the genius. And registration of information and recollection has always been automatic with me, yes, but why do some thoughts bubble up all by themselves? Involuntary memory, yes, I know, but it always seems so unreal.

The cubicle where he sat had no window—something he resented—so he got up several times from his work that morning and strolled around the lab. He had no assigned duties, no particular hours at the school and taught no classes. As a researcher, he came and went in first one department and then another, helping them solve their problems, entertaining the professors with his calculating speed and memory tricks, working at his own problems when the fancy struck him. So no one paid much attention to his restlessness that morning.

Toward noon, he felt a slight trembling in his hands, something he couldn't account for.

Quickthought: The wave length at which maximum intensity occurs is given by the simple formula  $\lambda_{\max} = 0.29 \text{ cm/T}$ .

He went to lunch at the Faculty Club. Two glasses of red wine (a little dribbled onto the tablecloth), two pieces of chicken, a cup of cold fruit. He borrowed a cigarette from Professor Behrman, who asked if anything was wrong.

"N-no, I'm just a little jumpy. Spring fever, maybe."

"What are you working on this semester?"

"Physical chemistry. Oh, some equations of my own, as always. Writing a little p-paper, too."

"Too much work. Take a few days off,

Baskin, and go down to the French Quarter. Indulge the flesh."

He suddenly remembered going bare-assed in Montana as a boy. There sat the ranch in all its splendid isolation and there were Sarah and her son with the allover tans. All through those summers of cool air and warm sunlight, we would lie on pillows on the glassed-in porch at the back of the house, books and journals strewn around, the light slanting across our bodies, or we would go across the meadows, always jabbering, of course, her large brown breasts gleaming in the warmth, small beads of perspiration gathering at her temples. The bottoms of our feet were leathery. I didn't cut my hair until I was five years old and then only occasionally, so I was a lion cub, quick of eye, in the high grass.

Lunch ended, Behrman giving him several good-natured forms of erotic advice, which he acknowledged with a fixed smile. Then Baskin walked out across the terrace, down the walkways choked with students late for the first afternoon classes and back to the lab.

Settling down to work, he broke a pencil lead. It promised to be a long afternoon. Dark thoughts hovered around the cubicle.

He began wondering, as he had often wondered in the past weeks, if his life had accelerated so that he approached a form of premature middle-age despair. That was all his genius was, get right down to it: mostly just speed. As a three-year-old, he could read the newspaper and had come to terms with triangles, Sarah's early math forms and his first music appreciation; at four, he began finding quick methods of multiplication and wrote short stories about the animals up on the mountain; at five, he composed music, but by then, clearly, numbers were his game because everything else seemed infinitely slow and plodding; at seven, he made his second trip down to the state university in Missoula with Sarah and she sat him before an examining board, the gaggle of old professors who weren't ready for him and who told his mother to bring him back, please, in two weeks, when they'd have suitable exams. They went to Chicago, instead, and Sarah turned him over for the first time to others. But all this, he speculated, is just a story of acceleration, of many minor achievements in a short span of time. And where has it led? I'm not happy in this rotework and want to do something else, something only I can do, if possible, and not merely something I can do more *quickly* than some other person or machine. And is this what I feel these past weeks? Or is it the first twitch of mortality? Perhaps so: the end of hope and the beginning of resignation most men feel—usually later in life rather than this soon.

There's the question, all right: What is it I can do now with this paltry index brain and with this stupid speed?

He got up again and left the cubicle and went walking outside, pacing slowly across campus, across the trolley tracks again to Audubon Park, where all the flowers of the city broke open their perfumes. He liked New Orleans in the springtime, before the humid weather set in, but his thoughts were far off and he kept seeing the jagged peaks above the Montana ranch, the white ballast of snow on the barns and outbuildings, Sarah at her typewriter, sitting there in that pudgy slump of hers as she struck out the words that made their living. Her brown body: naked all summer and heavy with great, oversized Mackinaws all winter. He pictured her in the kitchen at the stove, boiling pots all around her, odors of meat sauce and pudding ambushing him as he sat waiting at the table, his book splayed open. The agony of those odors! He got annoyed with her constant questionings, told her so, suffered them all the more and waited for the food. And they were fat together: two Buddhas, paunchy and wise.

Alongside the lagoon running through the park, the girls from the nearby universities and colleges sunned themselves on blankets and towels, and Baskin thought of Sarah's nudism, smiling, thinking of her dumpy body, the dark patch of hair, the sag of her belly. She explained nudism, he remembered, as purely one of her eccentricities, not something he should especially take up for himself, but he always joined in when the weather wasn't nippy. His torso was round, like hers, only more pale. Everyone who came to the ranch to visit joined in, too, and he remembered his earliest of early memories: searching through the clothes that hung in the bathrooms and wardrobes and closets while everyone padded around outdoors. Once, he piled everyone's money into one pile. There must have been 20 guests or more, all of them outdoors ping-ponging and barbecuing, paying him no attention—he must have been four years old at the time—and when they came back inside, there were many groans and admonishments and complaints. But Sarah was up to his tricks and said, "OK, Baskin, put it all back." And, of course, he remembered just how much everyone had, down to the last penny: The brown seersucker pants had 78 cents in the right-hand front pocket (two quarters, two dimes, a nickel, three pennies) and the blue jeans had 40 cents in change and \$90 in the alligator billfold.

Quickthought: Sarah's nudism: She wasn't at all cultish about it and never made speeches and, for that matter, there weren't any literature or any picture magazines in the house. But a

(continued on page 138)





*"A dozen girls at the party and I bring home the one who's allergic to cats."*



nudist she was, true, and so were her guests more often than not, most of the editors who flew out from New York, all the cowboys, all the old girlfriends. It was a place of varisized and odd-shaped dear cunts and dingdongs: the men flapping and dangling as they jumped around, slapping the volleyball, and the women all variously bushy and demure and the children, when occasionally there were other children, all bald and somehow sadly plain. More than nudism, as Sarah herself would explain to him, it was pantheism: the worship of the outdoors, all things natural and lovely.

Girls alongside the lagoon now. He looked at his watch. Three o'clock in the afternoon. Fourth of April. Premonitions.

At the edge of the water, he saw his reflection there between the lily pads: shaggy head of hair, a Baskin less paunchy than as a child, decent-looking, in fact, yet wearing a soft frown of melancholy.

He walked and mused. For more than a year, he said to himself in review, I've worked here as an interdepartmental researcher, a job they invented for me, yet it's work I can do, that's the sad part, and in truth, I'm just a damned oddity, a quirk of nature and Sarah's creation. And, besides, the charm of being a kid is finished. No longer when I multiply five figures by four figures in 15 seconds do the professors grin and bear it. No more hands in my blond curls, no more candy bars. I'm getting cranky and going the way of all genius—into mildly annoying eccentricity.

Back to the laboratory. An odor of sulphur tinged the air. As Baskin took his place in the cubicle, he saw that his hands were shaking again.

I'm not a moody person, he explained to himself. I'm not one of those middle-range geniuses who suffer emotional hang-ups, not at all. What was it Sarah explained to me? Ah, yes: Individuals with I.Q.s above 160 like you, Baskin, just don't succumb to the nervous breakdowns of lesser minds. All right, I accept that—but what is this I'm feeling? An emotional nausea, I'd say.

He got up and left the cubicle again.

Slightly disgusted with himself for being so restless, he began to trust his premonition. Too many times, his thoughts had leaped at something he couldn't explain; he had taught himself to try his hunches. Now, as he walked out of the building again, he let loose the worry boiling inside him, let his emotions free-fall, so that perhaps he could somehow fathom them. Oh, shit, he said to himself, this is awful. And for no reason at all, he felt that a sob might escape his throat. His eyes burned and he stopped and leaned against the cold brick wall of the building.

Now the feeling came in waves—so strong that he struggled to recognize what was wrong with him—and through

the blur of his vision, he saw Dean Parmelee coming toward him from across the quad. Parmelee's bouncy walk, the forward cast of his head; Baskin knew him exactly and knew, also, that here it came. His vague emotional binge began to turn to certainty on him.

The loveliness of formulas: the beauty of that great cosmic black-body radiation at three degrees Kelvin.

Dean Parmelee was at his side. He had coffee breath and clutched Baskin's shoulder.

"What is it?" the dean rasped at him. "Have you already heard?"

Baskin nodded yes. Of course, he didn't know exactly, hadn't heard the words that the dean had intended to utter, had no idea of the telephone conversation the dean had finished with Kate McCluskey up at the ranch just moments before, yet his thoughts were pinwheeling along at blinding speed and he was receiving tremors in the afternoon silence of the campus and knew the feeling that bombarded him: It was grief. Never before had the gears of his mind shifted into such a strange, extra-sensory latitude. But in that moment, he knew that Sarah was dead.

. . .

Strapped into his seat in the plane, his thoughts skipped back across the events of the day, the last months, then back across the years.

Summary: eight years at that ranch, eight years alone with Sarah when it was just she and I and our thought games and our books and our long conversations, eight years of Sarah as momma. Then Chicago: eight more years, the difficult ones, when I was no longer Sarah's alone but part of many people, my professors and colleagues and acquaintances and admirers, and when Sarah and I became antagonists and fussy combatants. Then, five years away from each other: the time spent at my jobs in New York and New Orleans. And now: Sarah's death. This: the exile's return, the long voyage back.

Summary: Of course, long before this all happened, there was Sarah alone in New York, back in the days when she was a free-lance reporter, doing stories for the *Herald* and for *Collier's*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Post* and occasionally *The Times*. This was just after the War, Baskin recalled, and he thought of the photos of Sarah that had been piled unglued into all those old scrapbooks in the ranch library: photographs of a slightly plump, always smiling, tough, randy girl reporter, her red hair swept back tightly on her head, a cigarette sometimes drooping from her lips, a face something like a fat Myrna Loy's with the features set pleasantly apart, small eyes, a good nose. She was not particularly pretty, no, and that's perhaps why she went until she was 31 years old before getting seri-

ously mixed up with a man. Of course, there was her career, Baskin felt, and the War. But more than anything, the fact was that she was plump and plain and took refuge in her deadlines and interviews, in her individualism as a newspaperwoman among men.

The plane roared down the runway, soared, leveled off. Baskin sat transfixed, looking out, and estimated their cruising speed at about 400 mph.

$$\text{Momentum} = \frac{h\nu}{c^2} \times c = \frac{h\nu}{c}$$

Momentum and mass, the velocity of light, waves and photons: The memory is quicker than all these, Baskin knew, and images came roaring back now, particles of the past like cosmic dust, wisps of thought.

When Sarah became pregnant by Dierker—early 1949, the year was—of course they couldn't marry. Dierker had three children, a big house up in Ossining and was jockeying for the presidency of his publishing firm. They were in love, but no matter; it was arranged for Sarah to leave New York, to go back to her parents in Montana and to live out the poignancy of the separation. There was also money involved: a few thousand from Dierker—Baskin never found out exactly how much—and a contract for two Western novels, the quick-sell pulp variety, for which Sarah received the unusually high sum of \$2000 in advances because of Dierker's influence.

Sarah decided to buy a ranch instead of living with her parents, and although her mother helped with the birth and for a few days afterward, it was soon just Sarah and the child. She wrote her books and tried to survive the winter. Then, amazingly, her first Western, *Draw Poker*, sold 200,000 paperback copies. The next, *Winter Kill*, was serialized in *Post*, sold another 225,000 copies at 25 cents each and was bought by Warner Bros., never, unfortunately, to be made into the Errol Flynn movie that Sarah dreamed about. Yet, her new life was started and she would never go back to New York to stay. The first winter, with all its blowdowns along the ridges above the ranch, its heavy gray skies, the snow, the physical labor of washing and cooking and tending to the new baby, didn't discourage her. In the spring, buoyant and pleased with herself, if a little fatter, she paid off the mortgage on the ranch, bought a new jeep, a tractor, took an advance of \$10,000 on the hard-back edition of her third novel (because of the sales, she had advanced in three books from a pulp writer to a "distinguished female author of Western lore," according to a *New York Herald Tribune* reviewer) and began some permanent improvements on the living quarters.

That first summer after Baskin's arrival, from all he now understood of the

(continued on page 202)



A dark, moody photograph of a woman's back. Her hands are resting on her shoulders. A large, butterfly-shaped jewelry piece is attached to her lower back, glowing with a bright light. The background is black.

**THE  
BEJEWELLED  
BOD**

*gift your valentine  
with the big, bold new  
bijoux that are worn at  
all the best places*





The silver butterfly (preceding page), by Elsa Peretti for Halsten, \$250, provides a sterling preview to the latest in body jewelry. Top: Kenneth J. Lane offers a leopard belt, \$100, and gold-plated costumewear, \$30 to \$100. The glittering necklaces (above), by David Webb, are fashioned of emeralds, rubies, diamonds and sapphires, \$15,220 to \$35,450. Gold choker, hair trinkets, bracelets and rings, \$1000 to \$14,650, are also Webb's creations.







The exquisitely designed—and unusually worn—chain necklace with its large but intricately toiled ornament (left) can't be purchased in your local jewelry store. Valued at \$100, this rare Brazilian slave pendant is part of designer Fredda Weisf's private collection of Indian and African jewelry and art objects. Also in a tribal style but more explicitly African in design is Cliff Nicholson's exotic necklace (above), constructed from bones, sea shells and richly colored peacock feathers, \$200. Nicholson also designed the fringed elephant-hair arm bracelets, \$25 each, to complete the total native effect.





Bedecked in African finery, our model (above left) displays more native ornaments from Fredda Weisf's collection—a multicolor beaded headband and loin cover, arm and leg bracelets, and numerous necklaces fashioned from beads, nuts and boars' teeth (worth about \$100). The impact of Cliff Nicholson's unique \$80 necklace (top center), primarily formed from sea shells, is further dramatized by an accompanying chain with a single large turtle-shell pendant, \$50. For enhancement of the waistline—and just below it—Nicholson created the unusual beaded belt and complementary fringed feather loincloth, \$80 each. A body decoration (above center) reminiscent of those worn by crusaders' wives in the Middle Ages is Olivier Coquelin's chastity belt with lock and key, \$42. Henri Bendel offers a regal look in feminine jewelry (right) with a forehead ornament, \$75, and dangling necklace of glazed ceramic beads, \$170.







# DEALING, or the Berkeley- to-Boston Forty-brick Lost-bag Blues

*Concluding a new novel*

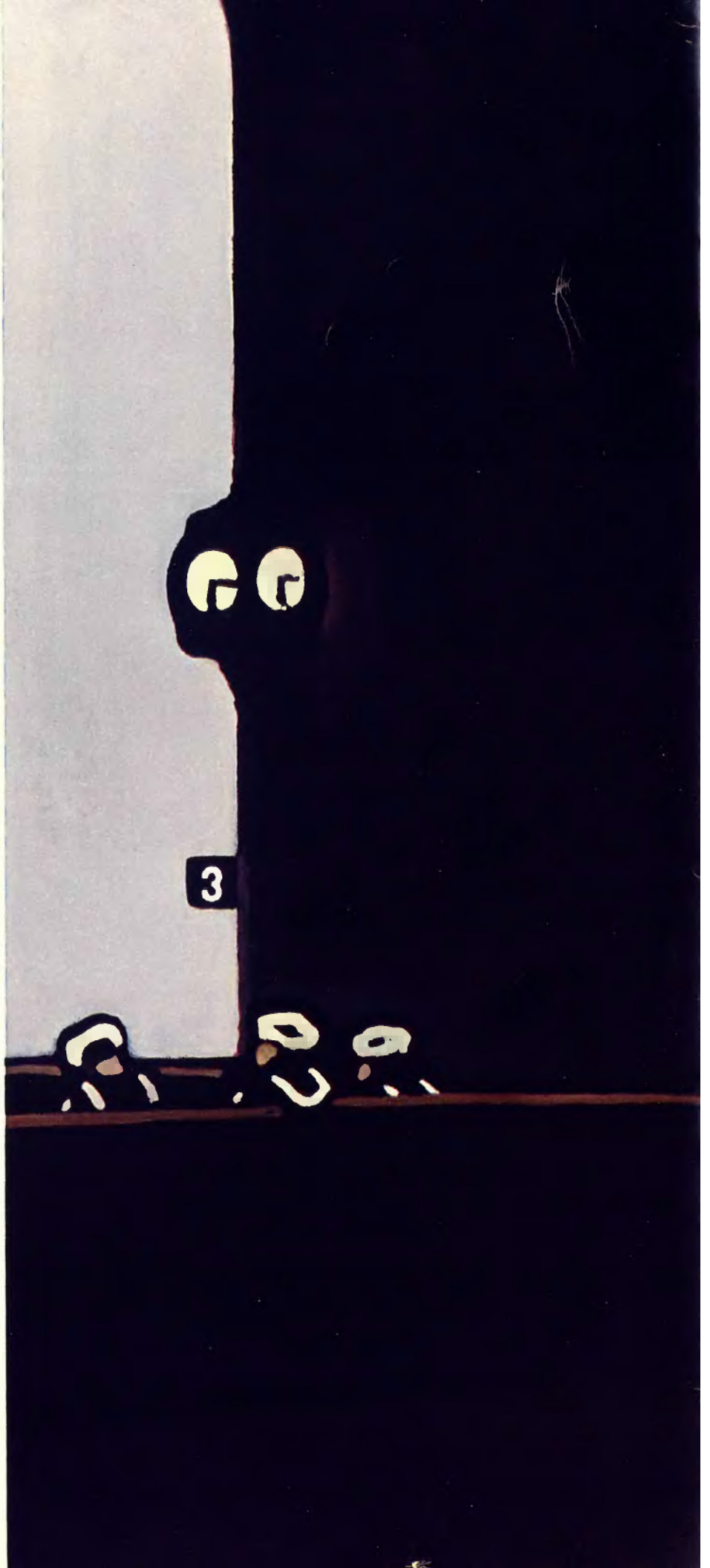
By MICHAEL AND DOUGLAS  
CRICHTON WRITING AS  
"MICHAEL DOUGLAS"

*SYNOPSIS: I'm Peter Harkness, and all of this started one day when I flew into San Francisco on temporary, very unofficial leave from classes at Harvard. In my hand, I had a special aluminum-lined, double-locked suitcase; in my sports coat, I had a bulge caused by \$2500 worth of 20s; in my head, I had the Berkeley address of a man named Musty, one of the biggest and most efficient marijuana dealers on the Coast. My job was fairly simple: I would give Musty the bank notes; Musty would give me ten bricks of dope. I would soak them in Coca-Cola to kill the pot smell, wrap them in foil, pack them neatly in my suitcase and fly back to Boston. I would then hand the suitcase to John in Cambridge. Simple, except that the scenario didn't play the way it was written.*

*A few minutes after I arrived at 339 Holly Street, a whole squad of cops and narcs appeared, with every intention of a bust at Musty's. One of the cops began to take a special interest in my presence and only by the grace of much luck did I get out of there.*

*I finally made connections with Musty in Oakland. He'd avoided the bust and he had the bricks for me. When he invited me to smoke a little of his stuff, and Lou, a friend of his, borrowed my rented car, I stayed on. I stayed on so*

*The narc, with Sukie in tow, picked up the phone and Peter told him he'd produce the pot when the girl was freed.*









long I got fairly stoned and very weary. Musty sent me to an empty upstairs bedroom for the night.

Only it wasn't empty, it had a girl named Sukie in it and she was there because it seemed that her dog was having puppies in her own room. So we smoked some of her dope and we talked, and eventually things began to go very well. And would have gone a lot better if there hadn't been a sudden knock on the door, followed by the entrance of three guys in pin-stripe suits, looking like walk-ons for Robert Stack and dangling their wallet badges.

They searched the room, but, miraculously, they didn't find any lids. I couldn't figure why they were so sure of themselves. I finally got the story when I was booked. Musty's friend, Lou, had been stopped by a traffic cop. There had been a lid of Lou's dope under the seat. When he was pulled in, Lou got very helpful and gave them my name and Musty's address. So now they had busted me. It was just a freak accident, the kind of idiot thing that could happen to anybody. Yet, I was in trouble now.

The next day, they took me up to an interrogation room and one of the cops—the small, tough one—did most of the questioning. He tried hard to shake me, but it was soon plain that it was a pretty thin hustle. They knew I was connected with Musty, but they didn't know how or why. The lid they found in the rented car was all they had to go on and, finally, they had to give up. Just before it was over, the small cop gave me a quick knee in the groin and walked out. Afterward, one of the others told me who that cat was—Lieutenant Murphy, a narc from Boston, out there on another case. Murphy was a household word in Cambridge—a tough, fast, imaginative cop. He was also a screaming sadist and a crook.

Sukie was waiting for me when I got out. I was with her all that day and she was with me the next day at my hearing—where the charges were dropped and I went free. In fact, when she drove me to the airport, I began to feel pretty unhappy about leaving her. I told her that I'd see her soon, after exams, but I didn't know how or where. Then I got on the plane for Boston, carrying the bricks in my suitcase.

In Cambridge, I delivered them to John Thayer Hartnup III of Eliot House and Cohasset, Massachusetts, a dealer who was in this game because he liked power, not because he needed the bread.

During the next few weeks, among routine worries—an economics exam, which I failed; the coming Scarab Club Garden Party, dubbed the Piggy Club picnic, which I seemed fated to attend; a rather unpleasant interview with my tutor—I tried to figure out how to get enough money for a plane ticket to San

Francisco. John had vetoed the idea of using Sukie to bring in any dope. But, suddenly and surprisingly, he changed his mind. He wanted her to make a run the coming Saturday. I called her. Would she? Of course she would; she wanted to see me more than anything.

The only hang-up was that I couldn't meet her at the airport. We couldn't afford to be seen together. So, while Sukie was coming in with the bricks, I was going to be at the Piggy Club picnic.

ON SATURDAY, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I was shaken awake by Annie Butler, who reminded me, with some insistence, that I was supposed to escort her to the Piggy picnic. She won, and I ended up by shaving, getting dressed and going.

The garden party was held on a huge, rolling lawn, fenced in from the street and sheltered from its noise and plebeian curiosity by thick bushes. It was a scene full of good cheer. The lawn was dotted with colorful tables loaded with food and booze; there was also an army of polite, discreet, red-jacketed caterers. It made me want to blow my lunch. I got very drunk and a number of the members got very red in the face, and that's how it went.

When I got back to John's room, I was still a bit smashed, but I didn't mind and I didn't figure that Sukie would. I kicked the door open, put my hands in my pockets and walked in.

"Well, hi there," I said.

"Well, hi there," John said. "Bought the Lotus this morning. Magnificent machine. Got a pretty good trade-in on the Ferrari, too. Better than I thought."

"Swell," I said, looking around.

No Sukie.

"I also got a place for the chick to stay," John said. "Sharon's old place. She's moved out, you know, and the rent's paid for another two weeks and the furniture's still there, so—"

"Fine," I said, still looking.

"Don't thank me or anything, Peter, old boy," John said. I looked over at him and realized that he was hugely pleased with himself for having lined up the place.

"Yeah, thanks, man, thanks. But where is she?"

"Here," John said, sprawling back on the couch and suddenly intensely interested in the new *Rolling Stone*.

"In Cambridge?"

"No, in Boston. She called from the airport. Christ, that reminds me. What'd you give her our number for? You know I don't like—"

"Why did she call?"

John shrugged. "Some hang-up. They lost her bag."

"What bag?" I said, but it wasn't a question. I just wanted to know what I was already afraid I knew.

"One of the bags with the grass." John sighed. He seemed to be taking it well. I couldn't believe he was just sitting there, telling me she'd lost the dope and sighing. I slumped down into the nearest chair. "One of the bags with the—" he said again.

"Sweet Jesus, how could she lose that? It was under the goddamn seat—"

"No," said John. "She checked it."

"She what?"

"Checked it. It was a forty-brick run. You know as well as I do that if you're carrying forty bricks, you're gonna have to check one of the bags."

"You didn't tell me it was going to be that big a—"

"You didn't ask," John said, slipping back into his magazine. He was again suddenly fascinated by the magazine, the bastard. From behind it, he said, "Anyway, she'll be OK. She said they just lost it somewhere in transit."

"In transit, my ass," I said. "What did you tell her to do?"

"I told her to go back and get it."

I had to sit quiet for a minute to think that one out, it was so unbelievable. And then I found that I couldn't think, that I was so pissed that I couldn't do anything but shout at John and tell him what I thought about sending the chick back. He just sat and stared at me and said nothing and finally I realized that I was wasting precious time. Bag or no bag, if I could get to Sukie before they did—"Where're the keys to the Lotus?"

"Give me back the *Rolling Stone*," John said. I'd ripped it out of his hands without knowing what I was doing and as I handed it back, he gave me the keys. "Don't run it over four thousand revs," he yelled after me as I hustled out the door. "It's just had a valve job."

All the way out to the airport, I ground the gears and ran it over 4500 revs. Fucking John, he'd really screwed me this time, screwed me so bad that I couldn't believe it was happening—that he'd just let it happen. The dude had a loose bolt somewhere, especially when it came to chicks. Or other people. Or other people's chicks. I mean, what the hell was the cat *thinking* of, sending Sukie back for the bag? Because he knew about running dope and he knew about "lost" bags at the airport. This wasn't the first time we'd ever lost a bag. The first time had cost John a pretty penny, to buy Jeffrey off, and we'd all learned from the experience. Ever since then, we'd had strict rules for runs, especially runs that involved bags in the hold. First, no matching sets of luggage. Second, no name tags. Third, no real names used on tickets, so that nothing could be traced from the baggage check on a busted bag. Fourth, the specially designed, double-locked and lined bags,

(continued on page 214)



# JAZZ AND POP '71

a look at the current music scene—plus the winners of the 15th annual playboy poll and readers' choices for the playboy jazz and pop hall of fame and records of the year

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS  
instrumental combo



article

By **NAT HENTOFF**

DUKE ELLINGTON  
leader



ELLA FITZGERALD  
female vocalist



## THE 1971 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS MUCH TO ENJOY, and even celebrate, the Woodstock Nation suffered fatalities during the past year. In the fall, within three weeks of each other, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin—uninhibited avatars of their generation's life force—died and, by way of tribute, were subsequently elected to



BUDDY RICH  
drums



DIZZY GILLESPIE  
trumpet



STAN GETZ  
tenor sax



MILT JACKSON  
vibes

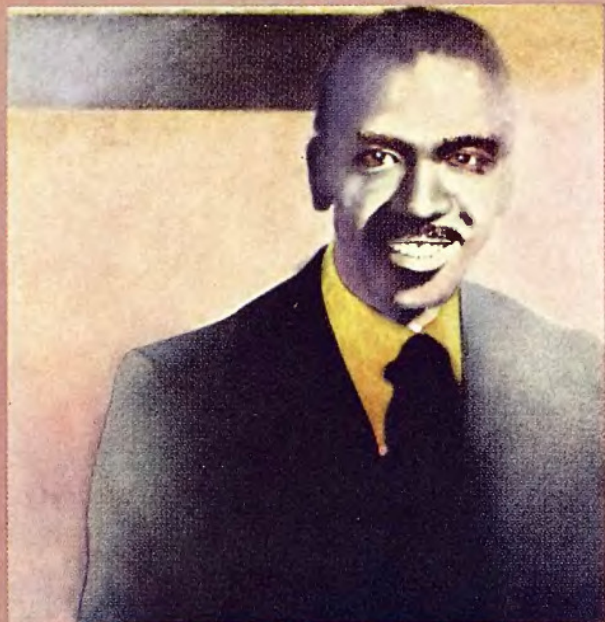


## THE 1971 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

the Playboy Jazz and Pop Hall of Fame. Both were 27. The causes were unnatural: sleeping pills for Jimi, heroin for Janis. They were, after all, vulnerable, reflecting the downs as well as the highs of their admirers. "Do I seem free?" Jimi said before his death. "If I'm free, it's because I'm always running."



JIMMY SMITH  
organ



JIM HALL  
guitar



HARRY CARNEY  
baritone sax



BURT BACHARACH—HAL DAVID  
songwriter/composer



In retrospect, Woodstock's promise of a New Jerusalem—the coming triumph of the counterculture over the uptight corporate state—was clearly premature. The young, particularly those in college, and those who play and sing their music, became targets of a national shift in mood among their elders.

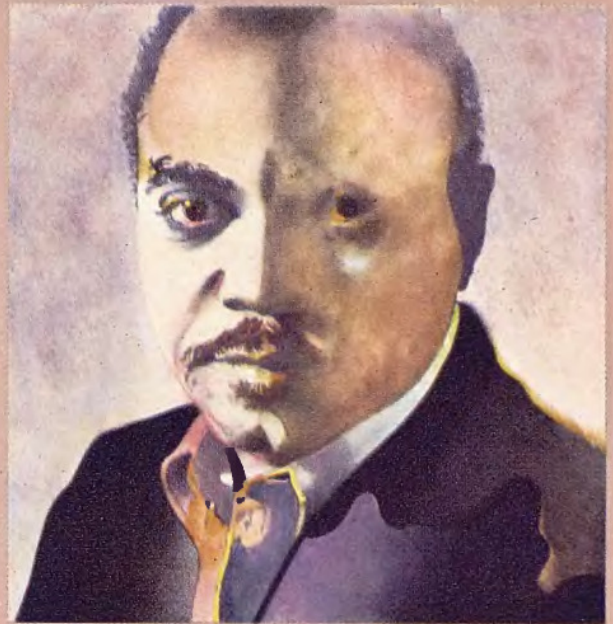
Spiro Agnew, spearheading the charge of the old brigade, attacked rock and its lyrics as prime illustrations of the "creeping permissiveness" that had to be rooted out of American society. Interestingly, he made his denunciation amid the gambling rooms and bars of a hotel in Las Vegas. The chilling



RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK  
flute, manzello, stritch



J. J. JOHNSON  
trombone



BUDDY DE FRANCO  
clarinet



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY  
alto sax



## THE 1971 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

of the climate for rock extended to officialdom throughout the country. It got harder, for instance, to stage post-Woodstock festivals. Because of community pressure or court injunctions—often both—festivals were canceled in Iowa, New Jersey, Virginia and New York, among other places.



FRANK SINATRA  
male vocalist



RAY BROWN  
bass



5TH DIMENSION  
vocal group



BILL EVANS  
piano



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

Organizers of a proposed Winter's End Festival near Orlando, Florida, were even arrested for conspiracy to violate county zoning ordinances. In the same state, officials of Broward County said they would tear up the roads to a festival site if the courts failed them.

In midsummer, what promised to be the Woodstock of 1970—a rock celebration at Powder Ridge in Connecticut—was forbidden by a state superior-court judge on the ground that it would create a public nuisance. More than 20,000 came anyway. ("If we had run from this (text continued on page 155)



CHICAGO  
instrumental combo

PAUL McCARTNEY  
bass

GINGER BAKER  
drums



LIONEL HAMPTON  
vibes

HERBIE MANN  
flute

DAVE BRUBECK  
piano

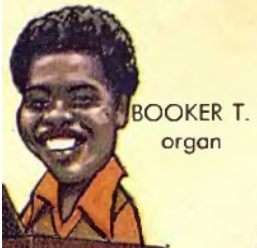
DIONNE WARWICK  
female vocalist

BURT BACHARACH-HAL DAVID  
songwriter/composer

JOE COCKER  
male vocalist

# THE 1971 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND





BOOKER T.  
organ



AL HIRT  
second trumpet

HERB ALPERT  
third trumpet

MILES DAVIS  
fourth trumpet



ERIC CLAPTON  
guitar



J. J. JOHNSON  
first trombone



SI ZENTNER  
second trombone



KAI WINDING  
third trombone



BOB BROOKMEYER  
fourth trombone



PETE FOUNTAIN  
clarinet



CANNONBALL  
ADDERLEY  
first alto sax



PAUL DESMOND  
second alto sax



STAN GETZ  
first tenor sax



BOOTS  
RANDOLPH  
second tenor sax



GERRY MULLIGAN  
baritone sax



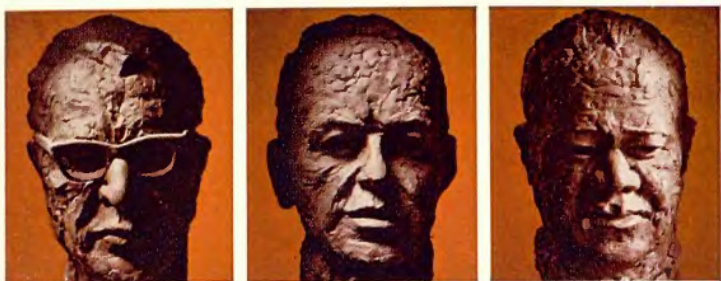
DOC SEVERINSEN  
leader, first trumpet



CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG  
vocal group



# THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME



**JIMI HENDRIX** Only 12 when he got his first electric guitar, Jimi managed to put in just 15 years on the instrument that was to make him famous; last September, he died in London from an overdose of barbiturates. Dope had claimed another rock star. But in the short time he gave himself, Hendrix had laid down some very heavy sounds. He was a voodoo child, a space gypsy; he said so himself. Like no one else, Hendrix explored the new galaxies of sound lurking in the amplified guitar. He could make it whisper gentle love songs, or roar and crash like the Last World War, sometimes all at once. And threaded through it were those not-of-this-world lyrics that were his alone. Americans saw him first in 1967, at the historic Monterey Pop Festival—a wild man, whose carnal gymnastics onstage far out-Elvis'd even the early Presley. To get there, he had come a long way from his Seattle home. A high school dropout, he did a short gig with the 101st Airborne and then hit the road, playing in 40 r&b groups before heading for England in 1966. There, he put together *The Experience*, which immediately became a smash in Europe. After Monterey, *The Experience* produced albums that grabbed world attention—“Are You Experienced?,” “Axis: Bold As Love,” “Electric Ladyland”—but by 1969, Jimi was down and withdrawn; *The Experience* broke up. He submerged until New Year’s Eve, when his new Band of Gypsies performed superlatively at the Fillmore East. But it fell apart, too, a few weeks later. He was talking about new directions, a big-band sound, when the barbiturates stopped him dead. The voodoo child is gone.

For the sixth year, we asked our readers to select a trio of musicians whose stature would merit their addition to the Playboy Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame. The winners will be joining an all-time All-Star line-up—dramatically rendered by sculptor Jack Gregory—that includes such diverse musical giants as (left to right, top to bottom) Dave Brubeck, Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Benny Goodman, Herb Alpert, Wes Montgomery and Miles Davis, plus last year’s top threesome—Bob Dylan, sometime apocalyptic poet, who led the way from protest to folk-rock and then into the country; John Lennon, ex-Liverpool tough turned Beatle turned peacenik; and Paul McCartney, another ex-Beatle who, with Lennon, penned much of the music that shook the Sixties. This year, our readers picked two meteors in the pop field who soared, blazed and were extinguished—and one fiery comet who never seems to burn out.



festival, they would have been able to stop us from now on," said a participant.) They did hear some music, notably by the rising young singer Melanie. ("How can singing be illegal?" she asked, explaining her appearance.) And many got stoned.

Not all of officialdom, however, cast a cold eye on the musical rites of the young. The mayor of Love Valley, North Carolina, welcomed 75,000 revelers to a three-day festival. The press asked his views on the visitors' rampant long hair. "Our Lord wore long hair," replied Mayor Andy Barker. "More recently, so did George Washington and Thomas Jefferson." But aren't

the ideas of the kids repugnant? "No," said the mayor. "I was taught as a child that if I listened, I might learn something. So I'm listening. And I'm learning." Nor were there mishaps or mayhem when 250,000 attended simultaneous weekend festivals in midsummer at Goose Lake, Michigan, and at Mosport, Ontario.

More characteristic of the mixed reverberations from those events that were held was the Atlanta International Pop Festival, attended by nearly half a million in July. A runaway drug scene caused more than 500 to seek medical treatment,



**JANIS JOPLIN** Sixteen days after Hendrix, Janis died in a Los Angeles motel room, from an accidental overdose of heroin. She was 27. To the people who loved the whiskey fire of her voice, the event was infinitely sad, and somehow expected. She sang as if she had a permanent corner on ballsy blues, wailing and moaning and shrieking her songs with such pain and urgency that it sometimes hurt to listen. But outside her music, Janis never quite got it together. When she split from her home town of Port Arthur, Texas, after high school, she took with her only an unsatisfying childhood and a fondness for Bessie Smith. She bounced around for a while, in and out of three colleges, through an unlikely job as a key-punch operator, taking occasional gigs in roadhouse country joints and coffeeshouses. Then, in 1966, a San Francisco group called Big Brother & the Holding Company found her; and a sweet summer night later, at the Monterey Pop Festival, with Janis sequined, shiny and really cooking, the world found her. Instant history. A badly recorded "Big Brother & the Holding Company" LP turned gold, as did the much better follow-up, "Cheap Thrills." But Janis was drinking like a longshoreman and into drugs, lonely, a true superstar—and still looking for home. She went through dozens of changes with Big Brother and finally quit, to chase the elusive idea of her own band, bringing out "Kozmic Blues"—more gold—along the way. She was still looking for her band, and her life, when she died. Maybe the only time Janis really was at home was when she sang the blues.



**ELVIS PRESLEY** Maybe he ain't nothin' but a Tennessee houn' dog, but he's the head houn' dog—even if, after all these years, it's sometimes hard to remember why. Back in 1955, though, it wasn't so hard. Nobody knew then, or cared much, that he'd been making it on the country circuit when Colonel Tom Parker set his fierce promotional genius to work turning the good ole boy into rock's first superstar. What everybody knew, when "Heartbreak Hotel" hit early in 1956, was that Elvis was pure sexual grease—the whole collar-up, "Blackboard Jungle" trip—and he could sing his tail off. Shaking like a snake in heat, he grunted and snarled a brand-new blend of country, laced with r&b, that scandalized adults and drove their kids wild. In the next two years, before he was drafted, he turned out a succession of rock classics—including "Don't Be Cruel," "Hound Dog" and "Jailhouse Rock"—that were the starting capital for a multimillion-dollar Elvis industry. After the Army, he seemed to go soft. He sold records, but it wasn't rock 'n' roll; and he spent nine passive years mainly hanging out at his antebellum mansion near Memphis, leaving his reputation in the care of the drive-in set—who faithfully flocked to see The King in sanitized Technicolor epics such as "Fun in Acapulco." Clean and G-rated, Elvis wasn't much to shout about. But then came the comeback, his TV special and Las Vegas. The Pelvis was back, rough and ripping it up all over again. And everybody who was ready to give up on him discovered that the old houn' dog—at 35—has plenty of fine licks left in him yet.



many of them suffering acute reactions. Thousands, moreover, successfully stormed the gates, with a large resultant deficit for the festival's promoters. Even worse vibrations were detonated at a free rock concert in Chicago's Grant Park at the end of July. Restive because Sly & the Family Stone were late, part of the crowd rioted and, after a six-hour battle with police, more than 150 were arrested and 25, including 10 policemen, were treated for injuries. The Chicago Park District canceled the six remaining rock concerts scheduled for the summer.

And on the Isle of Wight—where a giant festival with Bob Dylan in 1969 had been a triumph—not even the presence last summer of Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, Jimi Hendrix and Miles Davis, among others, prevented a blight. A quarter of a million came; but there, too, the gates were stormed after a hand grenade was thrown at the turnstiles—with subsequent arrests and bitter feelings all around. Promoter Ron Foulk took a heavy loss and pledged never to organize another festival.

At year's end, it was clear that a number of performers had also been turned off festivals. The Pentangle declared it had played its last one, and the Jefferson Airplane now rejects most of the open-air offers it receives. At the core of the disillusionment of these and other performers are the changing *ambiance* of the events, the frequently poor working—and listening—conditions and the greed of some of the entrepreneurs. "The promoters rip off so much," says a member of the Airplane, "that everybody gets burned." For the future, the prospects are for fewer gargantuan gatherings in favor of smaller, more carefully planned occasions. In many places, anyway, promoters will have little choice in the matter. Summarizing the trend toward anti-festival laws in America and Canada, writer Thomas Barry noted late last year: "They require security bonds as high as \$5,000,000. Health and water codes never dreamed of for high school football games have been written. Many specify rock festivals, which prompted one exasperated lawmaker in Florida to ask, 'What if the sound next year is not rock or hard rock?'"

While rock will certainly be among the ingredients of this year's music, there is, indeed, no telling yet exactly what the predominant sounds of 1971 will be. Eric Clapton has underlined the present uncertainty: "There was a time when we would wait around and hope for some leader, like Lennon or Dylan, to tell us what to do. We hung on every word they said. Those days are gone. . . . One of rock's problems now is that we have all the players we need but not the composers who can translate our skill into some-

thing more than just eight-bar songlets. And we want to play something more than that."

Already, the signs are evident that there will be increasing emphasis on larger and more complex forms—along with persistently innovative textures—in the music ahead. The Who, for instance, is working on compositions that go beyond its rock opera, *Tommy*, which was presented at New York's Metropolitan Opera House last spring after a series of opera-house mountings in London, Cologne, Copenhagen and Hamburg. Another indication of what may be coming was the performance in October, both live and on record, of *Jesus Christ—Superstar* (see this month's record reviews in *Playboy After Hours*). This ambitious rock opera, written by Andrew Lloyd Webber, 22, and Tim Rice, 26, employs an 85-piece symphony orchestra, three choirs, a rock group and a jazz band.

Meanwhile, explorations by young musicians into electronic sounds are proceeding with considerable success. Particularly impressive illustrations during the year were the Pink Floyd's recording of *Ummagumma* and the Moody Blues' album *To Our Children's Children's Children*. The Pink Floyd, in live appearances as well, uses the Azimuth Co-Ordinator. With speakers placed in all four corners of the hall, the Co-Ordinator sweeps sound around the room and allows its operator to mix channels and create an extraordinary range of effects. The Moody Blues' device is the Mellotron, a tape-loaded synthesizer that can produce, among others, sounds quite similar to those of a full string orchestra. But the Moody Blues aren't stopping there. Says drummer Graeme Edge: "We've got a Moog synthesizer that gives us complete control of any sound frequency that the human ear can hear, and we plan to use it to make tapes for the Mellotron. We'll use the two combined, and the Mellotron will eventually be a playback machine for the Moog."

Obviously, the expressive possibilities of advancing musical technology have only begun to be realized. A new American group, the Oxpetals, for example, had on order a radically new sound system that consists of a 16-channel console (a portable recording studio, in effect) and loud-speakers with a series of air chambers and alternating brass and wood resonators, 14 to a speaker. These speakers not only play back the music but also create their own harmonics, which become an integral part of the group's sound.

In addition to the expanding use of electronics, another marked trend is an intensified fusion between rock and jazz—and, for that matter, between rock and all manner of other musical modes and genres. Fusion phenomena already estab-

lished are The Tony Williams Lifetime and Blood, Sweat & Tears. (The latter group became the first rock-jazz unit to be sent on a State Department tour, covering Yugoslavia, Rumania and Poland in the middle of the year.) Coming up fast and fused are The Flock (from hard rock to Coltrane); a brilliant, integrated Syracuse combo, Jam Factory; an 11-man Canadian group, Illustration, with two trumpets, two saxophones and a trombone; the wittily resourceful Insect Trust, which encompasses mountain-fiddle and Middle Eastern sounds; a British trio, Egg, ranging among jazz, rock, classical and electronic music; It's a Beautiful Day, from San Francisco; and Forever More, three Scots and an Englishman who describe themselves as "a jazz-blues-folk-country-rock" band.

Selective fusion, initiated by jazz musicians, is also continuing. The pre-eminent exemplar is Miles Davis; but as Miles emphasizes, the resultant music is distinctly his own and beyond categorizing. "Jazz is a white man's word," says Miles. "And rock is a white man's word. It's all just music, man. It's just being out there. André Watts plays a good piano; so do Herbie Hancock and Bill Evans. Puccini is great and so is Jimi Hendrix. Everyone who's out there is connected, not pigeonholed according to some label."

Miles was "out there" all year—appearing at concerts and at Fillmore East and West alongside Blood, Sweat & Tears, Laura Nyro, The Band and other icons of the young. And his album *Bitches Brew* sold widely on both sides of the generation gap. In addition to the customary horns and rhythm section, Miles has been using electric piano, electric organ, electric guitar, Brazilian percussion instruments, sitar, tabla and water drums. With characteristic disdain for any kind of barriers, he heads a unit including blacks, a Puerto Rican, a Brazilian and whites from both America and England. Living the credo of the music to come, Miles says: "Sure, it's different. I'm different and that's my music. I was different in 1946, 1947 and even 1945. You've got to go with life."

Another nonpareil creator who has kept going with life is Duke Ellington. Though constantly traveling—he began the past year with a tour of the Far East—Duke continued to add to what many feel is the most distinguished body of work in the history of American composition. At New Orleans' Jazz and Heritage Festival, he premiered his *New Orleans Suite*—which includes musical portraits of Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet and Mahalia Jackson. At the Monterey Festival, he performed *The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*. And in between, there was a score for Alvin Ailey's ballet, *The River*,  
(continued overleaf)



IN THE ANCIENT TOWN of Grenoble, in an old street called the Rue des Clercs, there used to stand a fine stone house with a mysterious carving over the doorway. The coat of arms itself, which bore a lion *de gueule* on a field of *or*, had nothing strange about it; it was simply the escutcheon of the Carles family, who had built the house. The shield, however, was supported by a stone angel, who held one finger to his lips as if warning to silence. Few passers-by ever realized that the angel's secret was an unpunished murder.

The Carles who had ordered that angel sculpted and placed above the door was a grave, distinguished man, chief judge of the Grenoble court, a scholar and a rich man, too. But even the wisest judges are not immune to the doctrine of *amor vincit sapientiam*, and thus he fell in love with a sleek, shapely, black-haired demoiselle with a smoky look in her eyes, a born cuckold maker if there ever was one.

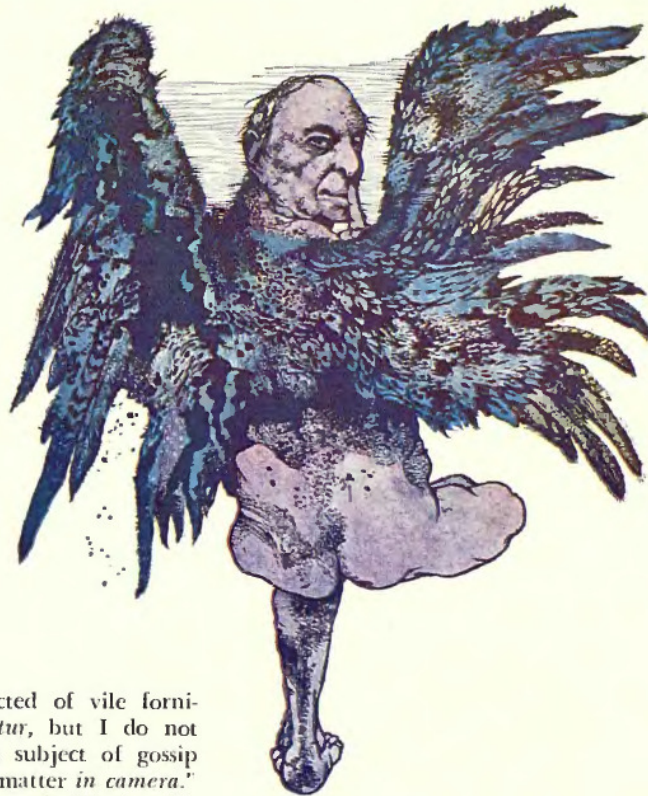
And so she proved. Six months after the wedding garlands were taken down, bored with her quiet house and her sober husband, she fell into a secret affair with a young man. That young man was none other than Nicolas, her husband's clerk, who came one day with a message, tarried for a cup of wine and ended up, *locus delicti*, under the bed canopy with the lady in his arms.

Now, it was not long before the judge, used to investigation and trained in the laws of evidence, realized what was happening when he was absent. He was both angry and saddened, yet he kept his emotions to himself. He did not want the matter to become common gossip and he had lived long enough to observe the principle of *Durum et durum non faciunt murum*—punishment and precaution would not change his wife's deceitful nature. So he watched and waited.

One day he received an urgent message from his faithful old valet and, pleading illness, he left the court and returned home. He found the manservant, very agitated, standing sentry in the hall. "I must tell you, sir, that just now, I observed a young man entering your wife's bedroom secretly. It is your clerk, Nicolas, in fact, and I fear that something illicit is going on."

"Well," said the judge, "I shall make inquiry into the case. You remain outside the door, on guard. As you know, the only other exit is through that little closet to which I have the key."

The judge entered the room and found what he had expected. Nicolas, with a look of terror, sprang naked from the bed and threw himself at the judge's feet, begging mercy. The lady, equally naked, covered her face with her hands and began to weep. "Be quiet, both of you!" said the judge in a stern whisper.



"You are both convicted of vile fornication, *res ipsa loquitur*, but I do not choose to be made a subject of gossip and I shall decide the matter *in camera*."

The judge then gave Nicolas his clothes, warned him to leave Grenoble within the hour and allowed the astonished young man to depart by way of the little closet. When the judge opened the door to the valet, the lady was clothed and there was no sign of disorder. "No one is here except my wife," said the judge.

"Master, I swear that I saw someone enter," said the servant.

"Look for yourself," said the judge, and he forced the valet to search everywhere. When no one was found, the judge said, "You have always been a good servant, but you have perjured yourself. I am willing to suspend sentence, however, and I now discharge you with three months' wages. Go and never return."

All went placidly in the household for some time after that. One day, the wife received an invitation to her cousin's wedding at a place some distance off in the country. Because carriage travel to that place was difficult, a riding party of wedding guests—gallants and ladies from the town—was made up.

Eight days before the event, the judge went secretly to his groom and ordered him thus: "Do not give my mule any water or anything to drink whatsoever until I permit it. When you feed him, mix in a handful of salt with the oats. And, if you value your post and your skin, say nothing about it." The groom swore to obey.

On the day of departure, the lady came to her husband and asked if she might take his little mule for the journey—it was the gentlest and most sure-

footed beast in the stable. The judge agreed.

Before long, the gay party set out through the town and into the country, the gallants making their horses prance and the ladies laughing as they rode along. The judge, with a fateful look on his face, went back into his house.

At last, the wedding party approached a river crossing. It was where the Rhone ran swiftly through a narrow defile and the path led along its bank. Suddenly, the mule, tormented by thirst, sensed the water and broke into a dead run. Straight for the shore he went and, with one great leap, he threw himself and his rider into the river. The other riders could only watch with horror as the lady was swept downstream—a very great pity, as they all said afterward.

The judge received the news with resignation and, some time later, ordered the stone angel with the sealed lips to be carved and put above his doorway. In spite of his victory, however, he was never truly happy thereafter; in memory, he still loved the faithless girl. He lived as a recluse and never remarried. So what is the angel repressing behind that warning finger? Perhaps it is the old maxim *Nemo iudex in causa sua*—no man is a judge in his own case.

—Retold by Robert Mahieu





## JAZZ AND POP '71 (continued from page 156)

which was described by Clive Barnes of *The New York Times* as "that rare thing among classic scores, something that is contemporary, moving and yet totally un sentimental." Duke also became the first jazz musician-composer to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Mount Olympus of establishment American culture. Of more significance was his role as a founding member of the Black Academy of Arts and Letters, a new group of artists, writers and academicians that is establishing black-rooted criteria of American cultural achievement. But in an otherwise rewarding year, Duke—and music—suffered a stunning loss in the death of Johnny Hodges, so long an integral part of the Ellington microcosm. "Our band," said Duke, "will never sound the same."

Another jazz titan who has survived and thrived is Louis Armstrong. During a celebration of Louis' 70th birthday at the Newport Jazz Festival, Dizzy Gillespie spoke for many: "If it weren't for Louis, there wouldn't be any of us. I'd like to thank Mr. Louis Armstrong for my livelihood." And the city of New Orleans announced plans to erect a statue of Louis in the French Quarter. Said Satchmo, who understood the border-leaping power of music long before there was rock: "I play the trumpet in any language. A note's a note in any language and, if you hit it—beautiful—they dig it."

Another vintage figure in black music honored during the past year was 87-year-old pianist-composer Eubie Blake, the recipient of the first James P. Johnson Award from the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University. Rutgers, in fact, gave promise of becoming a key academic center for jazz. The Institute of Jazz Studies sponsored both a conference on discographical research and a symposium on the sociology of jazz, and the university itself presented Dizzy Gillespie with an honorary doctorate of humane letters in June.

In an unprecedented action, the University of Massachusetts in Boston established a jazz quintet in residence headed by drummer Alan Dawson. The quintet was heard in lecture-demonstrations during courses in American music and jazz, as well as at special free evening concerts for the university and the Boston community. Other colleges and universities, it is hoped, will develop similar programs. At Colgate, as part of what is already a national trend, pianist-composer Andrew Hill participated in the black studies program; trumpeter Don Cherry was an artist in residence at Dartmouth; and Ken McIntyre, at Wesleyan, and Archie Shepp, at the State University of New York at Buffalo, continued their

teaching—with Wesleyan developing an exemplary black-music curriculum as Buffalo expanded Shepp's participation by adding him to the black-studies program.

The increasing role of jazz musicians in education—including lecture-concerts in high schools and elementary schools—was not, however, nearly enough to mollify the rising bitterness of many black jazzmen at the continued lack of exposure for them and their music. Playing opportunities were slim, even for such established jazzmen as Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, and commercial television remained virtually closed. Accordingly, musicians and their supporters started the Jazz and People's Movement, which demonstrated during the tapings of the Merv Griffin, Johnny Carson and Dick Cavett programs in order to focus attention on its grievances. Cavett was the only one of the three to invite members of the group—among them, Cecil Taylor, Mrs. Raheem Roland Kirk and Freddie Hubbard—to discuss the situation on his show. Representatives of all three networks have met with leaders of the movement to see if something could be worked out, but the musicians remain skeptical that they actually will get on the air. As a network employee admitted, "The director of nighttime programming here didn't know a single one of the names that were submitted, including a reference to the late John Coltrane. So it's going to take a lot of educating."

If the year was bleak for young jazz instrumentalists, two singers did get national attention: Washington-based Roberta Flack, who scored strongly both in several television appearances and at the Newport Festival, and Leon Thomas, who forged new directions for jazz vocalizing, while also digging for foundations in African music.

Among the nonjazz singers who began to crest during the year were James Taylor, Van Morrison, England's Joe Cocker (who was one of the fervid highlights in the film version of *Woodstock*), Melanie, and Bonnie of the holy-rolling Delaney & Bonnie & Friends. A name to watch for this year is Kris Kristofferson, a Nashville-trained writer-singer and protégé of Johnny Cash; he had previously been a Rhodes scholar and a failed novelist. In one of the year's most original and courageous breakthroughs, Dory Previn created a new dimension of popular songwriting and vocalizing with her first album, *On My Way to Where*—an unsparingly candid autobiographical odyssey that transmuted severe emotional traumas into art of singular wit and depth.

It was, in fact, precisely in the area of songwriting—Eric Clapton's views notwithstanding—that popular music re-

vealed particular growth throughout 1970. Never before had there been as many writer-performers capable of such diversified and inventive insights into their lives and times—Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson, Joni Mitchell, Tom Paxton, Laura Nyro, Donovan, Tim Buckley, John B. Sebastian, Tim Hardin and the continually developing members of The Band; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; and Creedence Clearwater Revival. And in soul music, the arrival of the year was that of lithe, sensually volcanic Tina Turner, often singing the songs of her husband, Ike.

Bob Dylan, who has been one of the major direction setters in both performing and writing, was relatively inactive in 1970. One release during the year, the two-volume *Self Portrait*, did become an instant gold-record winner, amassing more than \$3,000,000 in sales, but the album was essentially a summing up of Dylan's musical past. More challenging was his second LP of the year, *New Morning*. The elusive troubadour's public activity was limited mainly to his diffident acceptance in June of an honorary doctorate of music at Princeton University. Said the citation to Dr. Dylan: "Although he is now approaching the perilous age of 30, his music remains the authentic expression of the disturbed and concerned conscience of America."

The Beatles, equally influential along with Dylan in the recent past, did not last out the year. There was a new album, *Let It Be* (the title of a Beatles film also released in 1970), but the group finally broke apart. And, apparently, nothing can ever put it back together again. Why the break? Said Paul McCartney: "Personal differences, business differences, musical differences." Each has gone on to cut albums of his own. As for the future, McCartney, presumably speaking only for himself, answers: "My only plan is to grow up."

Although the Rolling Stones remained together, Mick Jagger far eclipsed his colleagues in public attention—but less as a singer than as an actor. After appearing with the group—as themselves—in Jean-Luc Godard's *Sympathy for the Devil*, he played the leading role in the strangely evocative, multilevel film *Performance* and became the first rock star with a solid future in acting—if he wants it. That he may want just that was indicated by his subsequent starring role in Tony Richardson's *Ned Kelly*. While rock, folk and other combinations of the new popular music were integral to many movies of the past year—from *Zabriskie Point* to *Joe*—a special film accomplishment was *Carry It On*, a feature-length documentary on the lives and beliefs of Joan Baez and her husband, David Harris, who is serving a prison term for draft resistance.

*(continued on page 170)*



# Divorce— Hollywood Style

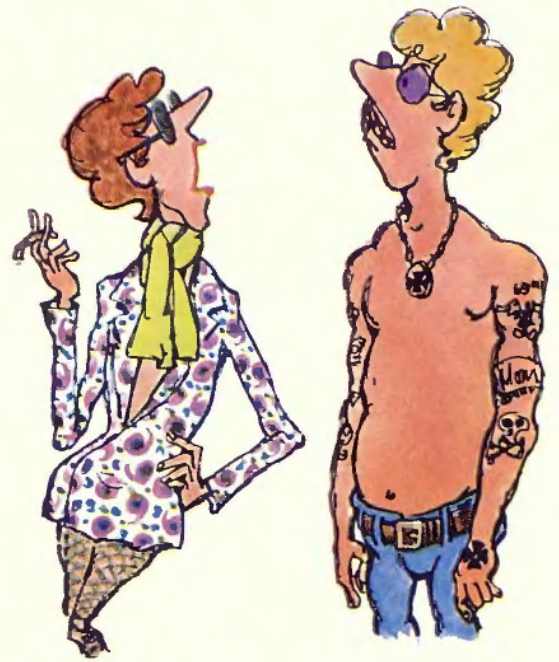
*how shall i shed thee? let me count the ways*  
humor By ALDEN ERIKSON







*"... And remember—if there's any community property left, I get half."*



*"You can't divorce me. We're not even married."*



*"We had a swinging party and got a bunch of groovy presents when we got married, so we figured. . . ."*



*"Darling, I talked it over with the Publicity Department. They said we should first get a divorce, then have a baby."*





*"I knew our marriage was shaky when we moved from Santa Monica to Laguna Beach and he was still in the same car pool."*



*"All right, I'll take the dog and you get the Maserati. Now, get off this conference call."*



*"Imagine this poor little lady's distress, your Honor, when on their honeymoon, her husband brought along a cameraman, two assistant directors and his wardrobe mistress."*



*"Before we celebrate your final decree, Mrs. Seymour, I suggest we review the terms of the property settlement."*

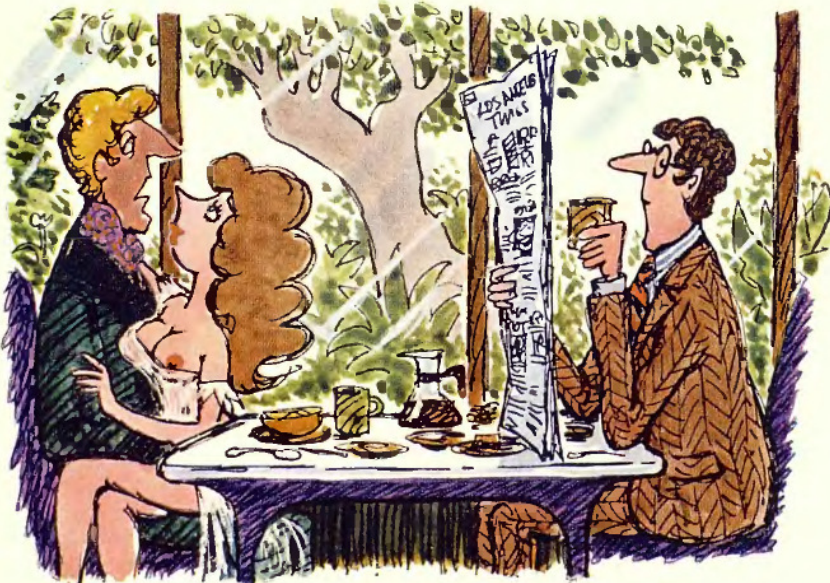




*"My mother makes more alimony than your mother."*



*"I'm named as co-respondent in three divorce cases and all I get is a lousy half inch on page twelve. What do I have to do—fornicate in the streets?"*



*"Darling, we can't go on this way. You've got to ask Arnold for a divorce."*



*"The filthy-minded beast expected me to do to him what I did to Bruce Fenwick, Rocky La Farge and Skip Farnham in 'Strange Honeymoon.'"*





*"Of course, we're divorced, silly—but wouldn't you like to collect some residuals?"*



*"Someday, my dear, all of this will be yours. That is, if our lawyers are cleverer than your father's lawyers."*



*"All right, we'll get a divorce, but if you're thinking of finding yourself a new agent, baby—we got a contract."*





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**Little Nippers. The one little cigar mellowed with the sunny flavor of rum.**



decorated with tiny hearts, dividing the row of Merlo authors (so many of one's authors smoked). At that, the toy horse was a Black Beauty and the dark liquid in the base of the hashish pipe (brandy, Susan guessed, with that robust Irish name) coordinated the hookah with the clubroom.

"I'm going to have a drink," he said, coming in from the bedroom with the manuscript. It bulked out of two boxes; he set them down on the coffee table. "Will you join me? Just to oil the wheels."

"You don't have to qualify it," Susan responded, with a glance at the hash pipe. "I'll have whatever you're having."

"Pernod," he said, showing the bottle. "Very macho," she said.

"Really? I wouldn't have thought so."

"Oh, come off it. Men are always quoting that Hemingway thing. 'Good uplift, drops you just as far.' The whole idiot alcohol mystique."

"I think I remember," he said, removing half the manuscript from the boxes. "The Sun Also Rises, wasn't it?"

She swallowed a quantity of milky liquid. "I mean, even granting the mystique, which I don't, men always get things wrong. It has nothing to do with uplift."

"Nothing does," he said.

"Oh, that's so witty." He had almost winked at her breasts. "Actually, the difference is, with Pernod the room goes around vertically instead of horizontally. That's true, you know. Try smoking grass when you're drinking it sometime and see. Does your wife get reparations?"

"Excuse me?"

"Alimony."

"Yes."

"I'm glad. Was she a good cook?"

"Excellent," he said.

"I'm sure she was. You wouldn't have had it any other way. Wait, please don't say it. A woman gives milk, so there must be a biological urge in women to feed people. That's like saying black people get tuberculosis more than white people, so there must be more black geniuses than white geniuses. To improve on your example before. Except nobody says that. So there you are."

"The book starts here," he said, handing across a stack of pages. "This is all of it."

She glanced through the manuscript. "Was your wife a good housekeeper? Did she pick up after you and everything? Or did you always have a maid?"

"Not always. As you can see, it's a very long novel. You have your work cut out for you. As Cousins remarked the other day, it will be like making a silk purse out of Ma Barker's snatch."

"Did Cousins say that or did you say

that? I don't see how you expect me to read all this while you're sitting there—"

"Think especially about the sex in the book. As I say, I don't feel qualified to judge it, but there's quite a bit of sex between women, which, of course, means a large male readership. There's a scene—yes, right near where you're looking—involving a dildo. I think the author is trying to make a comic point, but it's not clear where the dildo straps on, and unless the reader knows that, the point is lost."

He was sitting back in his chair now, running his thumb across his upper lip. Susan flared. "And what makes you think I'd know?"

"I just thought they might have discussed it at the meetings."

He was insufferable. "What meetings did you have in mind?"

"You don't go to meetings?"

"That's none of your business."

"I just thought they might have demonstrated the use of a dildo. You know, ways to do without men."

There was just the faintest, degrading possibility he was sincere. She tested it. "You know, you're really the most smug person."

"I know," he said unhappily.

"And you try to be so knowing and disarming, that's your defense."

"I know."

"It's really an obvious pose," she said.

"My wife used to say that all the time."

"You mean you're like this all the time?" She had the feeling he was looking past her now, addressing some invisible person in the kitchen.

"No. Only with women I'm attracted to."

"I'm sure you realize I don't consider that flattering." She was suddenly aware she had been holding her glass of Pernod aloft, several inches in front of her lips, for the past several moments. She set the glass down on the table. It was nearly empty. "Your wife may have, once."

"You're right," he said.

"Is that why you split up? Did she start to dig what you were all about?"

"Like you, she was on to me from the first. Some more Pernod?"

"I'll take more when I feel like more. Did you go out with women while you were married?"

One corner of Merlo's mouth lifted; he blinked, he feinted, he gave a sort of shrug; he picked up the manuscript. "While you're reading it, I think you should also be thinking of a new title. As I say, *Placenta Woman* as a title is supposed to be ironic, what an uptight liberal male would think of the heroine, but it has a sci-fi ring that we may not want—"

"You didn't answer my question."

He was silent a moment. "Yes, I went out. We both did." He pointed to her glass. "Listen, maybe you'd like some hashish instead? I noticed you looking at the water pipe." He was on his feet, at the shelf.

"You're being evasive," Susan said, refilling her glass. "It's not like you."

He was placing the water pipe on the coffee table, still avoiding her gaze. The screen of the pipe, improvised from tin foil, was black and frayed. A few hard brown fragments nestled in the bowl. "We used to swap," he said.

"Here," said Susan, taking matches from her vest pocket. She opened the matchbook, struck a match, holding it to the bowl while he sucked on the bit at the end of the coiled, twisting stem. The space above the dark liquid slowly filled with smoke. "So, I didn't know that. Your wife was a husband swapper."

He passed her the stem. It was green and segmented, like a novelty-store snake. "Yes," he said, half holding his breath. "With couples, you know, who were moving away, permanently. Is this pipe drawing for you?"

"I can taste the brandy," she said. "Hennessy? Never mind if it isn't, that's a private joke with myself. So what happened?"

"To what?"

"Did you keep on swapping?"

"Well," he paused. "one time one of the couples changed their minds and didn't move away."

"And that put it in focus for you?"

"More or less. Really, I think this hash pipe is busted. Are you good with machinery?"

"I'll tell you what *I* think. What *I* know. I think your wife left you because you think you're so glib and candid." Susan paused, flashing a woman going out Merlo's front door. Her hair was frizzy, streaked like Elsa Lanchester's in *The Bride of Frankenstein*, and she was dragging two children after her. Susan blinked. "It's just like I was saying in the meeting."

"The meeting?"

"Just last week. It's a typical male trick. You have this technique, you and a lot of men, this very seductive trick, you think, of pretending that everything you say is for the first time, no matter who you're talking to. The way you're talking to me, you probably talked to your wife the same way, and that's why she left you, not this other reason with the wife swapping."

"Husband swapping."

"Husband swapping. OK, and like that, trying to one-up me. All this *macho* directness is really just a kind of timidity, fighting what you consider your weak, passive, feminine side." Again she flashed Elsa Lanchester. Was there a picture of his wife in the apartment? "What you



really won't admit is that people do things for reasons you don't understand and can never control, that there are women you just can't seduce."

He was nodding. "You're absolutely right."

"See, you're still *doing* it!"

"Well, I can't help it. You're right. The only woman I get along with lately is the woman who gives the time on the telephone."

"And she's on tape," said Susan.

"Is she? Well, there goes that."

"You mean you didn't know the time was on tape? Oh, wait. Oh, I see. A put-on."

"No. I really didn't know. I guess I should have pretended I knew."

"Yes, that's what men do. They say something stupid and when you correct them, they say they knew it all the time. *That's* the origin of the put-on, not that thing *The New Yorker* ran. It's an absolutely sexist phenomenon."

"You should do an article," he said.

"I plan to, when I get the time.

What's wrong with this hash pipe, anyway?"

"It won't draw properly."

"Oh, right, you said that before. Well, obviously, it doesn't draw." She placed her palm over the bowl and sucked on the bit. "It's leaking air in about a dozen places." She examined the seams. "Do you have plastic wrap?"

"In here." He was on his feet, walking into the kitchen. "Not the Dow kind."

"Some non-Dow plastic wrap and some masking tape. Where'd you get this hash pipe, anyway? I bet your wife bought it for you."

He looked pleased. "How did you know?"

"I don't know. All these idiot hearts painted on the glass. Where'd she buy it, in some tourist place in Istanbul?"

"Exactly." He was smiling at her. "That's amazing."

"Well, the heart isn't exactly a timeless Middle Eastern symbol."

"What's that you're doing now?"

"Taking the filter out of your tap. It's

not really a filter, it just softens the spray. Didn't you ever fix a faucet?"

"Never."

"Well, now you know. There are about three of these things up there, you'll never miss it. There, it fits perfectly."

"That is truly amazing." He carried the hash pipe back to the living room, setting it on the coffee table.

"Want to hear me crack my knuckles?"

"Yes."

"They won't crack now. I can discuss pro football, too, if you're interested."

"Do you think half of every pro-football team should be women?"

"Now you *are* putting me on. Oh, now it draws very well. This is pretty good hash. Taste."

"Oh, yes. Very sweet. A sort of tiny, resinous taste."

"That's what it is, a resin. Like one taste bud being tingled."

"Exactly. Wait, it's gone out. OK if I light it?"

She nodded, sucking on the bit. "Actually," she said, letting out smoke, "that's where I differ from some of my sisters. I think everybody should light everybody else's cigarettes—if only cigarettes weren't cancerous. I mean, lighting a flame is such a great symbolic gesture. It's like people who want to do away with New Year's. A festival of rebirth, and at the last New Year's Eve party I was at, people were so stoned they didn't even bother to kiss each other."

"Nobody kissed you?"

"No."

"I can't believe that."

"Well, I was still in my daddy's-little-girl stage. I don't know if you ever noticed the way I used to put on make-up?"

"I noticed."

"Like a little girl who gets into her momma's make-up kit. I used to hate myself so much I couldn't look at myself in the mirror. So the make-up went on all crooked."

"You were still noticed."

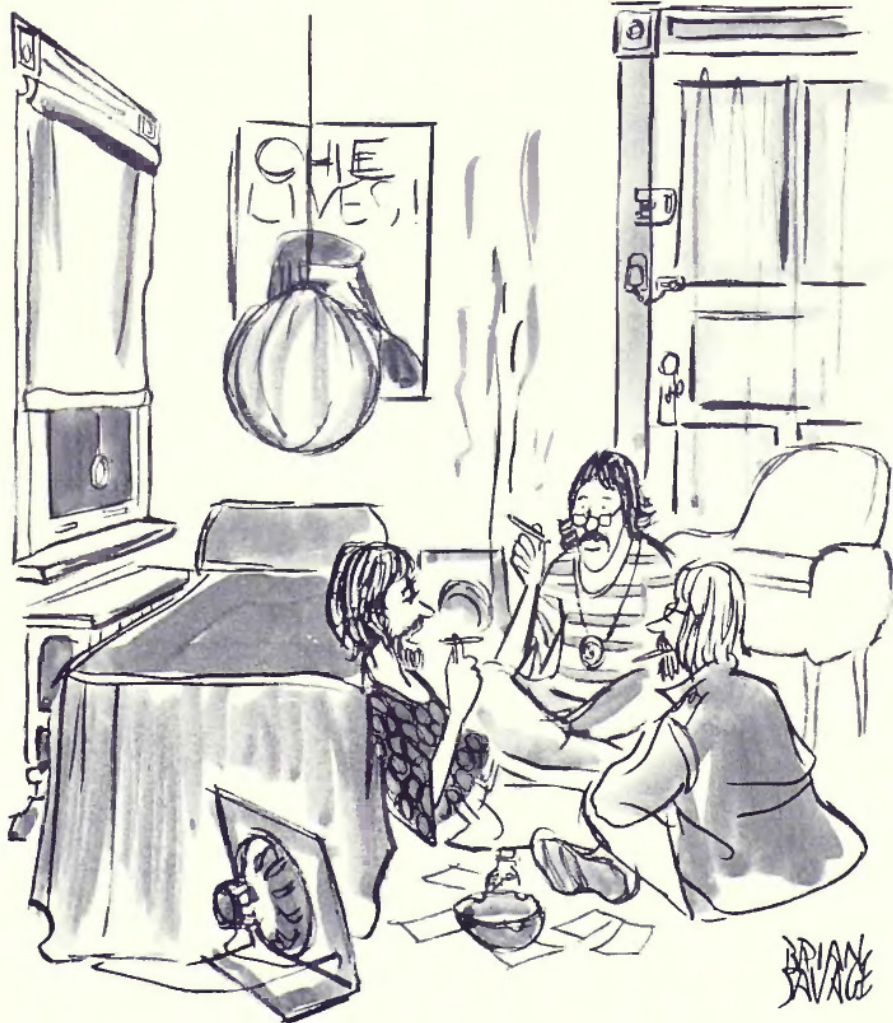
"It's better now, though, isn't it?"

"It's better now."

Susan smoothed her hand down her thigh. "I didn't mean to put down your wife before. I think you probably had a pretty good marriage, as marriages go. I'll bet you didn't swap unless you thought the other man was worthy of your wife. It wasn't just grab-ass. Was your wife very beautiful or what? In the sense that men define beauty. Did she have a nice body? Big breasts or small?"

"She looked a lot like you," said Merlo.

"I mean, you risked a lot. Because what if one of you knew how to make love and the other didn't? And then the one who did found somebody who knew, too. Hey, you know what I flashed before? Elsa Lanchester with frizzy hair.



"Sure, it's expensive, but can you imagine what it would cost if the big drug companies got hold of it?"



Like an association with your wife. Does that mean I think you're Frankenstein? The monster, not the doctor. Which is strange, because you know something? This room is really very groovy. I hate that word, but it is. Not like a torture chamber at all. Hey, this is really beautiful hash."

"It's all in who you're with," Merlo said.

"I think you mean that in a beautiful sense. I really think you do. You know, I'm sorry for what I said before about your being timid, because I think you're fairly secure about your masculinity, for a male. You meet so many castrating men who think that's the name of the game. Did that make sense, what I just said?"

"Perfect sense."

"Do you know you have beautiful eyes? I know you've been told that a million times, but it's true. They're not exactly green and they're not exactly hazel, and they've got funny spokes in them that are all different lengths. They're really beautiful."

"Thank you," said Merlo.

"They really are. It's amazing to stare at them this close. Do you get excited, staring into people's eyes?"

"If I do it long enough."

"Oh, now I made you look away. I didn't mean to do that. Some men do that, stare into a woman's eyes, like a pickup trick. That's OK, too, what you're doing now. Staring at my breasts. In fact, I dig it. Did I ask you what sign you are?"

"A billboard on the Belt Parkway," said Merlo, reaching for the Pernod bottle. He picked up the cap and screwed it on.

"What are you doing?"

"Closing the bottle." He was looking at his watch.

"Why are you looking at your watch?"

"Was I?"

"You looked at my breasts and then you closed the bottle and then you checked the time on your watch."

"It's half past three," said Merlo, rising.

"Now you're looking at my breasts again."

"They're very nice breasts," he said, not looking at them. With his thumb, he snuffed out the ember in the bowl of the pipe. He was on his feet, heading for the front door. Susan felt her neck muscles, the muscles directly under her chin, sag and then tighten. Soon he would be at the door. He was going to turn the knob and go out. He was going back to the office. He was smiling politely at her and she heard the smile in her head, a low-grade static, as though a radio were on somewhere in the apartment, tuned to zero volume. He was almost at the door. I'm going deaf, she thought, gulping with fright and, reaching inside her belt, she tugged out her knit top and drew it

up. The hem caught her nipples, hard, with a sting like metal, and she yanked the top over her head, feeling her breasts bounce and settle.

"They used to be bigger," she said. "They used to be huge. One of my breasts was as big as my ass. I was like two people inside a transsexual suit. That's what this horrible woman said. This dyke."

"She might have been jealous."

"I have an OK body, right?"

"Yes."

"I remind you of your wife, you said." She winced. "Oh, God. I was so afraid you were going to leave just then. You went over to the front door, and now you're sitting here again." She leaned over, shaking, and put her lips next to his ear. "You won't leave, OK?"

"OK," said Merlo. She was clinging to him. He put his arm around her and they floated to the floor. Pages from *Placenta Woman* flew in several directions.

"The coffee table," said Susan. She sat up, cradling her breasts. "The manu-

script. Oh, God, and the hash pipe. I knew I heard it smash.

"Never mind," said Merlo.

"I'm sorry. Oh, God." She crawled toward the broken glass. "I'll pick up the big pieces."

"Later," he said, stepping in front of her. He helped her to her feet. She was still shaking.

"It's true, isn't it?" She looked up at him. "Doesn't Pernod make the room spin vertically?"

"Yes, it does."

"I knew it did. Hold me, OK?" She gripped his arm as they went into the bedroom. "I feel so awful about the hash pipe."

"Don't."

"We'll buy another one," said Susan. She lay down on the bed. His hand stroked her hair, then went away. She reached for it, finding his fingers as he turned toward the window. "A real one, all right? Not just a tourist item."

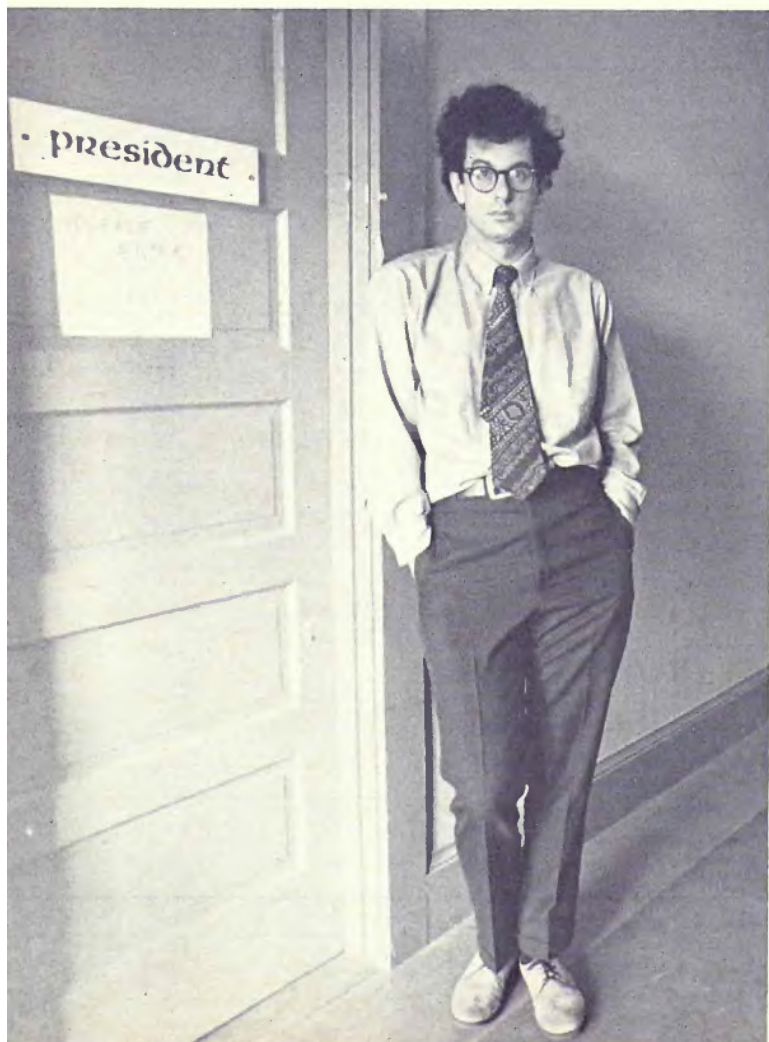
"Good idea," said Merlo, lowering the blinds.



*"If I'm indulging in an act of vulgar sensationalism, what are you doing here with a camera crew?"*



# ON THE SCENE



## LEON BOTSTEIN *peerleader*

IN JUNE OF 1970, New Hampshire's Franconia College startled the academic world by announcing that its new president would be a bespectacled, long-haired youth named Leon Botstein. At 23, he became the youngest man in the history of American education to hold such high office. "The trustees were concerned with my qualifications, not my age," says Botstein. "The appointment was quite a surprise and I vowed at least two things on hearing the news: that I would put as much effort into the job as possible, and that I would get to know everyone on this campus." Since coming to the 250-student minicollege in August, Botstein has made good on both counts: He's on a first-name basis with most of the students, and he's working at a harrowing pace. "Aside from attending to administrative duties and teaching two history classes, I also, as the voice of the college, address public gatherings. I recently discovered I put in a 15-hour day—seven days a week." Botstein has always been a willing—and brilliant—functionary. A graduate of the University of Chicago (where he was lead violin in the school's orchestra), he earned a master's degree in history at Harvard, where he also expects to get his Ph.D. Botstein's ascension to the Franconia presidency came about entirely through coincidence. While working last year as a special assistant to the president of the New York City Board of Education, he was married to the former Jill Lundquist; when the couple visited Jill's brother, a student at Franconia, Leon was asked by the college's search committee to recommend administrators for the Franconia job. Botstein did—and, in the process, himself became one of 17 candidates for the \$16,000-a-year position. "Aside from my academic qualifications, I think I was selected because of my energy, although by the time I'm 30, I may be burned out and ready to start at the bottom somewhere else." At the rate he's going, we feel certain Botstein will find room only at the top.





## HENRI CHARRIERE *promethean escapist*

OF ALL THE EXPLOITS in French literature—including those of Jean Genet, Jean Valjean and Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo—few can compare for high drama with the autobiographical adventures of Henri Charrière, the 63-year-old author of the international best seller *Papillon*. Convicted in 1931 for a murder he still denies committing, Charrière—or “Papillon,” as he was nicknamed in the Paris underworld, for the butterfly tattooed on his chest—was sentenced to life imprisonment in France's colonial penal colonies. After more than 12 years and eight unsuccessful escape attempts, he finally leaped from Devil's Island into the sea, swam to mainland Guiana and reached freedom—and repatriation—in Venezuela. While many critics dismiss his highly publicized adventures as wildly improbable (in fact, two books disputing them have been published in France), Charrière vouches for the validity of his memoirs. “I have material proof that what they say is false,” he says, “and they have no proof that what I say is false.” Not one to overlook any angles, Charrière recently sold *Papillon*'s movie rights to Robert Dorfmann, coproducer of *Z*, and has completed a sequel, *Papillon Surfaces*, which is scheduled to appear in May. The audacious author has also written—and starred as an aging rogue in—*Popsy Pop*, a film with Claudia Cardinale and Stanley Baker, plans more books and screenplays, and ultimately hopes to repay Venezuela's kindness in granting him refuge by investing in the development of a vacation complex there for middle-income tourists. Despite a pardon by the French government, as well as his literary celebrity and the multimillionaire status it's brought him, Charrière still considers himself “*Le Papillon*—the eternal fugitive, the symbol of love, of life in nature and of disobedience—which doesn't have to take orders and can fly wherever it wants, do whatever it wants. Even when I was imprisoned, it was only my body, never my mind. That was always free.”

## STACY KEACH *dramatis persona*

AT 29, HE MAY BE his own hardest act to follow. In the past year and a half, Stacy Keach has scored on Broadway, as Buffalo Bill in *Indians*; on film, first as Horner in *End of the Road*, then in the title role of *The Traveling Executioner* and, more recently, in an improvisational cameo as the 120-year-old third Wright brother in *Brewster McCLOUD*. Of his latest venture—as the protagonist in Frank Perry's Western *Doc*, recently completed in Spain—Keach says: “Doc Holliday is the most demanding role I've ever played. He's probably the most definitively incurable romantic in the history of American movies.” *Doc*, which may be entered in the Cannes Film Festival this May, co-stars Faye Dunaway as Katie Elder. Despite the suddenness of his success, Keach is no neophyte. Since childhood in Savannah and Los Angeles (where his father was a drama coach and a performer on radio's *Tales of the Texas Rangers*), Stacy has been geared to showbiz. His long-range goal: to become America's best classical actor. “I've always wanted to do all the great roles of Shakespeare.” He has played many of them, in repertory and festivals from coast to coast—and it was in the title role of 1967's Bard-inspired satire, *MacBird!*, that Keach first gained national attention. But other interests currently compete for his time. Foremost among them: getting married to folk singer Judy Collins, directing a TV documentary vignette (based on letters left behind by former inmates of Alabama's Kilby Prison, where *Executioner* was filmed, and intended for showing on National Educational Television) writing screenplays and composing music. He's also studying singing, though he discounts for now the idea of vocalizing on-stage. Our guess: If any new medium presents a sufficient challenge, Stacy is likely to tackle it. Ask the ex-agents who told him, years ago, that his facial scars—the result of harelip surgery—would forever prevent his becoming a leading man.





# JAZZ AND POP '71 (continued from page 158)

With her baby, Gabriel, Joan also toured Europe in the summer. In Sopot, Poland, where she was enthusiastically received, she spoke for the community of youth throughout the world when she dedicated a song "to the young people in Poland who are probably in the same position as young people in America—hitchhiking, but with no place to go." Reported *The New York Times*: "Again there was applause, but with a murmur of understanding that swept over the thousands in Sopot's Opera in the Forest." And Steve Katz of Blood, Sweat & Tears, after that group's tour of Poland, Yugoslavia and Rumania, said of his own experience abroad: "What we saw was that kids seem to feel universally about the same things. Whether they have long hair or not, kids are into the same sort of ideas, and like here, there's this new level of thinking that would like to burst out."

And it's particularly through music that contact across national boundaries continues to be made. In Moscow,

though the authorities frown, young people have taken up "the shake"—a mild form of rock 'n' roll. "When we do the shake," explains a Moscow college student, "we totally surrender to the music. It offers us a real freedom—a chance to express our individuality." Perhaps the most poignant epiphany of what this music continues to mean globally, especially in a time when youth everywhere has difficulty bursting out, is this description by a writer from a country where overt dissent is no longer possible: "On the door of the outside lavatory of a Czechoslovak writer's country house, among pine forests and lakes, is a John Lennon poster. Between the Bohemian glassware and the butter-churn wheel are framed posters from Carnaby Street and Fillmore East, trophies of a trip to Britain and the U. S. A. two years back."

Although one might agree with David Crosby, who said in midsummer that "It's getting harder and harder to make happy music," the past year nonetheless proved not only the durability of the

new music but also its essential relationship to the possibility of what Duke Ellington once called a *New World A-Comin'*. As Yale professor Charles A. Reich emphasizes in his controversial new book, *The Greening of America*, this music "has succeeded in expressing an understanding of the world, and of people's feelings, incredibly far in advance of what other media have been able to express. . . . The music has achieved a relevance, an ability to penetrate to the essence of what is wrong with society, a power to speak to man 'in his condition' that is perhaps the deepest source of its power."

A month before he died, Jimi Hendrix said: "When there are vast changes in the way the world goes, it's usually something like art and music that changes it. Music is going to change the world next time." Not by itself, but through the changed consciousness of which it is so vital a part, music will surely be a significant force in "the greening of America"—if the ice age doesn't come first.

In all, 1970 was a year of growing up to a recognition of how hard it is to effect change. But millions now into this music will soon be a majority. And young as they are, they are beginning to feel the truth of what Hannah Arendt once said to a group of students: "You will not be able to have meaningful lives if you cannot remember what you did and what was done to you. Only all of this together will finally end up in something like the meaning of your lives."

In August, Janis Joplin helped share the cost of a gravestone for Bessie Smith. There had only been grass over her grave in Philadelphia, because her family never had the money to buy a marker for her. Said Janis of Bessie: "She showed me the air and taught me how to fill it." In their separate ways, commingling in a common musical language, Janis, Jimi and many others, whatever their individual uncertainties and flaws, have helped a generation to fill the air.

## ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

As in years past, we asked our incumbent All-Stars to select their own All-Star favorites. Eligible to vote were the 1970 medal winners: Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Ginger Baker, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Booker T., Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Herb Ellis, the 5th Dimension, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Jimi Hendrix, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Tom Jones, Janis Joplin, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, John Lennon, Henry Mancini, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Doc Severinsen, Ravi Shankar, Frank Sinatra, Jimmy



"As a dream, of course, it's quite common."



Smith, Kai Winding and Si Zentner. The results of the All-Stars' balloting follow.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER:** Duke Ellington and Count Basie again came up number one and number two, but New York's Thad Jones-Mel Lewis duumvirate was evicted from the third spot and the line moved up to make room for Miles Davis and Gil Evans, who tied for fifth. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Count Basie; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Stan Kenton; 5. Miles Davis, Gil Evans.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET:** Dizzy Gillespie again led the way as Clark Terry and Doc Severinsen were replaced by Art Farmer and Louis Armstrong; Freddie Hubbard rose to the third spot. **1. Dizzy Gillespie;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Freddie Hubbard; 4. Art Farmer; 5. Louis Armstrong.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE:** J. J. Johnson retained his laurels, but Curtis Fuller ousted Carl Fontana, and Urbie Green and Kai Winding traded spots. **1. J. J. Johnson;** 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Urbie Green; 4. Curtis Fuller; 5. Kai Winding.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX:** Cannonball stayed on top as the late Johnny Hodges and Sonny Stitt were replaced by Ornette Coleman and Lee Konitz, and Phil Woods dropped a couple of spots. **1. Cannonball Adderley;** 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Ornette Coleman, Lee Konitz; 5. Phil Woods.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX:** Stan Getz had no trouble holding off challengers, but Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Griffin and Eddie Miller gained ranking in the leading quintet. Ousted from his number-two spot by Zoot Sims, Sonny Rollins fell to a tie for fifth. **1. Stan Getz;** 2. Zoot Sims; 3. Paul Gonsalves; 4. Johnny Griffin; 5. Eddie Miller, Sonny Rollins.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX:** Harry Carney took the laurels as he switched musical chairs with Gerry Mulligan; Cecil Payne and Bud Shank gave way to Ernie Caceres and Jim Horn. **1. Harry Carney;** 2. Gerry Mulligan; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Ernie Caceres, Jim Horn.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET:** Buddy DeFranco again took on all comers, but Benny Goodman faded from second to fifth and Jimmy Hamilton replaced Pete Fountain. **1. Buddy DeFranco;** 2. Jimmy Giuffre; 3. Alvin Batiste; 4. Jimmy Hamilton; 5. Benny Goodman.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO:** Bill Evans, last year's runner-up, took top honors away from Oscar Peterson, and Herbie Hancock dropped a rung as Jimmy Rowles and Hank Jones displaced Roland Hanna and Chick Corea. **1. Bill Evans;** 2. Oscar Peterson; 3. Jimmy Rowles; 4. Herbie Hancock; 5. Hank Jones.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ORGAN:** Only top man Jimmy Smith remained here, as Billy Preston came from nowhere to take the number-two spot from Warren Bern-

hardt. Wild Bill Davis and Larry Young ousted Joe Mooney and Jimmy McGriff, and Owen Bradley and Groove Holmes replaced Lennie Dee and Walter Wanderley. **1. Jimmy Smith;** 2. Billy Preston; 3. Wild Bill Davis, Larry Young; 5. Owen Bradley, Groove Holmes.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VIBES:** Milt Jackson was an easy repeat winner, but Red Norvo slipped out of sight as Lionel Hampton moved up a slot into his niche; Victor Feldman and Roy Ayers were popular mallet men this year. **1. Milt Jackson;** 2. Gary Burton; 3. Lionel Hampton; 4. Victor Feldman; 5. Roy Ayers.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR:** Jim Hall regained his crown from Herb Ellis, and Kenny Burrell and Joe Pass each moved up a notch as Tal Farlow lost out to John McLaughlin. **1. Jim Hall;** 2. Herb Ellis; 3. Kenny Burrell; 4. Joe Pass; 5. John McLaughlin.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS:** Ray Brown retained his title, but Richard Davis fell to fifth and Eddie Gomez and Chuck Domanico took over from Jack Six and Charles Mingus. **1. Ray Brown;** 2. Ron Carter; 3. Eddie Gomez; 4. Chuck Domanico; 5. Richard Davis.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS:** Tony Williams and Roy Haynes each moved up a notch as the Rich got richer. Louis Bellson fell from the top five and Philly Joe Jones displaced Alan Dawson. **1. Buddy Rich;** 2. Tony Williams; 3. Philly Joe Jones; 4. Roy Haynes; 5. Mel Lewis.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT:** This category was highlighted by a three-way tie as Yusef Lateef, Herbie Mann and Ravi Shankar shared the third-place slot. Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Jean Thielemans remained first and second. **1. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, manzello, stritch;** 2. Jean Thielemans, harmonica; 3. Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe; Herbie Mann, flute; Ravi Shankar, sitar.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST:** The Chairman of the Board got another vote of confidence, again edging in ahead of Ray Charles. Tony Bennett came back to push Billy Eckstine down to the number-four spot and Joe Williams returned to tie for fourth; João Gilberto and Tom Jones faded from earshot. **1. Frank Sinatra;** 2. Ray Charles; 3. Tony Bennett; 4. Billy Eckstine, Joe Williams.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST:** Sarah Vaughan slipped past Carmen McRae to finish just behind Queen Ella, while Nancy Wilson returned and Peggy Lee came back to tie for fifth with newcomer Laura Nyro; Dionne Warwick dropped from the list. **1. Ella Fitzgerald;** 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Carmen McRae; 4. Nancy Wilson; 5. Peggy Lee, Laura Nyro.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP:** Five again proved more than four, and comers Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young ousted the Hi-Lo's. **1. 5th Dimension;** 2. Four

If your girl  
doesn't  
like the great  
autumn day  
aroma of  
Field & Stream...



start  
playing  
the  
field.



Freshmen; 3. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; 4. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, Simon & Garfunkel.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR SONGWRITER/COMPOSER: Duke Ellington, displaced by the team of Bacharach and David, dropped from the top five, along with Gil Evans, Dave Grusin and Quincy Jones. 1. Burt Bacharach—Hal David; 2. Jim Webb; 3. Michel LeGrande; 4. John Lennon, Johnny Mandel, Paul McCartney.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The changes were below B. S. & T. and the Davis crew as Chicago, the Oscar Peterson Trio and Young-Holt, Unltd., replaced the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, the Dave Brubeck Quartet and the Modern Jazz Quartet, in that order. 1. Blood, Sweat & Tears; 2. Miles Davis Sextet; 3. Chicago; 4. Oscar Peterson Trio; 5. Young-Holt, Unltd.

### RECORDS OF THE YEAR

PLAYBOY's readers were asked to write in their choices for the best albums of the year in each of three categories—best LP by a big band, best LP by a small combo (fewer than ten pieces) and best vocal LP.

BEST BIG-BAND LP: *Bitches Brew* / Miles Davis (Columbia). Complementing his overpowering horn with three electric pianists, a trio of drummers, a percussionist, a bassist and a Fender bassist, a soprano-sax man and a bass-clarinettist, and the polished electric guitar of John McLaughlin, Davis showed that there were still new jazz worlds to conquer.

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP: *Chicago* (Columbia). After its British tour, Chicago was rated above the Beatles and the Rolling Stones by most English music critics. The group gave up its royalties to cut the sales price of this double album and the move paid off in exposure for its big-band rock sound that comes across on such driving tunes as *Make Me Smile*.

BEST VOCAL LP: *Déjà Vu* / Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic). This album, by the supergroup that made its second live appearance at the legendary Woodstock Festival, includes the group's forceful version of Joni Mitchell's tune tribute to the event, *Woodstock*.

#### BEST BIG-BAND LP

1. *Bitches Brew* / Miles Davis (Columbia)
2. *Duke Ellington's 70th Birthday Concert* (Solid State)
3. *Walking in Space* / Quincy Jones (A & M)
4. *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Sound Track* (A & M)
5. *Keep the Customers Satisfied* / Buddy Rich (Liberty)
6. *Buddy & Soul* / Buddy Rich (Pacific Jazz)
7. *2001: A Space Odyssey—Sound Track* (MGM)

8. *Theme from "Romeo and Juliet"* / Henry Mancini (RCA)
9. *A Warm Shade of Ivory* / Henry Mancini (RCA)
10. *Mad Dogs & Englishmen* / Joe Cocker (A & M)
11. *Best of Henry Mancini* (RCA)
12. *Theme from "Z"* / Henry Mancini (RCA)
13. *J. J. Jackson's Dilemma* (Perception)
14. *Air Force* / Ginger Baker (Atlantic)
15. *Doc Severinsen's Closet* (Command)
16. *Make It Easy on Yourself* / Burt Bacharach (A & M)
17. *Mercy, Mercy* / Buddy Rich (Pacific Jazz)
18. *Best of Buddy Rich* (Pacific Jazz)
19. *Gula Matari* / Quincy Jones (A & M)
20. *Theme from "Midnight Cowboy"* / Paul Mauriat (Philips)
21. *Basie on the Beatles* (Happy Tiger)
22. *Don Ellis at Fillmore* (Columbia)
23. *Six Hours Past Sunset* / Henry Mancini (RCA)
24. *Deep Purple and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra* (Warner Bros.)
25. *Don Ellis Goes Underground* (Columbia)

#### BEST SMALL-COMBO LP

1. *Chicago* (Columbia)
2. *Blood, Sweat & Tears 3* (Columbia)
3. *Santana* (Columbia)
4. *Memphis Underground* / Herbie Mann (Atlantic)
5. *Weasels Ripped My Flesh* / Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention (Bizarre)
6. *Déjà Vu* / Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic)
7. *Tommy* / The Who (Decca)
8. *Cosmo's Factory* / Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)
9. *Live at Leeds* / The Who (Decca)
10. *Volunteers* / Jefferson Airplane (RCA)
11. *Swiss Movement* / Les McCann and Eddie Harris (Atlantic)
12. *Woodstock* (Cotillion)
13. *McLemore Avenue* / Booker T. and the MG's (Stax)
14. *Burnt Weeny Sandwich* / Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention (Reprise)
15. *Abbey Road* / Beatles (Apple)
16. *John Barleycorn Must Die* / Traffic (United Artists)
17. *McCartney* / Paul McCartney (Apple)
18. *Let It Be* / Beatles (Apple)
19. *Let It Bleed* / Rolling Stones (London)
20. *Uncle Meat* / Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention (Bizarre)
21. *Country Preacher* / Cannonball Adderley (Capitol)
22. *Benefit* / Jethro Tull (Reprise)
23. *Closer to Home* / Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol)

24. *Greatest Hits* / Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass (A & M)
25. *The Band* (Capitol)

#### BEST VOCAL LP

1. *Déjà Vu* / Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic)
2. *Bridge Over Troubled Water* / Simon & Garfunkel (Columbia)
3. *McCartney* / Paul McCartney (Apple)
4. *Woodstock* (Cotillion)
5. *Let It Be* / Beatles (Apple)
6. *Abbey Road* / Beatles (Apple)
7. *Cosmo's Factory* / Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)
8. *Let It Bleed* / Rolling Stones (London)
9. *Sweet Baby James* / James Taylor (Reprise)
10. *Tommy* / The Who (Decca)
11. *Self Portrait* / Bob Dylan (Columbia)
12. *Led Zeppelin II* (Atlantic)
13. *Chicago* (Columbia)
14. *Blood, Sweat & Tears 3* (Columbia)
15. *Mad Dogs & Englishmen* / Joe Cocker (A & M)
16. *Live at Leeds* / The Who (Decca)
17. *Crosby, Stills & Nash* (Atlantic)
18. *Band of Gypsies* / Jimi Hendrix (Capitol)
19. *Closer to Home* / Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol)
20. *I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mama!* / Janis Joplin (Columbia)
21. *Close to You* / Johnny Mathis (Columbia)
22. *The Band* (Capitol)
23. *Watertown* / Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
24. *On Stage* / Elvis Presley (RCA)
25. *It Ain't Easy* / Three Dog Night (Dunhill)

### JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

Sentiment undoubtedly influenced the popular vote in this year's Hall of Fame poll, the tragic deaths of both Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin occurring almost simultaneously with the publication of our ballot in the October issue. Jimi and Janis, finishing first and second, respectively, first made the top-25 list last year, when the number of newcomers jumped to 13 from three the previous year. Eight more "new" faces make their debuts in our current collection of contenders: Burt Bacharach, Paul Simon, Doc Severinsen, George Harrison, Frank Zappa, B. B. King, Joe Cocker and Joan Baez. The pop-rock complex continued to gain strength, with Buddy Rich slipping down the list to ninth place from fourth last year and fellow jazzman Herbie Mann coming in 25th. Previous winners—Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Benny Goodman, Wes Montgomery, Herb Alpert, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Paul





Buck Brown

*"I must tell you frankly—this is one reason why doctors  
don't like to make house calls!"*



McCartney—were ineligible. Following are this year's top 25:

1. Jimi Hendrix
2. Janis Joplin
3. Elvis Presley
4. Mick Jagger
5. Burt Bacharach
6. Johnny Cash
7. Paul Simon
8. Eric Clapton
9. Buddy Rich
10. Doc Severinsen
11. Barbra Streisand
12. George Harrison
13. Frank Zappa
14. Henry Mancini
15. Dionne Warwick
16. B. B. King
17. Joe Cocker
18. Joan Baez
19. Tom Jones
20. Donovan
21. José Feliciano
22. Al Hirt
23. Otis Redding
24. Ginger Baker
25. Herbie Mann

#### ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

Two 1970 All-Star Readers' Poll winners, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, who would have repeated their triumphs this year, met death during the balloting for 1971 and thus had to be removed from the final results. (Only living artists are eligible to win the poll.) This is the first time in the history of the Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll that two current titleholders have died in a single year. Wes Montgomery died just prior to our 1969 poll; he was elected by our readers to the Hall of Fame, as were

Hendrix and Joplin in this year's poll.

New winners were declared in those categories that Jimi and Janis led—guitar and female vocalist—and, although no other races were affected by this adjustment, change was rampant throughout most of the poll as pop-rock continued to make deep inroads into the balloting: Frank Zappa rose from 22nd place last year, for instance, to third in the big-band-leader category.

The most noteworthy change, perhaps, occurred in the male-vocalist category; Joe Cocker came from nowhere to finish first. Cocker is the first "underground" vocalist to cop the prize. His popularity came about—like the fandom for other underground artists—not through the mass media, which gave him little and late exposure, but through live performances attended by devoted followers, who turned on others by word of mouth. Paul McCartney also advanced in this year's race, as a result of his first solo album. Other singers showing upward mobility were Elvis Presley, James Taylor, Richie Havens, Johnny Mathis, Isaac Hayes, Arlo Guthrie, Engelbert Humperdinck and Neil Diamond; prominent backsliders included Bob Dylan, Donovan, Glen Campbell, José Feliciano, Lou Rawls and Ray Charles.

Among the female vocalists, last year's second and third placers—Dionne Warwick and Grace Slick—each moved up a notch. Other vocal climbers were Melanie, Diana Ross, Linda Ronstadt, Nancy Wilson, Lainie Kazan, Roberta Flack, Lulu and Buffy Sainte-Marie. The guitarists did the same riff as the female vocalists: Their number-two and -three men last year—Eric Clapton and José Feliciano—

advanced a musical chair each. The fastest-rising star among the fret men was Alvin Lee, who leaped from 22nd to sixth.

Playing in a style quite similar to Blood, Sweat & Tears', Chicago made a triumphant first appearance by edging that group from the number-one spot in the instrumental-combo category. The ascension of the Jefferson Airplane, the Mothers of Invention and Santana was accompanied by the descent of Booker T. and the MG's, the Ramsey Lewis Trio and the Ventures. The vocal-group section saw Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young advance from seventh to take the laurels from the scattered Beatles. Seven "new" groups made the standings: Led Zeppelin, Grand Funk Railroad, The Band, the Jackson Five, Ten Years After, the Moody Blues and Ike & Tina Turner.

In the songwriter/composer competition, John Lennon and Paul McCartney weren't quite as powerful as singles and slid down the list, their crown being taken by the Burt Bacharach-Hal David powerhouse. C. S. N. & Y. power was felt here, too, as Stephen Stills moved from 13th to fifth.

The first six finishers did an encore of last year in the percussion section, but significant upward moves were made by Keith Moon and Bobby Colomby—who made their debuts in eighth and tenth, respectively—and by Tony Williams, Grady Tate, Fito de la Para and Mike Shrieve. Among the bassists, there was no change through the top five.

Pop-rock continued to dominate the organ department—newcomers included Lee Michaels and Brian Auger. But, though Nicky Hopkins struck a blow for youth, jumping from 17th to second in the piano race, the remaining poll categories didn't feature many new faces. Doc Severinsen took over the lead of the trumpet men, but the only newcomer to the top ten was Don Ellis; the trombonists, paced by J. J. Johnson, showed no change through the first five slots; among the altoists, the only change through the first eight was Fred Lipsius jumping into the third spot from 12th; Stan Getz, Boots Randolph and King Curtis repeated as the three main tenor men; Gerry Mulligan kept his baritone laurels, the only excitement in that area being created by Leroy Cooper and Jim Horn, who came on the scene in sixth and ninth, respectively; and clarinetists Pete Fountain, Herbie Mann and Benny Goodman repeated their one-two-three finish of last year.

On the opposite page are the most popular artists in each category. Those who earned All-Star status are listed in boldface type; they will be awarded silver medals, as will the winners of the Hall of Fame balloting and those artists whose recordings were picked by PLAYBOY readers as the best of the year.



"Don't the railroads have enough troubles?"



## BIG-BAND LEADER

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Henry Mancini
3. Frank Zappa
4. Duke Ellington
5. Buddy Rich
6. Count Basie
7. Ray Charles
8. James Brown
9. Miles Davis
10. Don Ellis
11. Stan Kenton
12. Les Brown
13. Woody Herman
14. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
15. Lionel Hampton
16. Gerald Wilson
17. Oliver Nelson
18. Si Zentner
19. Harry James
19. Sun Ra
21. Bobby Rosengarden
22. J. J. Jackson
23. Les and Larry Elgart
24. Louis Bellson
25. Gil Evans

## TRUMPET

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Al Hirt
3. Herb Alpert
4. Miles Davis
5. Louis Armstrong
6. Dizzy Gillespie
7. Hugh Masekela
8. Clark Terry
9. Nat Adderley
10. Don Ellis
11. Harry James
12. Billy Butterfield
13. Maynard Ferguson
14. Bobby Hackett
15. Jonah Jones
16. Chet Baker
17. Freddie Hubbard
18. Snookie Young
19. Pete Candoli
20. Lee Morgan
21. Thad Jones
22. Donald Byrd
23. Roy Eldridge
24. Don Cherry
25. Art Farmer

## TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson
2. Si Zentner
3. Kai Winding
4. Bob Brookmeyer
5. Slide Hampton
6. Dick Halligan
7. J. C. Higginbotham
8. Jimmy Cleveland
9. Urbie Green
10. Carl Fontana
11. Buster Cooper
12. Chris Barber
13. Turk Murphy
14. Bennie Green
15. Al Grey
16. Quentin Jackson
17. Bill Harris
18. Frank Rosolino
19. Curtis Fuller
20. Wayne Henderson
21. Dickie Wells
22. Harold Betters
23. Benny Powell
24. Grachan Moncur III
25. Garnett Brown

## ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Paul Desmond
3. Fred Lipsius
4. Bud Shank
5. Zoot Sims
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Paul Horn
8. Art Pepper
9. Phil Woods
10. James Moody
11. Paul Winter
12. Benny Carter
13. Cap'n John Handy
14. Sonny Stitt
15. Lou Donaldson
16. Jimmy Woods
17. Eric Kloss
18. Bunky Green
19. John Handy
20. Sonny Criss
20. Charles McPherson
22. Oliver Nelson

23. Lee Konitz
24. Charlie Mariano
25. Hank Crawford

## TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz
2. Boots Randolph
3. King Curtis
4. Chris Wood
5. Eddie Harris
6. Charles Lloyd
7. "Fathead" Newman
8. Yusef Lateef
9. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
10. Zoot Sims
11. Pharoah Sanders
12. Sonny Rollins
13. Sam Butera
14. Al Cohn
15. Joe Henderson
16. Gene Ammons
17. Bob Cooper
18. Buddy Tate
19. Bud Freeman
20. Eddie Davis
21. Illinois Jacquet
22. Corky Corcoran
23. Buddy Collette
23. Art Pepper
25. Don Menza

## BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan
2. Bud Shank
3. Sahib Shihab
4. Charles Davis
5. Pepper Adams
5. Leroy Cooper
7. Chuck Gentry
8. Lonnie Shaw
9. Jim Horn
10. Harry Carney
11. Jay Cameron
12. Jimmy Giuffre
13. Jerome Richardson
14. Cecil Payne
15. Bill Hood
16. Pat Patrick
17. Danny Bank
18. Frank Hittner
19. Ernie Caceres
20. Raphael Garrett
20. Ronnie Ross
22. Clifford Scott
23. Ronnie Cuber

## CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain
2. Herbie Mann
3. Benny Goodman
4. Woody Herman
5. Acker Bilk
6. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
7. Buddy DeFranco
8. Phil Woods
9. Pee Wee Spitelera
10. Jimmy Giuffre
11. Buddy Collette
12. Peanuts Hucko
13. Art Pepper
14. Tony Scott
15. Jimmy Hamilton
16. John Carter
17. Alvin Batiste
18. Russell Procope
19. Ray Burke
20. Matty Matlock
21. Rolf Kuhn
22. Barney Bigard
23. Prince Lasha
24. Frank Chace
25. Bob Wilber

## PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck
2. Nicky Hopkins
3. Ray Charles
4. Ramsey Lewis
5. Sergio Mendes
6. Peter Nero
7. Duke Ellington
8. Count Basie
9. Oscar Peterson
10. André Previn
11. Thelonious Monk
12. Erroll Garner
13. Herbie Hancock
14. Les McCann
15. Ahmad Jamal
16. George Shearing
17. Vince Guaraldi
18. Dick Hyman
19. Leon Russell
20. Earl "Fatha" Hines
21. Bill Evans

22. Joe Zawinul
23. Mose Allison
24. Chick Corea
25. Nick Gravenites

## ORGAN

1. Booker T.
2. Al Kooper
3. Jimmy Smith
4. Ray Manzarek
5. Dick Hyman
6. Garth Hudson
7. Billy Preston
8. Keith Emerson
9. Walter Wanderley
10. Lee Michaels
11. Steve Winwood
12. Bill Doggett
13. Wild Bill Davis
14. Groove Holmes
15. Jimmy McGriff
16. Sun Ra
17. Brother Jack McDuff
18. Larry Young
19. Barry Goldberg
19. Johnny "Hammond" Smith
21. Shirley Scott
22. Sonny Burke
23. Brian Auger
24. Odell Brown
25. Charlie Earland

## VIRES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Cal Tjader
3. Gary Burton
4. Milt Jackson
5. Don Elliott
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Bud Montgomery
8. Gary McFarland
9. Roy Ayers
10. Red Norvo
11. Bobby Hutcherson
12. Johnny Lytle
13. Dave Pike
14. Tommy Vig
15. Victor Feldman
16. Mike Mainieri
17. Teddy Charles
18. Larry Bunker
19. Gunter Hampel
20. Emil Richards

## GUITAR

1. Eric Clapton
2. José Feliciano
3. George Harrison
4. Mason Williams
5. Chet Atkins
6. Alvin Lee
7. B. B. King
8. Charlie Byrd
9. Jimmy Page
10. Tony Mottola
11. Kenny Burrell
12. Mike Bloomfield
13. Gabor Szabo
14. Laurindo Almeida
15. Duane Eddy
16. Johnny Winter
17. Herb Ellis
17. Robbie Robertson
19. João Gilberto
20. Larry Coryell
21. Peter Townshend
22. John McLaughlin
23. Howard Roberts
24. George Benson
25. Barney Kessel

## BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. Jack Bruce
3. Charles Mingus
4. Ray Brown
5. Noel Redding
6. Jim Fielder
7. Rick Grech
8. Monk Montgomery
9. Donald "Duck" Dunn
10. Buddy Clark
11. Ron Carter
12. Bob Haggart
13. Joe Byrd
14. El Dee Young
15. Jack Casady
16. Gene Wright
17. Chubby Jackson
18. Art Davis
19. Percy Heath
20. Richard Davis
21. Jimmy Garrison
22. Bob Cranshaw

23. Mel Schacter
24. Phil Upchurch
25. Sam Jones

## DRUMS

1. Ginger Baker
2. Buddy Rich
3. Ringo Starr
4. Gene Krupa
5. Joe Morello
6. Sandy Nelson
7. Charlie Watts
8. Keith Moon
9. Elvin Jones
10. Bobby Colomby
10. Mitch Mitchell
12. Tony Williams
13. Louis Bellson
14. Grady Tate
15. Bobby Rosengarden
16. Shelly Manne
17. Art Blakey
18. Chico Hamilton
19. Cozy Cole
20. Hal Blaine
21. Max Roach
22. Fito de la Para
23. Joe Chambers
23. Mike Shrieve
25. Red Holt

## OTHER INSTRUMENTS

1. Herbie Mann, flute
2. Bob Dylan, harmonica
3. Ian Anderson, flute
4. Ravi Shankar, sitar
5. George Harrison, sitar
6. Paul Butterfield, harmonica
7. Dick Hyman, Moog
8. Mongo Santamaria, congas
9. Pete Drake, steel guitar
10. Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe
11. Jean-Luc Ponty, violin
12. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, manzello, stritch
13. Buddy DeFranco, bass clarinet
14. Charles Lloyd, flute
15. Art Van Damme, accordion
16. James Cotton, harmonica
17. Rufus Harley, bagpipes
18. Sun Ra, Moog
19. Candido, bongos
20. Paul Horn, flute
21. Joe Venuti, violin
22. John Mayall, harmonica
23. Alice Coltrane, harp
24. Bud Shank, flute
25. Don Butterfield, tuba

## MALE VOCALIST

1. Joe Cocker
2. Paul McCartney
3. Tom Jones
4. Frank Sinatra
5. Mick Jagger
6. Elvis Presley
7. James Taylor
8. Richie Havens
9. Johnny Cash
10. Jim Morrison
11. Andy Williams
12. Bob Dylan
13. Donovan
14. Glen Campbell
15. Johnny Mathis
16. Isaac Hayes
17. José Feliciano
18. Sammy Davis Jr.
19. Lou Rawls
20. David Clayton-Thomas
21. Ray Charles
22. Tony Bennett
23. Arlo Guthrie
23. Engelbert Humperdinck
25. Neil Diamond

## FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Dionne Warwick
2. Grace Slick
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Joan Baez
5. Melanie
6. Joni Mitchell
7. Diana Ross
8. Judy Collins
9. Ella Fitzgerald
10. Aretha Franklin
11. Laura Nyro
12. Petula Clark
13. Linda Ronstadt
14. Nancy Wilson

15. Cass Elliott
16. Vikki Carr
17. Lainie Kazan
18. Roberta Flack
19. Peggy Lee
20. Bobbie Gentry
21. Claudine Longet
22. Lulu
22. Dusty Springfield
24. Buffy Sainte-Marie
25. Eydie Gormé

## VOCAL GROUP

1. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
2. Beatles
3. Creedence Clearwater Revival
4. 5th Dimension
5. Simon & Garfunkel
6. Who
7. Three Dog Night
8. Rolling Stones
9. Led Zeppelin
10. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
11. Grand Funk Railroad
12. Lettermen
13. The Band
14. Sly & the Family Stone
15. Association
16. Jackson Five
17. Jefferson Airplane
18. Temptations
19. Ten Years After
20. Doors
21. Moody Blues
22. Peter, Paul & Mary
23. Ike & Tina Turner
24. Mothers of Invention
25. Steppenwolf

## SONGWRITER/COMPOSER

1. Burt Bacharach-Hal David
2. Paul McCartney
3. Bob Dylan
4. Paul Simon
5. Stephen Stills
6. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
7. John Lennon
8. Frank Zappa
9. Jim Webb
10. Rod McKuen
11. Laura Nyro
12. Steve Winwood
13. Henry Mancini
14. Johnny Cash
15. Quincy Jones
16. Donovan
17. Smokey Robinson
18. Robbie Robertson
19. Duke Ellington
20. Neil Young
21. Leonard Cohen
22. John Hartford
23. John Fogarty
24. Miles Davis
25. Peter Townshend

## INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Chicago
2. Blood, Sweat & Tears
3. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass
4. Jefferson Airplane
5. Mothers of Invention
6. Booker T. and the MG's
7. Miles Davis Sextet
8. Ramsey Lewis Trio
9. Ventures
10. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
11. Dave Brubeck Trio
12. Santana
13. Herbie Mann Quintet
14. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
15. Modern Jazz Quartet
16. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
17. Oscar Peterson Trio
18. Pentangle
19. Young-Holt, Unltd.
20. Charlie Byrd Quintet
21. George Shearing Quintet
22. Stan Getz Quartet
23. Jazz Crusaders
24. Les McCann Ltd.
25. Preservation Hall Jazz Band





## BRINGING RUSSIA TO HER KNEES

(continued from page 101)

surface, it looked like nothing more than an international banking transaction: Fiat had contracted with the Soviets to build an automobile plant that would produce 600,000 automobiles a year by 1972. Although its output would be dwarfed by U.S. production of 8,000,000 cars, this one plant would triple the meager 1966 Soviet production of 230,000. Fiat planned to purchase about \$50,000,000 worth of machinery from the United States and wanted the U.S. Export-Import Bank to extend a line of credit for the sale. The purpose of our junket was to determine whether or not we should make the loan.

The briefing book—compiled by our Central Intelligence Agency and the Joint Chiefs of Staff—bubbled with bureaucratic enthusiasm for the project. In euphorically flat prose, both groups rhapsodized about how it would help channel Soviet investment toward the consumer area and away from defense-oriented heavy industry. This seemed sensible strategy to me, but anyone who's

ever seen a James Bond movie knows that intelligence agencies never say what they really mean—so I began trying to decipher their *true* reasons for supporting the loan.

Having never been to the Soviet Union, I didn't begin to comprehend the subversive brilliance of this plan until I arrived in Moscow. To my surprise, as a representative from Los Angeles—that six-lane-do-not-enter-yield-right-of-way monument to the automobile culture—I discovered that in this Russian metropolis of 6,500,000 souls, there are exactly eight gas stations and two garages. Furthermore, there's not a single freeway in all of the U.S.S.R. These two facts suddenly made the scheme obvious. By encouraging the Soviets to concentrate on making automobiles instead of missiles, we could undermine their society faster than you can say "Ralph Nader."

The CIA and the military aren't dumb; they know all about such capitalistic joys as freeways, smog, conditional sales contracts and rusting junk yards. With the

Soviets willing to pay for their own subversion, why not give them a helping hand?

The automobiles themselves, of course, would be only a catalyst for a larger explosion. If matters proceeded as expected, the Russians would within a few years be so committed to economic activities related to the automobile that Soviet society would be crumbling on all fronts. Today, for instance, there are few highways in the Soviet Union, but once a significant number of comrades decided to leave the driving to themselves, we would see a revolutionary development: the first permanent floating traffic jam in Mother Russia. Workers would be late for their jobs, quotas would be missed, salaries cut. Socialist courts would be so jammed with traffic cases that the government would no longer have the energy or facilities to hound such offenders as dissident poets, novelists and scientists. And it would get worse when the workers, who had sweated and strained for years to own a car, discovered that bumps and potholes were rattling their hard-earned vehicles back into their component parts. Unruly demands for more and better roads would be inevitable. And as the government responded to the powerful internal-combustion factions, modern ribbons of concrete would begin to crisscross the land, progressively eliminating dull old landmarks and historic buildings as they went. Goodbye Kremlin, goodbye Gorki Park, hello freeway.

And since the Russians haven't had the advantage of several generations of training in traffic, the entire nation would soon turn into a huge demolition derby. Superhawks in the United States would no doubt follow the soaring death rate with glee and undertakers would be consumed with envy for their Soviet counterparts, as speed-crazed comrades smacked into poles and each other at 70 mph.

To combat the death rate, the Soviet government would have to channel additional resources into the only economical cure for the problem—motels. But after a night of patriotically energetic rest, those countless Russian Smiths and Joneses would be famished. Enter the concrete-block-and-plastic roadside diners, complete with greasy French fries and bugs in the salad. And once small diners began to blossom along the roadside, could franchise food chains be far behind? The need to cater to the motorized palate would create such gourmet greasy spoons as Commissar's Georgia Fried Blinis, Brezhnev's Borscht-Ins and Here's Yevgeny! Stroganoff Kiosks. Competition among these servants of the automobile would mean the advent of colorful and witty outdoor advertising—in the form of the ubiquitous billboard. No longer would traveling Soviets need to endure the monotony of the natural



*"That's right, my dear; I, too, am a parasite. But I, at least, am a self-supporting parasite."*

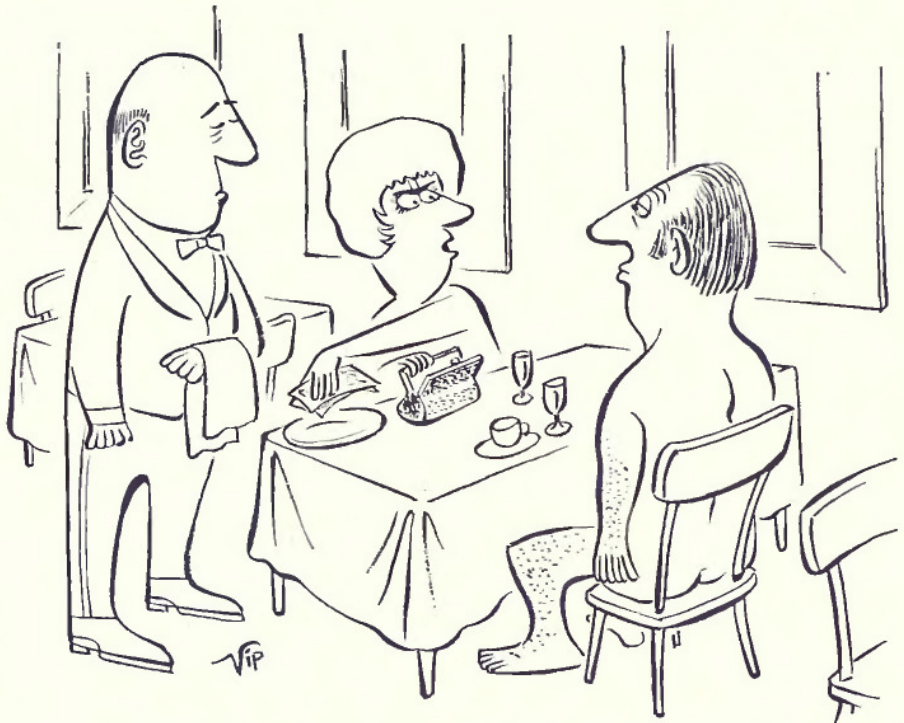


landscape along the road; now neon and Day-Glo diversions—announcing TRY OUR FAMOUS PROLETARIATBURGER and DIMITRI'S PECANS 6 KLM.—FREE COSMONAUT GLASS WITH FILL-UP—would persistently beguile them as they whizzed along. Then certain aesthetically aware citizens would further bejewel the scene with gleaming beer cans and vodka bottles hurled artistically from their automobiles. Within months, the classic drive-in syndrome would take hold. This relates to the universal reluctance of the automobile owner to leave his vehicle except for dire emergencies, such as to search for a rest room. In all other circumstances, he will drive, drive, drive. Thus the drive-in movie, bank, mortuary, hamburger stand, grocery, liquor store, dry cleaner, taxidermist and party headquarters. One feels certain that Soviet businessmen would prove as creative as their Western predecessors in this fertile field.

Soon, most of the Soviet G. N. P. would be devoted to the care and feeding of the automobile—but this would be only the end of phase one. These merely physical changes would yield an ingenious bonus: psychological damage on a national scale. Waves of travelers on turnpikes would be overcome with *turnpike psychosis*—the obsessive belief that the entire socialist republic looks the same when viewed from a superhighway. Another certain side effect would be a precipitous rise in the hostility factor. As everyone knows who's seen *Doctor Zhivago*, Russians are a notoriously passionate lot; and Ivan would wax truly terrible after being cut off by a woman driver, losing a parking space to a motorcycle, changing a flat in the rain or watching his radiator boil over in Red Square during the rush hour. Americans are a hardy lot and can endure trailing close behind smoke-belching buses for hours at a time; but I guarantee that the number of murdered Russian bus drivers would shoot (or knife) rapidly upward. Weaker souls would pray to the God who doesn't legally exist, or aim straight for an abutment. And the silent majority could expect neuroses and nightmares, no matter how much they raised their vodka intake.

And while the adults teeter on the brink of a breakdown, their automobiles wouldn't be idle, since their teenagers would be itching to get behind the wheel—or into the back seat, at any rate. Instead of training for the Olympics and mastering elementary nuclear physics, they'd be burning rubber in the town square or burning with passion on some dark street—while at home, their parents anxiously watched the clock and developed a burn of their own.

A final beauty of the plan is that even nonowners couldn't avoid being affected. City dwellers would have a tangible reminder of the upward-mobile living standard always with them—in the form



“Don't you ever have any cash on you?”

of smog. And while they were coughing and wheezing in appreciation of the economic upswing, they would discover that crossing the street was considerably more interesting than it used to be. Scholars would write papers on the subject: “The Pedestrian as Pinball.” To cope with the multiplication of psychological disturbances, hundreds of would-be cosmonauts and nuclear physicists would have to become psychiatrists. Soon, most of Russia would be couch-bound and the quality of cocktail-party conversation would plummet. In short, the Cold War would be over. Marxism would have vanished. Automotive democracy would triumph without a shot being fired.

In believing, however, that my Congressional colleagues would certainly agree to it, I couldn't have been more wrong. We who wanted to bring the joys of the automobile age to the Soviet Union were actually considered either unpatriotic or some kind of dupes, despite our backup by the august Joint Chiefs of Staff and the CIA. There was a vague suspicion that a Fiat automobile would emerge from the factory this year in the form of a heavy tank, a supersonic attack bomber or a nuclear submarine. Others thought the plan was a Communist plot to flood Western markets with Fiats.

By the time the Senate finished with a bill that was designed to increase the life and lending authority of the Export-Import Bank, the measure was encrusted with amendments to discourage, con-

demn, prevent and outlaw any dealings with Communist countries by us or anyone else. Our Banking Committee was able to restore some sanity to the bill, but only at the price of accepting an amendment that effectively prohibited any Export-Import Bank financing of the machine tools to be shipped to the Soviet Union. In legislative parlance, this is commonly known as a “compromise.”

The United States, of course, is not the only country that manufactures machine tools, and the Export-Import Bank is not the only bank that finances exports. The main result of Congress' action was to lose millions of dollars in U. S. exports; Fiat simply proceeded to purchase its equipment elsewhere. As you read this, 20,000 insidious vehicles will already be on the road and, by next January, production will be up to 2000 chrome Cold Warriors a day. So the Soviets are about to enter the automobile age without our help. It should mellow them considerably. Their logical next step will be to try and con the Chinese into building an automobile plant or two, thus diverting national energy and resources from the development of ICBMs pointed toward Moscow. Besides, with an automobile in the garage, who will have the time to read the thoughts of Chairman Mao?

Time has not changed my views—I still think anyone who was not for the Fiat deal was a crypto-Stalinist.





## BUSSMAN'S HOLIDAY *(continued from page 86)*

According to the testimony of those who kissed and told, Satan had beneath his tail "a sort of face," to keep his followers on target—and, for Satan's convenience in sitting, the face had no protruding nose. "You can kiss me where I have no nose" consequently became a favorite in the German lexicon of folk insults.

Prior to the Renaissance, the deliciousness of kisses had been compared with that of honey or wine. With the introduction of sugar cane from the New World, kisses suddenly became "as sweet as sugar," and the 16th Century French kisser sang praises of his sweetie's *bouche sucrine*, or sugary mouth. But it was England's Elizabeth I who bestowed an appreciative kiss upon the "faire cloth" on which a spread of sweets was laid, and inspired the courtly habit of referring to small, sweet dainties as kisses.

While hand kissing was royally sanctioned, knee kissing was out at the court of the Virgin Queen. Even in the case of kings, courtiers were now instructed to bow low and close, as though merely wishing to kiss the royal kneecap. "Those who make a great many *reverences*, dragging their feet, kissing their hands and caps, and bowing and scraping to the ladies of their choice, though they think to gain thereby can only lose," courtly amorists were warned, "for their fawning manners make them unpleasant and wearisome to the said ladies . . . as *Galateo* saith." *Galateo* was one of Europe's most widely read treatises on manners and had been written by none other than Giovanni della Casa, the Archbishop of Benevento, who held—as Voltaire tells us—that "people can kiss each other from head to foot."

But into the sunny light of ubiquitous courtly smooching, dark clouds of puritanical criticism had already begun to gather about the heads of Elizabeth's kissing poets and peasants. In detailing the age's *Anatomic of Abuses*, Phillip Stubbes, the prominent English kill-joy, took sanctimonious umbrage at all aspects of youthful courtship and roared his condemnation of the lively lipwork displayed at rural May Day frolics. "What kissing and bussing, what smooching and slabbering one of another, what filthie groping and unclean handling is not practiced in those dancings?" he scolded. "There be honest kisses I deny not," the delightfully gloomy Robert Burton declared in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. "Kissing and embracing are proper gifts of nature to a man: but there are too lascivious kisses, too continue, and too violent: they cling like Ivy, close as an Oyster, bill as Doves, meretricious kisses, biting of lips, with other tricks, mouth suckings (saith Lucian),

such as the lips can scarce be withdrawn from, with bitings between, and with open mouth caressing the paps, etc., assaulting the neck, etc."

In describing what was to be deplored, Burton unwittingly provided the unimaginative with a list of hints on how to employ oscular stimulation in promoting acts of what the Puritans of Colonial America called folly and filthy dalliance. Kissing itself was actionable in the New England courts—as was made evident in the case of *Tuttle vs. Murline*, which took place in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1660. Young Sarah Tuttle, it seems, visited her neighbor to borrow some thread and, "finding the house filled with a merry, lewd and congenial company, stayed on." One Jacob Murline, it was charged, snatched up Sarah's gloves and held them for the ransom of a kiss. "Whereupon they sat down together, his arm being about her and her arm upon his shoulder or about his neck; and he kissed her, and she kissed him, or they kissed one another, continuing in this posture for about half an hour." Upon hearing of this shocking episode, Sarah's father brought suit against Murline. When Sarah candidly admitted her enthusiastic participation, the case against the kissing glove snatcher was dismissed, but Sarah was smacked with a large fine and censured for being "a bold virgin."

Despite Puritan moralizing, lusty Britons kissed with accustomed fervor during Cromwell's dreary Protectorate. The long-sitting Rump Parliament, which followed Pride's Purge, caused London street boys to shout, "Kiss my Parliament!"

During Charles II's reign, it was the "merry monarch's" pleasure to kiss and tumble any woman who took his royal fancy. Courtiers were honored to kiss the king's hand, but the kiss of greeting between English males was now thought too primitive to be fashionable. As the modish Witwoud put it in Congreve's *The Way of the World*, it was only "in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet."

"O fie, Miss! you must not kiss and tell," another Congreve beau was obliged to inform "a silly, awkward, Country Girl." Smart London belles knew better. Writing of the hazards of kissing an 18th Century London beauty, the rakish attorney William Hickey complained that it "cost me a coat each time," because the material was ruined by the "quantities of pomatum and powder" that women wore on their hair and faces.

"Somebody gave it out that I lov'd Ladies; and then every body presented me their Ladies (or the Ladies presented

themselves) to be *embra'ed*, that is to have their Necks kissed," a 73-year-old American gentleman wrote from Paris in 1779. "For as to kissing of Lips or Cheeks it is not the Mode here, the first is reckon'd rude, and the other may rub off the Paint." The gentleman was Benjamin Franklin, minister plenipotentiary from the revolutionary United States to France—where, in the opinion of John Adams, the "Life of Dr. Franklin was a Scene of continual discipation." That the politically envious Adams exaggerated, there can be no doubt, but Franklin's intimate friendships with French ladies were numerous and self-confessed. Madame Brillon lamented the gossip concerning "the sweet habit I have of sitting on your lap" and chided her "*cher Papa*" for the kisses he lavished on other, oft-times younger women—some of whom came knocking at his door "to have the honor to be kissed by Monsieur Franklin."

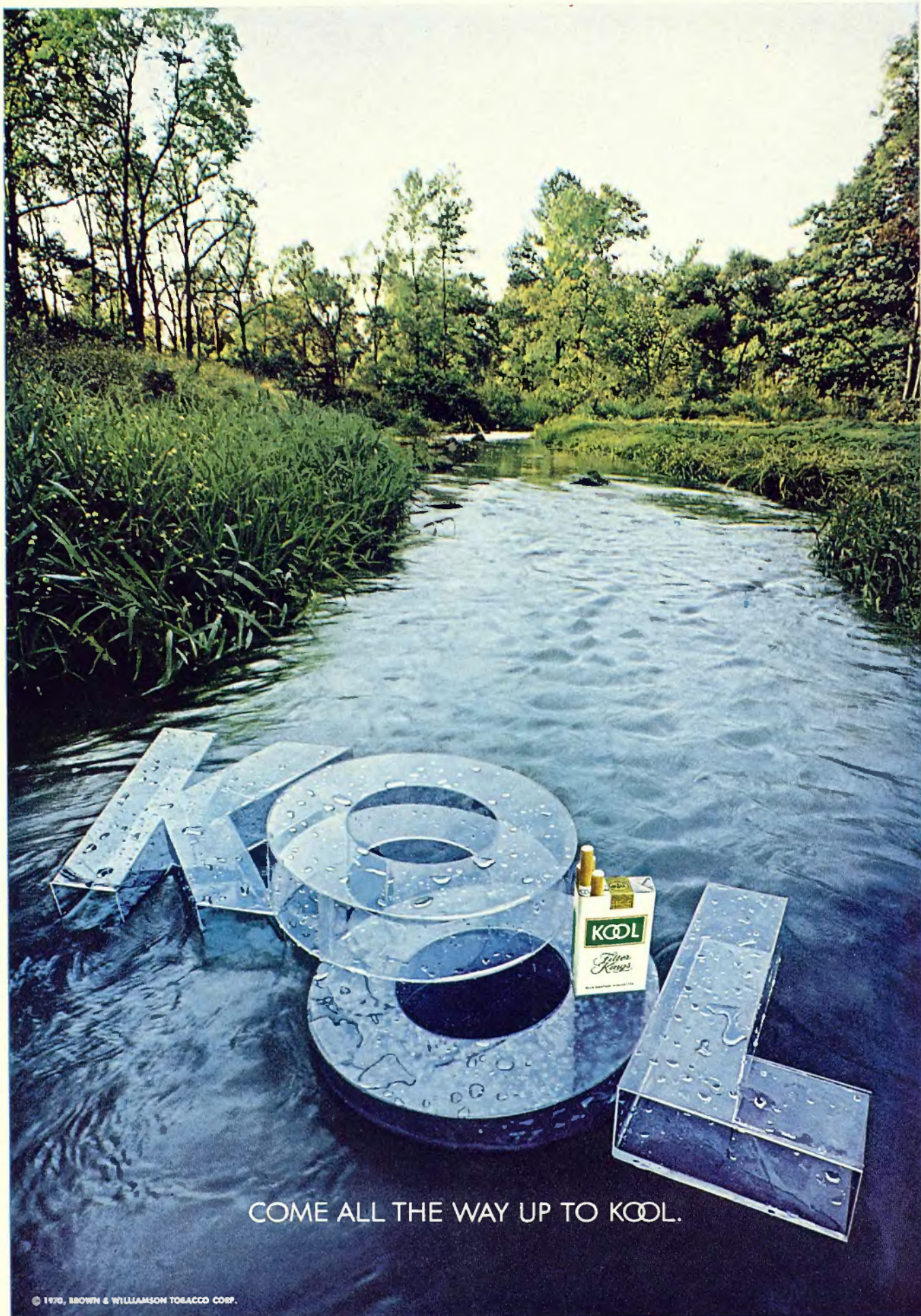
Unquestionably, Franklin's ability to charm the ladies of France worked wonders in winning French assistance for the American cause. But for strategic effectiveness, his kisses were no match for those of his fellow countrywoman, Mrs. Loring. The persuasive kisses of this ardent patriot diverted the British general Sir William Howe from launching an attack on Valley Forge until the Americans had time to send a flotilla of powder kegs down the Schuylkill River and blow the British ships out of the water:

*Sir William, he, snug as a flea,  
Lay all the time a-snoring,  
Nor thought of harm, as he lay warm,  
In bed with Mrs. Loring.*

It was Lord Byron's wish "*That woman-kind had but one rosy mouth | To kiss them all at once from North to South.*" But the 19th Century frowned on such wayward bussing and social osculation suffered a severe decline. "It has, for a length of time, been customary to salute the ladies upon a first introduction to them," the Earl of Car observed in 1830, "but these liberties having occasioned, at times, a great deal of unhappiness, the custom is dropped in polite companies, and a well-bred man now never attempts it. He introduces himself only with a distant bow."

The Earl of Car maintained a gentlemanly silence concerning the unhappy occasions that had inspired the new male reserve. But ample justification for continued standoffishness is to be found in the decision rendered by Her Majesty's court in the unfortunate case of Thomas Saverland, an impetuous kisser of the old school, who charged that one Miss Caroline Newton "had bitten a piece out of his nose for his having tried to kiss her by way of a joke." Considering that a woman's no is often tentative





COME ALL THE WAY UP TO KOOL.



and flirtatious, while a man's nose is invariably one of the tenderest and most vulnerable things about him, one might have expected any court in the civilized world to find in Mr. Saverland's favor. But to the everlasting dismay of all well-bred Englishmen, the judge acquitted the nose-nipping Miss Newton and ruled that "when a man kisses a woman against her will, she is fully entitled to bite his nose, if she so pleases."

Significantly, this startling decision was handed down in 1837, the first year of Victoria's reign. Widely disregarded by orthodox historians, it nevertheless serves to explain much regarding the rapid rise of prudish inhibitions in polite society and the Victorian gentleman's eagerness to undertake expeditions to remote corners of the globe, where he might with greater safety consort with wild beasts and cohabit with friendly savages. In a larger sense, it is not unreasonable to suggest that the entire British Empire sprang from the injury done to Mr. Saverland's nose.

"On coming near to one of the huts I was much amused by seeing in due form the ceremony of rubbing, or, as it would be more properly called, pressing noses," Charles Darwin wrote, in describing life in far-off New Zealand. "The women, on our first approach, began uttering something in a most dolorous plaintive voice; they then squatted themselves down and held up their faces; my companion standing over them, one after another, placing the bridge of his nose at right angles to theirs, and commenced pressing. . . . During the process they uttered comfortable little grunts."

When Darwin's journal appeared in 1839, thoughtful Englishmen could hardly fail to contrast the grunting amiability of the nose-rubbing New Zealanders with the unyielding prudery of proper Victorian ladies. Nose pressing was not precisely the British cup of tea, perhaps, but it was better than nose biting, by Jove! How much simpler it was to sin among the South Sea Islanders, the Eskimos and the Orientals. A rum lot, really, but when you lived among 'em, the girls began to look jolly good!

*'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Thee baw's Queen,  
An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white chevoat,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot.*

As England's scholarly, multilingual explorer of the erotic, Sir Richard Burton, had discovered in translating the *Kama Sutra*, "Christian kisses" were mere slipshod smacks compared with the kind of artful osculations the Hindus

had been laying on each other for well over 1000 years. "The Kiss should be imprinted on the following parts of the body: the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks, the throat, the chest, the breast, the lips and the interior of the mouth," the sage Vatsyayana instructed. "But the natives from the province of Lat also kiss the following parts of the body: the thighs, the arms and the navel."

Whether one saluted a woman in the province of Lat or between the Indus and the five rivers, the *Kama Sutra's* kissing capers were a far cry from the decorous old American game of post office—a stirring defense of which had appeared in *Harper's* magazine in August 1859. "There was an element of gallantry in the simple old games," the author declared, in deploring the fact that such simple parlor pastimes had been supplanted by lascivious waltzes and polkas. "Our honest grandfathers and grandmothers, who saw no scandal in a modest swain imprinting a hearty smack upon a sweet maiden's cheek, would have found no words to express their indignation at the spectacle of a bearded man holding a gentle girl a quarter hour in his embrace in the whirl of a giddy dance, under the spell of entrancing music and after draughts of maddening wine."

Such dalliance naturally bred other detractors. "Young women of America, if you knew how lightly you are estimated by those who so earnestly and passionately seek your favors, you would certainly deny them, if the effort cost your lives," warned Professor William H. Walling in the 1904 edition of his popular, plain-wrapper treatise on *Sexology*. But, increasingly, such warnings fell on deaf ears. Plied with cotton candy, giddy with draughts of maddening sarsaparilla, frivolous American maidens risked the loss of both reputation and hairpins by submitting to surreptitious kisses in the cabins of fairground Ferris wheels and while drifting in the perilous darkness of the tunnel of love. Lost to all virtue, habitual osculators sent each other symbolic kisses through the mails by positioning postage stamps according to a prearranged code, by filling entire pages of note paper with Xs and by brazenly indicating that an envelope had been sealed with a kiss by marking the flap with the cryptic initials S. W. A. K.!

In the opinion of many clergymen, educators and parents, the sensual appetites of the young were being stirred by racy novels and exacerbated by the new "moving pictures." The silver screen portrayed exotic female "vampires," such as Theda Bara, sapping the vital forces of strong men in kissing close-ups that made their passionate lips loom as large as a parlor sofa—an article of furniture

that now had to compete with the back-row seats of movie theaters as a favorite trysting place for kissing couples. The suave cinematic lipwork of Francis X. Bushman caused women to riot and swoon when the "great lover of the screen" visited Chicago in 1913. Armageddon was just around the corner, the watchdogs of American morals predicted. But when Armageddon arrived, in the guise of World War One, it served only to make kissing more prevalent and promiscuous.

"*Mademoiselle from Armentières* / *Hasn't been kissed for 40 years,*" American doughboys sang, and they did their best to remedy the situation. On the home front, there were kisses of farewell and kisses of encouragement. There were good-time, last-thing kisses and kisses given to sell war bonds. There were victory kisses and home-coming kisses—but it wasn't until 1920, when young F. Scott Fitzgerald published his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, that the nation began to realize how free with their kisses young Americans had become.

"I've kissed dozens of men. I suppose I'll kiss dozens more," 19-year-old Rosalind Connage confessed, after kissing the novel's hero "definitely and thoroughly," minutes after meeting him. "None of the Victorian mothers—and most of the mothers were Victorian—had any idea how casually their daughters were accustomed to be kissed," Fitzgerald wryly observed. Giddy with jazz and bootleg booze, college couples climbed into motorcars and vanished into fraternity house bedrooms for bouts of "heavy petting." There was talk of "soul" kisses, kisses that were "deep" and "French." "Hot lips" became a flattering nickname. Ninety percent of all young people indulged in kissing. Judge Ben B. Lindsey estimated in describing *The Revolt of Modern Youth*. Half of the 90 percent performed "halfway sex intimacies." Up to 25 percent "went the limit."

Sensationalized accounts sent most of the older generation into a state of prurient shock and caused others to embark on a belated quest for the thrills they had missed. Hollywood capitalized on the joy jag with lurid flicks—*Flaming Youth*, *Flapper Wives*, *Forbidden Fruit*. Theater posters wooed would-be flappers and elderly farmers with promises of "necker, petters, white kisses, red kisses, pleasure-mad daughters, sensation-craving mothers . . . the truth—bold, naked, sensational." Threatened with censorship, the film producers appointed Will Hays to impose a code of self-regulation upon the industry. The new movie "czar"—a former Postmaster General of the United States—set rigid rules by which cinematic post office might be played. Lengthy, "lustful" kisses were

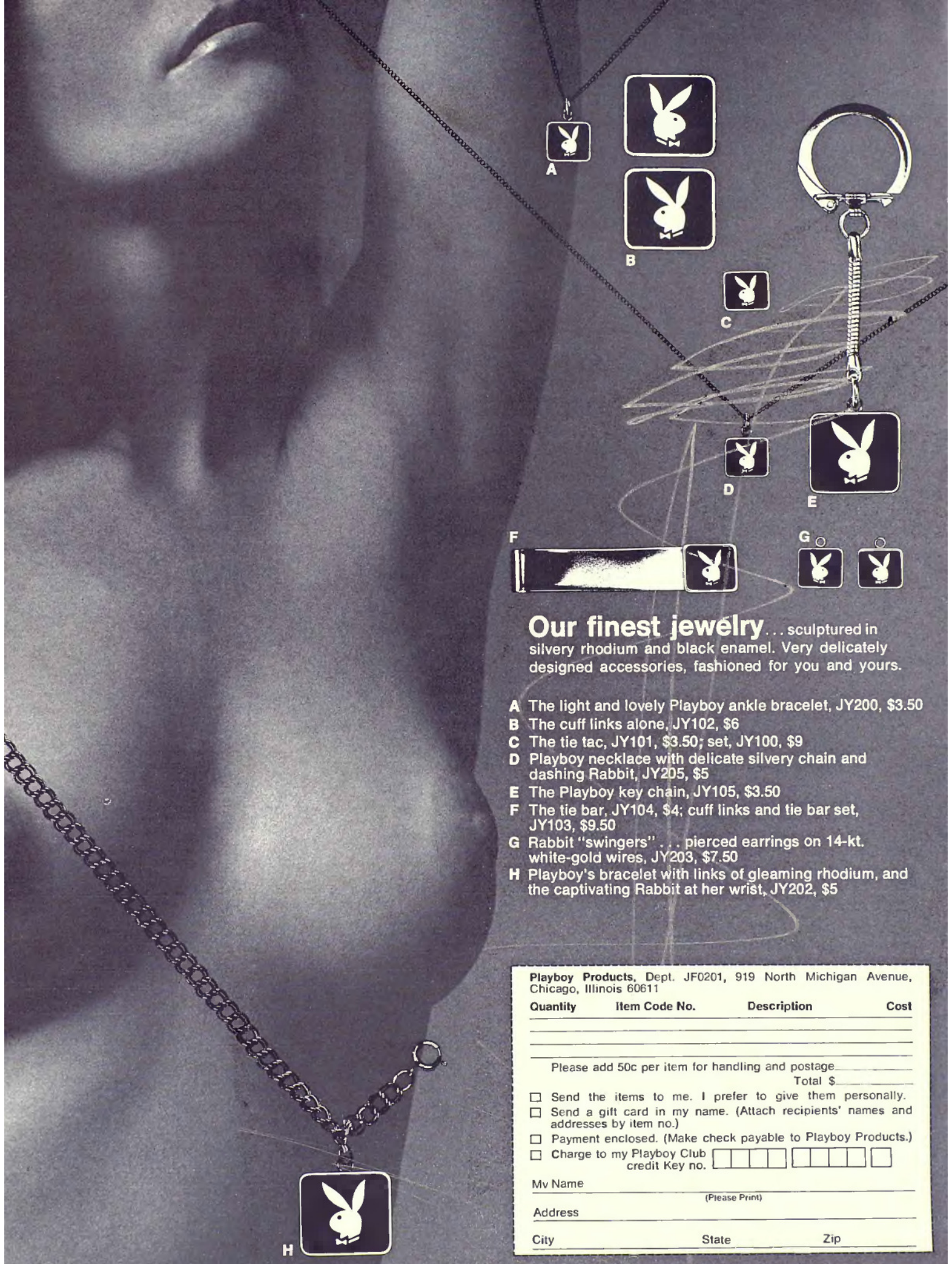




Gahan Wilson

*"Congratulations, Baer—I think you've wiped out the species!"*





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taboo, and oscular embraces were timed with a stop watch.

Throughout the Twenties, Hollywood countered criticism by arguing that its movies did not instigate immorality but merely reflected American life. Weighing the evidence decades later, the English social historian E. S. Turner found that Hollywood had, indeed, influenced Anglo-American courting habits but that the influence had been more civilizing than salacious. Hollywood "showed boys how to walk with girls, how to pilot them in public places. . . . It taught them how to hold a girl, how long and how tight. It familiarized them with the looks which mean 'I won't be kissed,' 'I don't mind if I'm kissed,' 'I want to be kissed,' 'Stop it, I like it,' 'I like it, but stop it,' and a dozen others." There was evidence, Turner found, "that the cinema taught girls the trick of closing their eyes when kissed. . . . It encouraged them to kick up one heel (or even two heels) when embraced."

The ability to live on kisses had never been put to a more severe test than during the Depression Thirties. "*Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers.*" George and Ira Gershwin tunefully shrugged, "*Long as you've got a kiss that conquers?*" Strength and stamina were the admired virtues. In a "kissathon" spin-off from the dance-marathon craze, a couple in Chicago copped the prize for endurance with a kiss that didn't quit for six hours and 37 minutes. Long novels and double features gave customers their "money's worth" and provided escape from drab reality. As romantically packaged by novelist Margaret Mitchell, even the Civil War seemed like a picnic. At the expense of a little eyestrain, every woman with a library card could palpitate with Scarlett O'Hara as Rhett Butler "bent over her and kissed her with a savagery and a completeness that wiped out everything from her mind."

Happily, most Americans could afford the price of admission by the time the movie version opened in 1939, with Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh cast as the leading kissers. The smooth Gable technique was admired by women and imitated by men of all ages, but the slick perfection of movie love scenes made life difficult for many younger males—a fact that Grace Metalious was to recall in re-creating the Forties frame of mind of a callow young kisser named Rodney Harrington, in *Peyton Place*. "Helen's biggest trouble, thought Rodney, was that she had seen too many movies. . . . His kisses left her unmoved if they were not of the expert, no-noses-bumped variety. Too bad, thought Rodney, that they had not yet begun to make the sexual act a part of every motion picture, for then Helen would have fallen

into his hands like an overripe grape."

The Metalious novel was a cavalcade of carnal osculation, ranging from the pediphilic ("Once he had kissed the sole of her bare foot and she had been aroused to the point of powerful and immediate sexual desire") to the mam-miferocious ("Her nipples were always rigid and exciting and the full, firm flesh around them always hot and throbbing. . . . 'Hard,' she whispered. 'Do it hard, honey. Bite me a little. Hurt me a little.'"). The book did much to make the sexual act a fictional commonplace of the Fifties. But it wasn't until the closing years of the Sixties that copulation began to be "a part of every motion picture." Love was no longer consummated with kissing fade-outs and soaring fiddles. The cameras kept grinding and everything bumped—including noses.

The new cinematic candor has, understandably, diminished the impact of kissing as a spectator sport. While the amatory kiss is still a primary source of interpersonal pleasure, low-intensity osculation has tended to become a social substitute for the handshake. Taking their cue from the effusive cheek kissers of showbiz, whom TV has made familiar guests in the home, Americans have adopted the greeting ritual with varying degrees of *savoir-faire*—from the modishly graceful cheek brush, in which a token peck is given to the air surrounding the ear lobe, to the jarring sideswipe of the sturdy little *Volkswelcome* buss, *mit* lip-stick-*beschmieren* und self-conscious, suburban giggles.

At the moment, there doesn't seem to be any great danger that American social kissing will be carried to the extremes arrived at in ancient Rome. The pace of life in the Seventies makes it highly unlikely that one will ever have to hide indoors to avoid the rude embraces of one-eyed shoemakers, snivel-nosed taxi drivers and overly affectionate garbage men. In recent years, in fact, Rome itself has become so averse to public smooching that several engaged couples whom the police caught kissing in parked cars and movie theaters have actually been arrested for committing "an obscene act."

Even more curious, in light of the historical past, was the recent uproar over screen kissing that broke out in India, where erotic osculation was anciently developed into a national art. "Kissing on the lips, allowed for a time in pre-independence days, is now strictly forbidden in films," *The New York Times* reported in the fall of 1969, "a reflection of real life in India, where kissing in public is not only considered immoral, but is against the law as well. . . . To get around the taboos, Indian producers and directors have adopted

suggestive devices that include dreamy songs, erotic dances, giddy chases of heroine by hero around sylvan glades, hand-holding, heavy breathing, wriggling, writhing and nuzzling of the neck and bust. All that is permissible, just so long as the lips do not touch."

"Of course, kissing is an import from the West!" a Bombay billboard proclaimed, in publicizing the movie moguls' campaign to legalize cinematic kissing. But the jibe was purely ironic. As her mounting birth rate indicates, kissing is still India's leading form of private enterprise. In the area of erotic smooching, she is the most advanced country in the world, while the West remains a kiss-poor hodgepodge of have-not nations. When publication of the *Kama Sutra* was made legal in the early Sixties, American kissers were astonished to learn the variety of uses to which the human lips could be put—so much so that many have yet to progress beyond the four basic types of osculatory embrace to the "Kiss of Great Pressure": "This is practiced in the following way: The lover clasps the lower lip in his fingers and brushes it with his tongue, then he seizes it with his lips and presses it with great force."

Granted, the Kiss of Great Pressure is hardly suitable for greeting new acquaintances or welcoming the boss's wife at the airport. But if the *Kama Sutra* may be taken as a prophetic guide to the future of American kissing, forward-looking osculators would do well to familiarize themselves with the larksome lip grabber, in preparation for the day when American amorists may choose to amuse themselves with what the Hindu love manual calls "a little game of who can seize the other's lips first. If the woman loses, she must sulk, push her lover away, turn her back on him and try to quarrel with him, saying, 'I want revenge.' If she loses a second time, she must pretend to be twice as upset, and then when her lover is preoccupied or asleep, she must seize his lower lip between her teeth so that he cannot pull it away. Then she can burst out laughing, make a great deal of noise, make fun of him, dance around him and, raising her eyebrows and rolling her eyes roguishly, say whatever comes into her head."

Fortunately, there is still time to prevent American kissing from going this strenuously frolicsome route. But if worst should ever come to worst, male losers need not sulk. Rolling their eyes roguishly, they can quickly skip to part two, chapter seven of the *Kama Sutra* for handy Hindu hints on "The various ways to hit a woman and the accompanying sounds"—"Hinn," "Phouutt," "Phatt," "Souutt" and "Platt."





## URBAN WINE CELLAR (continued from page 90)

(Schramsberg makes only sparkling wines, perhaps the best yet produced in California, and Korbel also specializes in such wines.)

. . .

If you're planning to build a wine collection from scratch, you might begin with a dozen assorted bottles in order to better determine what you want to buy in case lots. The following 12 should cost you less than \$75 in all and will provide excellent companionship for the fare they accompany:

2 bottles red Burgundy (*premiers crus*) to serve with steak, stews, wild game, beef or veal dishes or after dinner with cheese

2 bottles Bordeaux (from rated châteaux) with roast beef, steak

1 bottle Rhône (Hermitage or Châteauneuf-du-Pape) with stew, pot

roast, ragout, wild game, steak, cheese

2 bottles white Burgundy with fish, veal, lamb, fowl

1 bottle *brut* champagne with caviar, as an aperitif

2 bottles dry German white with seafood, fowl

1 bottle Sauternes or Rheingau Auslesen with dessert, after dinner with fruit or just by itself

1 bottle vintage port after dinner with cheese, walnuts, melons

Your next step up the oenological ladder involves buying three or four cases of wines every three months, ranging from \$18 to \$48 a case. Seasonal buying is sensible, as purchases will coincide with regular sales, which often take place right after the year-end holidays, around Lent, before summer vacations and right after Labor Day. The following cellar of

wines should cost about \$400 annually for a dozen cases:

1 case Rhône—Hermitage, Côte Rôtie or Châteauneuf-du-Pape

2 cases Burgundy—divided between vineyards in the Côte de Nuits and the Côte de Beaune

2 cases Bordeaux—from the districts of Haut-Médoc, Pomerol, St-Emilion and Graves

2 cases California—Chardonnay and Cabernet Sauvignon

1 case champagne—*brut*

1 case Loire—Pouilly-Fumé, Muscadet and Vouvray

2 cases German—Rheingau and Moselle

1 case assorted—Sauternes or Barsac, ruby port, Gewürztraminer and Riesling

An ultimate cellar of unrestrained munificence is a changing thing, its size depending on how many bottles you drink in a year and your storage facilities. There is a special delight in drinking a wine just coming to maturity, followed by another like it but a decade older. There is joy of another sort in tasting two old wines that are quite different or in drinking a perfect, fresh young wine followed by a perfect old one. Of such is the music of the wines composed. A cellar of elegance and grandeur, one that could cost upward of \$1000, should include:

2 cases *grands crus* of Bordeaux—Haut-Médoc, Pomerol or St-Emilion

4 cases *crus classés* of Bordeaux (vineyards that have been officially classified as outstanding)—from above districts and Graves

3 cases *grands crus* of Burgundy—Côte de Nuits

4 cases *premiers crus* of Burgundy—Côte de Nuits and Côte de Beaune

2 cases Rhône—Hermitage, Côte Rôtie or Châteauneuf-du-Pape

2 cases California—Cabernet Sauvignon from Napa

3 cases German—Rheingau and Moselle

1 case California—Chardonnay

1 case Loire—Pouilly-Fumé, Muscadet and Vouvray

1 case Alsatian—Gewürztraminer or Riesling

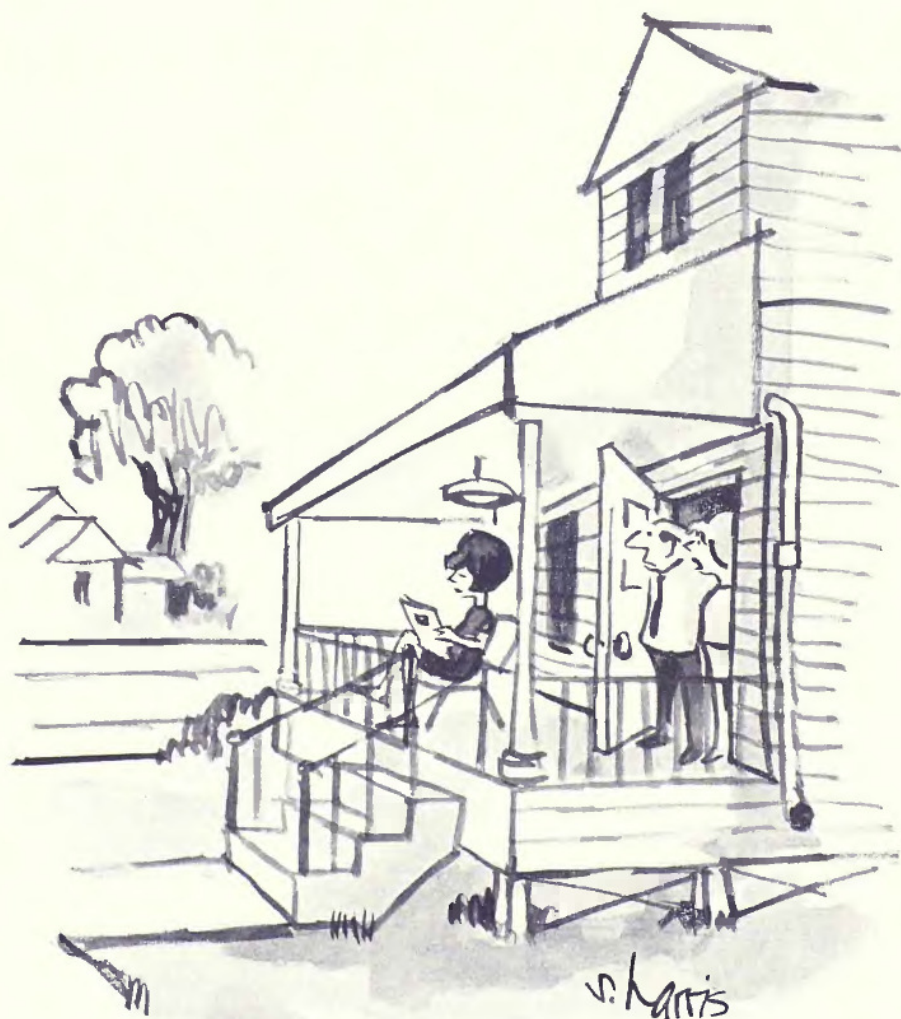
1 case Sauternes or Barsac, Tokay or Rheingau Auslesen

2 cases champagne—*brut* and *extra sec*

2 cases sherry—*Fino*, Manzanilla, Amontillado and Cream

1 case port—ruby, tawny

Wine is a joy. And no wonder. There are vintages to suit any mood. And a cellar—be it 12 bottles or 1200—puts the past at hand to help you celebrate today and look forward to tomorrow. We'll drink to that.



"It's worse than we thought. She's waiting for the right girl to come along."



# newfi (continued from page 100)

the Aquarius speakers, which range in price from \$168 to \$657, are relatively efficient and can be driven by amplifiers rated at only 25 watts per channel.

Among the many other speakers also deserving mention is Rectilinear's Model XII, a three-way bookshelf unit that sells for \$139 and sounds like a full-sized floor-standing system. It's a high-efficiency machine, requiring only ten watts to drive it, which means it can be used with some of the less expensive and lower powered amplifiers and receivers.

If you opt for private listening, rather than public, or if your neighbors don't appreciate the unique merits of your system quite as much as you do (at least not when played at full volume), Stanton—a name usually associated with cartridges—has made life somewhat easier for you and them. Their new electrostatic headphones, the Mark III (which include a Model 570 headset and a Model 572 polarizer), are lightweight (14 ounces), comfortable and offer some of the finest earphone sound available, at \$159.95. The polarizer, which can be driven by any amplifier rated at ten watts or more, has outputs for two headsets, if you want company while you're music-tripping. Additional headsets cost \$75.

For those high-fidelity voyeurs who want to see as well as listen to their stereo sets in action, Kenwood offers a visual device called a Lab Scope. The Model KC-6060A solid-state Audio Lab Scope (\$219.95, including cabinet) lets the audio enthusiast view his sound on a miniature TV screen. Not for the novice, the unit allows the serious audiophile to compare his left and right audio outputs, as well as the FM multipath signal for his tuner or receiver.

In case the antics of your multipath signal, as displayed on the Lab Scope, seem too educational and/or limiting, EICO has developed several visual devices designed for entertainment only. Dubbed Light Fantastic units, these audio-activated light displays are attractively styled and present an array of ever-changing and moving colors that vary in intensity as the audio signal changes. One unit is an 18-inch cube, with five illuminated sides, while another is a large, white, translucent crystal ball, 20 inches in diameter, mounted on a pedestal of white opaque plastic—from \$49.95.

Not all the news this year deals with the standard components, of course. A totally new sort of unit has been introduced and is an excellent example of the trend toward greater control over sound reproduction. Altec Lansing's Acousta-Voicette stereo active equalizer, which retails for \$799, will enable the frequency response of your present system to be altered to compensate for any irregularities introduced by the acoustics of the

listening room or for those irregularities present in the system itself. The price includes professional installation (a requirement, since the Acousta-Voicette cannot be adjusted without special instruments). Twenty-four slider-type attenuators are used for each channel to compensate for room acoustics and system inadequacies. But *voilà!* Once that's done, you then hear the music exactly as it sounded in the Hollywood Bowl, Boston's Symphony Hall or Lincoln Center—wherever it was originally recorded.

Another item in the add-on category is Advent's Model 100 Noise Reduction Unit, a "B-type" Dolby system, designed to reduce hiss in tape recording. Professionals, including most of the prerecorded-tape producers and FM stations, have been using Dolby systems for some time now in making their tapes. The professional unit, as might be expected, is large, complex and expensive. Now Advent has developed the Model 100, which, for a mere \$250, will enable the amateur to make quality recordings even at the slow speed of 1 $\frac{7}{8}$  ips. The Model 100 can be used with any reel, cassette or cartridge recorder—which means you don't have to trade in your present model for one with a built-in Dolby, such as Fisher's new Model RC-80 for \$199.95.

During 1971, developments in the home-entertainment field will not be limited to stereo hardware itself. You can, for example, look forward to video-

cartridge systems—color-TV monitor/playback units with off-the-air recording as well as TV-camera options. And there will be some quadriphonic-FM broadcasting over a single radio station (as indicated by the experimental broadcasting on San Francisco's K101-FM) as opposed to the two-station system needed for most four-channel FM broadcasts so far.

Perhaps not this year but not too far in the future is the prospect of stereo TV, at least for the audio portion. In Japan, a number of stations already telecast several hours each week in stereo and, in the U. S., a few TV stations have experimented with using an FM radio station to transmit the audio portion of their video shows in stereo; more work remains to be done.

It's obvious from the developments of the past few years, as well as from the research currently being done in the field, that the realistic, high-quality sound pioneered by the high-fidelity industry has made considerable impact on the world. Close your eyes and the Bolshoi Ballet obligingly dances across the floor of your living room or your front wall seemingly drops away and you're sitting on the floor of the Fillmore West, grooving to the sounds of the Grateful Dead. The products available from manufacturers today take a giant step toward proving that all can be illusion—and that while the hand may not always be quicker than the eye, the stereo set can be more discerning than the ear.



*"This 'pig' business upsets me. Why can't they simply call people horses' asses, as we did?"*



*(continued from page 109)*

show. "We're going to get those [blip] in Washington and those college kids," he says, standing on the dock, the wind rippling through his hair. "They stabbed us in the back in Vietnam. Those peaceniks are Commie [blip], and I'm bringing back the bullets they wouldn't let me use against Charley." He smiles nastily.

From Vietnam come reports of massacres, as the Viet Cong are left free to deal with their old enemies. Elsewhere in South Asia, the dominoes begin to fall. Thailand sends a mission to Peking; the Philippines declares itself a neutral state. In the Middle East, the Russians, emboldened by the collapse of American credibility, press the attack on Israel. Back home, returning veterans organize the Vietnam Legion, dedicated to the proposition that those who died for America in Vietnam have not died in vain. As defense spending declines, unemployment increases and Peter J. Brennan of the construction unions is summoned to the White House. A few days later, he announces in Chicago, in association with officials of the Teamsters and the United Mine Workers, the formation of the Hard-Hats for America Committee; William F. Buckley, Jr., and Al Capp are honorary cochairmen. In the next week, the H. H. A. holds rallies in 17 cities, and a youth organization called the Hard-Hat Vigilantes joins with Vietnam Legionnaires in breaking up peace meetings. The peace forces strike back, sometimes in nonpeaceful ways. In New York City, a bomb wrecks the office of Local 60 of the Plasterers Union. But in Washington, Senators Fulbright, McGovern, Cooper and Aiken call for a peaceable mass demonstration around the Washington Monument.

From all over the country, buses converge on the capital, some crowded with peace advocates, some with hard-hats. As tension mounts, the President, with the Attorney General at his side, appears on TV to proclaim a national emergency under the Internal Security Act of 1950. He also orders an armored division to take up positions within Washington. Later, the Attorney General tells the White House press: "Any President who did not take these steps would have failed in his constitutional duty." He adds: "For their own safety, I have given orders that the four Senators who called this dangerous demonstration be taken into protective custody." As the stunned reporters file out of the White House, Ron Ziegler assures them that the President has brooded long over this decision, sitting the while in the Lincoln bedroom, and that, like Lincoln, he has placed his nation before his political future.

It is now spring 1972, an election year,

and the Presidential primaries are getting under way. While public outrage forces speedy release of the four Senators, Governor Ronald Reagan campaigns in New Hampshire. "Dick Nixon is a fine American," he says. "He has sacrificed himself to the country. But he has lost control of events. He has lost the confidence of the people. The nation needs new purpose and new leadership." Reagan wins big in New Hampshire; he wins again in Rhode Island. With the Wisconsin primary coming up and the polls running overwhelmingly for Reagan, President Nixon asks for 15 minutes on television.

His voice trembling with emotion, his wife at his side, the President says that his overriding objective has been to bring the country together. "Previous Administrations," he says, "deepened the divisions in our land. They encouraged extremist fanaticism. They promoted the permissive society. They ignored attacks on patriotism and the flag. I knew there was only one way to restore order to our country, only one way to restore the faith of American patriots in our system, and that was to achieve our objectives in Vietnam. The rad-lib peace Senators have sown the wind. Now they must reap the whirlwind. I know that all good Americans have only contempt for the policy of bugging out and losing a war for the first time in our history. But I have done my best to avert this catastrophe and I have failed. The best contribution I can make now to the cause of national unity is to withdraw from the Presidential contest."

Events rush on through the turbulent summer. The internal-security emergency is still in effect and the Attorney General sends scores of peace leaders, intellectuals and Black Panthers to a detention camp in Alabama. The Vice-President enters the Presidential fight. "Spiro T. Agnew is a fine American," says Governor Reagan. "But if the President has failed, the Vice-President has failed, too." Reagan supporters harass Agnew meetings with placards proclaiming DOWN WITH THE CLOWN and AGNEW IS THREW. John Wayne, Frank Sinatra and Al Capp support Reagan; Bob Hope and Bill Buckley support Agnew. To avoid a punishing fight, the Attorney General persuades the Vice-President to take second place on a Reagan-Agnew ticket.

As for the Democrats, Hubert Humphrey, under the banner of Liberals for Law and Order and with the backing of the A. F. L.-C. I. O., joins forces with John Connally of Texas in an effort to capture the national convention. The Peace Democrats negotiate with Mayor Lindsay

of New York. The convention splits. Humphrey and his supporters walk out to form the Constitutional Democratic Party and nominate a Humphrey-Connally ticket. After an eloquent speech by Senator McGovern, the remaining delegates nominate Lindsay for President. A movement to make Eugene McCarthy the Vice-Presidential candidate collapses when McCarthy, located by the press at a poetry reading at the University of Maine, says of his supporters, "Won't those kids ever grow up? Let others do their war dance around the campfire; it's my turn to watch at ease from the hills." McGovern then receives the Vice-Presidential nomination by acclamation.

Other parties arise. George Wallace once again leads the American Independent Party and, as the campaign progresses, unveils his partner on the ticket—General William Westmoreland. The American Minority Party offers Julian Bond and Cesar Chavez. After an agitated autumn streaked with violence, the election takes place, in many places under the rifles of the National Guard. With five parties in the field, no candidate gets a majority of electoral votes and the election goes to the House of Representatives.

As the House assembles, the Vietnam Legion—three divisions of Vietnam veterans, fully armed, under their old generals—marches on the Capitol, arrests the Congress and seizes control of the Government. "We take power in the name of the United States Armed Forces," their proclamation says, "only for so long as may be necessary to eradicate communism and corruption, to abolish drugs and pornography, to clean up our permissive society, to bring the traitors to justice and to restore order, discipline and honor in the American Republic." Their first message of congratulation comes from Colonel Papadopoulos of Greece.

• • •

This is one scenario. It is the sort of scenario much in favor at the White House today, where the theory is that only the Nixon policy and "success" in Vietnam can save the country from the wrath of a bitter and vengeful right-wing reaction. But other scenarios are possible and they should be considered, too.

Suppose, for example, that President Nixon changes his instructions to Ambassador David Bruce in Paris. Suppose the Nixon Administration decides to follow, in 1971, the policy that Averell Harriman and Clark Clifford urged in vain on the Johnson Administration in 1968. Suppose that we stop acting as if the retention of the Thieu-Ky regime in Saigon is of vital interest to the United States. Then, the Paris talks might suddenly begin to make progress, especially





Smilby

"Trust you to wonder what sort of boobs she had."



if a new regime emerges in Saigon, one that is prepared to talk with the Viet Cong and Hanoi.

In this case, American troops would come back not in disorderly retreat but as a consequence of a settlement negotiated by the Nixon Administration. The United States, the President could say, has more than fulfilled its commitments in Vietnam. It leaves behind an independent government in Saigon, with five times as much force as that of its recent enemy. Peace terms include provisions for international inspection and for reciprocal amnesty. The Nixon Doctrine forbids our assuming a permanent protectorship of any country. From now on, South Vietnam is on its own.

One would imagine that almost every American, with the exception of the Reverend Carl McIntire, would applaud or, at least, accept this outcome. Very few politicians, for example, would be inclined to denounce the negotiated ending of the war, especially when it is ended by a conservative Administration; even fewer would demand the return of American boys to the jungles of Southeast Asia.

But some will perhaps object that this scenario is too easy. All right: let's try a harder one. In fact, let's go back to the first scenario up to the point when Private Harold Earp of Red Face, Wyoming, gets off the troopship.

Arriving in San Francisco, Private Earp electrifies the country in an interview on the Walter Cronkite show. "We're going to get those bastards who sent us into that crazy war," he says, standing on the dock, the wind rippling through his hair. "They murdered a lot of good Americans out there—and for what? For a bunch of dinks who kicked our [blip] and hated our guts. For a bucket of [blip]. We should've been out of that [blip] jungle years ago. My buddies and I want to look up those crumbs in Washington." He smiles nastily.

In Vietnam, the passage of the Cooper-McGovern amendment has finished the Thieu-Ky regime. An American jet flies General Thieu to Nice and General Ky to Cannes. A peace regime takes over in Saigon and begins negotiations with the Viet Cong. Local army commanders and provincial officials strike local bargains. In the murky process, there are outbreaks of violence against American troops as well as between the South Vietnamese and the Viet Cong. But American transports offer space to Vietnamese who fear for their lives; in time, several thousand leave the country, as the loyalists left the 13 colonies after the American Revolution.

In the meantime, Hanoi issues stern orders against reprisals. Observers ascribe this not to any gust of humanitarianism

but to the obvious determination of the Hanoi regime to avoid dependence on China and the consequent need for friendly relations with America. In Paris, North Vietnamese negotiators inquire into the possibility of buying agricultural machinery and industrial equipment in the United States. In the Middle East, facing the fact that American military power is no longer tied down in Southeast Asia, the Russians hastily reassess the situation and recall their military advisors from Egypt. In the next months, tensions subside in the eastern Mediterranean and Vietnam fades out of American headlines. When, some years later, a national Communist regime rules over a unified Vietnam, there is general relief in Washington that at last a strong state exists as a bulwark against Chinese aggression in Southeast Asia.

Within the United States, conservatives at first mount a fierce campaign against those who, they say, were responsible for "losing" the war in Vietnam. "This is the generation of disgrace," says General Westmoreland. "We have lost the first war in our history. And we have lost that war not because your soldiers weren't brave and your generals weren't wise but because civilian politicians, lolling in luxury at home, stabbed your soldiers in the back, denying them the means and freedom to carry our cause to victory. And the hands that plunged the dagger in the back of the nation are the hands of men still in the Senate of the United States." Vice-President Agnew cries, "We must disgorge and defenestrate these dupes of defeat and deceit."

A new organization, entitled Hawks for America, stages a mass rally at Madison Square Garden. With Senators John Stennis, James Eastland, Paul Fannin, Roman Hruska, Robert Byrd and Carl Curtis sitting behind him on the platform, Congressman Rivers calls the Congressional doves "cowards and traitors afraid to serve their country in time of war." Shouts arise from the audience: "Where were *you*?" Next day, newspapers point out that not one of the militant statesmen on the platform who were so anxious to send young men to war has himself ever served in the Armed Forces of the United States, while 80 percent of those who had sponsored the Cooper-McGovern amendment are veterans—Cooper the holder of a Bronze Star, McGovern of a Distinguished Flying Cross. The Vietnam Legion, an association of returned veterans, castigates Hawks for America as a group of men "too damn careful of their own lives, too damn careless about the lives of young America." Arising in the Senate, Edmund Muskie, a Navy veteran of the Second World War, demands of the Hawks: "Which one of you will ask that

American troops be sent back to fight on the mainland of Asia?" He receives no answer.

In the meantime, the coming of peace buoys the stock market. The decline in defense spending reduces inflationary pressures in the economy; interest rates come down and the cost of living is at last stabilized. There are pools of local unemployment as defense plants stop their production of matériel for Vietnam; but optimism surges through the economy, business activity increases and the unemployed soon find jobs elsewhere. As the military budget diminishes, more funds are now available to meet unfilled needs at home—in the cities, in the war against poverty, in the fight against pollution of air and water, in education and in the expansion of opportunity. "With the albatross of Vietnam off our shoulders," says Senator Edward Kennedy, "we can now meet the towering challenge of our generation—the challenge to build a new America, an America of green land, blue water and clean air, an America whose citizens are bound together by the cords of community."

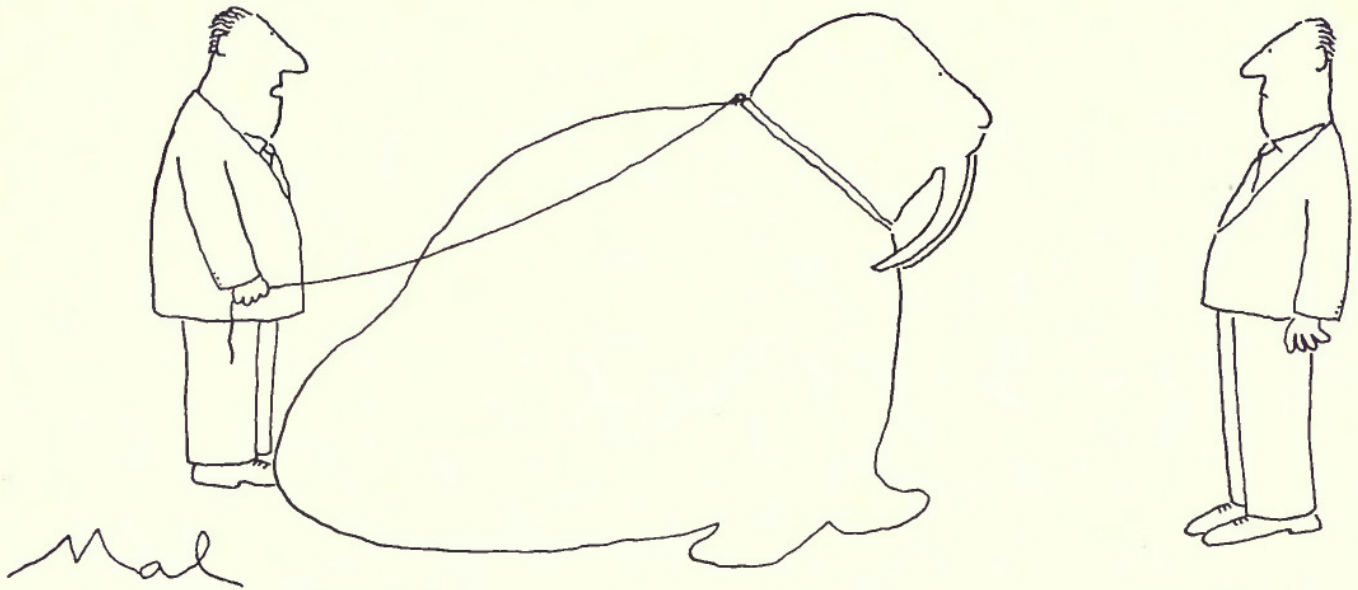
It is still, of course, election year. John Lindsay stays with the G. O. P. and wins the New Hampshire and Rhode Island Republican primaries; President Nixon withdraws before Wisconsin. Agnew, backed by Reagan and Buckley, seizes the falling banner of the Administration; but he cannot attack peace without seeming to desire a resumption of the war and he cannot resolve the contradiction. "We must save the Republican Party from Lindsay's lily-livered, lavender-and-lace, limousine-liberal lap dogs," he says, but Lindsay continues to take the primaries. A grudging Republican convention nominates a Lindsay-Hatfield ticket. As for the Democrats. . . .

• • •

This scenario is fantasy, too. But the point is that one fantasy is about as plausible as another. The fact is that no one can know what will happen when the United States disengages from Vietnam. In part, the result will depend on *how* the war comes to an end. But supposing the extreme case—that is, precipitate and disorderly withdrawal without benefit of negotiation—one cannot be clear whether even this would lead, in America, to militarist reaction or to liberal revival. We all remain helpless before the inscrutability of history.

Or, at least, we are helpless in the sense that we cannot penetrate the obscurity of the future. We can, it is true, make informed guesses about the direction of massive social and intellectual movements over long periods of time. On the basis of the experience of the past, we can estimate the trajectory of





*"My landlord doesn't allow dogs or cats."*

such things as the life cycle of revolution, or the broad impact of industrialization and urbanization, or the effect of climate or of population growth. In this sense, large-scale, long-term prediction has a limited validity. But we are concerned here with small-scale, short-term prediction. That is quite another matter.

The unfolding of events over the past generation should remind us that history constantly outwits our firmest expectations. It may seem unlikely in 1971 that the United States and North Vietnam should ever become allies; but what American in 1941 would have dared prophesy that, before the end of the Forties, a revitalized Germany and Japan would be well on their way to becoming our allies? Many of the pivotal events of our age were unforeseen until they happened, though the experts always explain them volubly afterward. Kremlinology has become a major industry, but what Kremlinologist called the turn on the key developments in the Communist empire over the last quarter century—from the Tito-Stalin break in 1948, through de-Stalinization in Russia and revolt in Hungary in the Fifties, to the Sino-Soviet row and the dethronement of Khrushchev? Each development came as a vast surprise, and most of all to whom-ever happened to be the American Secretary of State.

Yet, are there no analogies, in the history of the United States or of other nations, that might cast light on the impact of unilateral American withdrawal from Vietnam? Reasoning by analogy, of course, is inherently risky. One must never forget Mark Twain's reminder: "We should be careful to get out of an

experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove lid. She will never sit down on a hot lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one anymore." Still, can't we learn something from the experience of nations that have had to swallow military defeat?

President Nixon has said that he would not be the first American President to lose a war, and his associates warn that national humiliation would produce an angry search for scapegoats and a drastic swing to the right. In point of fact, however, we have not won every war in our history. It would be hard to claim the War of 1812 as a glorious American victory; the treaty of peace did not even deign to consider the issue on which we went to war. And it can be argued that the English occupation of Washington and burning down of the White House were more humiliating than anything that has happened in Vietnam. Yet, the Americans of 1815 survived their nonvictory without awful internal rancors and convulsions.

But President Nixon also foresees grave international consequences. "If we fail to meet this challenge," he has told us, "all other nations will be on notice that despite its overwhelming power, the United States, when a real crisis comes, will be found wanting." If we don't make a stand in Vietnam, "there will be a collapse of confidence in American leadership not only in Asia but throughout the world. . . . Our defeat and humiliation in South Vietnam without question would promote recklessness in the councils of those great powers who

have not yet abandoned their goals of world conquest." In short, according to the President, our unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam would put American power and resolution in question everywhere and encourage Moscow and Peking to resume the course of aggression in other parts of the planet.

This is not an empty argument. It had considerable validity in Korea in 1950, when communism was still a relatively unified international movement with control centralized in Moscow. Had there been no response to the North Korean thrust, Stalin very likely would have made his next move in Berlin and world war could easily have resulted. But Stalin is dead, the international Communist movement has fallen into a chaos of warring sects and very few people today think that Hanoi is the stooge of Peking or Moscow, serving as the spearhead of a Chinese or Russian program of expansion. Does anyone really believe that the North Vietnamese have been sacrificing their young men for a generation in order to invite Mao Tse-tung to take over their country?

The Korean analogy thus does not apply today. Nor, indeed, does the Nixon "defeat and humiliation" principle find support in recent similar examples. Suppose, for instance, that France had declined to get out of Algeria on the ground that failure to suppress the Algerian uprising would irreparably destroy its international influence. In fact, as long as France was embroiled in Algeria, it was a deeply divided nation with its international influence in eclipse. It was only after General De Gaulle had the courage to remove his country from an



untenable position that French internal unity was restored and De Gaulle was able to conduct a strong and independent foreign policy. And, as Clayton Fritchey once suggested, suppose Khrushchev had operated on the Nixon theory at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. Suppose he had said to Kennedy: "We made a mistake. We wish we had never gone into Cuba. It was foolish to give them missiles. But we cannot back down publicly. It would undermine the Kremlin. It would make Russia seem a paper tiger. Our allies would lose confidence in us. China would take over leadership of the Communist world. We are sorry, but no matter what happens we can't afford to scuttle and run." Fortunately, Khrushchev did not take this line and, unfortunately, it can hardly be said that Soviet "defeat and humiliation" in Cuba caused "a collapse of confidence" in Soviet power elsewhere on the planet.

Some might wonder whether the inability of 500,000 American troops, with

total command of the air and sea and with more than 1,000,000 South Vietnamese troops in support, to subdue fewer than 300,000 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese is in any case a striking testimonial to American power. But apart from this question, does our influence everywhere really stand and fall on the result in Vietnam? President Nixon argues that, if the United States declines to fight to the end in a part of the world where its vital interests are *not* involved, other nations, both our enemies and our allies, will conclude that we will not fight at all in areas where our vital interests *are* involved.

By this argument, once Russia withdrew its missiles from Cuba, where Russian vital interests were not involved, then the United States could have moved against Russia with impunity in eastern Europe, where its vital interests are involved. President Nixon cannot believe such nonsense with regard to the Soviet Union. Why does he think the rest of

the world will believe it with regard to the United States?

For withdrawal from Vietnam, even in the most extreme circumstances, would not abolish the military power of the United States, nor conjure away our nuclear weapons, nor lead any rational person to suppose that, because we leave places where we had no business being in the first place, we would also abandon places where our national security is directly engaged. The probability is that the world, seeing America at last come to its senses, would have greater, not less, confidence in the wisdom of American leadership. Certainly, as long as we adhere to the doctrine of keeping only enough armed force in being to fight one and a half wars, the liquidation of Vietnam is the only way by which we can regain tactical military credibility in other parts of the world. It is hard to suppose, for example, that Moscow or Cairo take very seriously the possibility of massive American intervention in the Middle East as long as so much of the American Army, Navy and Air Force are bogged down in Southeast Asia.

Everyone can write his own scenarios, but no one can be sure what the future will hold. Yet our helplessness before the inscrutability of history is, paradoxically, an affirmation of our freedom. Because we cannot see clearly the shape of things ahead, we cannot escape the sense that our own actions have the power to influence them. The war in Vietnam is surely coming to an end, if not before 1972, then, we can be certain, very soon after 1972. However it ends, the war will leave lasting problems for America: not just the energies diverted, the money spent, the troubles brewed in our own society but, most poignant and piercing of all, the lingering doubt, the terrible doubt whether or not the brave American soldiers who died in Vietnam died for a worthwhile cause.

But there is no fatality in these affairs. It is safe to suppose that some Harold Earps of Red Face, Wyoming, will be mad at those who sent them to Vietnam, and others will be mad at those who called them back, and that a citizen army, like the citizenry from which it springs, will have a diversity of views. (This is one more reason why a professional army, or, as President Nixon prefers to call it, a "volunteer" army, would be such a dangerous idea.) America after Vietnam, in short, will be what Americans decide to make it. The future has several histories and every nation has the ability to choose its own.



Chon  
Day

"No fluoride. No pollution. Just pure gin."



## GUIDE TO INTELLIGENCE

(continued from page 106)

and designers, the correlation between creativity and intelligence is, oddly enough, zero or even slightly negative. (This does not mean that highly creative artists are stupid; rather, they are all fairly intelligent, but among them the *more* creative are not necessarily the *more* intelligent.)

- Twins average four to seven I. Q. points lower than singly born children. The psychological explanation: They get less individual attention from their parents. The biological explanation: They had less room in the womb, hence got a poorer start.

- Children born of incestuous matings between brothers and sisters, or parents and their own children, have, on the average, considerably depressed I. Q.s, plus an inordinate number of physical ailments. The genetic explanation: Inbreeding increases the chance of inheriting the same recessive hidden defects from both parents, in which case they become dominant. The environmental explanation: Incestuous connections are most common among people of extremely poor social position and defective home life, both of which cripple the offspring. Perhaps both genetics and environment play a part. But in Japan, where cousin marriages are perfectly acceptable and occur in all classes, the children of such marriages average eight I. Q. points below children of comparable noncousin marriages. Here, at least, there is no choice of alternative explanations—only the genetic makes sense.

Such is the more-or-less solid ground in intelligence; all the rest is a slough of conflicting data and contradictory hypotheses. Environmentalists hold that intelligence tests do not measure "innate" intelligence, because there is no such thing. Dr. Alexander Wesman, director of the Test Division of The Psychological Corporation, maintains, "Intelligence is the summation of the learning experiences of the individual; that's what the tests measure and that's all they measure. It is possible that some people do have a greater neurological potential for learning than others, but I haven't yet seen it proved or disproved—least of all by the existing intelligence tests." Others are completely skeptical. Says Dr. Jack Victor of the Institute for Developmental Studies at New York University: "Intelligence tests measure a variety of subskills, but whether these, taken together, really equal intelligence is highly debatable. The subskills are real, but intelligence may be a fictitious concept, a convenient label with which to refer to a number of disparate traits."

Hereditarians, however, insist that the tests do measure something innate and very real—an over-all potential capacity

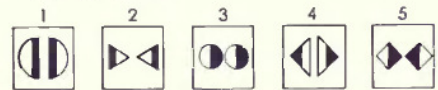
to learn, to recall, to discriminate, to think and to solve problems—and that this capacity deserves the name of intelligence. They admit that in most I. Q. tests, it is expressed through learned materials; but they insist that the "neurological substrate"—the individual's nervous structure and biochemistry—largely determines the ease with which he learns them and the effectiveness with which he uses them.

Variations in the neurological substrate are obvious enough, if one compares different species of animal. The brain of the worm is almost nonexistent, while that of the rat is well developed; the worm can learn only the simplest mazes; the rat, highly complex ones. But even within any given species, there are inherited differences in skeletal and body type, in excitability, in blood type, in hair color and the shape of the features, in the sensitivity to various pathogens; how could there not also be differences in the innate responsiveness and educability of the brain? Thus far, they have not been anatomically identified, but their presence is felt by every animal trainer and every teacher: Puppies of a given breed, children from very similar backgrounds, do not learn with equal ease or apply their training with equal success. In cloud chambers, physicists study unseen particles by means of the

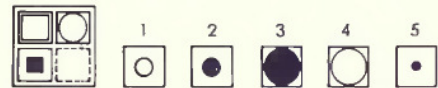
trails of droplets that condense along the paths they take; in I. Q. testing, psychologists study unseen innate intelligence by means of its effects on verbal, arithmetical and logical performance.

Some hereditarians go further; they argue that it is possible to measure "pure" or innate intelligence directly by omitting verbal and other culturally loaded materials and building tests around designs and shapes so familiar to persons of all classes and all cultures that learning is of no consequence. One such "culture-fair" test was constructed by Dr. Cattell (he of the two-*g* theory); it uses problems such as these:

Which one of these is different from the other four?



Which of the figures on the right goes in the missing square on the left?



(Number three is different from the other four. Figure two goes into the missing square.)

Dr. Cattell says that in countries as different as the U. S., India and Taiwan, his test has yielded quite comparable results, indicating that it is unaffected by



*"I'll tell you why I've had so many children . . .  
I didn't know what to do!"*



culture and is, indeed, measuring innate intelligence.

The environmentalists maintain that such tests, even if they are really culture-fair, measure only very special abilities rather than the broad sweep of intelligence. Says J. P. Guilford (he of the three-dimensional matrix of 80 or more mental abilities), "In ruling out verbal tests, probably the most important aspects of intelligence have been lost." The Psychological Corporation used to publish Dr. Cattell's test, but gave it up, and Dr. Wesman explains: "We came to the conclusion that although such a test may use learnings common to different cultures and subcultures, it ignores the relevance of those learnings to survival and success. That being the case, it can hardly provide an adequate measure of intelligence."

But even if the standard I. Q. tests are the best measures of intelligence now available, and even if they do measure something genuine, those measurements are very frequently distorted by variables in the testing process. Taking a test, for instance, is more productive of anxiety for some people than for others, and anxiety decreases problem-solving ability. When Negro children from impoverished homes take an I. Q. test under the supervision of a neatly dressed white examiner, they are very likely to feel strange, awkward and uneasy—and consequently do not do as well as they might. Recently, psychologist Irwin Katz, of the Graduate Center at New York University, deceived black students taking an I. Q. test into thinking they were being tested merely in eye-hand coordination. Freed of anxiety, they registered significantly higher I. Q.s—and did better when the test giver was white than when he was black. Katz's explanation: Well aware of the low opinion most whites have of black intellectual ability, the blacks' motivation to do well on the I. Q. test was low. But when the test was disguised as something else, the desire to do well took over and scores improved. And the challenge to do well in the eyes of the white examiner was greater than for one of their own.

The Katz study is backed up by the findings of British psychologist Peter Watson, who tested black West Indian students in a London working-class neighborhood. When the test was identified as an I. Q. test, scores dropped by ten points. Watson is convinced that the variation can account for the average 15 points by which blacks fall behind whites in I. Q. tests—the basis for the claim that whites are, genetically speaking, superior intellectually to blacks. Interestingly enough, both Watson and Katz admit that heredity no doubt contributes to intelligence

—but that the science of genetics is not advanced enough to state precisely how much. (Incidentally, even Arthur Jensen has reported that Negro children, when they feel at ease with the examiner, will score eight to ten points higher on an I. Q. test.)

Most important in the Negro subculture, when it comes to the matter of I. Q. testing, is the fact that grammar and vocabulary in common use are markedly different from those in white middle-class society. Moreover, Negro mothers in the more disadvantaged levels of society are not explainers, as are white middle-class mothers. Negro children may, in consequence, simply be unacquainted with the words, the grammatical usages and many of the elemental concepts (such as categorization) that are needed to think about the questions asked. A social worker in Watts satirically constructed the "Chitling Test"—a mock I. Q. test using only words and problems familiar to the Negro poor—and few middle-class whites who saw it could answer most of the questions correctly. So, too, a French-Canadian guide might score moronic on verbal ability and abstract reasoning, yet completely outclass his examiner at out-thinking wild animals or surviving in a midwinter storm.

For these and similar reasons, many of the findings of researchers on intelligence are contradicted by the findings of others. It is not just a matter of varying interpretations of the data; it is a matter of two or more studies of the same subject yielding different and even opposite findings.

Take the matter of intelligence and age. Various early studies indicated that it declines steadily from early adulthood onward. In the Thirties, for instance, researchers tested almost everybody in one New England town and found that the older the adults were, the lower they scored on reasoning ability. But whenever particular persons are tested and retested over a period of years, they show no such decline before the onset of senility; indeed, in one study a number of people were retested in middle age with an intelligence test they had taken 30 years earlier in college and got *better* scores in everything except arithmetic.

Just as bewildering is the case of our rapidly growing national intelligence. During World War Two, a large group of average soldiers took a test much like one given soldiers in World War One; if the 1917 standards for computing I. Q. had been used on their raw scores, they would have come out an average of 15 points higher than the World War One soldiers. The rise has continued: Since the end of World War Two, raw scores

have gone up half as much again. What are we to think? Are the bright outbreeding the dull? Are we better informed because of improvements in education? Or have we merely become test-sophisticated; that is, skilled at getting better scores—but not any more intelligent than we were?

Assuming higher I. Q. scores would mean more than mere test-taking skill, the big question is: Can intensive education significantly increase the I. Q. in low-scoring children? Project Head Start, the nationwide Federally funded program of nursery-school experience for poor children, did not appreciably raise the school performance of the children involved—the I. Q. gains of five to ten points frequently reported for Head Start children did not hold up after the first year of regular schooling. But other efforts at compensatory education have used other techniques, and with more success: Colleagues of Dr. Deutsch at the Institute for Developmental Studies at New York University claim that their intensive-education experiments with small groups of New York City Negro children have resulted in average I. Q. gains of nearly eight points in a year of three-hours-per-day schooling. Whether these gains will endure is not yet known; to judge by some similar experiments, once the children return to ordinary classrooms, the discouraging milieu of Negro slum life may make them lose interest in schooling and cause them to drop back.

Such preschool compensatory programs are designed to bring the underprivileged up to par with the rest of American society, but could early education also benefit those who already have normal advantages? Some experts think so and certain experiments in which preschool children have been taught to read and to use typewriters lend credence to their arguments.

But equally eminent psychologists, including Jean Piaget and the late Arnold Gesell, have been convinced that children cannot grasp certain problems until their neural organization is ready—and that the maturation of the neural system cannot be accelerated. In a typical Piaget test, when children under seven see water poured from a short, wide glass into a tall, thin one, they think it has become "more." Even though they can be persuaded to *say* that it is the same, they cannot be taught to *feel* that it is the same. Beyond the age of seven, however, they become educable on the matter. Similarly, though it takes a good deal of effort, children can be taught to read a year or two before first grade; but those who are not taught until several years later catch



on so rapidly and easily that they soon are abreast of the early learners, and often have a more positive and joyous feeling about reading.

These are only facets of the unanswered central question: Is the individual's intelligence primarily a product of his perceptions, experiences and the influence of other persons upon him, or is his intelligence primarily determined by his genotype, the unique mixture of genes he has inherited from his father and mother?

Time and research have amassed impressive evidence on both sides. A very few examples will give some idea how thoroughly convincing each argument is, and how hopelessly contradictory they appear to be.

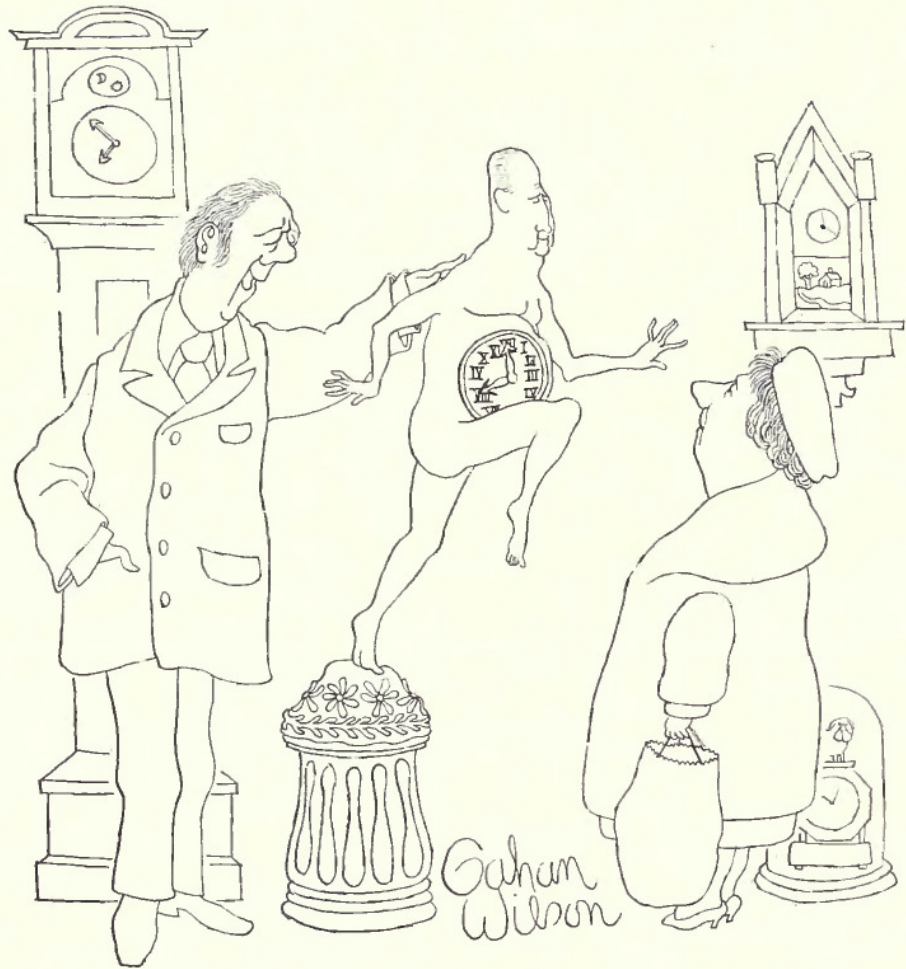
First, evidence for the supremacy of environment:

- In Israel, children of European-Jewish origin have an average I. Q. of 105, while those of Oriental-Jewish origin (Yemenites and other Mideastern Jews) have an average I. Q. of only 85, or borderline normal. But when both groups of children are brought up in a kibbutz, where they spend most of their time in communal nurseries run by dedicated nurses, both groups—according to informal reports by some observers—end up with an average I. Q. of 115.

- Some 30 years ago in Iowa, a small group of mentally retarded year-old orphans was experimentally placed in a hospital ward for feeble-minded women. In an orphanage, the children had had a minimum of individual attention; in the hospital, they were "adopted" by the feeble-minded women, who fed and bathed them, played with them and talked to them. In less than two years, their average I. Q. leaped from 64 to 94 and all had become good prospects for adoption. By the age of six, all were in adoptive homes, where they made small additional gains averaging two I. Q. points. Many years later, a follow-up found that they were almost all living normal married lives and that their own children had an average I. Q. of 105.

- Gypsy and canal-boat children in England, and Appalachian and Negro children in the U. S., have normal or near-normal I. Q.s when very young but drift downward thereafter. All four groups get a normal amount of stimulation at the infant level, but in childhood and the teens suffer "stimulus deprivation," because of their impoverished homes, their barren cultural surroundings and their poor school experiences. A number of studies show marked I. Q. losses for these various groups, averaging 20 to 30 points between their preschool years and their late teens.

To the environmentalists, scores of such studies seem proof positive that I. Q. is not genetically fixed and does not



*"Take it from me, madam—the passing years can only add to the value of this Spiro T. Agnew standing hall clock."*

follow an inevitable course of development as do such traits as skin color and blood type.

Now, evidence for the supremacy of the genotype:

- First, recall what we learned earlier about the offspring of cousin marriages: Their average I. Q. is eight points lower than that of other children in their own socioeconomic class. The phenomenon has no explanation other than the matching up of recessive genetic defects inherited from both sides.

- Even when socioeconomic factors are reversed, Negro children do not surpass or even equal whites: Negro children born of parents in the *highest* of four socioeconomic groupings (the professional-managerial) average nearly four I. Q. points below white children born of parents in the *lowest* of the four groupings (unskilled labor). The over-all socioeconomic status of American Indian children is as poor (and perhaps poorer) as that of Negro children, yet the Indian children average seven or eight I. Q. points higher.

- Unrelated children reared in the same home ought to have very similar I. Q.s if environment were the dominant

factor in intellectual development. But their I. Q.s show a correlation only half as large as that between real siblings reared in different homes. Similarly, the I. Q.s of foster children correlate more closely with those of their biological parents than with those of their foster parents.

- Identical twins have exactly the same complement of genes; when they are reared together, therefore, both their genotypes and their environments are substantially identical. Not surprisingly, the correlation between their I. Q.s is very high: Various studies report it close to the 90 percent mark. In a few score of known cases, however, identical twins have been separated soon after birth and adopted into different homes; if environment were the major factor in determining their I. Q.s, the correlation should drop almost to zero but, in fact, it remains very high. Even in different environments, identical twins grow up far more alike in I. Q. than ordinary twins reared in the same home.

Scores of such studies seem proof positive to hereditarians that biological endowment is a far more significant



determinant of the intelligence of the individual than is environmental influence. They will admit, if pressed, that environment does affect mental development for good or ill in measurable ways, but having said so, they do their best to minimize its role, arguing that it accounts for 20 percent or less of the variance in I. Q. scores.

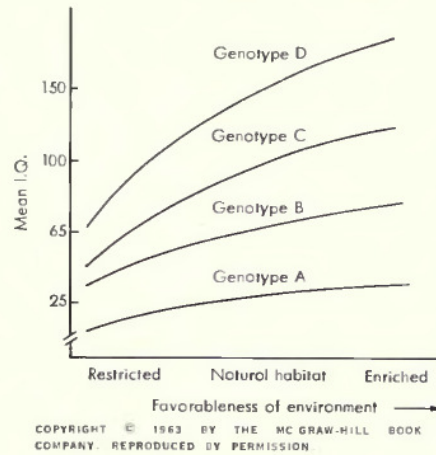
It seems obvious that one point of view must be correct, the other incorrect; but what seems obvious is not necessarily true. Most human phenomena are neither wholly good nor wholly bad, nor is a single doctrinaire explanation usually wholly true or wholly false. The truth lies not just in the middle but in a synthesis of the two sides. And so it is in the matter of intelligence. A unifying synthesis does exist.

It begins, as the noted psychologist I. I. Gottesman, of the University of Minnesota, points out, with the recognition that intelligence is not a lump sum, to which heredity contributes so many I. Q. points and environment the rest. The genotype and the environment do not *add up*, they *interact*—and the result is not a sum but a product.

But if we cannot separate the two interacting factors, at least we can ask how much difference it makes to modify one while keeping the other constant. We can ask, "Given any one genotype, how much can we modify the I. Q. by changing the environment?" And we can ask, "Given any one environment, how great are the variations heredity yields within it?"

As yet, there are no relevant research data that settle these questions for human I. Q.—but answers do exist for animals. Groups of genetically bright and genetically dull rats were reared in "restricted," "natural" and "enriched" environments, and then tested on maze-solving ability; various breeds of dogs were reared both indulgently and strictly, and then tested for their ability to obey a difficult command (not to eat). In both cases, the relative contributions of heredity and of environment varied for each combination of breed and rearing. For some breeds, changing the environment made little difference, while for others, it made a lot; and, conversely, within some environments, differences in heredity didn't amount to much, while within others, differences in heredity assumed considerable proportions.

Professor Gottesman believes that these results will prove to apply to human I. Q. and will make sense of what seem to be major contradictions in existing data. He offers the following diagram (from *Handbook of Mental Deficiency*, edited by N. Ellis) by way of illustrating the varying interactions (all of them speculative at this point) among a series of different environments and four hypothetical genotypes.



For genotype A, which might represent Mongolism, the "reaction range" is very narrow; that is, its various interactions with environments ranging from the worst to the best are all much alike, with a difference of only 50 percent or so between lowest and highest. For genotype D, which might represent hereditary genius, the reaction range is very broad; that is, its interactions with environments ranging from the worst to the best are very dissimilar, with a difference of some 300 percent between lowest and highest. Genotypes B and C are more nearly average and cover intermediate ranges.

Thus, it is clear that there is not one answer, not two answers, but a number of answers to the nature-nurture problem. It is clear, too, that both sides of the old argument have been right, and wrong, at the same time. For it is true that intelligence is the sum total of what has been learned—if we add: *learned by a given mind, which can utilize its experiences only within its own biological limits*. And it is also true that intelligence is a trait carried by the individual's genotype—if we add: *as it develops in the environment available to it*.

Applying this approach to the subject, we can make sense of many of the seeming contradictions in the existing findings. The contradictory results, for instance, of the intensive schooling of low-scoring children is not surprising: We have many genotypes being tested in many varied environments—and without anything like scientific control of either. Jewish children of two different backgrounds and I. Q. levels wind up, in a kibbutz, rising to the same higher level of I. Q.—but perhaps their genotypes were not really as dissimilar as one might suppose from their external traits. Negro and white children in the same schools, and even in the same socioeconomic class, remain widely separated, the Negro children being distinctly lower in I. Q.—but perhaps their environments were not really as similar as one might imagine. Negro and white children, even in the same schools and in the same socio-

economic class, do not actually have the same environment if, by environment, we mean the totality of the individual's experiences. Growing up black in a white society *feels* so different from growing up white in that society, even when class and income are equal, that we cannot fairly ascribe the remaining 10- or 11-point difference in I. Q. to heredity.

If Negroes were ever to experience thoroughgoing equality—social, economic and emotional—the average Negro I. Q. would very likely rise; perhaps only a little, still remaining distinctly below that of the white; perhaps enough for the two to coincide; perhaps enough to outstrip the white. We can't predict the outcome at this point, for blacks in America have never achieved genuine equality. Until they do, both those who say it will make no appreciable difference and those who are positive that all races have equal mental gifts are being demagogic in proclaiming as scientific fact ideologies that may be based on political sentiment.

What is tragic is that they are both serving vicious ends while pursuing noble ones. Jensen and the behavioral geneticists are carrying on legitimate and potentially very important research, but some of them—Jensen, in particular—have unscientifically extended their tentative and speculative findings into firm and fixed policy recommendations. Jensen, for instance, in urging special schooling for many Negroes on the basis of their supposedly irremediable inferiority, is going far beyond anything his own work justifies. Deutsch and other environmentalists, on the other hand, are also doing important research, but most of them are so powerfully moved by their own egalitarian feelings and their desire to help the underprivileged that they have tried to block the publication of pro-Jensenist papers and condemned all further research on the genetics of intelligence on the ground that whatever information it yielded would be "irrelevant" and "inflammatory."

Yet scientific inquiry and democratic progress are not, or at least need not be, antithetical. If the synthesis that resolves the nature-nurture controversy could be heard over the din of ideological battle, it might bring the two into harmonious alliance. Men did not learn to fly by ignoring gravity or denying that it existed but by learning the laws of aerodynamics and overcoming gravity. Men will make the most of their intelligence neither by denying the role of genetics nor by denigrating the importance of environment but by learning all they can about both and about the interaction of the two—and then applying the knowledge so as to give every man in society the maximum opportunity to develop his own potential.





## Nearer, Silent Majority, To Thee

Is it because of the PLAYBOY assignment after all?

I'm not going to say, he said, and smiled and that brilliant brutal smile full of grace told me all I needed to know about the Fortress of Heaven. This was my last personal contact with Billy Graham. It reassured me that what Graham knows best is his own lesson, one that I have seen on many a thrifty, righteous merchant's wall: IN GOD WE TRUST. ALL OTHERS PAY CASH.

*Rendering unto God:* "You've come today not to me but to Christ," Billy Graham is telling a vast crowd in Shea Stadium. "Now remember, God *loves* you. He's interested in every detail of your life. He knows all about your past. Just say, Lord I have sinned. I'm sorry. Forgive me. And then receive Him by faith, receive Christ by faith. Say, Lord I do believe. We *know* we're saved, not because we always feel it but because . . . God's word *says* it."

The platform upon which Graham stands is decked out with flowers, but resembles more than anything the thrusting prow of a warship. There are a piano and an organ, both used to support a sequence of speakers and singers who witness to their own faith. The guest soloists, drawing cards all, range from faithful, tired old Ethel Waters to vivacious young Anita Bryant, a former Miss Oklahoma, who, in 1968, "became the first woman to head Freedom's Foundation, at Valley Forge." Her "favorite type of singing is that in which she can express her personal faith in Jesus Christ," and her "marriage to Bob Green has often been described as being an ideal one." Miss Bryant sings with a large forceful voice and then pleads winningly with the girls in the audience to preserve their virginity for their intended husbands.

Graham, in a recent article in the *Reader's Digest*, offered the Bible ("the world's most reliable textbook on sex") as a guide to the perplexed. He quotes with approval Saint Paul's remonstrance to Christians in Corinth, "the sex capital of the ancient world":

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit? He that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body."

Billy Graham's Christian accepts or pretends to accept none but the timid, narrowly prescribed sexuality of the Judaeo-Christian formula for marital sacrament. Fornication is defined in a Billy Graham glossary as "unnatural sex behavior." The Graham Christian seeks protection in the purity of his heart and tongue, yet is able to stand by at the commission of unspeakable obscenities such as My Lai and support the vilest wars. Thus it was, perhaps, inevitable

(continued from page 134)

that Graham's crusade in Knoxville, Tennessee, in May, would provide a rare opportunity for Richard Nixon to appear to be unreservedly welcome on a college campus. That particular crusade was on the campus of the University of Tennessee, but it did not take a metaphysician to locate the soul of the audience. The students were elsewhere. Here were the aging sons and daughters of a people who called their crusade Manifest Destiny and swept westward to the Pacific, taking the Indian's land—righteous, fundamentalist border people, strong, hard and unyielding. They loved the Lord, hated the Indian, made war and stole land. It was God's plan for them to do so.

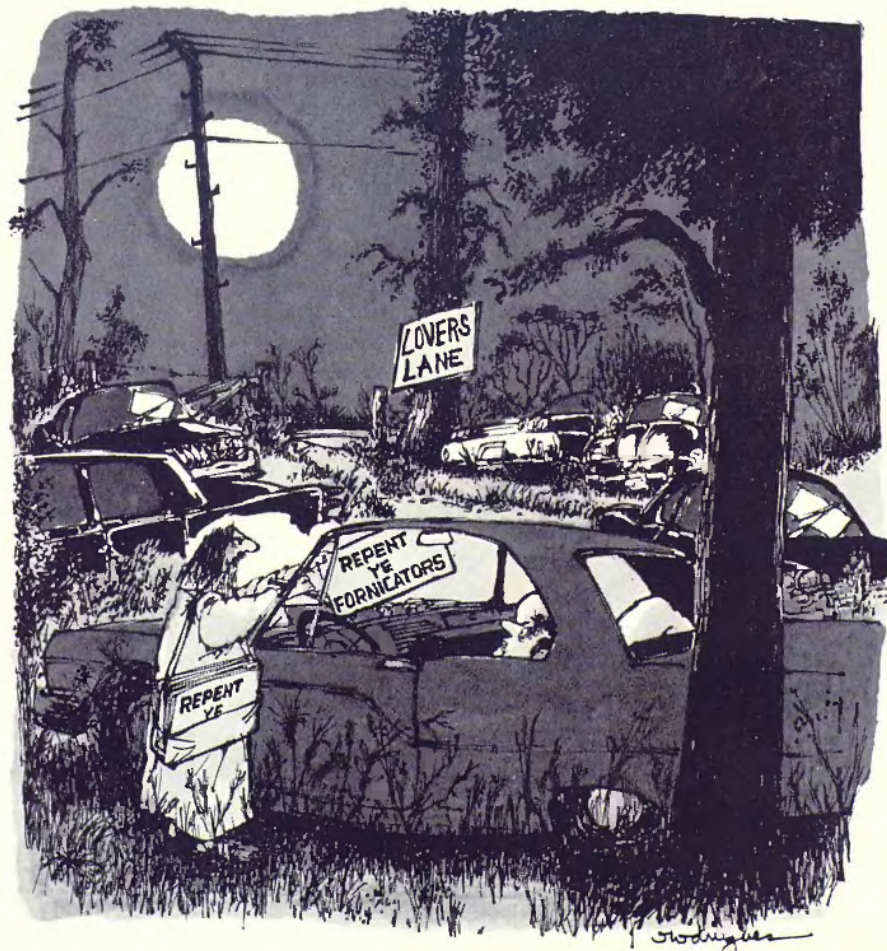
But there *were* some students there. Demonstrators. They brought a flush to the cheeks of Billy Graham as they combined anti-war slogans with chants like "Fuck Billy Graham." Rejecting innocence along with moral irresponsibility. Rejecting a religion that, as Reinhold Niebuhr said, "throws an aura of sanctity on contemporary public policy, whether morally inferior or outrageously unjust." Under a recently reactivated edict that prohibits interference with religious cere-

monies, these demonstrators were swiftly clapped into jail, to the evident pleasure of the crusaders.

Billy Graham's Christian is no threat to Caesar, and never has been. This is a good religion for greedy princes and for anybody who favors passive obedience, who prefers not to confront the reality of his own responsibility for this world and the next and the next and the next: disguising desire as submission.

"I'm not going to be saved because I'm *good*," Billy says in Shea Stadium, holding a large-print Bible aloft with his left hand. "I'm not going to be saved because I preach to many people. I'm going to be saved the same way you are. Because of Christ. What he did on the cross."

What does a boy do with the awful knowledge of his power when it comes upon him like an avalanche in the overheated spring of his life? Billy was 16. He had a great fear of hell and judgment. A sense of burden. At that Charlotte revival meeting, evangelist Mordecai Ham kept pointing the finger and somehow it kept finding young Billy, who knew himself to be a sinner. Billy kept ducking that finger, until finally the struggle ended with the choir singing *Almost Persuaded Now to Believe*, with Billy standing up





and coming forward to accept Christ, in what he called "this great surrender."

Before long he was lodged deep in Bible study, first at fundamentalist Bob Jones University and then at the Florida Bible Institute in Tampa. He became an ordained minister. Within five years, there were posters out on Billy at the York, Pennsylvania, Gospel Center: HERE IS YOUTH AFLAME FOR GOD! EVANGELIST BILLY GRAHAM, CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, A GREAT GOSPEL PREACHER AT 21.

The summer of '36, he went on the road for the Fuller Brush Company and the field manager said he beat any salesman he had. Billy could have sold anything at all. But Mrs. Graham remembers that "he wanted to please God more than any man I'd ever met." Billy was burning. Handsome, virile, dynamic, with a boyish enthusiasm, which has never left him. But that "tremendous burden" weighed him down. He often walked alone at night. One evening in the spring of '38, he found himself on a golf course. "The trees were loaded with Spanish moss and in the moonlight it was like a fairyland," and with tears streaming down his cheeks. "I remember getting on my knees and saying, 'O God, if you want me to preach, I will do it.'"

God's will be done.

When he preaches, Billy Graham says, a great power comes over him. He is an instrument of the Lord and he quivers. His long arms gesticulate and pump. Pumped up with passion and the Message. The passion builds and the Message spurts, covering the people with divine refreshment. The power of the Lord speaking through him. In perfect submission is absolute power and presence, without fear, without guilt, without shame. Denying autonomy as a way of avoiding a confrontation with the knowledge of one's mortality. The derivation and the sustenance of the Judaeo-Christian system of values.

"Many times," Graham has told a *Newsweek* reporter, "I wish the Lord would take me, because I get weighted down with the sins of the world, for which I have a constant revulsion." It is possible to avoid confronting the one ineradicable fact of our existence only by disguising it as a blessing, in which death becomes nothing more than the portal to a better life. One cannot take the body along, but that is all right, the body has value only as "the temple of the Holy Spirit" and is in itself valueless, its multiform sensations and insights to be circumscribed, if not actually suppressed.

"With the devaluation of the body," Herbert Marcuse writes, "the life of the body is no longer the real life, and the negation of this life is the beginning rather than the end." But the relief from anxiety in the Christian way is, in Marcuse's phrase, "a premature cure," which turns all details of life and art in the

Western world into their sex-repressing and death-welcoming aspects. And all because nature and man conspired to make the world fearful.

"Time," says Paul Tillich, "runs from the beginning to the end, but our awareness of time goes in the opposite direction. It starts with the anxious anticipation of the end."

Those of us who grew up to be Abraham have, perhaps, forgotten that we also once were Isaac, that we once lay upon the altar with the sun in our eyes and sand on our flesh, thongs binding us, a salty taste in the mouth, knowing death to be near, forever and ever and ever alone, a faceless white-bearded Father haloed by the sun, looming above us, the sun glinting off the knife in his hand.

Billy Graham believes you can hide from that memory, can repress indefinitely the sure knowledge of that awful moment, and that is precisely the certitude he is offering as he issues the call and the chorus of 4000 begins singing *Blessed Assurance* and the first trickle of people comes forward. "*Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! | Oh what a foretaste of glory divine!*" It is not easy to come forward in Shea Stadium, there are all those ramps to go down. "*This is my story, this is my song, | Praising my Savior all the day long.*" Sweet, tremulous voices, rinsed in goodness. The first few hundred people are reaching the field and following the marked paths into the infield. "*Perfect submission, perfect delight, | Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.*"

Billy Graham has been issuing the call now for almost three decades. In Los Angeles, in 1949, 350,000 people attended the crusade and 3000 came forward. William Randolph Hearst took an interest in him. So did Henry Luce. Since then, he has preached before more than 42,000,000 people and at least 1,200,000 have made a decision for Christ. The 1969 crusade budget was \$862,371. "*Angels descending, bring from above, | Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.*" Over the loud-speaker, a voice asks "you that are eleven years of age or under" to wait behind the platform for a counselor. There are special children's counselors, as well as "Latin-speaking counselors" and "counselors with a psychiatric orientation." Now the choir begins singing *I Have Decided to Follow Jesus*, and the crowd has grown considerably. Here are those who have known danger. Here are those who know themselves to be fragile and mortal. "*The world behind me, the cross before me, | No turning back, no turning back.*"

"Don't be discouraged if you fall and fail a few times," Graham counsels. "Keep going. God understands. He loves you. *He'll help you.*"

Here nobody is in a great rush or a

heat of emotion, everybody is ambling toward salvation. The dominant tone is earnestness. Only one man is on his knees. The counselors are talking to the new Christians, males to males and females to females. Out behind the platform, adult counselors are bent at the waist to instruct the children who have decided for Christ. Many of the youngsters are Negroes: uniformly well dressed, spotless in jacket and tie, and either perspiring or blank with fear. A nice white lady is talking to Raymond and saying, "Raymond, if you do all these things, you know what's going to happen? You're going to grow and grow and grow and grow right to Jesus."

Over here the Reverend Kanaley is talking to a little black boy named Norwood, who is all dressed up—olive suit, black bow tie—five-six years old, his mother and two sisters standing close by. They brought him down here and they are all smiles, because Norwood will be with Jesus, but he is rigid and his eyes are large and round and unblinking. "Norwood, if the Lord says to you, 'Why should I let you into my heaven?' what are you going to say?" But Norwood is too frightened to say. He moves his mouth reflexively, like a ghetto perch in a crowded tank. The Reverend Kanaley is patient with him. "You're going to say, 'Because Jesus died for me.' And you know what God will say, Norwood?" Norwood's mouth moves, but no sound comes out. The Reverend Kanaley tells him, "God will say, 'Well, Norwood, come on in.'"

*Rendering unto Caesar*: July 3, 1970, in Washington, D. C., the day before Honor America Day, dawns bright and clear and by midafternoon has become hot and muggy. The city is decked with flags, clusters of them mounted on street signs and lampposts, red, white and blue, limp in the heat. Tourists throng the Washington Monument, while down on the Mall, at the end of 17th Street, they are pounding the last few nails into the stage for the Bob Hope show tomorrow evening. The show is being produced by the Walt Disney organization and the Disney-drawn façade of the proscenium presents us with a familiar patriotic emblem: an eagle clutching red-white-and-blue streamers and banners with his talons. He has an olive branch in his beak, but do not mistake him, he is combative, his brow beetling angrily over his beak and there is, oddly, a certain madness in his expression. There is comic lunacy in this Disney eagle. He will fight without necessarily knowing who or why he is fighting. He needs only crossed eyes to be transformed into the loony hero of a Disney strip—Merkin Eagle, who gets tangled in power lines, flies into the sides of barns, defoliates the countryside and so forth, in his endlessly repeated



The more you know about  
ancient architecture, the more  
you like the Acropolis



The more you know about Scotch,  
the more you like *Ballantine's*  
Imported from Scotland





*[Hic Helvetia, hic salta.]*

# Swissair will now give you a few hints on places to take off to, if you happen to have landed in Switzerland for some reason.

**S**OME PEOPLE simply want to fly to Switzerland, and do so. Say for a holiday. And indeed why not?

Some people have to fly to Switzerland because they have business in Europe, and European business is best done in Switzerland. Right you are.

And some people—more and more of them, in fact—actually have to go to some quite different place from Switzerland, but they deliberately land in Zurich or Geneva anyway. How come?

Simplest thing in the world. Say you have to go to some European capital, and there's even a direct flight from home; but not when you need to be there. So you just fly to Zurich or Geneva. And from there in an hour to Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Vienna, London, or in two hours to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Madrid, Athens, or Istanbul.

Gifted phrase-coiners have dubbed Switzerland the turntable or the gateway to Europe. It's so small that

anyone landing in Switzerland is practically in Germany, France, Italy, or Austria already. A very convenient situation for an airline like Swissair. (And for the people it flies.) A situation, incidentally, that Swissair exploits to the full by flying to 20 Euro-

pean countries. It may be good for you to know about this if you should want a springboard for

a trip through Europe. Switzerland provides one. And if, before you buzz off, you care to have a look around here, you'll find that Switzerland is small, but really not bad at all.

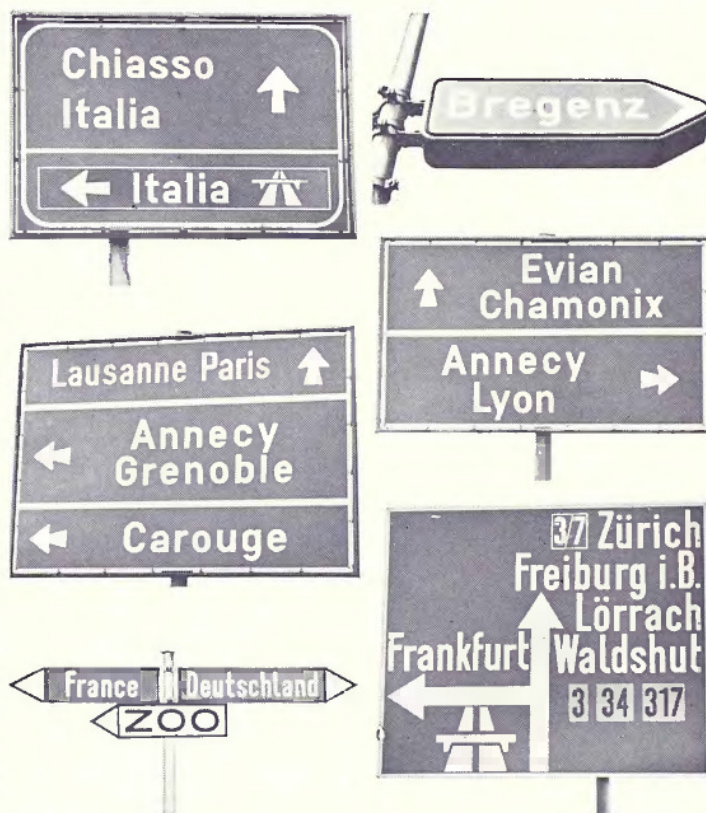
Some people actually think it's beautiful. And come flying from all over Europe to spend a few hours or days in Switzerland, even though their proper destination is overseas.

And what can Swissair do, with all these kindly feelings, but fly to 39 cities outside of

Europe? When you're based in Switzerland, you're almost bound to become a great international airline.

So, if some day you are skimming over Europe, you might pick up a Swissair timetable, for luck.

Sort of a vademecum.



Here Swissair offers a few hints as to where you might take off for if you happen to have landed in Switzerland.

*Swissair flies to North America 25 times a week,  
Swissair flies to South America twice a week,  
Swissair flies to the Far East 6 times a week,  
Swissair flies regularly to 16 African cities,  
Swissair flies regularly to 9 Middle Eastern cities.*



*Swissair wishes you a good flight.*







## Now all you need is a casting director

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the pack. With an 8-times automatic zooming F1.4 zoom lens. With three electric filming speeds, plus single frame advancement. With automatic EE exposure through-the-lens, or manual aperture control for fade-

ins and fade-outs. And with cartridge loading convenience to get the show on the road.

The Canon Auto Zoom 814 can now be previewed at better camera dealers everywhere.



A close-up photograph of a woman's hands holding a lit cigarette. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed sleeve and a white ring on her ring finger. In the foreground, there is a white cup of coffee on a saucer with a silver spoon. To the right, a pack of Sobranie Virginia International Filter cigarettes is visible, featuring a crest and the text 'MAKERS OF FINE CIGARETTES SINCE 1879'. The background shows a white vase with yellow flowers.

**Sobranie Virginia.**  
**The cigarette that reflects your taste.**

Sobranie of London. Makers of fine cigarettes since 1879.



attempts to catch and devour some cute little prey: *Oh, I do beweeave it's Mewkin Eagew fwyng high above me. I better wun.*

There is an encampment of young people halfway up the slope toward the Washington Monument, near a shade tree. Hour by hour, the crowd there grows and, by nightfall, the slope is covered with people, sleeping bags and blankets and there is some smoking of the vile weed and assassin of youth, but not much, considering that this is the Marijuana Smoke-In that the sponsors of the Honor America Day festivities have been fearing. The smoke-in was announced several months before Billy Graham and Hobart Lewis, the editor of the *Reader's Digest*, had the idea of throwing an old-fashioned Fourth of July wingding in the nation's capital, not to support the Administration but only to honor the nation. No politics.

This is mostly a peaceable crowd, with a small boisterous element that goes into fits of obscene cheerleading, like at football games. *Gimme an eff. Eff. Gimme a yew. Yew. Gimme a sea. Sea. Gimme a kay. Kay. What does it spell? EFF-YEW-SEA-KAY.* (But not exactly like football games: *Slaughtera bastids. Hahod eats it.*)

There is clapping and snake dancing and a considerable amount of disarray, but it is relatively peaceful until a skinny, loping kid in a hot sweat, bare-chested, long brown hair flying, a bull's-eye patch and Indian tail tied to his left forearm, screams down the hillside: "Hey listen we need some people up on the hill its the pigs the pigs are stealing a flag up there stealing our flag the pigs," and everybody is off and running. Over the crest of the hill. The cops are walking off with a Woodstock Nation flag.

Hey that's my flag.

Yeah well come around at the park police headquarters tomorrow and pick it up.

Gimme an eff. Mah, mah-ree-wanna. Smooooooke mah-ree-wanna. Off the pigs. *Off the pigs. Power to the people!*

"They've been drinking," a black cop says. "Alcohol is talking now."

The police are gathered around the monument, four mounties clapping in place, their horses shying and neighing, their nostrils (the mounties', not the horses') flaring. More cops appear. Motorcycles. Long sticks to hit people with. The kids hooting, circling and baiting the beleaguered cops. The thing has gotten out of hand, there will be no peaceful smoke-in here tonight. A cherry bomb comes out of the crowd and explodes beneath a cop's horse. The horse panics, the crowd cheers wildly. The mounties go charging into the crowd; the crowd scatters; some people fall, some scream. The cops have formed a picket line at the reserved seats down by the empty stage and now they are sweep-



"Why don't you ever do that for me anymore?"

ing up the slope toward the shade tree, picking up speed as they go, and it's scary to see. Maybe 40 of them, back-lit by strong searchlights, faceless dragoons, helmeted, meaning business. The entire area is being cleared and nobody is being allowed even to collect his private property and anybody objecting to the dispersal gets a sharp night-stick rap and a muscular shove.

In the darkness, the sound of breaking glass, the sound of anarchy: terrifying. The police are breaking bottles as they go, flailing at the grass. One tear-gas grenade has gone off, the white smoke settling in a hollow for a moment before drifting upslope.

All along, there has been a very large crowd nearby, calmly listening to the Smithsonian's Festival of American Folk Life. Now that ends. A man comes onstage and says, "There's been a small disturbance in the area. We've been asked to stop the music." The two crowds mingle, they are not really all that much apart from each other in some ways, and now the cops are pushing back this much larger throng and some of them don't seem to understand what's going on here. A young man has his arm around his girl's shoulder, not radical-looking at all, but they want to go over there, toward Constitution Avenue, while the cops want them to move to 14th Street. A sergeant tells them gruffly to keep moving in that direction: "If you don't move *now*," he says, "you'll be locked up." The boy looks incredulous. "Locked up?" he says. Without another

word, the sergeant raps him with his club, then holds it two-handed and shoves the kid about six feet and the kid is now bug-eyed. His girl can't believe her eyes.

This sergeant talks to people nicely, he has a sane and sensible manner with a good simulation of self-control, but he is burning. Every so often he goes apeshit. I watch him for about 20 minutes. Without exception, he is roughest on guys who have chicks with them. If you didn't have a chick with you, you could even say a word or two to him. Force as a source of power and self-esteem, force as sexual bluster. Later this same policeman was at a squad car, speaking into a loud-speaker: "Those of you who are not associated with the rock or bottle throwers can assist the police by moving toward the Capitol peacefully."

Elsewhere, a cop has been hit on the head by a bottle. He is standing alongside an ambulance, his shirt bloody, his head bandaged. He is grinning and joking with his fellow officers. There are more than 100 cops around by now and only a few diehard demonstrators are left in the park. Several police lunge into a small knot of these and come out with one. One cop holds his arms. With a second cop, they move in the general direction of a paddy wagon. A third cop skips alongside, holding his club aloft and, steadying himself with one hand on a colleague's shoulder, he leans in over them all to give the boy three, four, five angry muscular whacks on the head. It is the sound of something hard going soft, and it makes you sick to your stomach to



hear it. When the cops release the boy, he is hunched forward, turning about this way and that, his arms outstretched pleadingly and there is a lot of something bubbling up in his mouth, blood or repentance. He is through for the revolution, softheaded, turning about, looking for somebody to plead his innocence to.

The following morning, at 11 or shortly thereafter, Billy Graham rises to speak to a crowd estimated at anywhere between 10,000 and 25,000. A pulpit has been erected about halfway up the Lincoln Memorial stairs. Just below it, a very large American flag rests on an incline, on a low-legged platform, and from it a red carpet extends through the middle of some reserved seats, which have been put out neatly, row by row, for specially invited guests. Behind the pulpit is a long row of chairs for the dignitaries: Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Colonel Frank Borman, Kate Smith, Pat Boone, Miss Susan Huskisson, who was the runner-up in the 1967 Miss Teenage America Pageant and is now a student at the University of Tennessee, and several others, including a Negro minister and eagle scout Don Pickett, a 17-year-old Pawnee Indian from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who has been the recipient of a God and Country Award.

Behind the dignitaries is the band, the United States Army Band and Herald Trumpets, in gaudy braided uniform and, above it, the 500-voice chorus of the Southern Baptist Convention—the

Centurymen, directed by Buryl Red, all neatly attired in marbled-green tuxedos with black shawl collars over yellow turtlenecks. None of them appears bothered by the heat. Their bluff sober faces reflect their dry contentment at being anonymous and identical, and they sing *O God Our Help in Ages Past* and *Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee* with gusto. Altogether, the band and chorus do about a dozen numbers and, except for a couple of Bach pieces, all have words like March, God, National Spirit and Freedom in the title.

All the dignitaries have something to do this day, even the Negro pastor, who introduces Don Pickett and Susan Huskisson. Pickett pledges allegiance to the flag. Miss Huskisson delivers a prize-winning essay titled, "I Speak for Democracy."

Her ancestors, Susan reminds us, left their blood at Lexington, Valley Forge, Fort Sumter, Gettysburg, in the Argonne Forest, at Salerno and Normandy and Okinawa, "and in the bare, bleak hills called Pork Chop and Old Baldy and Heartbreak Ridge," but not, apparently, in Vietnam, which is not being mentioned today. All the earlier wars are heroic and glorious, but Vietnam is political. In any case, America's wars are fought so that the rest of us might take pleasure "in the laughter of a small boy as he watches the antics of a circus clown, in the delicious coldness of the first bite of peppermint ice cream on the Fourth of July, in the little tenseness of a baseball crowd as the umpire calls

'Batter up!' and in the high school band's rendition of *Stars and Stripes Forever* in the Memorial Day parade."

"America," Miss Huskisson attests, has "offered freedom and opportunity such as no land before her has ever known," and is now a land where 200,000,000 people are "all glad, terribly glad, to be what they are," because they "have more roast beef and mashed potatoes, the yield of American labor and land, more telephones and Orlon sweaters, the fruits of American initiative and enterprise, more public schools and life-insurance policies, symbols of American security and faith in the future, more laughter and song than any other people on earth." Miss Huskisson ends with a pert show of determination, which expresses a fixed and unshakable belief in the pre-eminence of Americans: "Show me a people more energetic, creative, progressive, bigger-hearted and happier than our people," she demands. "Not until then will I consider your way of life."

It is not immediately clear whose way of life Miss Huskisson is rejecting. The audience applauds her sentiments vigorously, however, and in that moment a number of people have slipped into the reflecting pool between the Memorial and the Washington Monument, all young, mostly boys, almost all white, carrying a large banner reading HOUR OF DECISION: GOD OR COUNTRY, and one would almost think they had materialized in response to Miss Huskisson's call, except that they have been here all weekend, being very energetic and creative and progressive and big-hearted, if not terribly happy. Miss Huskisson would not like to think of them as real Americans, but that is what they are, the sons and daughters of our other Manifest Destiny.

"Well, they're finally getting the bath they needed," says an onlooker. Other comments, not all equally churlish, attest to a gulf that no amount of Orlon sweaters and mashed potatoes and life-insurance policies can bridge, for these half-naked children are pale witnesses for an America in which telephones do not properly communicate what it is that must pass between people and, for that matter, neither do the public schools. The hippie-Yippie-crazies wade toward the ceremonial gathering slowly and quietly.

Now the nation's unofficial chaplain rises to speak. He strides briskly to the podium and shakes his cuffs and leans forward with energy. There is power in him as he starts his speech, which is Caesar-rendering without apologies. There is no shilly-shallying here, no false starts, no funny stories or embarrassments, as he quotes another of those fine-print clauses in the Christian contract:

"The Bible says in 1 Peter, 2:17, 'Honor all men. Fear God. Honor the



"Aw, I don't think there's too much violence on TV. . . ."



king.' The king referred to was the Roman emperor. Since our nation is a republic and not a monarchy," Graham reasons shrewdly, "this Scripture could read, 'Honor the nation.'"

Graham doesn't want to be associated in our mind with only this Administration and this is not a political gathering here, this is strictly nonpartisan. The evangelist had access to Eisenhower; he had access to Kennedy, whom he visited in Palm Beach; and Johnson even attended one of his crusades, though he didn't actually speak, as Nixon did in May at the East Tennessee Crusade. But Graham is often asked that question and he answers that he and Nixon have been friends for a very long time, he conducts services in the White House, and *Life* columnist Hugh Sidey says he "has certainly been assigned the care of the President's soul." Last year's skit of the Gridiron Club saw Graham this way:

*There's a church in the East Room  
of the White House,  
A lovely Establishment shrine,  
I give briefings Sunday at the White  
House.  
They're on policy matters divine.  
Oh come, come, come, come,  
Come to the church in the White  
House.  
Come help us purge national sin.  
No matter who's head of the White  
House,  
I'm the preacher who always is "in."*

He doesn't want to be considered any sort of ally of Nixon's, despite being a personal friend, and as far as the Vietnam war is concerned, he is against *all* war. But he won't speak out against Vietnam, because if he did so, he would be placed in the uncomfortable position of having to speak out against *all* wars.

Dick Cavett tells a story: Just after Cambodia-Kent, his people called the White House and asked a press aide there for "a high Administration official" to come on the show. The White House called back later and said that Billy Graham would be available.

In that same week, Bob Hope appeared on the Johnny Carson show. The Carson press people say that it is understood now that whenever Hope makes himself available, that means he is going to speak pro-Administration, so they always book somebody to balance him, and this time they had Gore Vidal. Hope spoke of 40,000 lives lost in Vietnam for an idea and Vidal said, "I wish Hope had gone on. I'd love to have heard what that idea was."

Now they are here this weekend to express that idea, superstars Billy and Bob teamed once again on behalf of the view that all men of good will can now



*"It's no good, Marshall . . . I'm sick of you  
and your oral sex!"*

rally to patriotism and love of the flag on this July 4, 1970, in a nonpolitical way.

The sun beats down hotly, the children squirm in their seats and their parents glare at them as Billy Graham speaks on: "Lately our institutions have been under attack, the Supreme Court, the Congress, the Presidency, the flag, the home, the educational system and even the church—but we are here to say with loud voices that in spite of their faults and failures, we believe in these institutions.

"Why," Graham asks, "should I, as a citizen of heaven and a Christian minister, join in honoring any secular state?" Because, Graham explains, "Jesus said, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' The Apostle Paul proudly boasted that he was a Roman citizen. The Bible says, 'Honor the nation.'"

I remember that as "Honor the king," but never mind. A weird sound in my ears turns my attention out beyond the thousands applauding vigorously for Billy Graham, each at his own speed, in personal testament, to an artificial version of the same sound, groupclap, ominous *one, two, three, four*, here comes Conspiracy. *we don't want your fucking war*, standing up neither for Jesus nor for Caesar.

Half-naked, tie bands around their temples, clapping in unison, beginning to ululate, the sound whipping around in the thorax, nothing less than an Indian war cry. Scorning the logic, not agreeing that America "has always stood for liberty, protection and opportunity." Through it all, 17-year-old-eagle-scout-with-a-chestful-of-merit-badges-Pawnee-Indian Don Pickett does not move a muscle. He is expressionless.

But what do *they* know about it, these Indians in the reflecting pool, they are not Indians, they are the sons and daughters of our public schools and each and every one is under the protection of somebody's life-insurance policy. They are approaching the front rim of the reflecting pool now, shouting obscenities and anti-war chants, and waiting for them are half a dozen mounted police, looking stern and knowing their duty. Some may even be observed to relish it. "Thirdly," Graham continues, "we honor America because she has never hidden her problems and faults." The demonstrators are beginning to climb out of the pool now, dripping wet, chanting, and the mounties go toward them. The television cameras swivel away from the podium to catch this commotion, but a number of men and boys lunge forward and wave American flags in front of the cameras, preventing them from taking the picture. The mounties are pressing the Indians back, along the grassy banks, into the pool. One of the bystanders, William Sampol, president of the National Silent Majority, is exultant. "These people are Commies," he says. An aide says, "Rephrase that." "OK," Sampol says. "Most of us here have gathered to honor the nation. The others came here to cause fighting, hoping the media would pick it up, but we prevented that. I guess today we proved these people are just a loud minority."

"Fifthly," Graham goes on, "we honor America because she has never sought to use her tremendous power to take over other nations."

There are almost no blacks here today, and no wonder. This is strictly a family affair and the members of the family hate one another. The blacks have nothing



to do with it; they are neither properly among those who own the land nor among those too guilty to want to take title. The Americans who are here shout back and forth at each other, skinny kids starving themselves and red-faced middle-aged men, one of whom lunges forward, in a frenzy, picks up a pair of shoes belonging to a Yippie and throws them into the pool. A short plump girl, in a tie-dyed T-shirt with her body wriggling around mysteriously inside it, struggles with a police sergeant who is carrying a crumpled-up Viet Cong flag in his clenched fist.

*That's my flag.*

*You can get it back at park police headquarters.*

*Fuck you, you bastard.*

*What's your name?*

*Mary Americong.*

This encounter over the flag; strictly a family affair. Larry Epstein and Terry Cross are not with the demonstrators but they are bare-chested and have medium-length hair. They are with Up With People, they go around singing with them. By no means radicals. They are passing through. Patrolman R. L. Ginn gestures to Epstein. "C'mere," he says. "C'mere, boy," Epstein walks over. Ginn spits on him.

The stern wardens and the savages. These children are their parents' suppressed desires in visible form, like pale phantoms in the Christian's night of terror. Graham's portfolio is particularly susceptible to the demonstration of the crazies, who embody total rejection of restraint, self-control and deferral of pleasure. Later in the day, a number of them, including several girls, will strip and swim naked in the reflecting pool, exhibitionistic nudity that doesn't necessarily exalt the body's beauty. Shouting, "I've got nothing to hide," pretending to be natural man, they enact a memory of the family past, when the savage was the American Christian's only enemy because he had a claim of his own to God's love, which had somehow to be invalidated and, after all, it *was* his land to begin with. "It was a clash," Frederick W. Turner III writes, in an introduction to Geronimo's autobiography, "between a culture that had a fear of nature until it could subdue it and a contempt for it once it had been subdued, and cultures that thought of themselves as participating with the natural world in a huge cycle of life."

"The new permissiveness," Graham assures us, "is nothing more than the old immorality brought up to date." So now, here they are, the savages, updating the old immorality with marijuana and nudity, and here are these stern wardens, muscular and righteous in the sunshine on muscular horses snorting and rearing in the heat, crossed moral purposes, and what lies between them is anarchy, because the truth is that they hate one

another, a cruel and smug culture confronting a dissent that is its mirror at every point.

I played a small role in the unfolding psychodrama. I was sitting on the steps along with maybe two dozen other reporters, enjoying Billy Graham's platform manner up close. A police lieutenant came along and said gruffly, "Get up on your feet."

About to comply reflexively, my muscles already beginning to function, I suddenly realized for the first time that long, hot day how much I wished I were in the reflecting pool. I surprised myself. Instead of rising, I said, "Why?"

The lieutenant drew back in disbelief. "I said get on your feet."

"I said Why?"

He looked at me as though I were mad. Here was no hippie-Yippie-crazy but a middle-aged journalist strung out weirdly between the cultures. "We were told to clear you off the stairs completely; the least you can do is go along with us." But I was not about to give up so quickly. "The least you can do is talk to people decently," I said.

The lieutenant was beginning to find the exchange unbearable. "You want me to go on my knees?" he exploded. Ostentatiously, he leaned forward and wrote down my number, 695, eagle and stars, Press Honor America Day, and I leaned forward ostentatiously and took down his name.

He went away and came back a moment later with a Very Important Man, who said, "Let me see your credentials." When I showed them to him, the Very Important Man looked disappointed. "Well," he said, "the officers are having a hard day."

"Let me put it this way," the lieutenant said, evading my eyes. "If I treated you discourteously, I apologize."

I didn't think fast enough and this had the sound of victory to it, so I said, "OK, fine," feeling pretty good, actually, and it was only many hours later that I realized what I had done. The cop hadn't apologized because he was wrong or because he was sorry he had been discourteous, but only because I had the proper credentials. I had proved to be stronger than him. I had the credentials and that meant I was part of the greater institution of power to which he gave his obedience. He went on his knee to me, and I could imagine how he felt about that. I shuddered to think what he would have done to me if I'd left my credentials home. And, knowing that, I also knew how much of myself I had sacrificed for the protection of those credentials, and I felt ashamed.

"Our youth are perishing in an orgy of quest," Graham was saying, "a quest for meaning and purpose in a world in which their elders have not always given

them answers to the ultimate questions of life. They are seeking reality; but apart from God, the only reality they experience is life without meaning, isolation, loneliness, frustration, alienation and a terrible burden of guilt. Our youth sense the hypocrisy in the older generation. They cry for us to tell it like it is and not to try to cover up."

All the educators and leaders and social scientists are warning us that the young think we are "hypocrites" and we should change our ways. They think there is some way we can "heed" these warnings before it is too late and win our children back by relinquishing our hypocrisy. But the sad truth is that everything we have, we owe to that hypocrisy. Our culture is founded on it and thrives on it. We are products of a culture that has been devoted to lies and obfuscations about two things that concern us most deeply: sex and death. "Our way of life," wrote Camus, "is a grand tour de force whose main purpose is to avoid responsibility and maintain at least the appearance of innocence." That is, sexual and moral innocence. Graham would not pass judgment on the Vietnam war, but he was quick to see the report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography (later repudiated by Nixon) as "one of the worst, most diabolical reports ever made by a Presidential Commission."

The three most admired men in the nation, according to a Gallup poll, are Richard Nixon, Billy Graham and Spiro Agnew, in that order. Father and son and holy spirit, the three most admired men in America, the Big Three, a Fabulous Trinity embodying the highest dreams and aspirations of the Christian West. No wonder the young are bemused. It is offensive to be accused of being immature, as they so often are accused, but to be accused of it by the aged carrying immaturity to the grave with them as a standard to rally round is nothing less than absurd.

"What our forefathers began, we must work to fulfill," Graham is saying. "Their goal must be our goal and we must pursue it. Their vision must be our vision and we must pursue it. It is the vision of one nation under God, where men can live as brothers in peace and freedom. I'm asking all Americans today, especially our young people, to pursue this vision under God, to work for peace and freedom, to labor relentlessly, to love passionately, to serve selflessly, to pray earnestly and to die nobly, if need be."

This is stirring stuff, entirely unobjectionable no matter in what national capital it is delivered, a politician's speech. That is, the sort of speech one can expect from a cynic or from the well-intentioned but simple-minded. I guess Billy Graham has to be the latter and he is simple-minded not because of any



inherent mental deficiency but out of choice. He is like some fixated teenager—boyish, enthusiastic, unquestioning—who has come to the decision that his dad is really OK. That his dad's business is neat. That he will work his way up to the vice-presidency of the firm. Well, Billy Graham has no doubts, his future is assured. He has had no doubts since 1949, when he was troubled by severe headaches, a "terrific pain at the base of my skull." The doctors were puzzled. But since then he has had no doubts, no doubts at all, though he did tell Dick Cavett, one night, that he knew very well what was buried inside his subconscious and he hoped and prayed never to have to confront himself down there. For all the exploration and conquest that has marked Western (Christian) culture, there has been—and continues to be—a reluctance to know the self that bursts into striking relief in this statement of Graham's. He is able, without any self-consciousness, to describe himself as a "citizen of heaven" and, without any discernible sense of loss, to describe his exile-into-death from his own true native land, his self. This is futile game-playing under the blind eye of an indifferent universe.

The previous evening, one of the more patient cops was giving some boys a mild shove to get them out of the area. "Come

on, come on," he said, with exasperation. "We're not playing any games here." And one of the boys said, "I thought this was America."

The special significance of this weekend is that there is no particular issue involved. It is the whole thing being played out, the whole combat joined, old culture versus new, those who all their lives have been playing games and telling themselves they are mature, serious-minded people, and those who were told "this" was "America," and then went out and discovered otherwise.

Nobody is playing any games here, either. Among the monuments, in the shadow of majesty and power, under God's blue sky, we all know ourselves to be "in America" and we all know in our bones that the dissent we have seen here today is not the work of a few noisy madmen but the parable of a changing world. This same day that Billy Graham drew 10,000 or 25,000, there were more than 250,000 young people down at Byron, Georgia, listening to music, swimming nude, tripping, balling, goofing, and Lester Maddox called it "one of the worst blights that has ever struck our state." However, there it is. Historian Richard Hofstadter says of the young, "They feel they're living in a completely different world. And they are." Political and social dissent of this sort implies the

end of any currently useful definitions of law and order, and the end of the culture that values the methods we have employed to achieve it.

And that is why Billy Graham is such a credible symbol of the dying culture. He is dedicated to it unremittingly and without the slightest trace of doubt or reserve, and the passion for the policeman in his bosom is so luscious that he brings us to our feet with it as he ends his patriotic sermon:

"I say to you today, pursue the vision, reach toward the goal, fulfill the dream—and as you move to do it, never give in. Never give in. Never, never, never, never!"

Thousands cheering, waving flags, gasping in awe when the thunder of fireworks comes, God's artillery from behind the Lincoln Memorial, a battery of mortars shaking the very earth beneath our feet. Some of the shells burst into patterns of red, white and blue, pin-wheel fragments exploding and burning themselves out, spouts and fountains, the earth shaking mightily from the weight of this metaphor for power. And some of the shells burst open and American flags come down by parachute. The sky, full of American flags.

You could almost believe there hadn't been any Indians there that day at all.



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## Nice Enough Funeral

(continued from page 138)

things Sarah had said over the years, his mother decided to do something about her loneliness. She invited Dierker and others from New York to come for a visit, and they came. It was mostly for sex, Baskin supposed, yet not altogether. They did take off their clothes, yes, but it was more matter-of-fact than an orgy, very much like those later summers Baskin could recall for himself when there was less exhibitionism than love of the outdoors and good humor. Sarah was awfully plump, for one thing, and didn't inspire an atmosphere of sexuality and the erotic; the men were also worn from the long New York winters, soft in the gut from too many business lunches at the better French restaurants where the editors and agents gathered, pale of skin and tender of foot. There was little else to do but laugh at themselves when they first stripped down during their summer visits, Baskin remembered.

In the winters, Sarah and Baskin would mostly stay at the ranch while she undertook his education, occasionally going back to New York to visit and make a deal on a new book and occasionally going down to Mexico or the Virgin Islands. This was the schedule for all those eight years: a winter of books and Sarah's speed methods and clothes followed by a summer of house guests, social occasions, food and nakedness.

"You know we can't come to New York now," she used to say into the telephone. "We're busy with Baskin's studies. No, of course not. He never attends school. I don't want school interfering with his education!"

If that first summer of visitors was essentially a sexual adventure, even so, Baskin could understand it. The ranch was a lonely place, the house set out at a desolate distance from other houses, miles from town, and Sarah had only a child to talk to, so that her loneliness probably intensified. She needed men, a toss in bed, conversation, all those things. She used to stand at the window, a wide expanse of snow outside, drumming her fingers lightly, as he rattled off his reading assignments.

Sex, yes: There might have been a mild promiscuity in it all. But only mild. Dierker's friends, a lot of them—no doubt of this—came to the ranch out of curiosity, as one might go to any nudist colony. But when the clothes were heaped in the closets and wardrobes, everything was suddenly more tribal than sexual—or at least seemed that way. Sure, they made love. There were many jokes about mosquitoes, jokes he always only partially understood as a child. Sometimes there were jealousies he detected. And once, true, he had witnessed the act itself. That was out in the stable

—he must have been about seven years old, mature enough, anyway, to be interested in such recreations—when he looked down from the rafters, where he was playing and climbing, at a Jewish girl named Melissa and good old Dierker. They had come in from riding. Of course, they wore jeans while in the saddle, and boots and shirts as well, so in the process of getting undressed—they were laughing and giggling a lot, he recalled—they got all tangled up in that narrow stall with Melissa's big roan. The best of it, Baskin saw gazing down silently from his perch in the rafters, peeking around the horse tack hung below, was that Melissa got to admiring the roan's penis and took it in her hand and she and Dierker were laughing and she just leaned over the horse's backside and exposed her own while Dierker went to work on her. He's intercouring her, Baskin remembered thinking. Intercouring her rear end, I guess, right there across old Rooster (the name of the roan), and, ha, what's she doing with the horse? He scarcely breathed.

Of course there was sex, much of it. But more than all that, the ones who came to the ranch had an inerrant sense of themselves, of the place, of their coming together as a group. It was not an open *salon*. Of the perhaps two dozen visitors who came to the ranch all those summers, there were no bores. Perhaps, alone, somewhat like Sarah herself, they were bores; but on the ranch, they comprised a nameless and always interesting group, somehow beautiful. Friends: That's what they were. Something *I've* never had, Baskin allowed, and he listened to the drone of the jets. The window beside him had darkened and he caught sight of his reflection in it.

Food: Ah, they were mostly fat friends or became that way over the years. The meals were long communion periods. In the evenings when it was too cool to cook outdoors, they all dressed to the hilt and sat around the big walnut dining table on the porch. Food was such a big thing out there, a way of surviving so much, even boredom, and the summer meals were deliberately festive. Everyone tried hard at mealtimes, tried to talk deeply, seriously, humorously, stylishly. Then, later, when the wind picked up and the cold air came bristling down from the snowy peaks above them, the fire would be built up and the favorite desserts—usually hot cherry pudding or trays of *pannequets meringues*—and liqueurs would be brought out. Fat time, Dierker always called it. Baskin would usually fall asleep, pillowed and buried in quilts, in front of the hearth. He sometimes cleaned the dessert leftovers while everybody talked on. But then sleep: My strange, good moments, he

mused, when I had the great pleasure of falling asleep while friendly adult voices surrounded me.

Baskin was served dinner by the stewardess, then let his head fall back for a short nap. When he awoke, it was as if no time had passed.

Sarah: She was more than the gilded summer lady, he told himself, or the grand hostess. There was that other winter self, yes, and all those hours with our books. How deeply did the men, Dierker and the others, who she contended never hurt her, actually bruise her life? Were there scars from her early years that set her brooding on those long winter nights? Didn't she have artistic longings and didn't she hate those formula novels she cranked out—27 in all—over the years? So many questions loom up at the end of a life, but especially in Sarah's case.

• • •

Sarah's tactics with Baskin had consisted of a series of bribes, brags, urgings, pleas, threats and noble speeches on the exalted life of the intellect. She rewarded him with too many foods and desserts, which made him fat. She told him that he was the brightest child in the history of great prodigies, and he beamed.

Sarah kept igniting him; and looking back, now, he could remember the times he actually caught fire, how he went spinning off into projects with his childish adrenaline pumping: At the piano, he broke into furious compositions, banging out chords and descants, leaning forward to get it down on paper like a mad young Mozart, begging Sarah, then, to play it for him. His little nocturnes and sonatas filled the room. Or he would get into a sudden frenzy over an experiment. Once, as a joke on Sarah, he went around gathering all his chemical compounds and mixing vigorously and peering into his microscope and dashing off secret formulas in his notebook until she asked him what he was doing. He wouldn't tell her and the secret grew. Then, impishly, he swiped three of her Alka-Seltzers and crushed them into a powder, which he dyed blue with a food coloring. "Come see! Come see!" he yelled at her and she ran from the kitchen—she was wearing only an apron—and at the moment of her arrival, he poured the powder into a glass of red water and a bright-purple fizz erupted. Sarah's eyes widened. "Ha! I've done it!" he cried and he laughed a long mad-scientist cackle until Sarah shivered with terror, then, as the purple Seltzer sputtered and popped, he held it aloft, cackled again and drank it off.

"Baskin!" she screamed and knocked the glass out of his hand and he rolled on the floor in laughter, hysterical. Or he wrote his famous short story *The Man on the Mountain*, which he read aloud to her one cold winter night by the fireside. In the story, the old hermit's face was



lashed by snow as he went in search of his faithful dog, Shep, and in the end the old man was discovered dead and frozen and Shep howled at the cold moon and Baskin wrote that "life is brutal," which he learned, of course, from Jack London, but Sarah dutifully wept and put her arms around him and gave him an extra pudding.

In those days, she drove him, yes, but usually such projects kept him toiling on his own. That was it, put simply: Sarah cared and he cared and out of those seasons came the necessary passion.

Then Chicago.

Long before Lothridge and the more sophisticated professors, there had been a squadron of young teachers who had worked with him, eager scholars who wanted to fathom the nature of his prodigy and lead him on to greater achievements. The liberal education Sarah had offered was mostly finished as the young professors urged him to concentrate on his math skills and his chemistry talents. Time, time, he could say to himself now; it took me in its grip, saying, solve problems, get something done, learn ambition. The university offered, among other things, its peculiar vanity.

In the late afternoons and nights, he still belonged to Sarah, though, and they went to sit behind third base, watching Minnie Minoso spear line drives, pound his glove, spit, stab hot grounders, fire his rifle shots to first base. The sky above Comiskey Park was dark sapphire. The arc lights glamorized the world. With baseball and other small maneuvers, Sarah sought to keep her son.

The years went on, all the doting psychologists parted and Baskin, by his 12th year, was a campus fixture. Except for Sarah, life there proceeded filled with tranquil habits. She had had a new novel published that year and enough money had flowed in so that they dined out frequently; she had resorted to the bright approach by this time and always smilingly asked him what he had done with his day and made conversation, but their alienation had definitely set in. By this time, also, the young profs had given him over to some of the more renowned professors—Lothridge, for example—and he was at last at the start of his first original research in chemistry. Lothridge and Jurgens, his two favorite old gentlemen, helped him devise his first project: a series of experiments by which he could possibly gauge more accurately the radioactivity of some meteorite fragments that the university owned. Days, weeks, months went along at this and Sarah gave up trying to entertain him in the evenings, because he was usually so irritable. She once suggested that he go to the campus psychiatric clinic, "Just for, you know, a little weekly therapy, so you won't get mentally exhausted in your work." But he said no.

SHOMAKER '70



With his puberty came Sarah's deepest frustration. She brought forth stacks of modern novels, trying an appeal to his literary humanity, and also a pile of new records, everything from Segovia to the Dave Clark Five, but work and sex—mostly work, alas—were driving him along. Pimples sprouted. His stutter became more severe.

By his 13th year, then, when his thoughts were dizzied with sex and when Sarah was fussing at him and his confident professors seemed excited to find his physical and mental limits, the pressures built and he started his retreat. Turned in and down on myself, he recalled now; down, down into the tiny quiet place in the mind where dreams are stored. The sexual urge, for instance, was pathetic; he was still a boy-child physically, all plump and white, like some species of featherless bird, so that no girl would even consider him. Yet he burned. A small collection of pornography accumulated among the stacks of

*Scientific American* in his closed office, and between the thighs of those anonymous sweetmeats, his private theater flourished. But, also, his experiments with the meteorite fragments had come to nothing and he felt—though he couldn't have articulated it then—the same kind of anguish that might be felt by a junior instructor who had to impress the deans and regents in order to keep his position. In the late afternoons, over worked, he walked home beneath the bare limbs of the winter trees, sighing, his briefcase almost dragging the ground.

At 14, Baskin had handled sex in the simplest way, by repressing it, but Sarah had somehow got stuffed away with it down in the dark recesses of his nether mind. She was a bother he simply couldn't think about, because she hurt. Nothing personal, he wanted to tell her. I'm just beyond mothers and motherly flutterings forever. Yet it was personal. Her stockings bagged, she sounded like one of those older frustrated intellectuals



who had never had a hearing and demanded one, and she could be casual about nothing.

Memory: Sarah standing with her back against the door, having just come back from a date with some man. Her eyes are shut. Tears on her cheek. She has just left his automobile out on the street and there she stands with some of her own inner life glistening on her face; we have our own secret selves, sure, Momma as well as I, but we're distant satellites now, turning in a widening orbit. I peer out from my stance at the kitchen blackboard and there she is, slumping against the door; one of the brain's permanent records.

It was later, toward the last months of the Chicago degree, that Sarah dated so much. Where she found the men, Baskin didn't know, but she learned his lab schedule, he knew, and he could tell sometimes that the Kimbark Street apartment had been mussed with her middle-aged pursuits and skirmishes. Then she began another book, something about wildcatting for oil, so that she had to advertise for research help, and Kate, divorced and embittered, appeared on the scene. Kate, ah, yes: She was reading a Frenchwoman—probably Simone de Beauvoir—and taking lessons in taekwon do and karate. (It all fits together now, Baskin thought, remembering the early forms of her feminist philosophy.) And with Kate's arrival, or soon afterward, Sarah stopped seeing her parade of men and the two of them talked, yes, all day and all night, and went down to the Loop to shop and linger and talk some more. In those days, Kate seemed much the same—of an indefinite age, certainly not girlish, although younger by far than Sarah. Kate didn't even seem particularly sexy. She was Momma's friend, the one who required a pot of coffee to get started in the mornings, nothing more. She wore slacks and heavy sweaters—no bra, probably—and wore her hair pulled tightly back and falling in a single heavy ponytail. Once, she came back and propped herself in the doorway while I tossed up some equations and her face was etched with wonder; childishly, he thought, I didn't even notice her and just went on working, aware that she sort of vaguely admired me.

It was Kate who met Baskin that night in Montana, drove him to the ranch and who helped organize the funeral, a last rite punctuated with Sarah's flair. Sarah would be dropped into the open earth, according to her instructions, and those attending would wear no clothes. Also, they would read from her works—those old Western novels.

The letter that bore all those instructions—a terse and impersonal note to Sarah's lawyer, Neuborn—made an even more unusual request: Sarah wanted Baskin to stay on at the ranch for a year

with Kate. Baskin left those gathered downstairs at the lodge and went upstairs to the loft to read all this in solitude.

A year spent up here at the ranch: He read that part again, not sure of what he felt. Kate, who seemed so different now—pinch of waist, jut of breast, lovely—would be here with him.

At the bottom of the last page, Neuborn had attached a brief estimate of the estate, not including the ranch. It came to slightly over \$400,000.

Baskin sat slumped on his narrow bed. He folded the letter back into the envelope and breathed a heavy sigh.

Later, he asked Kate to select something to read at the graveside, something out of Sarah's own writing. It was a troublesome job, because Sarah's style was short, tough and action-packed.

Kate gave him a hopeless look but said she'd find something.

Baskin mingled again. Outside on the sun deck, a definite warmth rode around in the air. April was the changeable month, he remembered, with snow and sudden gusts of warm air all in one day sometimes. Flood weather. He walked across the soggy road above the house. The mass of photon is equal to  $h\nu \div c^2$ . Bus rides from the old U of C along Lake Shore Drive, then up toward Wrigley Field. Old Professor Lothridge: I wonder if he would be sad at all this, if he would've come out here for our silly ceremony if he had known. Not many friends over the years, strictly speaking, who belong to me. Sarah's buddies, all these.

On the side of the hill above the road, the ranch hands had finished their chores and Baskin stood there in the slush and mud, duly complimenting them. "No real use waiting any longer either," he told them. "Let's bring Miss Sarah up here within the hour." Then he had the difficult job of inviting them to stay for the ceremony, yet explaining the delicacy of it all. Their boss and mistress, ah, that is, Miss Sarah, had asked for, well, a nude funeral. "You know how she was sometimes," he added hopefully.

"Naked?" one of the men asked, for emphasis. The men gave one another a certain sly look.

"Of course, you d-don't have to take part," he went on. "And if you do—ah, let's say the request is optional. It's a little chilly this afternoon and I suppose s-some of you have your own way of thinking about this sort of thing." Ridiculous saying it outright like this—even sillier than it looked written out in her letter—but Baskin went on with it, suffering a couple of tight grins. And, after all, the workers did know Sarah. Baskin only vaguely recalled there being ranch hands around when he was young, but there must have been; they must have always understood some things, surely.

He trudged back downhill to begin the unhappy business. Let Sarah have her last jokes, he decided. The whole matter began to amuse him slightly and he could see Kate reciting a gun-fight scene or describing the pinto pony ridden by Tumbleweed Jack while all the ranch hands stood there, lean and salty, jeans and long-handle underwear in their arms, their bodies white with red stripes at the forearms and necks. He could envision Kate and the secretaries who accompanied Dierker and the New York editor and his imagination tripped along. Then: I'm not taking my clothes off, bet on that. Request or no request.

Back inside the house, he turned Sarah's letter over to Neuborn once more and asked him to read Sarah's instructions for the funeral to those gathered. It was to be announced that lack of attire was optional.

The table in the cove was heaped with food again: the liquor supply dwindled, but everyone ate the food, stayed sober and kept up a steady flow of reminiscences. Tina, one of the secretaries, arrived with a cup of tea, then stood gazing at Baskin while he sipped, her own mouth silenced by large bites of cheese and bread. She wore her auburn hair long and combed straight. No stenographic talents, Baskin concluded as he sipped. When she talked, though, it was in a kind of hip shorthand. "Tea up," she told him as he let his lip dawdle at the rim of the cup, and when he asked her if she went to school in the East, she said, "No, you smartec and me dropec." He didn't understand at first but blinked and smiled.

Then Dierker was making a toast, raising his glass and saying, "To our sturdy girl," and it seemed right and everyone drank up and soon started up the hill.

As the letter also required, Baskin carried Sarah himself. She was just a small red bundle now, not the Sarah of pizzas and thick bologna sandwiches and strudel in the Chicago days, yet she was difficult to hold in all that wrapping. Besides, the path through the slick mud to the grave was all uphill and treacherous. After about 50 yards, too, Baskin discovered that he wasn't used to the thin mountain air, so that by the time they reached the road, he was gasping and wheezing. Then, after a few more strides, his right foot got caught in a suction of cold mud and wouldn't budge until one of the ranch hands came over to assist. The stuck shoe came off. The ranch hand held Sarah, supported Baskin while the shoe was replaced and somewhat reluctantly gave her back. All this time, the wind gathered in the pines and the sounds of the valley around them intensified, giving off a high decant to the procession.

Baskin imagined how it must look: a





*"Hello. My name is Talkie Tessie. . . ."*



muddy, primitive troupe marching uphill, the weird bundle, Kate still fumbling those frayed paperback Westerns, the pretty secretary named Bennie, Dierker with a drink in hand and in seemingly good humor, shy Tina, the wildly expectant ranch hands and the somber business associates. What, he wondered, are the right emotions? As the slope increased, he could hear his own rasping breath. What should we feel now? Painfully silly, all this, but maybe Sarah's greatest single work of art, this funeral: her first creation beyond cliché, a moment of serious comedy in which she finally catches and plays with her audience, makes them search themselves for their own feelings, surprises, entertains and pokes them with some paradox and jokes.

They arrived exhausted. Baskin decided to go ahead and put Sarah in place, instead of laying her down and hefting her again. Clumsily, then, assisted by two of the ranch hands, he slid off into the hole. His backside covered with cold slime, he fumbled to lay her out. Puddles of muddy icy water in the bottom of the hole edged into his shoes.

"OK, Momma," he told her. "Here you are. Just like in the letter: all natural."

He rested. Pausing to get his breath, he listened to the rising wind in the distant pines. The mountains rose up all white and lovely in the distance and, yes, this is a good place, he told himself, just as Sarah used to describe it: gaudy pretty.

Then he couldn't get out. The sides of the grave were slick and cold and the men couldn't give him a hand without sliding off into the opening themselves. Baskin struggled up on one elbow, slipped, tried again. Thick mud covered him. At last, someone reached him with the handle of a shovel and pulled him up.

There he stood, coated with mud, breathless, but just in time to see shy Tina open her topcoat and let it fall away. She was magnificently naked and Baskin looked away, looked back and looked away again at the poor ranch hands, who stood there hypnotized with the sight of her. Then Bennie and Kate were taking off their clothes, too. Bennie got undressed first, almost as effortlessly as Tina: long willowy girl's body with small breasts, all blonde, that mop of curls topping her off. Kate removed her things slowly, stacking them neatly. She had several books with the pages marked and fumbled those around and it seemed forever until she was ready. She was an unusually handsome woman, no denying it. Baskin wondered again how old she was; not old at all, judging that shape, but her eyes and mouth were accented with crow's-feet. Heavy breasts, a little overlarge, but a flat stomach and strong brown legs. Too much. Then Dierker: He was the only man to comply—probably

because of his proud sun-lamp tan. There he stood with his chin upright, his worsteds in his arms, trying to look casual while the ranch hands gawked and Kate began her reading. Bennie's poor nipples turned hard as pebbles; across from her, stupefied, all the cowboy jaws had stopped working tobacco.

The first passage was the only good one, something about the mountains, lovely killers, sitting serene and cold. Then Kate was trying a passage about a gun fighter considering his last night on earth. It didn't work at all and Baskin found himself grinning slightly. Also, as he concentrated on the words, his eyes wandered away.

Once, as he looked at Kate, she returned his gaze and he had to look elsewhere. She was simply splendid, of course, just too much. A healthy lust roared up inside him and also a helpless tender regard. For one thing, she was cold and he saw her shiver slightly, but also the naked body has a vulnerable, childish look to it; she seemed very alone, very small, standing there in the great outdoors. He smiled at her efforts.

Sarah and all those long-ago summers: He couldn't help thinking of them. Down there at the river, he had gathered colored stones, set them off in separate piles and graded them; geology lessons along the steep cliffs where the river bends. They built a water wheel together: his early lessons in hydrodynamics. All the creatures of his biology lessons, too: everything from water mites to graylings to the bleached skeleton of the beaver that they found on the far shore. Naked and bouncy, wearing only her tennis shoes, Sarah led their expeditions. Because of the mosquitoes, they always smelled strongly of citronella and at age six, in fact, Baskin worried about it; he thought he might stumble, slip off into the river and float all the way to the Polebridge store—oily and buoyant, yes, but terrified and unable to get to shore—before they could rescue him.

Sarah: Goodbye now, Momma.

And now the truth arrives, slightly late: She was always tuned in to me, Baskin thought. After all the long Chicago winters of his botched adolescence, she must have prepared this deliberately: this new encounter with Kate, this journey out. Does Kate suspect it? How far back, I wonder, did Sarah's plan begin, when she said to herself: I will throw my grown baby Baskin in with this wounded female creature who has so much of the hot musk of sex, and she will melt his icy little bones.

Goodbye, Momma, and hello, Kate; hello, time present; hello, world.

Kate's pages flapped in the rising breeze, but she went on searching out phrases and passages. Once, she read on past a paragraph she had marked and smiled to herself—it must have been

wretched prose. Then, at the end, she couldn't keep the bargain and she read a Psalm. Baskin noticed that in spite of Tina's extraordinary young figure and Bennie's sweet curves, the gaze of all those middle-aged ranch hands had settled on Kate. Her voice strained in the noisy wind but was full and honeyed.

Then Baskin was watching his father. Old Dierker was the same as ever: a man dedicated fully to the moment, an ingenious inventor of games and the creator of recreations. It seemed to Baskin that he ought somehow to see himself reflected in that tanned optimism and strong jut of chin, but he didn't. Dierker had passed along some good strong genes, nothing much more. If Sarah was industrious, Dierker was naturally lazy; his only bursts of energy came when there was fun to be had—or so it seemed. Baskin stood there, wishing there was something they could say to each other on such an occasion.

Now DeMarco, the editor, and his Tina, lawyer Jack Neuborn and Bennie were all sniffing. The Psalm reading did it. Sarah, you didn't want that, right, but you never get it like you want it. I'm not even in the buff for you, am I? My sweater and seersuckers are caked with Flathead mud and Kate has found your prose wanting.

Then it was over.

The girls and Dierker dressed haphazardly.

On the way back down, Kate caught up with Baskin and took his hand. He felt like a glacier melting away.

At the party that night, he began thinking, ah, well, it was a nice enough funeral. Feeling slightly guilty for not having undressed and worked things out in strict compliance with Sarah's wishes, he decided that he would have to do the one thing she had requested: He'd stay on at the ranch. Where was there to go? He was tired of the work he was doing, that sensational rotework for which everyone overpraised him, and he had been feeling the approach of a great unrest, after all, one of those emotional low tides he didn't want to suffer. Break-downs are too melodramatic, he told himself, and I'm above them, and, sure, I'll just stay here.

The old crowd sang while Kate played the guitar. Outside, the night air had frozen the slush, stopping the rivulets in their paths, and in the morning, he knew, it would be warm again and sun would fill up the valley. He sang with everyone else in his off-key tone. The song evolved into *Clementine*. Nature, Kate, friends: There were more of Sarah's lessons to learn now, another course to take, but, as usual, he supposed that once he had begun, he would be precocious. He smiled and sang louder.





The party's over and they've all gone home  
and at last it's quiet and no more people  
thank goodness and . . .

This...is the L&M moment.



Right now.  
A moment of pleasure for you to share.  
With a whole new cigarette.  
Rich new blend and rich new flavor.  
Relax. Unwind.  
Take it easy with an L&M.  
**NEW, RICH L&M**





## EXECUTIVE JET (continued from page 129)

on an African safari in total comfort and convenience, all the while maintaining constant communication with headquarters in Chicago.

The private jet's unique ability to transport valuable talent with minimal fuss and delay has proved an incalculable asset to many firms. "Our Jet Commander," says the management of Harrah's club at Reno, "is frequently the deciding factor in booking an artist when time is at a premium." With the club's jet, the indefatigable Jerry Lewis was able to honor an important commitment in Los Angeles and return the same day to Harrah's for the first evening show.

Although the use of the private airplane in business precedes Lindbergh's coaxing of the Spirit of St. Louis from the mud of Long Island to the mob at Le Bourget, it is the executive jet that has given world-wide mobility to the big men of big business. The jet cuts to hours not only travel time but work that used to require days or weeks. A typical flight log of a business jet is listed by the executives of Oregon's Riviera Motors. As a distributor for Volkswagen, Riviera has 70 dealers in five northwestern states, including Alaska. Leaving Portland, the Jet Commander sped to Annette Island, Ketchikan and then to Juneau. In two hours and 45 minutes, the team flew 1600 miles the first day, with time for two business meetings. The second day, three business meetings were held—at Kodiak Island, Fairbanks and Anchorage. It took only three hours and 15 minutes

to traverse the 1600 miles. Two more stops were made in Alaska and the team was back in Portland on the evening of the third day. The jet covered more than 5000 miles of territory in ten hours and 25 minutes. Before the company acquired its own jet, the same trip required nearly two weeks of grueling travel by commercial airline.

This kind of saving not only makes the executive more productive but drastically reduces travel costs. One company that frequently requires a team of Manhattan home-office execs at one of its plants in a Midwestern state figures the jet saves more than \$1600 every trip on lodging, meals and executive time than if they had traveled by scheduled carriers. Some of the productive work of the bizjet, however, can't be measured by a price tag. For example, a business jet once helped to put a sports car on the starting grid at Sebring. The car, which had won the German and Canadian Grands Prix, was being transported by van from Dallas to compete in the Florida event. Near Atlanta, the van whipped off a drive shaft. It was a holiday, and finding the parts locally was impossible; but time trials were to begin the following morning. The car's owners were able to locate a truck dealer in Enid, Oklahoma, who took the drive shaft from a new model. The required parts were loaded aboard an executive jet at six p.m. and, by ten o'clock that holiday evening, the van was on the road again, taking its precious cargo to Sebring.

Unheralded but frequent missions of

the business jet are mercy flights contributed by the owners. One such flight involved a badly burned 11-year-old boy. The owners of a business jet were contacted shortly before noon by a member of the Shrine Temple in Reno seeking assistance in getting the boy to Galveston, where the Shriners support a special burn-care hospital. The jet was in Portland, Oregon, picking up company personnel. It was directed to Reno. By early evening, it had deposited both the boy and his doctor in a waiting ambulance at the Galveston airport.

In a lighter vein—though a matter of some import to animal lovers—was the gorilla airlift via Hefner's Big Bunny last July. Pining away in the Phoenix Zoo was a recently widowed female gorilla, Hazel. The most eligible simian suitor, 18-year-old Jack, was three quarters of a continent away, in Baltimore. Officials of the two zoos agreed on Jack's transfer to Phoenix, with hopes that a consummated union would produce a few bouncing babies to swell the diminishing ranks of the species. But no commercial airline would take a chance on hefty (6' 3", 283 pounds) Jack as a passenger, and the stress of slow, overland transportation might prove ruinous to his health—not to mention his romantic instincts. Enter Amanda Blake, a member of the Phoenix Zoological Society, who is just as resourceful offscreen as in her longtime television role as *Gunslinger's* Miss Kitty. Miss Blake called Hugh Hefner, requesting the loan of the Big Bunny. Always ready to promote romance, Playboy's chief executive obliged, and a thoroughly tranquilized Jack took over Hefner's personal airborne pad, elliptical bed and all, for a deluxe pre-honeymoon flight from Baltimore to Phoenix that was a first in veterinary science. (At last report, the courtship was progressing slowly but satisfactorily.)

Most business jets, despite their glamorous aura, are pressure cookers that force busy men to do even more—but make it enticingly exciting for them to do it. Time is always at a premium for the man with heavy responsibilities and both time and manpower are in short supply at management level. Top personnel are usually in the 35-55 age bracket and, right now, this age range is decreasing, since fewer babies were born during the Depression years of the Thirties. It is estimated that by 1975 there will be 1,000,000 fewer people in this management-age bracket than there were in 1965. This, coupled with decentralization of business and the increasing numbers of companies, demands greater efficiency and productivity from key company men.

The man who depends on public transportation, while his competition moves with business-jet flexibility, may soon find that he and his company are no longer in the race. Airline flights are



*"Man, it's cold! I think I'll go back to the barn and slip into a nice warm Jersey."*



highly centralized and getting more so. Twenty percent of all scheduled flights are from only five service points; more than two thirds of all airline passengers depart from 22 cities; and nearly 100 of the more than 800 domestic airports served by scheduled airlines average less than three scheduled flights a day. By contrast, the executive jet can go into any of several thousand airports, usually many miles closer to the ultimate destination.

This kind of flexibility and speed is why 98 of the top 100 corporations in the U.S. transport their people in their own aircraft. In total, the business fleet numbers over 120,000 planes. The pure jets and jet-props in this fleet number almost as many as are operated by all the scheduled airlines.

When the airlines introduced jets a decade ago, the bizjet quickly followed. The Morane Saulnier 760, a pert import from France, was the first. Although it broadened the horizons of the planesman, its four-seat configuration severely cramped his style. Consequently, only a couple of these small speedsters ever saw use as business planes. The man on the move needed more than transportation: He required conference-room comfort, office efficiency and some of the amenities of life in order to make getting there a pleasure instead of a chore. It wasn't long before the aircraft manufacturers got the message and brought forth a plethora of models.

Today, over a dozen manufacturers are offering a variety of private planes to match the mood, money and motives of any man who measures his business or social progress by Mach speeds (see *Playboy's Guide to Executive Jets* on page 212). With such variety, and with price tags ranging from about \$600,000 to the \$5,000,000 mark, the selection of a machine to fill the needs of management is done only after careful deliberation.

While some bizjet owners, such as Arnold Palmer, are as competent behind the controls as they are at running their far-flung business interests, most business jets are flown by professional crews. The chief pilot usually recommends to his bosses the type of jet best suited for their appointed missions. He will consider such variables as the number of people to be carried on the average flight, the length of trips and a matching of aircraft performance to runway availability at destinations. Often, the needs are highly specialized. Richard Burton is said to be eyeing the executive version of an airline jet, so he will have more space for carrying his and Elizabeth Taylor's luggage. But occasionally, even the best-laid plane plans go awry. Frank Sinatra, never one to travel anything less than first-cabin, has been heard to complain that his jet "isn't big enough to get the damn piano in."

And the vagaries of business can alter one's requirements. One corporation with ambitions to expand its foreign markets selected the executive version of a jet airliner to take large numbers of personnel to overseas meetings. The interior was designed to make the group self-sufficient for sleeping accommodations and to provide conference-room facilities for elaborate presentations. When the company's changing plans de-emphasized foreign investments, owning the big jet turned out to be like having a destroyer when a couple of speedboats would do.

But, like Air Force One, most such executive versions of the large airline jets continue to meet the special requirements of heads of business as well as heads of state. Owners of these large business jets form an elite corps. There are fewer than a dozen. Among them are Hefner, Kirk Kerkorian, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and owner of two Las Vegas casino-hotels, Howard Hughes, rock singer James Brown, the Ling-

Temco-Vought Corporation, Greek shipping magnate Stavros Spyros Niarchos and Peter Grace, head of the shipping-line family. (Aristotle Onassis, on the other hand, has an entire airline, Olympic, at his beck and call.) For this type of business machine, the investment can run in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000, plus another \$1,000,000 or so for a custom interior.

Boeing's 737 and McDonnell Douglas' DC-9 are series designations for aircraft that are available in different model versions. Built for airline use, the interior and the corporate name on the outside are the only things that make these business jets different from those on scheduled routes. Capable of matching the airlines in coast-to-coast or international timetables, the executive jet provides interior arrangements to suit particular business needs; it can be show-room, office or hotel.

For the smaller jets, there are standard interiors available to provide high-density



*"The staff here feels the Government was right in curtailing production of biological-warfare agents. And it won't cause us any personal hardship. We're all competent scientists—perfectly able to go into chemical warfare."*



seating or comfortable divans with fold-away work tables, or a combination of both. Fabrics and color coordination are worked out with design specialists. With small cutaway models of the aircraft, scale furniture can be selected and arranged to make the interior conform to both aesthetic tastes and desired efficiency. And if none of the pre-designed interiors fits the executive's exact personal requirements, it can be custom-tailored to his particular specifications—for a price. AiResearch Aviation in the West, Kerr Aviation in the Midwest and Atlantic Aviation in the East are just three of the many firms that will take the bare fuselage of a jet—large or small—and create an interior as distinctive as a corporate trademark.

Like the selection of the type and size of jet, the design of the interior is dictated more by the job the aircraft is to do than for pampering the boss. For companies whose jet is principally for transport of teams of key people, airline-type seats will usually suffice. When the passenger list is limited, such options as desks and paneled-off sleeping quarters can be included. If transportation of customers or clients is part of the regular use of the jet, the interior can feature a beverage center and a galley for preparing full-course meals. Eight-track stereos and adjustable lighting can offer a living-room environment while cruising at more than 500 miles per hour, as much as eight miles above the earth. The larger the jet, obviously, the greater the range of interior options. A big jet can serve as a self-sufficient ground accommodation that avoids the necessity for hotel rooms.

Largest (119.3 feet long), costliest (\$5,500,000) and most unusual of the big-business aircraft is Hefner's Big Bunny. This jet-black jet, with the Rabbit insignia on each side of the tail, illuminated by twin 75,000-candle-power searchlights built into the wings, has inspired countless witticisms from the press corps, who have dubbed it "Hare Force One," "Leer Jet" and so forth. But even the most cynical correspondents have ended up admiring its skillful blend of opulence and efficiency, with flexible adaptations that facilitate getting down to business while up in the air. Accounts of the Big Bunny's inaugural flight last February appeared in Spanish, Flemish, Turkish, German, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Portuguese and French, as well as English-language newspapers and magazines around the world. In the U. S., *Newsweek* called the jet "mind-boggling"; *Women's Wear Daily* cited it as "a masterpiece mixture of function and luxury"; and *Look*, while labeling it "the world's most extravagant toy," conceded that the Big Bunny was a sound business proposition and "an effective aerial advertisement for its proprietor's product."

Inside or out, the Big Bunny looks like no other aircraft in existence. The tunnel atmosphere and row-on-row, eyes-front seating common to commercial-airplane interiors have been eliminated by lavish use of curved, sculptured fiberglass surfaces, which divide the passenger cabin into three distinct areas, and an original combination of lounge chairs, divans and cushioned benches.

As you enter the plane through its forward end, you're greeted by one of the Jet Bunnies. These girls, at least three of whom are assigned to each flight, are specially trained for service, Playboy style, and garbed in clinging, wet-look nylon ciré outfits created by Chicago's internationally renowned fashion designer Walter Holmes. Your first view, beyond the Jet Bunnies, is a glimpse of the custom-equipped galley, outfitted with three regulation ovens capable of cooking full-course meals aloft, as well as a half-ton-capacity refrigerator-freezer. No TV dinners for the Big Bunny's pampered passengers. No plastic plates, either; two complete sets of crystal, china and silver, each sufficient for 36 guests, are carried aboard.

Proceeding aft, you enter the main cabin—like the rest of the passenger area, decorated in white, accentuated by shades of orange and beige, with hand-rubbed rosewood paneling and anodized-bronze fixtures. The game-and-dining tables in use there during the day can be removed at night, when curtain panels and custom-tailored inflatable bedding can be used to convert the area into private sleeping compartments. The Big Bunny, exclusive of Hefner's private quarters, berths 12 comfortably.

Amidships is the powder room—largest ever installed in an aircraft—equipped with such niceties as full-length mirror, hair dryer and curler, and lighted button controls for hot, cold or warm water. The living-room area, which can become—according to the whim of its passengers—a movie theater, stereo showcase, conference room or *discothèque*, occupies the space above the wings of the Big Bunny. An elaborately appointed built-in bar is stocked with push-top liquor dispensers and man-sized imported glassware. And color video-tape equipment plays prerecorded programs for viewing on seven television monitors located in the plane. When the program calls for 35mm slide presentations—or even for feature films in Cinemascope, which can be shown without interruption by two concealed 16mm projectors—a screen panel drops down from the ceiling. Special eight-track stereo-tape equipment provides distortion-free music throughout the interior. Aviation buffs may keep track of the Big Bunny's progress on instrument panels—including digital clock, altimeter, air-speed indicator and compass—located in the living room and

in Hefner's private quarters, that duplicate those in the cockpit.

In the aft of the craft is Hefner's bedroom, with his celebrated 6' x 8' elliptical bed, covered with silk sheets and a spread of Tasmanian opossum skins. Electrically operated swivel chairs, there and in the living room, are upholstered in black Himalayan goat leather. Hefner's quarters are furnished with working gear as well; there is a contour-modeled desk with illuminated light box, on which he can edit slides and color transparencies for PLAYBOY; dictating equipment; and an air-to-ground sky-phone installation, duplicated by one in the entertainment center. Daylight for the compartment is regulated through three polarized windows, operable individually or as a unit, so that with the turn of a dial Hefner can, if he wishes, turn day into night.

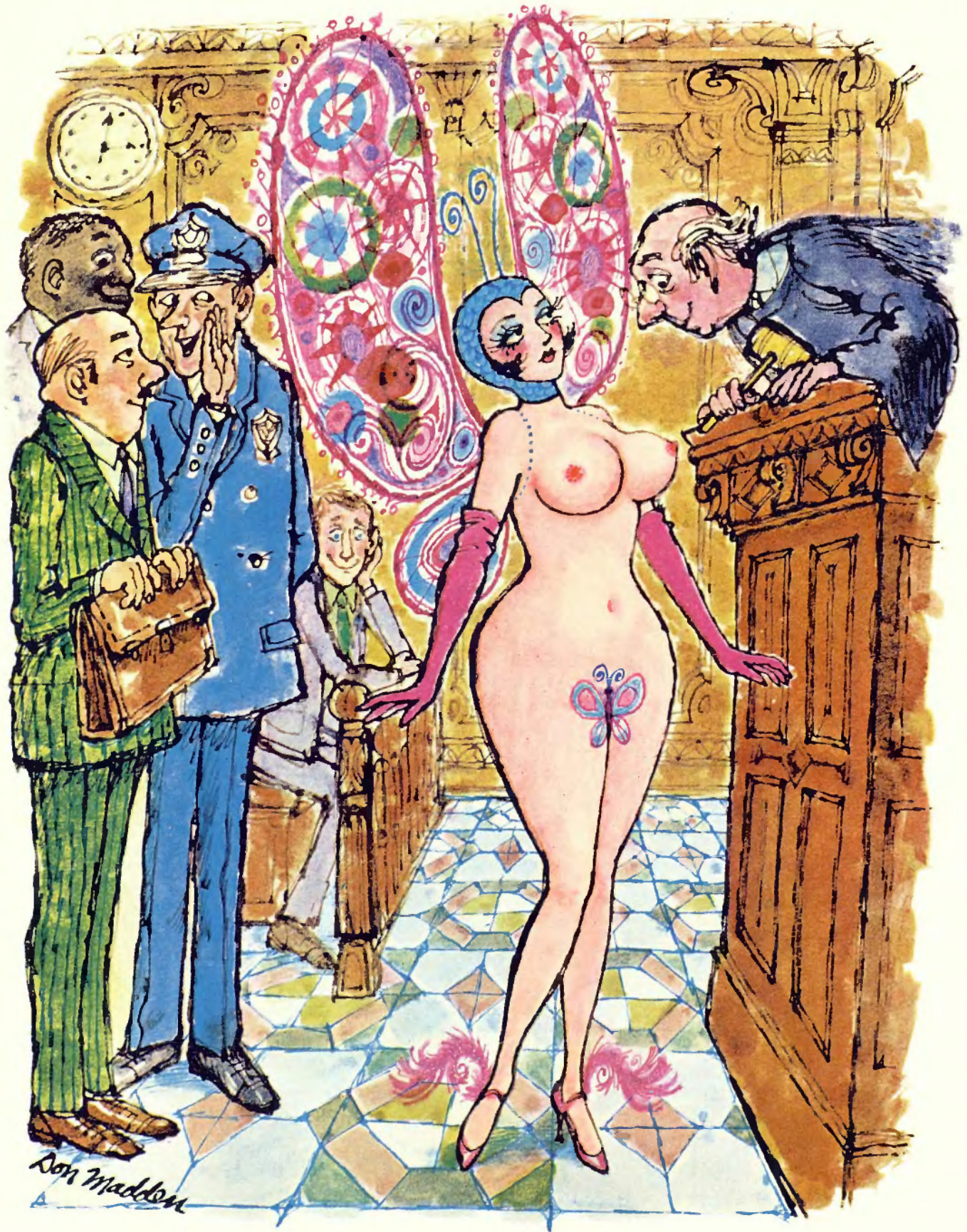
Adjacent to Hefner's quarters are his private lavatory and a unique shower compartment boasting recessed high and low spray heads, a shallow wading pool and smoothly sculptured pool-edge seat. Finally, at the tail of the plane, Hefner has his own private entrance, a drop-down airstair.

Not seen by the average passenger, but vital to the long-range operational capability of the Big Bunny, are two auxiliary tanks, built into the fuselage, that add 1780 gallons to the jet's fuel capacity, giving it a range of 3250 miles; as well as Doppler and loran instrumentation and a periscopic sextant for use in overseas flights. The Big Bunny is powered by two Pratt & Whitney JT8D-9 engines, which develop full take-off thrust of 14,000 pounds and a cruising speed of 565 mph.

While both McDonnell Douglas and Boeing are in the business-jet business now, the field was pioneered by Lockheed and foreign manufacturers. Early in the jet era, Lockheed took its made-for-the-military JetStar and dressed it in a business suit. North American Rockwell's Sabreliner also flew under military colors for years of experience before it was offered commercially. Early models of the JetStar were powered by two engines mounted on the aft of the fuselage. Now there are four Pratt & Whitney JT12A-8s to push it along at 570 mph. Since 1961, Lockheed has delivered 140 JetStars. The price tag is \$2,150,000.

Also in this price range is the Grumman Gullstream II. A purchaser of this flying carpet for the high and mighty can expect to invest over \$3,000,000. For it, he receives the biggest jet designed exclusively for the business market. The spacious Gullstream II interior allows for not only convenient conversational groupings but also for the other amenities of home and office. High-fidelity consoles bring resonant bass and treble sounds eight miles above the earth and





*"We always try to have an obscenity trial on his birthday."*



custom galleys make it easy to prepare full-course meals in flight.

A new entry in this price range is the F-28, manufactured in Holland by Fokker Aircraft and marketed in the United States since mid-1969 by Fairchild. Designed for short-haul airline operations, the executive version sports a 43-foot-long cabin with headroom just shy of seven feet. A shower can be installed in one of the two lavatories.

North American Rockwell's Sabreliner

can carry up to ten passengers and a crew of two, at a cruising speed of 560 mph. More than 300 Sabreliners have chalked up over 1,500,000 flight hours. Typical of the plush interior extras available are electrically operated sliding doors for the galley and lavatory. A touch of the button and the door slides into the bulkhead. For the Sabreliner, expect to invest about \$1,400,000.

Unlike piston-powered models with production dominated by U. S. manufac-

turers, the business jet can be bought with a foreign accent. In addition to Fokker's F-28, there's a popular import made in France by Avions Marcel Dassault, and marketed in the States by the Business Jet Division of Pan American World Airways. Thinking the original name, Mystère, wouldn't capture the imagination of American business barons, Pan Am rechristened the twin jet the Falcon. More than 200 of these \$1,600,000 speedsters are in use around

### PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO EXECUTIVE JETS

MANUFACTURER	MODEL	WING-SPAN	LENGTH	ENGINES	CRUISING SPEED (MPH)*	RANGE, STATUTE MILES**	PRICE***	COMMENTS
Aerospatiale	SN-600 Corvette	42'	42'	Two Pratt & Whitney JT15D	460	1750	\$825,000	First flights of this French entry were made last summer. Not yet available.
Avions Marcel Dassault	Falcon	53' 6"	56' 3"	Two General Electric CF700	550	2100	\$1,600,000	Also French. Marketed in the U. S. by Pan American.
Beechcraft Hawker Corp.	BH 125-400	47'	47' 5"	Two Rolls-Royce Bristol Viper 522	510	1750	\$1,130,000	Joint venture by Beechcraft (U.S.A.) and Hawker Siddeley (British).
Boeing	737	93'	100'	Two Pratt & Whitney JT8D-9	575	4000	\$5,000,000	Advanced 737 will be available this spring.
Cessna Aircraft Company	Citation	43' 9"	44' 5"	Two Pratt & Whitney JT15D	400	1540	\$590,000	First availability: fall 1971.
Fokker Aircraft Factory	F-28	77' 4"	89' 11"	Two Rolls-Royce Spey Mk555-15	520	2600	\$3,200,000	Manufactured in Holland; sold in U. S. by Fairchild Aircraft Marketing Company.
Gates Learjet Corp.	Learjet 24D	35' 7"	43' 3"	Two General Electric CJ610-6	548	1886	\$798,735	Three models of the Learjet are available.
Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.	Gulfstream II	68' 10"	79' 11"	Two Rolls-Royce Spey Mk511-8	590	3847	\$3,500,000	New models have increased gross-weight capability.
Hamburger Flugzeugbau GmbH.	Hansa Dash 9	47' 6"	54' 6"	Two General Electric CJ610-9	530	1600	\$1,150,000	This latest version of a West German jet has more powerful engines.
Israel Aircraft Industries	Commodore Jet 1123	44' 10"	52' 3"	Two General Electric CJ610-9	510	1950	\$900,000 incorporating engine-leasing program	Formerly called Jet Commander, now made in Israel. Models 1121 and 1121B also available.
Lockheed	JetStar	54' 5"	60' 5"	Four Pratt & Whitney JT12A-8	570	2342	\$2,150,000	Only four-engine executive jet.
McDonnell Douglas	DC-9-32	93' 5"	119' 4"	Two Pratt & Whitney JT8D-9	565	3250	\$4,500,000	Four versions of DC-9 available.
North American Rockwell	Sabreliner 60	44' 5"	47'	Two Pratt & Whitney JT12A-8	560	2000	\$1,400,000	Comes in one other model—the shorter 40.
Yakovlev	YAK-40	82'	66' 9"	Three Ivchenko AI-25	325	1000	\$1,200,000	Soviet entry not yet certificated for use and sale in U. S.

\* Cruising speeds will vary with altitude.

\*\* Range will vary with amount of fuel, number of passengers and cargo.

\*\*\* Special interiors and extra avionics will increase price. Different models of basic design will also differ in price.



the world, with Pan Am accounting for upwards of 135 sales. A new, smaller version is undergoing flight tests now and is expected to be available late in 1972. Each of the two Garrett TFE 731-2 fan-jet engines in the new Falcon 10 will generate 3400 pounds of thrust.

Surprisingly, America's entries in the business-jet race did not originate with the dominant general-aviation manufacturers. Of the big three—Beech, Cessna and Piper—only Cessna has designed and is producing a business jet, the Citation. A plane designed to carry six people and their baggage over 1500 statute miles, the Citation is just now going through certification tests, with first deliveries expected this fall.

Beech jumped directly into the market with a you-make-'em, we'll-sell-'em arrangement with the British firm Hawker Siddeley. Long a purveyor of practical business planes, Beech has added its own Yankee dash and daring to the BH 125's sturdy bulldog-and-tweed lineage. The BH 125 is powered by two Rolls-Royce Bristol Viper 522 engines, each delivering 3360 pounds of thrust. An auxiliary power unit can provide complete air conditioning or heating to the spacious walk-around cabin, even while the aircraft is on the ground. Price tag: \$1,130,000. Another import in the million-dollar-plus category is the Hansa Dash 9, manufactured in Hamburg, Germany, by Hamburger Flugzeugbau GmbH. The Hansa has a distinctive exterior appearance because of its rakish forward-swept wings.

There is no "bottom of the line" in the jet business. Each one is a thoroughbred with spirit and specifications mated to the missions of the men who climb aboard. Two business jets are available in the "popular" under-a-million range. Two—and possibly three—will be making their debuts soon. The question mark on the third is the Russian-built YAK-40. This tri-jet is now flying in Europe but there is speculation as to when—or if—it will be certificated for operation and sale in the U. S., and just what the price will be if it is: it sells for under \$800,000 in Europe, but that figure will move up to \$1,200,000 in the U. S.

Almost one fourth of the business jets operating today are Learjets. Three different models are now available, one priced under \$800,000. Designed by Bill Lear, the Learjet is a no-nonsense, beautiful machine, with emphasis on getting people to places they want to go without unnecessary frills. "People don't mind sitting in the comfort of a Cadillac for a few hours, and they won't be in airplanes longer than that," commented Lear when questioned about the size, or lack of it, of the Learjet. It's a theory difficult to argue with, particularly when Lear

points with understandable pride to the effectiveness of his jet.

The Commodore Jet, now priced at \$900,000, with an engine-leasing program, began life as an American product but changed citizenship and is now produced by Israel Aircraft Industries. When North American Aviation, producer of the Sabreliner, merged with Rockwell Industries, maker of the Jet Commander, the Justice Department saw signs of monopoly and forced the sale of the Jet Commander division before approving the merger. Israel Aircraft Industries bought both design and tooling and moved the entire production to Israel to become a part of its own thriving aircraft-building business, which includes production of the Super-Mirage fighter plane.

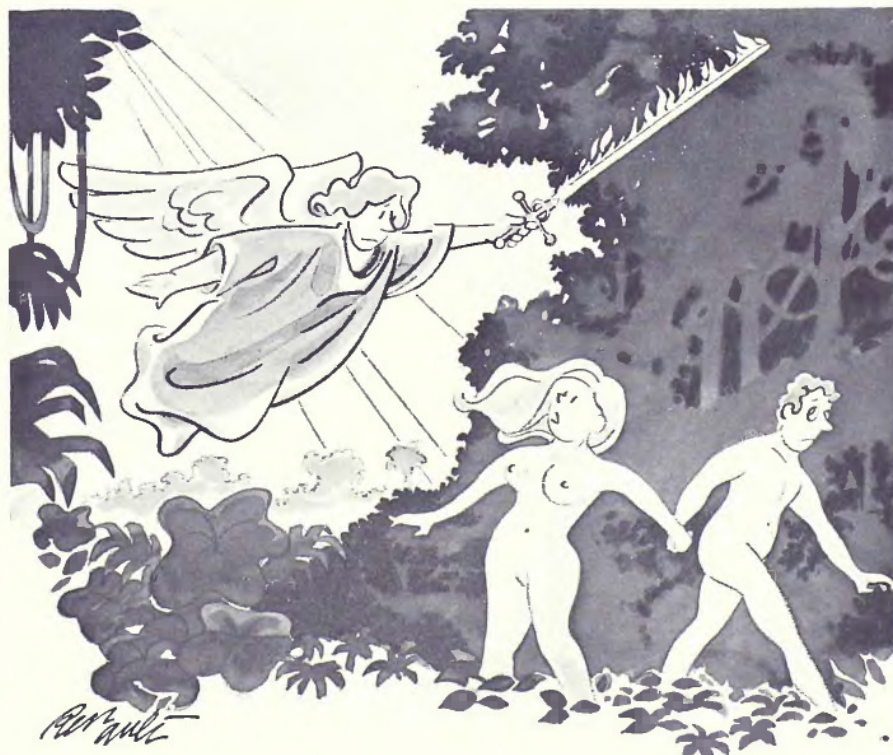
Another French contender is the SN-600 Corvette, which made its maiden flight last July 16, off the runway at Melun-Villeroche. It's a six-to-eight-passenger speedster, named after one of the fastest types of warship: it won't be available until 1973. Price: \$825,000.

If management doesn't want to tie up capital in a plane, it's still possible to get the benefits of a personal jet through charter or leasing. Several firms offer contract service. It can be on a trip basis or a contract for so many hours of flight over a given period of time. Pan Am Business Jets, as an example, offers charter service with its Falcon, complete with Pan Am captains, first officers and

flight engineers as crew, and stewardess service if desired.

Just coming into its own in the pure-jet business market is the helicopter. The man who speeds across the country or the ocean at up to 590 miles per hour has no patience with ground traffic jams before departure or after arrival. So he goes up, over and away in his helicopter. And the jet chopper does it in high style. The Hughes 500—a sleek five-seater—has a 400-mile range, 150-mph top speed. The Alouette III, a French design marketed by Vought Helicopter Corporation, is now dressed up for business calls with interior seating design and fabrics that turn the whirlybird into a seven-place limousine with outstanding mobility. Bell and Fairchild-Hiller also have entries in this rapidly expanding market for the executive on the go.

Jet or prop, a private aircraft offers a new dimension. It may cost a half million—or six. It may have gold fittings in "the throne room" (as does one belonging to a jetster member of royalty) or it may have nothing more than a stowaway table. It can be office and conference room or pad and playroom. And if 590 miles per hour isn't fast enough to help one conquer the business world, on the drawing boards now are supersonic private planes. In the competition of the contemporary business world, the man who makes it moves not only in the best of circles but in the fastest of straight lines. The executive jet gives him both.



*"Thank you for a very nice time."*



## DEALING (continued from page 146)

which made it impossible for the heat to open the bags without irreparably breaking them and so disqualifying any potential evidence on the grounds of illegal search and seizure.

Those were the first four rules and the fifth was never go back for a lost bag. Because it just meant trouble and time in court and a hell of a lot of money. We never went back for a lost bag, because these days, the heat didn't always have to open a bag to find the dope. The nars were into all kinds of things now: dogs trained to growl at the smell of dope, even dope soaked in Coca-Cola and wrapped in aluminum; and Odoranalyzers, weird little machines, with a sort of gun attachment, that sniffed the air and lit up when they smelled dope.

And so anything that we put into the hold was a strictly calculated risk and not something to be toyed with. Because the heat had their little hustle: When they'd catch a bag full of weed, they'd hold it, announce that it was lost and then bust whoever showed up to claim it. Not a very original hustle—and anybody who's carrying always knows that if they say your bag is lost, split. Split fast and never go back. But Sukie'd never run any dope before and so she'd called John and asked him what to do. And John—

Fucking John.

I hot-assed it through Callahan Tunnel, paid my toll and blasted up the ramp toward the airport—only to come to a dead halt 20 yards up the road. Airport traffic. Newsboys sauntered in and out among the rows of cars with maddening assurance that nobody was going anywhere. Hawking the Boston papers, the most provincial newspapers in America (“SAUGUS MAN DIES IN NEW YORK NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST”) and the crookedest (look at page ten for the small item, “TEN OFFICIALS INDICTED IN \$41,000,000 SWINDLE”), as befits the town. I sat in the car and swore and lit a cigarette and got paranoid. My head was completely spaced. I couldn't even remember if Sukie'd come in on United or TWA. Most of all, I couldn't figure out what John had been trying to do when he'd sent her back. Because if anyone knew how much it'd cost to buy her out of a 40-brick rap, he did. American justice is extraordinarily expensive: The bribe must always measure up to the crime. Forty bricks were going to set John back quite a way, if anything happened to Sukie.

If anything happened to Sukie. . . .

I had visions of arriving just as they were slapping the cuffs on her, of a fleeting glance of her face over the shoulder, looking at me sadly, the way she had that night they had dragged me away. She was showing no reproach and some-

how that made it worse. And then, suddenly, she was at the end of a long hallway, it was somewhere in Berkeley, but I knew that the hallway would look the same no matter where it was, fluorescent lights leering, and she had on a gray sack dress and two matrons were taking her, still cuffed, down a flight of stairs. I watched helplessly and saw again the sad, reproachless face over the shoulder.

Then the line started moving and I began thinking about lawyers and bail bondsmen and where in the world I was going to scrape up the bread. I drifted out of my lane and some swine in a Cadillac honked and skinned my front fender in a burping burst of exhaust. Fuck you, fella. I was down the ramp and at the airport and parked in a cab zone before I knew it. A cop shouted at me that I'd have to move, but I just ran inside, past the people and the porters and the heat that seemed to be everywhere, wondering why I'd never noticed how many heat hung around the place.

I knew where the LOST BAG rooms were and I decided to try United first. I sprinted down a long corridor, turned a corner and found the office. There was nobody there. TWA's depot was just a little farther on, so I decided to check it out, then, if nothing was happening there, return to United. But the seemingly endless construction that was always going on at Logan had transformed TWA's LOST BAG office into a coffee shop, so I stopped a porter and asked him where it had gone.

“I just flew in on TWA and they've lost one of my bags,” I said. “Where do I find it?”

“TWA's baggage over there,” he shrugged, pointing around a corner. I ran over and stopped in front of a door that said, MISCELLANEOUS, “Authorized Personnel Only.” The door was open but partially blocked by a low table and inside there were racks and racks of bags, bags of all kinds, bags everywhere.

And standing knee-deep in this ocean of bags was Sukie. On each side of her was a man in a raincoat. One of them was putting on the cuffs and before I could turn away and get out of there, I saw the tight, familiar, ugly neck, heard the rough, humorless voice of one of the pigs, and I knew that Murphy had busted another freak.

I was back out in the Lotus and on my way back to Cambridge before I really thought about what I was doing. And even when I did start thinking, it was only about one thing: John and the shit I was going to knock out of him. I hadn't been able to understand, on the way to Logan, why he'd sent Sukie back; but now I didn't care. He was alone when I found him in his room and he

didn't even look up when I came in. He was tearing the place apart. The radio was on, giving the weather report. John was pulling out dresser drawers, removing the bricks that were taped to the back.

I just stared at him.

“Well,” he said, “let's get it on.”

“Get what on, half-ass?”

John stopped and looked at me. “You're alone, right? So the chick's busted, right? I just got word. So let's get it on and get this place cleaned up, so we can get out of here.”

I froze. “You bastard. This wouldn't have happened if you didn't send—”

“This wouldn't have happened, Peter, if your chick hadn't already given the pigs her name, her Oakland address and your Cambridge telephone number before she thought to call me up and ask what she should do about her ‘lost bag.’ So I told her to go back. What the hell, why not? It didn't make any difference at that point.”

“She gave them my phone number?”

“Yeah,” John said. “That's a smart little pussy you've got. She really set us up, you with your record—your recent record—and me holding.”

“She didn't know. . . .”

“And you didn't tell her, did you? That's why she didn't know. You didn't tell her the first goddamn thing about it.”

“I didn't know she'd have to check a bag—”

“The fuck you didn't. You sent Musty a check for ten thousand. That's forty bricks. You just overlooked it, you were in such a ball-crushing rush—”

“Now, listen, brother, you talk like that, you're gonna have to pay some dues. I sent the check, yes, but I didn't know—”

“Help me clean this place out,” John said in a voice that was final. He was throwing the bricks into the center of the floor.

I still couldn't get very excited about John's problems. “Listen, man, you don't seem to be digging what's happened to the chick. She's in jail, for Chrissake, and—”

“And we won't be any good to her,” John said, taking out the jars and bottles from the medicine cabinet, “if we're in there with her. Now, come on.”

We cleaned the place out. All together, we found 16 bricks of good smoking dope, 100 caps of synthetic mescaline, 550 caps of psilocybin, 13 peyote buttons in cellophane, four ounces of hash and some Thorazine.

John got one of his friends to drive it out packed in a couple of suitcases to John's uncle's house in Lexington for a week.

When that was done, we both had a big belt of his Scotch. The room was disordered; John kicked some clothes off







the couch and sat down. "If Murphy busted her, you'd better do what I'm doing," he said. "Take off for a day or two, at least stay away from your room. It's not going to be too cool for a while."

I didn't give a shit how cool it was, I had other things on my mind. "Look," I said, "we've got to get her out of jail as fast as we can. She won't know what to say and she'll fuck herself up in a matter of hours without some advice. If we can't get her out and talk to her before the arraignment on Monday, she won't know enough to plead guilty."

"Yeah," said John. He was digging it. He was digging the fact that if that went down, we'd never be able to buy her off, no matter what lawyer we eventually got for her. And she'd take the full rap for the bust, probably even do some time.

I waited for John to say something, to figure something out. There was a very long pause and then he just said, "Yeah," again.

"Yeah, what?"

John looked pained, really pained, for the first time since I'd walked in the door. "Peter," he said. "The pigs have overvalued the bust, as usual. They've announced that they picked up fifteen thousand dollars' worth of dope. So that means it'll cost us at least three thousand to get her off. Plus her bail, which, as you have noted, is essential. Now, I don't know if her bail's been set yet, but you can bet your ass it'll be at least ten

thousand. So that's another grand we need right there——"

"So?"

"So this is Saturday," John said.

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"The stock market's closed."

"Now, wait a minute. Are you trying to tell me you're broke? You?"

"I'm saying I won't have a nickel until Monday." John paused, then added, "After nine o'clock."

I couldn't believe he'd said that. I couldn't believe any of the things that had gone down that afternoon, but that was the end. Finally, I said, "Far out." Nothing more.

John nodded. "It is far out. It's a drag, too, but it's what's happening. I'll do everything I can. But I can't do anything till Monday."

"Far out," I said again. Then, almost as an afterthought, "You son of a bitch."

"Peter," John said slowly, "it's all I can do. *It's all I can do.*" He got up and put on his jacket. On the way out, he paused and said: "If you want me for anything, I'll be at Sandra's."

Then the door closed and I was alone.

The first thing I did was pour myself three fingers of John's J&B, then I put on some blues and sat down to try and get my head together. Which was easier said than done. I was flashing on all the ridiculous little twists and turns the trip had taken in the course of a few hours.

Sukie busted. Murphy on our backs again. John broke—that was what really blew my mind, that John could be broke. It was too much. Finally, I realized that I wasn't getting anywhere—that I had to get ripping or I'd drown. But I just sat there, immobilized.

I started over to grab another hit of J&B, paused and sat back down. It was up to me now, as it had always been. I simply hadn't wanted to look it in the face. If Sukie was still in jail at the arraignment, she'd be up the river; and even if I got her out before then, there was still a chance that she'd go up unless I got her a lawyer as well. I had to do something.

So I dialed a lawyer's office and demanded to speak to someone—anyone. But I only got a half-witted chick on answering service who informed me that it was Saturday and everyone was home. Would I please call back Monday? How about home phones, I wanted to know. Well, that depended. Was I a client already? Or was I simply seeking information? No, she was sorry, if I wasn't already a client, she wasn't permitted to give me any home phone numbers. Lawyers had to sleep, just like everyone else. The office would be open on Monday at nine. Click.

Thank you, bitch. What next? I called up the bail bondsmen I could find in the book and they, to be sure, had not gone home—they did a thriving business on Saturday night, that much was obvious. But no, they wouldn't accept a stereo as collateral on a \$10,000 bond, it wouldn't be worth it to them and, anyway, they'd been getting too many stolen goods for collateral lately. They were taking only large items they could be sure of, like cars, these days. Click.

I poured myself another Scotch, got thoroughly sloshed and turned on the television to catch the evening news. As it came on, Herbie showed up; he was on his way to dinner and was looking for company. I said I wasn't hungry but offered him a drink and he sat down to watch the news with me.

After the usual Berlin crisis, Central American coup, Middle East retaliation, domestic upheaval, they came to the local news and to Susan Blake, a 19-year-old resident of Oakland, California, arrested today at Logan Airport on a charge of possession of marijuana. Her suitcases were found to contain 40 pounds of marijuana. She will be arraigned Monday. Elsewhere in the city. . .

"Far out," Herbie said.

"Yeah," I said.

He laughed. "Well," he said, nodding to the TV, "you don't have to take it personally, just because somebody gets busted."

I looked over at him. "Herbie," I said, "that's my chick."

There was a long pause while Herbie



Buck Brown

"I just love the way he says 'Mother.'"



thought that one over and I thought that one over, in my drunken, hazy stupor. Herbie said again: "Far out."

I didn't say anything.

"What're you going to do?"

I shook my head. "I've got to get bail for her. I've got to get her out of there."

"That means money," Herbie said.

"Yeah." I got up, a little unsteadily, and went into the bedroom to get some cigarettes. When I came out, Herbie was still there, staring at me with a quizzical little look on his face.

"How are you going to do it?"

I shrugged. "Your bet's as good as mine."

Herbie laughed. "In other words," he said, "you don't have any idea."

I didn't laugh. Herbie was right.

I spent a lot of the night staring out through the cold, streaky splatterings of rain on the window at the dark courtyard. I was wrecked but I was still trying to think of something to do for Sukie. Finally, I went to see if Herbie was still up and about and I found him wide-eyed and stoned out of his mind but ready to rip.

"I thought you'd show," he said as I came into the room. "Want to get some breakfast?"

I was surprised. "It's that late?"

"Yeah." He checked his watch. "Seventhirty." He stepped out the door and came back in, holding the morning paper. "Your old lady ought to get a big write-up," he said. "Big splash." He sighed. "Wish I could help," he said, "but . . ."

I nodded. There was nothing he could do. There was, obviously, nothing any of us could do. "A forty-brick bust," I said. "That's a hell of a big bust."

"She got anything going for her?" Herbie said.

"No prior offenses, no record," I said. "That's something."

He nodded. "College student?"

"No."

"Too bad. Work history? Can she prove she doesn't do this for a living?"

"She hasn't worked at some job for three years, if that's what you mean."

"Psychiatric history?"

"Nothing," I said. That was the last resort, as far as defense went, but for young defendants it often helped.

Herbie sighed again and shook his head. Then he looked up suddenly. "How many bricks did you say?"

"What?"

"How many bricks was she busted for holding?"

"Forty," I said.

"Forty kilos?"

"That's what I said."

"That's odd," Herbie said. As I'd been talking, he'd been leafing through the paper. "Because it says here . . . wait a minute . . . dadadadadah . . . umm . . .



*"We give you an office with a window and this is the gratitude you show?"*

Here. It says, "Susan Blake, busted for forty pounds, which makes up twenty kilos."

"Well, they made a mistake," I said. "Fucking newspapers can't even get the facts on a goddamn local bust down right. Anyway," I shrugged, "it was forty keys."

Herbie stared at the paper some more. "No," he said.

"No, what?"

"No, they did not make a mistake. The sentence is internally consistent. Forty pounds would be just under twenty kilograms. That's accurate."

"Yeah, well, she had forty keys, forty bricks—"

"What did they say on the news last night?"

I shrugged. "I don't remember."

"Well," Herbie said, "it's important, because if it's only twenty keys, her bail might be lower."

"Far out," I said and felt momentarily encouraged. Until I began to think of some other things that I had never

thought of. Things I should have considered right off, especially with Murphy involved.

"Herbie," I said, "this is far out. This is *very* far out." Herbie looked interested. "Dig it: I *know* that there were forty keys in that shipment. Sukie was holding down two suitcases, twenty keys to a suitcase. Total value ten thousand dollars. I mailed the check to Musty myself."

"That is far out," Herbie said. "The boys in blue seem to have gotten pretty arrogant." He smiled and buried his nose in the newspaper. "'Cause it says here *one* suitcase, and that means that . . . Where do you think it's being dumped?"

"Roxbury," I said, "or Somerville. That's a beginning, anyway."

"OK," Herbie said, getting off on the whole idea of fucking up the pigs. "Now we need a car and binoculars. I have both. Also, we have to stop off at the drugstore—"

"What?"

"I'll meet you in the courtyard in ten 217



minutes," Herbie said on his way out the door.

. . .

An hour later, we found ourselves in Herbie's VW, parked down the block from District Four station house. It was still raining lightly, and on a Sunday morning, this part of town—in South Boston—was quiet. Herbie gave me the binoculars. "Here," he said. "You're the one who knows what Murphy looks like."

I took the binoculars and tried to look through them. Herbie had focused them for his own eyes and they were completely blurred for me. While I changed the focus, Herbie took off his glasses and wiped them on his tie. "You know," he said conversationally, "police salaries are too low in Boston. Ten big cities have higher pay scales."

"That right?" I said. I was now focused on the front steps.

"Yes," Herbie said. "That's what's behind it all. That and the mail."

"The mail?" I repeated, still looking through the binoculars. A man came out of the station, talking to a cop in uniform. The man wasn't Murphy.

"Yes," Herbie said. "Cops get mail just like everybody else. About ninety people get murdered in Boston every year. But the mail doesn't say stop the murders. The mail says get those nasty kids with their nasty drugs."

"Oh," I said.

Another man came out of the station. He wasn't Murphy, either. I sighed.

"Better relax," Herbie said, lighting a joint and passing it to me. "It could be a long time. You know, you can't really blame them."

"Who?"

"Whom. The police," Herbie said. "Dope is money, you know. Why not make a little extra?"

"Yeah," I said. And I added: "I hope Murphy's broke."

"That probably isn't the motivating factor," Herbie said. He said it in a cryptic, dry way and I suddenly flashed on what Herbie was doing here, weak, nearsighted, brilliant little Herbie, who was still working up to his first big date at the age of 17. Herbie was here because it was a manipulation trip, action at a distance, control from afar, guess and second guess, with cops-and-robbers overtones. He was playing it hot and heavy and loving every minute of it. "I'm going to look at the gun," he said and leaned into the back seat to get it.

One hour passed, then two, then three. I began to get depressed. It seemed things like this were always coming down on me, waiting things, dependent things, things where I wasn't in control and had to bide my time, see what developed. It happened to everybody, of course, but that didn't make it any better. Waiting

to get out of high school so you could get away from Main Street. Waiting to get your degree so you could go out and wait for a job. Waiting for the bank loan. Waiting for the kid to grow up. Waiting for the draft to blow down your neck. Waiting for the record to end—the same dismal, crummy record that plays the same dismal, crummy song over and over, the song that goes, When does it end and who is it that's won and will I die, too, before it's begun?

Three and a half hours later, the VW seemed very cramped, the air very stale. Herbie said he'd go across the street to a sub shop and get a couple of subs while I stayed with the binoculars. He asked me what I wanted and I said a meatball sandwich. He came back with it for me and it was terrible, a true crap-ball concoction, to be washed down by an artificially flavored, artificially colored beverage of some sort. I frowned when I bit into it and he asked me if it was what I had wanted. It wasn't, of course. I thought about how I could never seem to get what I wanted. Nobody in America could, for that matter, unless, of course, you happened to want something that you could purchase, in which case you had an immense variety of guaranteed satisfactions. But even that had been going on too long. Too many people had been getting all the new cars and the new tubes and the new refrigerators that they'd wanted for so long. And now they wanted something else. But they didn't know what.

Four more hours passed. Then another half hour.

Suddenly, stepping out into the afternoon light, rubbing the bald spot on the back of his head, was the pig. "Herbie," I said, "that's him."

Herbie put down the paper. "What's six letters meaning determination?"

"Herbie, that's him. Murphy."

"Where?"

I pointed to Murphy, walking alone down the steps with a small briefcase in one hand. "There."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Herbie said. "Let's get going."

I started the engine and put the VW in gear.

Murphy drove a green sedan. It was dusty and needed to be washed and it had the usual narc plates. Murphy climbed in and carefully put on a large pair of highway-patrol-type shades and then started off.

I followed the car through the Boston traffic. As we went, I said: "Herbie, there's one problem."

"There are no problems," Herbie said flatly.

"Yes," I said, "there's one: What if he's already unloaded the stuff? What if he unloaded it last night?"

"That's not a problem," Herbie said.

"That's a factor we've taken into account."

"We have?"

"Yes. It's been perfectly clear from the start that if he has already unloaded the dope or if he's not the one who's doing it, then we are wasting our time."

"Oh," I said.

Murphy finally pulled up at a bus stop, parked and got out. I pulled over beside a hydrant a few houses back. We watched Murphy go into a church.

"I don't like it," Herbie said.

"Why?" I said.

"He's taking that briefcase with him," Herbie said, getting out of the car. I started to follow him. "No," he said, "not you. He'd recognize you."

So I got back into the car and waited while Herbie scurried up to the church and disappeared inside. Several minutes passed. I turned on the radio, but all I could get was Connie Francis singing *Who's Sorry Now?* and some damned symphony. I turned the radio off and smoked a cigarette. Several more minutes passed. I turned the radio back on. This time, I found a talk show, with Tony Curtis. They asked Tony whether he thought he was successful and Tony said it depended on how you defined it. He defined success as doing better than your best friend. And he said he was successful on that basis. He didn't name the best friend.

Then Murphy came out of the church, still carrying the briefcase. Herbie was nowhere to be seen. Murphy got into his car, threw the briefcase into the back seat, started the engine and waited. I watched him, wondering where Herbie was and why Murphy was waiting.

At that moment, Herbie came out of the church, moving very fast. I glanced over at Murphy. Murphy was looking at Herbie. Christ, I thought, it's all over. Herbie jumped into the car. "All set," he said. "Why's he waiting?"

"Don't know," I said. But then I saw him lean forward, take out the dashboard lighter and light a cigarette between his lips. I sighed. "There's your answer. Just getting a nic hit."

At that moment, Murphy took off. He patched out, leaving a blue cloud of exhaust and the smell of rubber, and streaked down the street.

"Shit," I said, slamming the car into gear and following him.

"I wonder what he has under that hood," Herbie said thoughtfully.

Murphy was now moving very fast, heading toward the expressway. He went up the ramp and I followed him, running a red light to make it. "What was he doing in the church?" I said.

"Praying," Herbie said.

Murphy screamed forward into the traffic on the expressway. It seemed I never drove in Boston these days except in bad traffic. Murphy wove among





*Inntnlandi*

*"I'm sure there must be some rule against picking up hitchhikers!"*



the lanes of traffic, clearly trying to lose us.

The VW didn't have enough power to touch the green sedan, which moved steadily away from us. For a while, Herbie was able to keep track of him with the binoculars, while I took some bad chances, slipping in and out among the cars. But finally, near Milton, we came over a rise in the expressway and looked down over the far slope and he was gone.

Herbie kept on scanning the road ahead. Then he put down the binoculars. "Get off at the next exit," he said. "We've lost him."

• • •

The town of Milton was established in 1662, according to the welcome sign; and from the looks of that sign and the looks of the houses, it had kept a tight asshole ever since. It would be hard to build a community that looked more prim. It was all very neat and clean and historical and nauseating. Herbie directed me through it. He didn't seem discouraged, but I was discouraged as hell.

"What are we doing here?" I said.

"Playing the odds," Herbie said. "You have your money?"

I nodded.

"How much?"

"Thirty-six dollars."

"That should be enough," Herbie said, "if we can get enough change. We're going to have a problem."

"Change?"

"Dimes," Herbie said. He directed me to a large, modern drugstore. We walked to the back, past the counters of Nytol, E-Z Doz, Sleptite, Rouse, Bufferin, Anacin, Contac and all the other pills. Behind the druggist's counter, there were giant bottles of pills, the tranks, bennies and sleepers for which you needed a prescription. We went straight to the back, where there were three telephone booths, with the phone books hanging from a wall rack.

"OK," Herbie said. "We assume, because we have to, that he's going home. And home is south of Boston, since he was on the Southeast Expressway. And probably within an hour of commuting. OK. We know his last name is Murphy. What's his first name?"

I tried to remember. And for the life of me, I couldn't think of that familiar given name. "It's gone," I said. "but it will come back. His rank is lieutenant, anyway."

"Good," Herbie said, opening the directory. "Go get your change."

And then we began. We each took one column of Murphys. I took the left column, beginning with Murphy, Albert. Herbie took the right column, beginning with Murphy, Roland J. And we called. All of my calls were the same.

"Hello?"

"Hello," I would say, "is Lieutenant Murphy there?"

"Who?"

For the first few, I would mumble

some excuse or say, "Wrong number." Later, I got so that when I heard "Who?" I just hung up. Alongside me, in the next booth, Herbie was doing the same thing. I heard the clink each time he put in another dime.

Finally, around the 15th time:

"Hello?"

"Hello, is Lieutenant Murphy there?"

"Not at the moment."

I sighed and smiled. At last. "When do you expect him back?"

"Not until late tonight. He's on weekend maneuvers at Fort Devens. Who's calling, please?"

"Sorry," I said, "wrong number."

I finally got to the long stretch of John Murphys. I missed on John A., John B., John C. and so on down the long line. Finally, I came to John L.

"Hello, is Lieutenant Murphy there?"

"No, but I expect him any minute. Who's calling?"

"Uh, this is Captain Fry."

"Captain Fry?" She obviously didn't know any Captain Fry.

"Yes. I'm down at the District Four station house now. I wanted to see your husband. I guess I just missed him."

"Yes," she said, "you must have. Can I have him call you back?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I'll call back later on."

"What did you say your name was again?" she asked.

"Nice to talk to you, Mrs. Murphy," I said and hung up.

I had my finger on the line.

Murphy, John L., 43 Crescent Drive, Ackley.

• • •

Forty-three Crescent Drive in Ackley was not in a run-down neighborhood, but it wasn't spiffy, either. The house was small. There was a faded-red 1956 Ford sedan in the driveway and Murphy's narc special, the green one, parked in the street out front.

Down the street, some kids were playing stickball. The Murphy house was quiet. As the evening grew darker, a small boy of five or six came out and rode his bicycle around the house, down the driveway and into the street. As we watched, he joined the stickball game.

We were parked a couple of houses up, in what Herbie called our inconspicuous car, a canary-yellow Corvair with one front head lamp knocked out. It was all we had been able to get at the E-Z Car Rental for \$15, but at least, as he kept saying, it wasn't the VW.

About half an hour passed. It was now nearly dark. Pretty soon, Murphy came out, his suit coat off, his tie loosened. In one hand he held his dinner napkin. He came out into the street and looked up and down, then whistled once, shrilly.

He waited, looking up and down. He whistled again.

And then his son came back, pedaling



"His only pleasures are visits from his grandchildren."



furiouly, and I thought to myself that poor, scared kid, with an old man like that. And the kid streaked up the driveway, jumped off his bike and ran up to his father, who bent over and scooped him up and hugged him while the kid beamed, and they both went inside.

"Well, he can't be all bad," Herbie said.

"Sure he can," I said.

We waited another hour. I got to thinking about the writer who said you are what you pretend to be. I'd thought about that and decided it was wrong, that you became what you were least afraid of becoming, and that was a much more dangerous thing, because it was much more basic and much more subtle. You are what you are least afraid of becoming.

I had some good times with that theory. It led me to believe that no one could even imagine what it was that he really wanted, unless he first lost the fear of his own imagination. And he couldn't begin to do that without an opportunity. I mean, you can't expect the president of Dow Chemical to suddenly go out and join the peace marchers. He simply hasn't got time to think about such things. He's the *president*, for Chrissake—all he wants to know is if the marches are hurting the sale of plastic wrap. And, in the same light, you can't expect Huey Newton to join the police force next chance he gets, because it's not exactly his trip.

So I devised a little scheme whereby everyone in the country, for one day out of each month, had to assume the role of the person or persons whose station and intellect he feared most. It was quite delightful, figuring out what everyone's role would be. J. Edgar Hoover spent the day stoned in a commune in Arizona. Spito Agnew had to hawk copies of *Muhammad Speaks* in front of Grand Central Station. Radical student politicos took over the police departments of the nation. Lester Maddox shined shoes in Watts. Walter Hicken dropped acid in the Grand Canyon. Julius Hoffman served Panther breakfasts to school children in S. F. And Richard Nixon was allowed to do anything in the world that he wanted to do, as long as he did it right.

"Oh-oh," Herbie said.

I sat up straighter in the seat. It was quite dark now; the street and the neighborhood were completely silent. Murphy was coming out of his house. He had his suit coat back on but no briefcase. And no other baggage.

I frowned as I watched. "What does that mean?"

"I don't know," Herbie said.

Murphy got into the red car, backed out and headed down the road.

We followed him.

He went north on an expressway and

turned off at the Roxbury exit. That was a little bit of a surprise, but not much. Roxbury was as good a place as any.

While I drove, I said to Herbie: "You got the sack?"

"Yeah."

"And the piece?"

"Yeah. All set."

Murphy turned onto Massachusetts Avenue, still going north. He drove past the hospital, then turned right on Columbus Avenue.

"Maybe he's getting a little action," Herbie said and giggled again. But Murphy drove up Columbus. He went straight past the hookers without even slowing down.

We kept right after Murphy. He went up five blocks and turned right again, onto a side street, where he parked. We parked and watched as he got out of his car, walked around to the back, opened the trunk and removed a large suitcase.

"Far out," I said to myself.

Herbie started to get out of the car to follow Murphy, but I pushed him back. "My turn," I said. I got out and followed him down the street a short distance, then watched as he climbed the steps of one of the old brownstones. He kicked aside some broken glass, which clinked down the steps to the sidewalk. I paused a moment, then followed him up, my shoes making a crunching sound on the glass.

At the first level, I paused once again. I could hear Murphy going up the steps. I opened the door and stepped into the hallway. Then, cautiously, I looked up the stair well. I saw his hand grip the banister as he went up to the third floor. Then his hand disappeared and he paused and I saw him leaning back against the railing. A knock, then the door opened and he moved out of sight.

I waited there a moment, then took off, back to the car.

"You find it?" Herbie said.

"Yeah. Third floor on the right."

Silence. I smoked and tried to get my hands under control. In the back of my head was the thought that this might work after all, that we might pull it off. I hadn't really believed that all day. I didn't expect we'd get this far and, in some senses, I had hoped we wouldn't. Because from now on, the trip was for real.

Murphy came out of the brownstone about ten minutes later. He was empty-handed and he whistled *The Caissons Go Rolling Along* as he got into his car.

We waited a few minutes after he'd driven off and then Herbie said: "Ready?"

We got out of the car and walked toward the brownstone.

It is wrong to say we were nervous. We were terrified. We stood in the

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first-floor hallway of the brownstone, smelling the combination of old cabbage, urine, dust and mildew that hung in the air. As we started up the stairs, Herbie gave me the gun. "Just remember," he said. "Watch your fingers."

"Is it loaded?" I said. It felt light for a piece.

"Yeah," said Herbie. "Just watch your fingers. If they see—"

"OK, OK."

We came to the third-floor landing and walked around to the door. Herbie moved forward and I stayed behind him, keeping the gun out of sight as we had agreed. Staring at the door, I had a vision of a six-foot, six, 240-pound spade standing behind it, just waiting to grind up a couple of college punks.

Herbie knocked, looked back at me and smiled. He was enjoying himself, in his own nervous little way. He didn't know any better, I thought.

He knocked and waited. Nothing happened. Right at that point, I was ready to forget the whole thing and leave, but Herbie knocked again, louder. Then we heard soft footsteps inside. They didn't

sound like the footsteps of anybody big; I began to feel better.

A voice said: "Who is it?"

Herbie glanced back at me, uncertain what to say.

"Who's there?" said the voice.

"Murphy," I growled. As soon as I said it, I knew it was stupid. Murphy wouldn't use his real name with a Roxbury front.

Behind the door, the front paused. "Who?"

There was nothing to do now but barge ahead. "Murphy," I said, in a louder voice. "I'm twenty bucks short."

We heard the chain rattling. Then the door opened and a pimply white creature nosed into view and said: "Listen, you counted it right in front—"

He broke off, staring at us. He started to slam the door, but Herbie got his foot in. "One moment," Herbie said. "We wish to make you a business proposition."

I pushed Herbie from behind and there was a creaking and then the soft crunch of rotten wood breaking as the chain lock ripped out of the door. We

stepped into the room and the cat jumped back and stared at us.

"B-business," he said, "I-I'ma not in-arested."

The last word came out in a tumble and as I looked at him, I saw why. He was thin and pale and his pupils were tiny. Arms covered with tracks. Speed freak. Probably paranoid as hell to begin with, I thought, without a couple of dudes barging into his room and pulling a piece on him. Then I realized that the way we were standing, he wouldn't be able to see the piece, and I moved aside from Herbie enough so that he could dig it. He crumpled onto the floor and babbled as Herbie said: "Hear us out. We have no intention of doing you any bodily harm." He paused to look around the room. "You seem quite capable of taking care of that yourself." At this, the guy only babbled some more, the words flowing out in an unintelligible staccato as he groveled on the floor. "Please sit down," Herbie said, giggling, and the guy pulled himself over to the single mattress in the room and collapsed. The room was definitely a speed freak's home sweet home. The walls were peeling and a couple of posters hung over the places that were peeling the worst. The floor was littered with empty soda cans and candy wrappers, and right next to the mattress were a set of works and an old spoon in a glass of water. Ho-hum. A couple of bags of what looked like hydrochloride. And Murphy's suitcase.

By this time, the cat was speaking in longer sentences.

"Listen," he said, "I don't got no money, *honest* I don't—"

And Herbie motioned him to be silent. "We don't want your money," he said. "We have an offer to make."

The guy jumped up and I waved the gun at him. "Don't mess with me," I said, doing my best to sound lethal. "I'm getting nervous with this piece." He sat down again and Herbie went over and started fooling with the telephone. It was my rap.

"OK," I said, "here's the deal. We're willing to give you two hundred and fifty dollars, a good fucking price, for each one of those bricks Murphy laid on you."

"Bu-but," he said, and looked up at the piece.

"Murphy," I said, "the cat who was just in here. We'll give you two hundred and fifty dollars for each one of his bricks. Think about it. You could be out of town before they even knew you'd gone wrong on them. And you wouldn't have to shoot that shit anymore"—waving the gun in the direction of the hydrochloride. "Get it? You'd be a rich man. Nothing but pure Meth, pure coke, anything you wanted. Pure. No more street shit for you, brother."

He looked, or, rather, squinted at me



*"Miss Anders, how would you like to meet a handsome young labor leader and help end a crippling strike at the same time?"*



with a new respect. I had touched his frame of reference. The word Meth, the very idea of *pure* Meth, filled his mind and a soft glow spread over his face. An involuntary "Wow!" seeped out of him.

"OK." I said. "now you got the picture. And all you gotta do for that bread is produce those bricks." The words broke his reverie.

"Lissen, fe-fe-fellas. I'd like to he-help ya, bu-but I can't tell you what I don't know, da-dig? I don't have an-nothing. Da-dig? I'm a dra-drop, dra-drop, I'm a drop-off man. They give me the ra-room and I pay out the bread. I never seen a bra-brick for two years now, da-dig? The cats come in here and I pa-pay 'em what I got." He stopped and looked at the piece. "Honest."

"Listen, Speedy," I said. "we haven't got the *time*, da-dig?" Herbie laughed. "Now, *who* pays for this room and *who* gets the dope and *who* sets up with guys like Murphy?"

"Mm-Ma-Murphy?" he said, or, rather, tried to say.

"The punk who was just in here, the pig you paid off. Who sets you up with him?"

"Th-tha-that guy's a pa-pig?" said Speedy, incredulous.

"Herbie," I said, "he's gonna need a little work." Herbie nodded. He was enjoying the whole thing tremendously.

"You got the silencer, just in case?" he said and I smiled grimly.

"Nah-no! Fellas, ha-ha, honest!" He sounded like he had hay fever. "I'll tell yahs what I know. A sp-spade dude-dude I met on the street seh-seh-sets me up, honest. Tha-that's all."

"Herbie," I said, cold as ice. "Check the mattress." Herbie went over to the mattress as I motioned Speedy off with a wave of the piece.

"Hey," he said, "ha-who do you think you are?"

"Unless you wanna find out, you better shut up," I said. Herbie lifted the mattress and there, lo and behold, were our bricks. "Pull 'em out!" I said to Herbie.

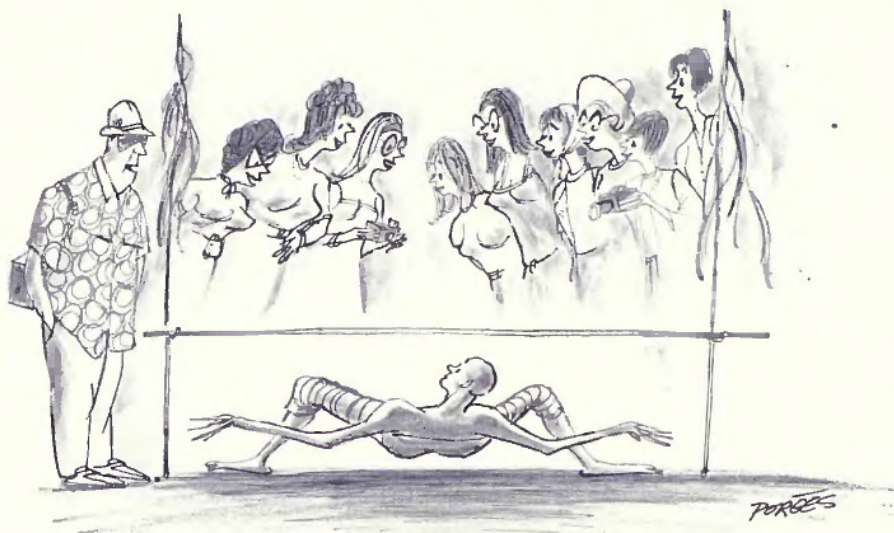
"Ha-hey!" said Speedy, suddenly realizing what was going on. "You ca-can't take those. The ma-man's coming by tonight for th-those!"

"Well, then, we'd better be on our way," I said. "Herbie, put the dope in the sack and let's leave this punk to his works." Spoken in the best tough-guy, out-of-the-corner-of-the-mouth tones I could muster. Speedy was not impressed.

"Ha-hey! What about my br-bread?"

"Shut up, punk," I said; but just as Herbie had turned his back on him, the freak had lunged for the sack of dope and they were both down on the floor.

"Up," I shouted. "Get up unless you wanna eat some lead," and he stood up, leaving Herbie rolling around on the floor, laughing.



"Your fly is open!"

"Too much," Herbie said. "Eat some lead. Too much."

Speedy looked at Herbie, then back at me, and stepped forward with a lead-bedamned gleam in his eyes. "Pa-punk, heh?" he gurgled. "Punk, punk, alla ta-time punk, heh? Whozza pa-pa-unk?"

He was only about a yard away from me and I was thinking we had to get out of there fast. "Stay back," I said. "Back!"

But he kept on coming and finally, I felt myself getting excited and desperate at the same time, and a strange feeling was welling up inside me, power, a power feeling his fate in my hands and all of a sudden, I knew that his fate was in my hands and I felt the rush of it, I'm going to do it, I rushed, I'm going to do it, and I pulled the trigger, thinking simultaneously, Oh, my God, I've done it. Oh, my God, what have I done, I've done it—

And just then, a fine stream of water arced out of the gun, hitting Speedy in the knees.

He was so freaked he didn't understand for a minute, but then he knew what had happened and jumped at me. Herbie was on the floor again, laughing, and I knew that I was going to have to put Speedy away for a while to get us out of there in one piece. Fortunately, speed freaks are not noted for their muscle tone. A quick right to the temple brought him to the floor and then I dropped down on him, knees first, and caught him in the crotch. Another right and a left to the jaw and he was gone. It'd look better that way, I thought, when the man showed up. I pulled Herbie up from the floor and we ran.

We were almost to the second floor when the first gunshot echoed through the hallway and the banister nearby

splintered. We dropped to the floor, ducking back into the shadows.

"Oh, shit, oh, shit, oh, shit," Herbie said. He was too scared to say anything else.

I looked up toward the third floor. A cloud of pale-blue smoke hung in the air. I started to move downward again and there was another gunshot. This time, I saw the flame spurt from the rifle. Speedy was up there, all right. But his shot was wide—he couldn't hit anything in his condition.

"Come on," I said, "he can't hit anything."

"The hell he can't," Herbie said, crouched down behind the splintered banister.

All around us, the apartment building was beginning to wake up. We heard people moving and talking in their rooms. No doors opened, though; everybody was afraid to look out. On the other hand, they'd certainly be phoning the heat.

"Come on, Herbie!"

For a moment, he stayed curled up, paralyzed, and then he sprang forward. We sprinted downstairs. There were two more shots. And then, just as we were going out the door, a final shot and Herbie shouted, "I'm hit, I'm hit!" He stumbled and fell through the front door and lay on the steps.

I was already halfway down the steps when I heard him cry out. I ran back up, knowing that Speedy would now be racing from the stair well to the outside window. I grabbed the sack full of dope that Herbie had dropped and helped him to his feet. He was wincing with pain.

"Got me . . . in the shoulder . . . bad," Herbie said. I put my arm around his



waist and got him down the steps and off to the car. There was one more shot as we drove off into the night.

The nearest place was Sandra's apartment. It took us about ten minutes to get there, ten very bad minutes with Herbie trying to be manful about things but not succeeding very well. He kept talking about how he could feel the blood running down his back. I wanted to take him to a doctor, but he said no, no doctors, no—and anyway, we couldn't go to a doctor with a car full of dope, so I drove to Sandra's. I got him up the steps to the apartment. John wasn't there; no one answered the buzzer. I reached up above the door, found the key and unlocked the door.

John and Sandra wouldn't dig Herbie's blood all over the apartment, but that was just too bad for now. I threw the sack of dope inside, then helped Herbie down the hallway to the bedroom. He was groaning softly and was covered with sweat.

"Easy, now, easy," I said, helping him down onto the bed. "Let's get your jacket off." He moaned as I removed it, his face contorted; with the jacket off, I got him onto his stomach and pulled out his shirt, which I then tore straight up the back to see how bad the wound was.

And stopped.

For a flash, I was puzzled, and then I began to get pissed. Fucking Herbie. "Where does it hurt, man?"

"Oh . . . oh . . . in the middle . . . right shoulder . . . around the scap . . . scapula."

"Yes." I said. "I see." What I saw was a smooth, slightly flabby, white expanse of unbroken skin. "Doesn't look too bad though. Here, you better see for yourself. Go look in the mirror."

"OK," Herbie said, doing the heavy number. With a wince, he said: "Give me a hand up, Pete, buddy."

"Sure." I whipped him off the bed with one hand and watched in silence as he staggered to his feet and walked into the bathroom. The bathroom light went on and there was a long silence.

Finally, quietly, came an awed voice: "Far out."

There then followed another long silence, in which I lit a cigarette, smoked it and tried to keep from going in and plugging the little bastard myself. After a while, I heard him say: "Most perplexing." And then, finally, he came back into the bedroom.

"I know what you're thinking," Herbie said. He was being very dignified and composed. "And I apologize for being an alarmist." And then he walked out of the room.

"Hey, where're you going?" I went out into the hallway after him and found him returning with the sack of dope. He walked toward the kitchen and, as he

passed me, he said: "I think we'd better count the bricks, don't you?"

He had made a fast recovery and I told him so. He didn't say anything in response. Out in the kitchen, he began to count the bricks while I raided Sandra's refrigerator. Sandra is a candy freak. Every kind of American, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, Indonesian, Japanese candy is found in her refrigerator. While I was looking, I said: "How many bricks?"

"What?" Preoccupied voice.

"How many bricks?"

"C'mere and dig this, Peter."

I turned around to look. He was holding the sack in front of him. At first, I saw nothing. Then, to demonstrate, he stuck his finger into the neat little hole.

"Interesting?" he said. He then picked up one of the bricks and cut it open with a knife before I could protest. There was a piece of dull gray metal embedded in the brick.

I went over and plucked it out. "Far out," I said.

"The sack was over my right shoulder," Herbie said.

"Far out," I said again.

"I believe you owe me an apology," Herbie said.

And then I began to laugh. "I owe you more than that," I said. "I owe you the biggest smoke of your life." I got a piece of newspaper and tore it into quarters and pulled off a chunk of brick and began to roll it into a joint.

As Herbie watched, he said with a small smile: "All in all, it was pretty exciting, wasn't it?"

. . . .

An hour later, we were still in the kitchen, drafting the statement. We were both very stoned and very happy. I was writing and Herbie was dictating. I said: "How about, 'Please release her tomorrow morning?'"

"No," Herbie said. "Make it strong. I want her released tomorrow morning—and then put in the D. A. and the *Globe* and all that."

I nodded and made the changes.

"Is that it?" Herbie said.

"That's it," I said and picked up the phone to call. The first three times I dialed, I got the siren whine of a non-existent number. Finally, the fourth time, it began to ring. I was very, very stoned.

A woman's voice: "Hello?"

I said, "Lieutenant Murphy, please. This is Captain Fry of the narcotics division."

"Just a minute, Captain."

A long silence at the other end of the phone, presumably while Murphy tried to figure out who the hell Captain Fry was—or who would be calling saying he was Captain Fry. Or what Captain Fry would want at this time of night, if, indeed, there really were a Captain Fry, whom he had never heard of. . . . God, I was zonked.

Finally: "Murphy here."

I jumped at the sound of his voice, the familiarity of it. For a moment, I flashed back to Alameda County and the interrogation room, the knee in the chops, the whole riff. Then I got hold of myself. "Yes," I said. "This is a mutual acquaintance of—a mutual acquaintance. I thought you would appreciate knowing that I have acquired twelve kilograms of marijuana that have an interesting set of fingerprints on them."

"Who is this?"

"The kilograms are wrapped in papers with a peace symbol and 'Berkeley 890' on them, which allows their California origin to be quite reliably established. The fingerprints," I continued, "are yours and Susan Blake's. That is an interesting combination. It is easy to explain how that combination of fingerprints got there. But I wonder, is it possible to explain how they came into my hands?"

"Who's calling?" Murphy said, his voice tense.

"I think that a lot of people would be curious enough to be interested in my explanation," I said. "I have one very curious acquaintance in the district attorney's office and another at *The Boston Globe*."

There was a long, taut silence. Murphy was thinking it over. And he was going to play it our way, I knew. He had no choice. He'd have to drop charges on Sukie.

"What do you want?" he said, finally.

"I want the girl released and all charges dropped."

There was a long, slow sigh at the other end. The bastard obviously wasn't used to having other people play as rough as he did. Finally, he cleared his throat.

"Now, you listen to me, punk, and listen good. You can't touch me, you can't even rile me. You go near the D. A.'s office with those bricks and I'll see to it personally that you get busted. Now. As far as I'm concerned, you can go right ahead and do anything you want. I'm going back to bed."

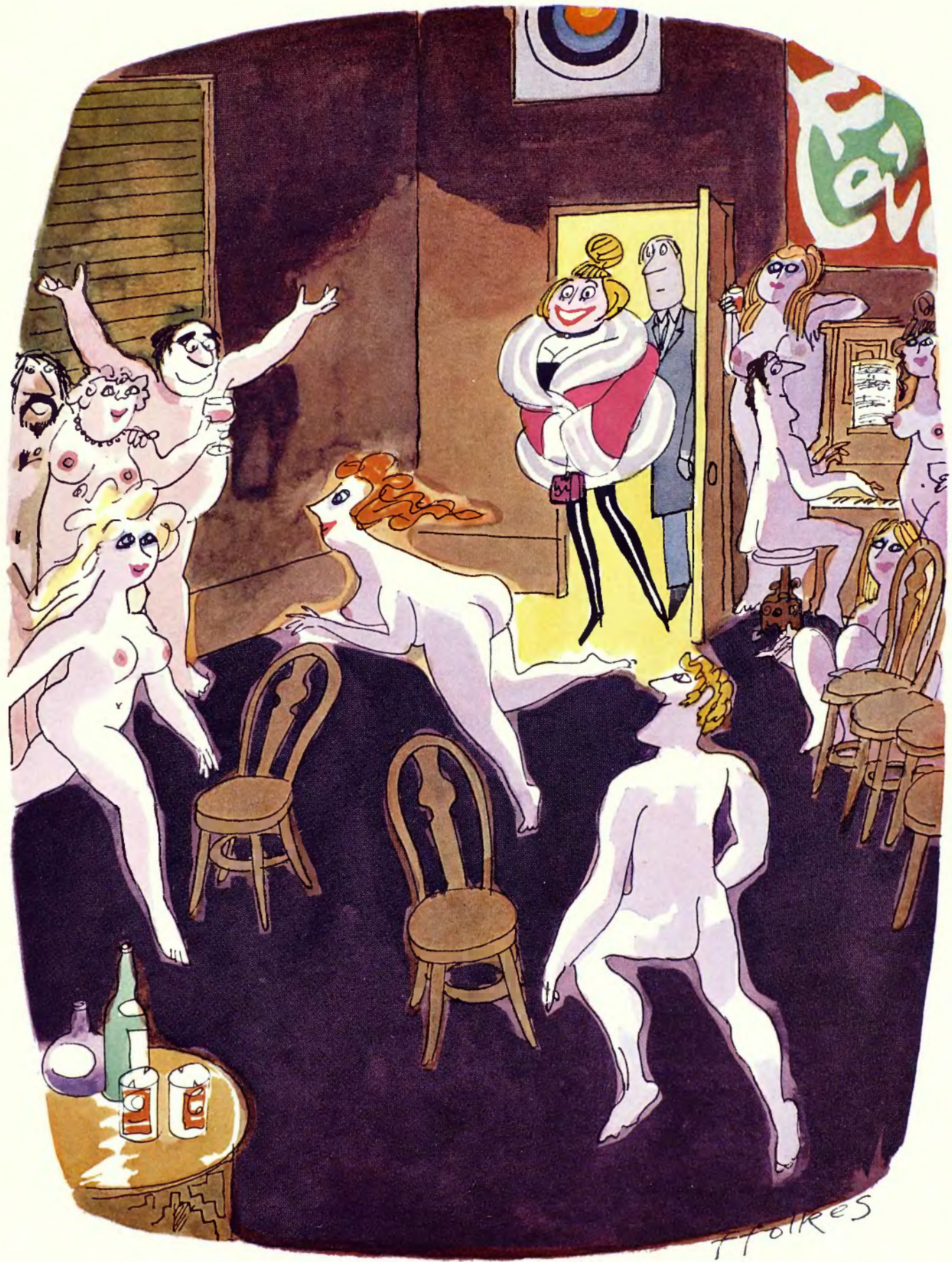
*Click!*

Herbie had been sitting across the table from me. He must have seen my face fall. "What happened?" he said.

I couldn't believe it. I was shaking my head, absolutely not believing it. "He didn't go for it," I said.

I was suddenly ghastly sober, the kind of sober where the room lights seem brighter and the shadows sharper and everything is a little bit uglier. I got up and poured myself a Scotch—some of John's Chivas, this time, the hell with him. I felt it slosh down in my stomach over the Perugia chocolate and I thought about Speedy shooting at us and I began to feel sick. I spent a few hours





*"Oh, I used to play this when I was at school."*



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standing there, leaning against the wall, trying to decide whether I would make it or not, and finally decided I wouldn't. I jumped for the sink.

"Flawless," Herbie said.

I turned and looked back at him. The world was green. "Thanks," I said.

"I meant the plan," Herbie said, ignoring me as I wiped my mouth with a towel. He ticked the points off on his fingers. "Murphy is fronting bricks. His prints are on them. We recover the fronted bricks. We threaten to expose him unless he releases the girl. He releases the girl. We expose him anyway. A flawless plan."

"It didn't work," I said again. "You can't bust pigs, no matter how fucked up they are."

Herbie nodded in a puzzled way. "He must have protection," he said. "That's the only answer."

I laughed and, as I did, the green world shifted back to glaring white. "Uh-uh," I said. "He doesn't give a crap, that's all. He knows that a couple of punk kids are trying to rip him off and he doesn't mind a bit. He knows they can't touch him. The day when freaks bust wrong pigs is the day that—"

"I find that difficult to believe," Herbie said, sounding for all the world like my old man.

"Yeah, well, that's what's happening." I was beginning to see what it meant, from Murphy's viewpoint, to be hassled by a couple of kids. And I began to see just how little power we had. Nobody ever had power unless someone gave it to him. Murphy wasn't giving us an inch.

"Maybe he doesn't think we can do it," Herbie said.

"Maybe we can't," I said. It had all been an enormous bluff. We didn't know anybody on the newspapers or at the D. A.'s office. We didn't know anybody, period.

John chose that happy moment to walk in with Sandra. She ran for the john and he came into the kitchen, sniffing the air. "Jesus, it stinks in here." He walked over to the sink, took a look and shook his head. "Harkness, you never could—"

"And you couldn't, either," I said. "Go get bent, or get lost, or preferably both."

John paused to savor the atmosphere. "What've you dudes been up to?" "The impossible," Herbie said.

Then John saw the bricks on the kitchen table. His spirits rose. "My, my, what have we here?"

Nobody said anything.

"Fine stuff," he said, crumbling a bit between his fingers. "Almost as good as—" He stopped, looked at another brick, at the stamp on the wrapper. "Where'd you pick this up?"

He looked over at me. I didn't say

anything. So he looked over at Herbie. "Three guesses," Herbie said. John just stood there, totally out of it, and then Sandra walked in and began clucking about the smell. I was feeling a little sick again. John saw the bottle of Chivas out and began bitching about my drinking his stuff again. All I could think of was the way we couldn't touch Murphy. It didn't seem possible that he was un-touchable. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be possible.

"Herbie," I said, "we can do it."

"How's that?" Herbie sounded bored.

"We could arrange a trade."

"No!" He sat suddenly upright.

"That ruins everything. The whole point of the plan—"

"I know," I said. "But the flawless plan didn't work. We already know that. The only thing we can do is trade."

"You mean," Herbie said, his mouth turning down in distaste, "give him the bricks?"

"Give *who* the bricks?" John said sharply. He had suddenly forgotten all about the Scotch.

"Yes," I said. "Give them to him."

"That's nowhere," Herbie said. "That's greasing the wheels, playing right into the system. Greasing *Murphy's* wheels."

"What's going on?" John demanded. He seemed almost frightened, not to know what was going on. A power trip that he wasn't part of. Frightening.

"We'd be playing right into it, anyway," I said, "if we tried to buy her off on Monday."

"It's not the same," Herbie said. "You got to believe in justice sometime. You got to believe that if this stuff went to the papers and the district attorney—"

"No," I said. I didn't believe it. And for some reason, I remembered a conversation I'd once had with my father about Boston justice. I was telling him how Superspade got busted and then thought he bought off, only to be arrested by Murphy. He refused to believe the story. I tried to make him believe it—believe that everyone in Boston, from the mayor to the garbage collectors, was crooked.

"But think what that means, or would mean, if it were true," my father had said.

I had never thought about it. Not really. But I was thinking now.

"It won't work," Herbie said. "Even if he agrees, he'll take the bricks and keep the chick anyway."

"Maybe not," I said.

"Maybe not," Herbie mimicked sarcastically. "You going to trust him?"

"Will somebody please tell me what the hell is going on here?" John said, almost shouting.

But by that time, I was checking through Sandra's silverware, plucking at the tines of her forks, trying to find one that sounded good. And when I did, I picked up the phone and dialed.



"You're crazy," Herbie said with a frown.

"Who're you calling?" John said. His voice had a slight whine now, a very atypical voice for John. I began to see him differently.

This time, a male voice answered the phone directly. An irritable male: "Hello."

"Lieutenant Murphy?" I said. I looked over at Herbie and John. John was beginning to get the picture. His mouth was open.

"Yeah."

"Is this Lieutenant Murphy?" I said again.

"Yeah."

"I'm calling with a business proposition and—"

"Not interested. Goodbye—"

"Wait," I said. I had a flash of desperation. And the bastard waited. I could hear him breathing at the other end. "I've got twelve bricks here," I said. "They were . . . borrowed from a gentleman in Boston. As you know, their market value is in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars. I'd like you to have them."

"What for?" He was growling, but he was interested.

"All we want is the girl," I said. "Drop charges and release her. We'll get the twelve bricks to you."

"That's not good enough, sonny," Murphy said. "Goodbye."

By now, though, I knew he wasn't going to hang up. "As a demonstration of faith," I said, "we will arrange for you to receive four bricks tonight. You'll get the rest on her release."

"Six bricks," Murphy said.

"Six bricks?" I said. "That seems an awful lot."

"Six bricks," Murphy said, "and not one less."

"You're not being very reasonable, Lieutenant Murphy," I said. "But if you want six bricks, then"—and here I plucked the tines of the fork—"six it will be."

"What was that?" Murphy said.

"Are we agreed on six bricks?" I said. And I plucked the tines once more. It didn't make a very realistic sound, but then, it didn't have to.

"What was that noise?"

"We'll call you in an hour," I said, "to tell you where you can collect the bricks. Is that satisfactory?"

"What was that noise?" But he knew damned well what the noise was, or thought he knew.

"We want you to be honest," I said. "That's just our way of keeping things up front. We'll talk to you in an hour."

And I hung up.

Herbie was staring at me. "Far out," he said.

John said: "What was the fork stuff?"

"Brilliant," Herbie said, "brilliant. We



*"If I told my friends what I did all day,  
they wouldn't believe me!"*

can drop the bricks at the Museum of Science and—"

"What was the fork?" John said.

I plucked it again and listened to the brief *twink* it made. "Our tape recorder," I said and began to laugh.

"Murphy's forked himself," Herbie laughed. I was laughing so hard there were tears in my eyes.

Only John wasn't laughing. He was frowning and staring at the bricks. Then he frowned and stared at us. And finally, he said: "He'll still rip you off."

"Who?" I said. "Murphy? After we taped him?"

"Yeah," John said. He didn't explain. He just sat back and watched us as we stopped laughing slowly, the laughs turning into coughs and then silence.

"What do you mean?" Herbie said.

"I mean," John said, "that Murphy is going to sit back and ask himself what kind of taping device makes a beeping noise. And he's going to decide that only a commercial device does—like they use for telephone interviews on the news radios and stuff. And he's going to decide that a bunch of snot-nosed kids don't have a commercial device, that they have a kitchen fork and are trying to rip him off."

I shook my head. "He's not that smart."

I looked over at Herbie for confirmation. Herbie was staring at his feet.

John said: "Murphy'll take your six bricks, keep the girl and figure out a way to bust you later on."

"No way," I said and laughed. But John wasn't laughing and Herbie wasn't

laughing. And I began thinking about Murphy and the interrogation room in the Alameda County Jail, and I began to think that maybe they were right on. Murphy was a pig—the pig.

I stood up. "All right," I said. "The only way is to arrange a trade."

John shook his head. "Who do you think you're messing with, man?"

But by now I was thinking very fast and seeing things clearly. Seeing how it could be done. I picked up the phone again.

. . . .

There is no building in Boston quite like South Station. It'll be torn down soon for some new structure, but in the meantime, it is unique, giant, cavernous, dirty and deserted. Especially at three o'clock in the morning. The faint smell of piss hung over everything—the dirty walls, the cracked wooden benches, the handful of sailors and derelicts who were sitting around.

I arrived by taxi and walked in the west entrance. It had once been pretty fashionable, the west entrance, with a broad metal canopy leading up to six swinging doors to the inside. Just back of the doors were rows of telephone booths. I paused at one to take down the number. Then I went back outside. There was a taxi rank lined up at the curb, the drivers sitting back in their cars, smoking cigarettes. I went to the first cab and said to the driver, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure," he said. "You and the President."

I held out a ten spot. He looked 227



appeared. "What's the story?"

"In half an hour," I said, "a man will get into your taxi and say he is a police officer. Ask to see his identification. If he produces it, drive him to the Newton tolls. This should cover everything." I wagged the ten-dollar bill.

"That right?" the driver said.

"This is police business," I said gravely.

"It don't sound——"

"OK," I said and started down the line toward the second taxi.

"Just a minute!"

I went back and looked at my driver. His name, I could read on the seat-plate identification card, was Joseph V. Murphy. Naturally.

"Just a minute," he said. "The Newton tolls?"

"Yeah."

"Fifteen bucks and I'll take him. That covers my waiting time. I might get a customer, you know."

I looked around the deserted station entrance. What the hell. "OK," I said. "Fifteen." I gave him the money and made a production out of writing down his name and license number. He saw me do it.

"What's this all about?" he said.

"Undercover," I said. "Narcotics division."

The cabby looked at me. Then he looked at the \$15. Then he nodded and I went back inside.

The first part was completed. I rechecked the telephone number in the booth. I sat in the booth and looked out. From where I sat, I could see through to the street and to the warehouses beyond. There were dozens of windows, all dark, in the buildings across the street. Perfect.

Whistling now, I went into the in-nards of the station. A train was pulling up on one of the far tracks; I heard the metallic screech of brakes and the hiss of steam. Otherwise, it was silent. A half-dozen sailors sat laughing drunkenly on one of the benches near the center of the room. I went over and sat down next to them, placing my nondescript suitcase (an old one of Sandra's, wiped of prints) at my feet. The sailors ignored me. After a moment, I leaned over toward the nearest one and said, "I got to take a leak. Watch my bag?"

"Yeah, sure," the sailor said and kept on talking with his friends. I wandered off.

Fifteen minutes to go. I kept glancing at my watch. I looked back at the sailors, wondering if they'd decide to take off with the bag or open it. But they weren't paying any attention. I went over to the train schedules, pretended to read them and then wandered over to a far corner of the station, where there were more telephone booths. I sat down in one of

them. I could barely see the booths near the entrance; they were perhaps 100 yards away and down a slight incline.

I sat and waited.

I kept thinking of things that could go wrong. A million things could go wrong. For instance, he could flood the place with narcs—but that would mean he'd have to split the take, or else he'd have to play it straight. Too much bread in it for that to happen. Unless Murphy was going to be honest. A dreary thought. I waited.

At 3:30, I looked over at the west entrance. Nobody there. Five more minutes passed and still no one arrived. I was beginning to worry. And then I saw him come through the doors.

Sukie was with him. No cuffs. He'd done it—he'd gotten her off, had charges dropped and brought her to South Station for the exchange. Just as I'd told him.

For a moment, I felt exhilaration, and then caution. Murphy stood with Sukie in the center of the west entrance, waiting. He said something to her; she shook her head.

I put my dime into the slot and dialed. Faintly, I could hear the phone ringing in the booth near where Sukie was standing with Murphy. They ignored it for a moment. Then Murphy looked over at the pay phone. One pay phone in a row of 12 just doesn't start ringing at about 3:30 in the morning for no reason. He went over to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Murphy," I said.

I could see his body stiffen. He started looking around, back toward the inside of the station and then outside.

"Forget that," I said. "I'm where I can see you and you can't see me—unless you want to search a lot of buildings." That one worked: he was looking out toward the entrance.

"Is the girl free?"

"Yeah."

"Let me talk to her a minute."

"I want those——"

"Let me talk to her. I'm watching you."

"You son of a——"

"You want to blow it, Murphy? And have to book her again? What would they think about that, down at the station?"

There was a long silence. Then he waved Sukie over. He remained sitting in the booth. He held his hand over the receiver, said something to her and then gave her the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Sukie," I said. "don't speak. Just listen. I want you to answer yes or no to my questions. Have you been released?"

"Yes."

"Have charges been dropped?"

"Yes."

"Is Murphy alone?"

"I think so."

"All right. Give the phone back to him."

She did. I watched Murphy take the receiver. "All right, now, you little——"

"First of all," I said, "send the girl to stand by the information booth in the center of the station. Then go over to where the sailors are sitting. You'll see a black suitcase near one of them. The suitcase contains six bricks. Go check that."

"What about the rest?"

"I'll tell you about it."

Murphy put down the receiver. He said something to Sukie, who walked away from him. Then he went over to the sailors and demanded the suitcase. They protested. He flashed his badge. They gave it to him. He walked back to the telephone, sat down, opened the suitcase and checked.

"The bricks there?" I said.

"Yeah."

"All right. Here's how you get the rest. Go out to the taxi rank and get into the first cab. Say you are a policeman and show identification. The driver will take you to where the rest of the bricks are—and they'll be there, if nothing happens to the girl in the meantime. Understand?"

"Yeah." Very low.

"Anything happens to the girl between now and then, and by the time you get to the drop-off, the stuff'll be gone. Understand?"

"Yeah."

"OK." And I hung up.

Murphy closed the suitcase and walked out toward the door. At the door, he was met by three other men in raincoats. So he had been planning something, after all. He spoke to the men; they glanced at Sukie, standing alone in the middle of the station. The men went away. Murphy got into the cab.

The cab drove off.

It was over. I got out of the booth and went to the center of South Station, put my arms around her and kissed her.

Murphy's trip to the Newton tolls was, of course, a waste of time. There was no more dope at the Newton tolls that night than there was on any other night. Six bricks wasn't much of a burn, but it was the best we could do for such a close friend.

All Sukie had to say in the taxi back to Cambridge was, "How can those bastards arrest you and then decide, two days later, that they don't have enough evidence to hold you?"

"It's not easy," I said, laughing.

She laughed with me.

*This is the third and concluding installment of "Dealing."*







*Buck Brown*

*"Keep down, you fool! D'ya want the Indians to get you?"*



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