

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

12 PAGES ON THE
GIRLS OF HOLLAND

CANDID INTERVIEW
WITH DICK CAVETT

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PLAYBILL

THE LAST OF THE BIG-CITY BOSSES in America, Richard J. Daley, runs Chicago like a fiefdom. In an era in which eloquence and charisma are considered indispensable political assets, he lacks both to an almost laughable degree. Yet his counterparts, the "new politicians" such as John Lindsay of New York City and Carl Stokes of Cleveland, must sometimes feel like trading a little of their charm for a shot of Daley's power. Chicago's four-term mayor (he runs for an unprecedented fifth term next month) is seen by many as repressively reactionary, by others as an effective, tough-minded executive; but for writers, whose only access to the man consists of press conferences, where he pours out a curious blend of invective and *non sequiturs*, he is an elusive, complex, almost inscrutable figure. Mike Royko—whose personality portrait of Daley, *Hizzoner*, is expanded in *Boss—Richard J. Daley of Chicago*, to be published later this month by E. P. Dutton—began working as a reporter at about the time his subject became mayor 15 years ago. Since then, Daley has accumulated virtually unparalleled political power—he was courted by both Kennedy brothers in their Presidential bids—and Royko has become the star columnist of the *Chicago Daily News*, exposing the city's political machinery to his corrosive wit and sarcasm. Dick Cavett, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, has managed to bring to television—in the course of his down-and-up career in that middlebrow medium—a refreshing air of insouciance and intelligence. Since taking over as ABC's entry in the late-night talk-show derby, Cavett has attracted outspoken and provocative guests and given them a chance to tell his unusually loyal audience what's on their minds. In addition to featuring none of the Gabor sisters, Cavett presents such unusual and compelling personalities as Orson Welles, Norman Mailer, consumer crusader Ralph Nader and prison reformer Tom Murton, last month's *Interview* subject. Turning the tables on Cavett, former Associate Editor Harold Ramis herein interviews the interviewer at length and in depth. George Axelrod, author of such Broadway hits as *The Seven-Year Itch* and such screenplays as *How to Murder Your Wife*, contributes this month's lead fiction. *Where Am I Now When I Need Me?* is the gleeful tale of a tough-luck writer who has the good fortune to meet one of New York's most beautiful, expensive and loony call-girls. A book-length version will be published by Viking Press in May. Another familiar name in this month's fiction



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line-up is Ellery Queen. In *The Three Students*, the problem is, of course, academic and, just as naturally, solved with the flair that has made Queen (who is really Fred Dannay) one of the finest mystery writers around. The great white shark is perhaps the most mysterious and terrifying member of a species that has not evolved since its first appearance 370,000,000 years ago. Writer Peter Matthiessen and a film crew sailed off the coasts of Africa and Australia in quest of these vicious predators and, after days of fruitless searching, finally found and photographed several of the sharks. This strange and dangerous adventure is related in *Shark!*, parts of which will appear in his book *Blue Meridian: The Search for the Great White Shark*, to be published this spring by Random House. Unlike the shark, man is constantly changing in order to survive. But he'll have to do a hell of a lot better at it, according to *Polluted Man*, by Articles Editor Arthur Kretchmer. Having given up hope that the environmental crisis would be met with any kind of official action, Kretchmer decided to consider the problem from the perspective of human adaptability. An exhaustive study of anthropology texts gave him the background he needed to design a new man capable of handling smog, noise, pollution, garbage, computers and his fellow human beings. Another form of survival, in the upward-mobile world of business, is studied in Hal Higdon's rules of *Executive Chess*, a game of moves and strategies as subtle and carefully planned as those of its classical counterpart. Youthful radicalism, a topic that seems to provoke shrill analysis from almost every quarter, is considered in two unusually thoughtful essays by sociologist Richard Flacks and psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim, who disagree over *The Roots of Radicalism* but argue calmly and cogently. To see why many of today's alienated young have flocked to Holland this past year, Associate Travel Editor Reg Potterton and Staff Photographer Alexas Urba visited this liberated land and produced the evocative feature *Amsterdam . . . and the Girls of Holland*. Rounding out the issue: *The Box*, James Kahn's story about some perils of the postal service that go beyond rain, sleet and snow; *Ffolkes' Inferno*, a vision of the nether regions by the British cartoonist; *The Mini Revolution*, a test-driven appraisal of the current small-car crop by Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy; and many other fine features to make yours a memorable March.

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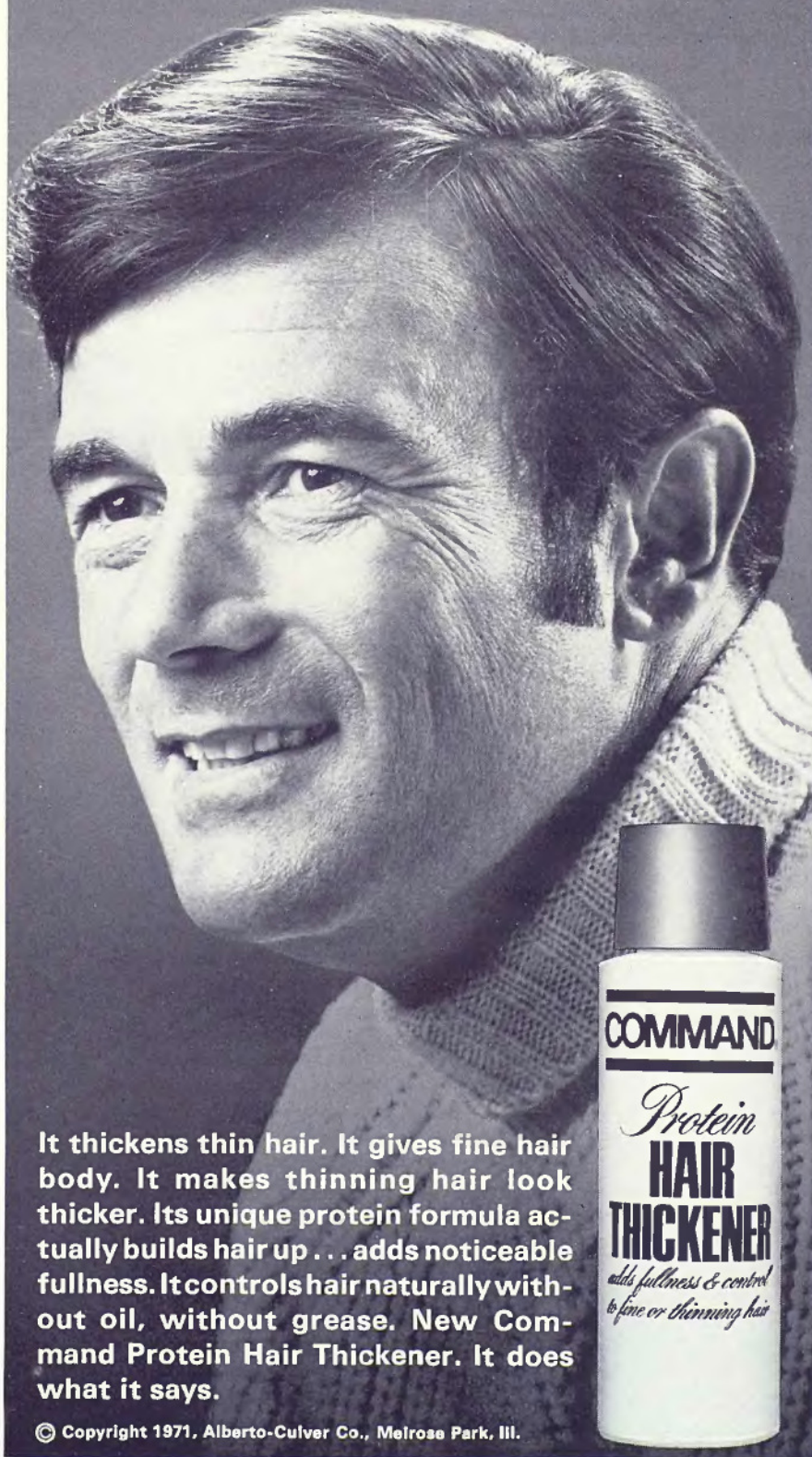
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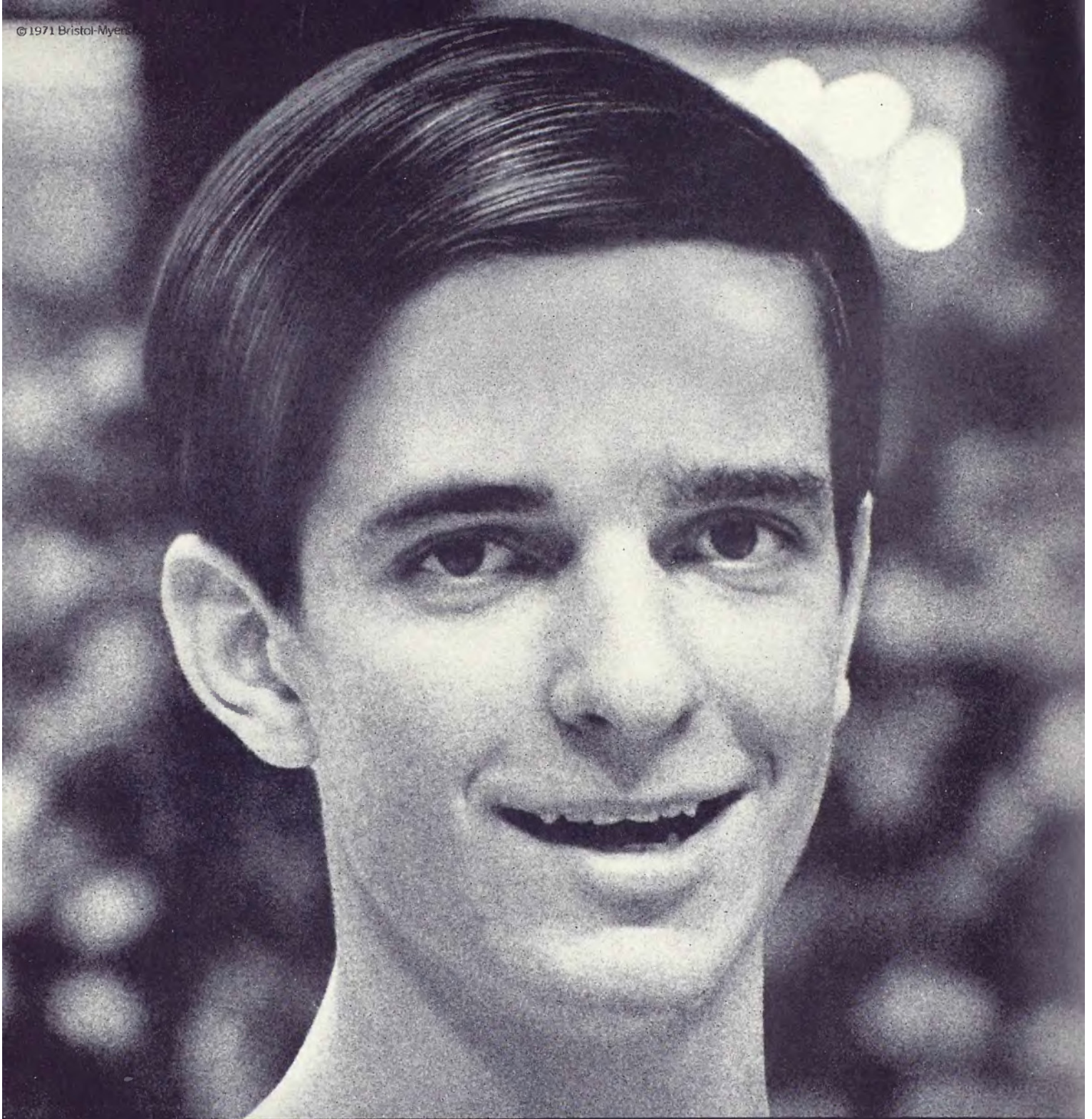
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THE UNMAKING OF A MUSCOVITE

William F. Buckley's report on Moscow, *A Million and One Nights in Soviet Russia* (PLAYBOY, December 1970), is one of the most scintillating and illuminating pieces I've ever seen on this melancholy subject, and one that reinforced my decades-long nondesire to visit Soviet Russia or any part thereof.

Reuben Maury
Chief Editorial Writer
The News
New York, New York

What is there to say except that Bill Buckley's piece was delightful to read and, indeed, a work of art—if you define a work of art as something made out of nothing by sheer observation, imagination, affectionateness and wit. In effect, the author was faced with a nonevent, a canceled occasion, since the Russian Committee had decided it was a good time to slam the door in Uncle Sam's face. In addition to having a nonevent to report, Buckley was popped by the same Committee—which failed to keep him out altogether—into a stringently maintained vacuum bottle, for it is surely obvious that the job of those Ninias and Violas and whoever's was to keep him surrounded, keep him from meeting people and exchanging real information with them and really seeing things. They'd have pumped the air out of that bottle if they could have. For him to have managed, despite all these handicaps, to tell so much and so amusing a story, so unbelievably without a taint of malice in circumstances that would most certainly have justified it, is some kind of Hemingway high of reportage, I'd say.

Sophie Wilkins
Editor
Borzoi Books
New York, New York

Bill Buckley sure used the Damascus-Buckleyan blade on the Russians. One thought occurs—that, essentially, Russian officialdom is not primarily brutal, bigoted and vicious, surely not subtle, but simply, in the dictionary sense, childish. A really smart people—say, the French or the Spaniards—would know that ridicule is the weapon that in the end will slay communism, that the muzhiks who

poke around in the trash and swill for mutilated copies of Solzhenitzyn or Iff and Petrov will eventually belly-laugh the humorless, absurd, bureaucratic caricatures to death. That is what Cervantes proved in *Don Quixote* about the Age of Chivalry—namely, that when the common folk begin to laugh, the circus is up.

Robert Moses
New York, New York

A consultant in state- and municipal-planning affairs throughout the U.S., Robert Moses will be remembered as president of the 1964-1965 New York World's Fair and consolidator of New York City's park and parkway systems.

Frank Shakespeare and Henry Loomis [director and deputy director of USIA] join me in agreeing that Buckley's observations are witty, perceptive and compassionate.

Kempton B. Jenkins
Assistant Director
United States Information
Agency
Washington, D. C.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

There are few writers today who have the "common touch," but of those who do, Richard Brautigan is far and away the best. *Little Memoirs* (PLAYBOY, December 1970) managed to be both touching and evocative without being saccharine. Those of us who were kids during World War Two and were responsible for the old tires, the mountains of wastepaper and the oceans of discarded cooking grease—all dutifully saved as part of our efforts to spit "right in *der Führer's* face"—may remember it only vaguely. But Brautigan remembers it very well, indeed; I am in his debt for the warm glow of nostalgia that I felt after reading his piece.

Simon Porter
New York, New York

Some years ago, I was drinking coffee at the I/Thou coffeehouse in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury and was introduced to a slender fellow whose mustache and oversized hat had just about an equal droop. He was a poet, our mutual friend said, but so was everybody else on the street. The poet and I shook hands

Pub Cologne



The man who
wears Pub
is half way there

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and ignored each other. It was a pleasure meeting him again in the pages of your December issue. The two pages of *Little Memoirs* were well worth the price of the entire magazine—and equal to anything that was published in *In Watermelon Sugar* or *Trout Fishing in America*. *Halloween in Denver* struck me particularly as vintage Brautigan—slim, taut prose, as beautiful in its way as the Golden Gate Bridge and practically as tough.

Richard O'Farrell
Los Angeles, California

For an economy of words, Richard Brautigan is just about the best going—the man writes prose haiku. *Corporal* was a nice bit of nostalgia, *The Literary Life in California/1964* was a humorous piece with a surprising—in a literary sense—twist ending, but *Halloween in Denver* was pure diamond. Hilarious, bittersweet, charming (in the classic sense). "I looked down at her and she looked up at me and our eyes met in laughter, but it wasn't too loud, because suddenly we weren't at home. We were in Denver, holding hands at a street corner, waiting for the light to change." Writing prose may be, as somebody once expressed it, a compulsion, but writing poetry is a gift of God.

Malcolm Roberts
Detroit, Michigan

NOTES ON THE UNDERGROUND

Jacob Brackman's *The International Comix Conspiracy* (PLAYBOY, December 1970) was very timely and extremely accurate. What I liked best about Brackman's piece was that he didn't underestimate the political power and polemical influence of these artistic mind-zaps. Too many people think of these books as idiotic pornographic pop objects, which they're not. It's quite obvious that everywhere, especially in areas where political consciousness has not developed at an average rate, kids (like myself, I'm a teenager) would much rather dig on a *Zap* or a *Bijou* than on boring Marxist bullshit. These comix are as much a part of the revolution as other, more politically oriented books.

R. Wirick
Mansfield, Ohio

Brackman said that I "attributed juvenile murder, suicide and maladjustment to the overstimulation of horror comics." To claim that I ever said that is nonsense. It is erecting a straw man who is supposed to have made ridiculous statements, so that he can be knocked down. What I wrote in *Seduction of the Innocent* was entirely different. I found that the excess of violence and brutality in mass media, of which comic books are now only a minor part, can have an adverse effect on immature minds and

can be a contributing factor—no more—to different kinds of maladjustment. Various factors interact and affect impressionable minds. My conclusions are based on careful clinical studies that have been confirmed by leading behavioral scientists. As far as the new semi-underground comix are concerned, they belong to a very different area. Their very crudity and utter vulgarity will by themselves prove self-defeating in the long run.

Fredric Wertham, M. D.
New York, New York

I greatly enjoyed Jacob Brackman's article on the comics. I always felt the medium got a royal screwing from self-serving censors and kiddie protectors who took the guts out of it. Now, at long last, Bob Crumb and cohorts are reversing the process with some screwing of their own. Some of their stuff is brilliant, some of it is lousy—but all of it is free of death-dealing censorship. And, as always happens in matters of this sort, the good stuff will thrive and the bad will disappear. It is about time to give comics a chance to become an adult art form. Movies did it. Why not comics?

Al Jaffee
Mad Magazine
New York, New York

As Mad-dicts know, Jaffee is responsible for much of the well-loved nonsense that appears in those pages.

When the underground comix suffer increased circulation, they will subsequently be watered down. R. Crumb enjoys freedom in doing his thing because he is not directly stepping on any big pocketbooks. Like all artists, he is allowed to make his most truthful statement before he is discovered by the masses, or, in the vernacular of the establishment, until he becomes a "success."

Bob Montana
Meredith, New Hampshire

Montana is the creator of Archie, Jughead and crew.

With the birth of the underground comix, whole new creative vistas have opened up for cartoonists. Instead of conforming to the Comics Code, underground publishers have devised a rating system, much like the rating system used by the motion-picture industry in this country. All underground comix are X rated and clearly state "Adults only" on their covers. Now comic books again enjoy the same freedom from censorship as novels and motion pictures. People are shocked by underground comix because for the past 15 years, under the Comics Code, comix haven't been allowed to communicate with adult readers. Today's comix reflect the same moral atmosphere that is reflected in today's novels and movies. But movies and novels—unlike comics—have been allowed the freedom

to make a gradual transition from what they were in the Fifties to what they are now. Until the underground comix began publishing, comics were stifled. Comparing a pre-1953 issue of *Two Fisted Tales Comics* with *Bijou Funnies* is a lot like comparing the motion picture *Singin' in the Rain* with *Myra Breckinridge*. As co-publishers of *Bijou Funnies*, Skip Williamson and I have received a pile of letters from cartoonists who worked on comic books in the Forties and Fifties. Their joy at the advent of the underground comix seems to be unanimous.

Jay Lynch
Bijou Publishing Empire, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

Lynch's is the head behind Navd 'n Pat, an ever-popular underground-comix duo.

Brackman says, "A Comics Code Authority, controlled by the folks who publish *Archie*, pressured national distributors into dropping comics that lacked their own censor's Seal of Approval." Apparently, the equation resulted from the simplistic deduction that I am the publisher of *Archie* comics and also president of the Comics Magazine Association of America, of which the Comics Code Authority is a component.

But the C. M. A. A., from the time of its organization, in 1954, to the present day, has consisted of more than 80 percent of all publishers of comics magazines in the United States. Does it make sense that competing publishers would submit control of the contents and distribution of their publications to a single competitor?

It is equally absurd to state that the Comics Code Authority pressured national distributors into dropping comics that lacked the Code Authority's Seal of Approval. Even Brackman must know that such action would have subjected the Code Authority, the C. M. A. A. and its members to antitrust, restraint-of-trade action by the Government or by publishers who were denied distribution. The fact is that those publishers who have not joined the C. M. A. A. and have not participated in its self-regulation program have continued to obtain national distribution for their comics publications.

John L. Goldwater
President
Comics Magazine Association
of America, Inc.
New York, New York

Brackman replies: "After the Kefauver Committee hearings on the horrors of comics, Goldwater helped formulate the plan by which most comics publishers agreed to regulate themselves. He denies that the C. M. A. A. or any of its members applied 'pressure' (through magazine distributors or otherwise) against comics that violated the Code's guidelines. He would like us to believe that they simply passed into sudden public disfavor and disappeared from the newsstands. The truth is

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that screws were turned—nothing illegal, but ‘pressure.’ Goldwater was on the front lines of the battle to save American youth from all sorts of corruptions. But he wasn’t merely a disinterested moral watchman. As publisher of the inoffensive (unreal, unimaginative) Archie, he stood to gain from the curtailment of his far-out competitors (such as William Gaines, who at that time published the E. C. horror line, as well as Mad). Goldwater would like us to believe that there wasn’t anything like censorship in the comics field, but there was, and it worked. For more than ten years, it took a daring publisher to go up against the Code.”

POET AND PRIEST

I read your December 1970 Robert Graves interview with much interest. I share his liking for Queens and his dislike of free sex and of drug abuse. Those portions of his testimony seem to me sound; in other matters, he strikes me as slightly daft but seldom dull. An Englishwoman once said to me, “The trouble with Robert Graves’s religion is that there’s nobody in it.” Now it appears that some “hopeful young people” in California are conducting wildwood celebrations of the White Goddess. Graves regards such activity as a rejection of Californian values. I am afraid that it sounds all too Californian to me. It’s perfectly all right that he doesn’t think there’s been any good poetry in America since Frost and Cummings. I expect he reads little of our stuff, and why should he? Graves is one of the best poets going, and should save his time for writing. Let lesser people be “well informed.”

Richard Wilbur
Department of English
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut

A well-known poet himself, Wilbur is the author of “Loudmouse” and “Walking to Sleep.”

It has been evident for a long time to those who enjoy Graves’s work as a poet that, as critic and self-appointed sage, he had very little to offer. The poet in Graves is, for the most part, canny enough to keep a tight rein on the evidently strong impulses tempting the man to self-display; his best poems show powers of self-criticism. But the desire to shock and dazzle, to acquire a popular audience without forfeiting his cherished reputation for eccentric idiosyncrasy, has betrayed him in much of his general prose into making many merely eye-catching gestures. The more blatant the contempt he shows for evidence, logic and consistency, the more delighted he appears; he might also be emulating McLuhan.

Most of Graves’s opinions seem to be no more than good conversational gambits

to liven up a party; few of them stand up to examination. His explanation of things by racial origin—that having a German ancestor helps him to understand the Germans (though one, he is careful to imply, born before the evil forces took hold of German life)—derives from a 19th Century fiction and leaves just about everything still to explain.

Finally, it is sad to see Graves succumbing to the blandishments of discipleship: to see someone who once disclaimed any ambition to set up the White Goddess for worship—who had a saving realism about her—now looking kindly on some young people in California who have taken his book *The White Goddess* “as their Bible.”

Professor M. C. Kirkham
University of Toronto
West Hill, Ontario

Professor Kirkham edited “Poetry of Robert Graves.”

Graves seems to me to be getting away with murder, but I like him for it. His technique is to give and to take away in the same breath. He is with the past but wants to throw it away. He is on the side of youth but condemns lots of their morality. We need a little bit more of this kind of confusion and he certainly provides it in the interview. If someone like me, from that middle generation he professes to detest, were to tell the surrounding poets to get with the “whole history of the English language” and to throw in a little Latin, too, he’d be laughed at; but from Graves’s mystic fastnesses, he can say the most conservative things about literature and still have people worshipping his White Goddess in California. All power to him.

Reed Whittemore
Literary Editor
The New Republic
Washington, D. C.

SHARING A SECRET

I was most taken with Dan Blocker’s fine piece of fiction, *The Best-Kept Secret* (PLAYBOY, December 1970), because of its charm, its look at a certain long-gone America (or is it really long-gone?), its insight into people and, above all, its absolute honesty. But I sure as hell wasn’t surprised—not by any of it. My own “best-kept secret” is that Dan Blocker is every bit as much of a genius as ole Doc Woods was in the story, and maybe even more. Perhaps not as a writer, because it takes more than even one good story to be certain of that, but absolutely without qualification as an actor. I wrote the part of Hoss Cartwright with Dan Blocker in mind, having seen him do his stuff on *The Restless Gun*. No other actor in the world (and I’ve seen them all) could have done more with a part, or for

a television series, than this great, compassionate, gentle giant of a man from Texas.

David Dortort
Burbank, California

Dortort is executive producer of “Bonanza” and “The High Chaparral.”

WATCHING THE WASTELAND

I would like to make one additional point that wasn’t touched upon in my article, *The Wasteland Revisited* (PLAYBOY, December 1970).

Television is the single largest purveyor of prejudice and contempt toward women in the country. It tells women, “You’ve come a long way, baby,” and then portrays women who buy their kitchen detergents from little gremlins, who order their cleanser from knights on white horses riding through their gardens and who need a “man from Glad” to help them wrap food in plastic.

Television—in programs and commercials alike—has consistently treated women as sex objects to be manipulated, rather than as whole persons. With the urging of television, nine-year-old girls are already being sold the sex-object image—and \$2,000,000 worth of brassieres annually. When we are told that “Cigarettes are like women, the best ones are thin and rich,” we have about summed up television’s attitude.

Nicholas Johnson
Commissioner
Federal Communications Commission
Washington, D. C.

Nicholas Johnson’s article on what’s wrong with television really makes a person stop and think and think and think. The majority of people who turn the tube off should heed his call and do something constructive about removing the many biased views expressed on television. It is easy to flip off a switch, but it is difficult and bothersome to correct a social problem. Undoubtedly, we are headed toward a TV revolution; but how long will it take for people to realize that they are being brainwashed by a small group of individuals (namely, network executives)? If, as Johnson states, the majority of Americans are turning their sets off, they are still led to believe that they are a minority. Eventually, this majority must demand to have one-sidedness removed from the tube. Let’s begin right now by telling it like it is, for this is the only way we can remedy our plight.

Richard W. Hopson
St. Louis, Missouri

A tip of the antenna must go to Mr. Johnson for his fortitude in attempting to buck the strangle hold that the networks and their executives hold on the American people. As a member of the broadcast-news community, I can understand what troubles Johnson, since his



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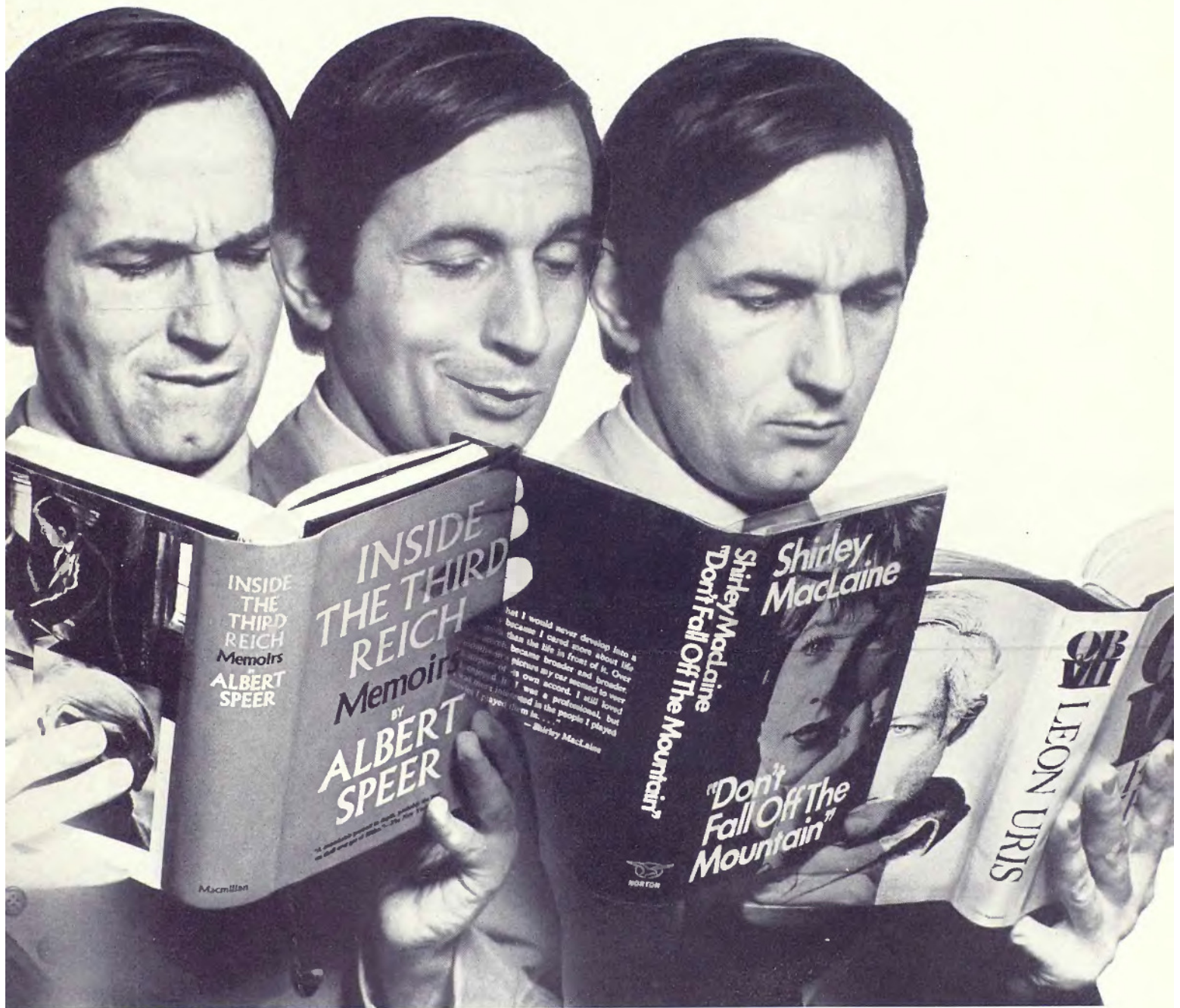
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troubles are those of myself and my colleagues. Information, as he says, is today repeated, not reported, even by those commercial stations that "quasi-investigate" stories. More and more Americans are being inundated with facts without being made more knowledgeable. Our country continues to hurtle along at a breakneck pace, without looking behind to see what it has done. The communications industry must help. Maybe Nick Johnson can become its Ralph Nader.

Robert Steinhardt
Director of Finance
New York Radio-WNYU
New York, New York

After reading Johnson's article, I have two questions: How did this man sneak into the Nixon Administration and what can we do to keep him there?

Ellen Emmert
Cooksville, Maryland

ARS GRATIA POPULI

Congratulations on your pictorial *Multiple-Choice Art* (PLAYBOY, December 1970), which included an assemble-it-yourself art construction. I could hate you for giving away the Ernest Trova piece, however. We labored for over six months to produce our lowest-priced multiple (\$5 retail) and it doesn't even have a center-fold. We do have a philosophy though: art for the sake of people. Oh, well, back to the drawing boards.

Hugh Abramson
President
International Polygonics
New York, New York

ENLIGHTENING EXPLOSION

Thank you for the Masters-Johnson article *Ten Sex Myths Exploded* (PLAYBOY, December 1970). Their calm presentation of historical evidence and medical fact should aid even those good folk still holding muddle-minded prejudices. With ten ideas under discussion, I'm sure that on at least one question or so, every reader was in need of such aid—or, perhaps, just reassurance.

Fred Buzzard
Wheaton, Maryland

I wish to make an addendum to *Ten Sex Myths Exploded* regarding sex during menstruation. Being a medical student, I have studied the works of the great Jewish physician and philosopher Moses Maimonides. In one of his works, *On Poisons and Their Antidotes*, there is a discussion of the poisonous quality of menstrual blood. It seems likely that this idea was a widespread belief in the medieval Near East. Maimonides himself did not dispel this belief, but he did comment that he lacked any personal experience regarding it and that he had included it primarily for the reader's information. Possibly, this particular belief was born in ancient times, giving comprehensibility to Frazer's

reference in *The Golden Bough* to the Talmudic idea that a woman passing between two men at the beginning of her period will kill one of them. In fact, it may be one of the main reasons behind the set of Judaic laws regarding menstruation, hence possibly explaining Maimonides' reluctance to completely dispel the idea in his writings.

Frank Greenberg
Rutgers Medical School
Piscataway, New Jersey

PRETTY PAULA

Your splendid photo layout of Paula Pritchett (*New-Model Model*, PLAYBOY, December 1970) was one of the finest and most tasteful of its kind I have seen in PLAYBOY. My special compliments to photographer J. Barry O'Rourke. The pictures you selected have the aesthetic qualities of a *Maja*—touched with soul—as well as being excellent studies of a charming and physically attractive girl. It was precisely because of Paula's grace, her completely unaffected sexuality—beautiful as anything in nature is beautiful—that I cast her in the film I directed. It is gratifying to find that PLAYBOY saw her in the same way. Had I seen your pictures before completion of the movie, I might have done certain scenes in a different way. Through no fault of yours, the title mentioned in your text is an error. *Adrift*, the film's original title, has been restored. This, I hope, will be the last bit of confusion in the melodramatic and troubled tale related to the making of the film.

Jan Kadar
New York, New York

LOVE IS FUNNY

With trepidation, I read *The Star-Crossed Romance of Josephine Cosnowski* (PLAYBOY, December 1970), Jean Shepherd's humor story about adolescent love. I was afraid that it would be another tasteless Polish "joke," which would engender on my part another chauvinistic defense of Poles and Poland. Happily, Shepherd saved me the trouble. We need more of such intellectual warmth as Jean Shepherd's, whose perspicacity has emancipated him from the stereotype of the writer who can write only in terms of stereotypes.

Bernard Pajewski
New Britain, Connecticut

QUOTE COMMENTS

Kudos for collecting some of the Nixon Gang's insightful and heart-warming remarks in *Rend Us Asunder* (PLAYBOY, December 1970). I was amazed and amused particularly with the quote from Billy Graham, the official White House theologian. Some so-called clergymen here and there have the strange notion that leading "radical" groups isn't all that outrageous. Especially when the groups are radical (firmly rooted) in the faith. The

faith has always had some heady things to say about brotherhood, and caring for the oppressed, and war, and the dignity of human life—and touchy things like that. Now Billy tells us that we who are so covetous of being called "Reverend" certainly don't get our titles from God. Wow, what a decapitating blow! Since Billy has always made it clear that, if there has ever been any confusion between him and God, it's God who's been mistaken; we so-called clergymen and our "radical" followings are now deprived of any legitimate point of reference, either human or divine. As with the other profound Nixon Gang expressions, I would guess that it was with fuel like this that another Great White Leader (albeit with a small trace of that forbidden Hair) began warming the ovens about 30 years ago.

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

Your December 1970 issue quotes me as saying, "If people demonstrated in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." Once again, I feel compelled to deny absolutely and unequivocally the accuracy of this quotation. I did not think the thought implicit in those words; and I did not use those words in public or private discussion.

The quotation first appeared in the May 1969 issue of *Atlantic*, in an article by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Drew. On April 26, 1969, the very day the Department of Justice learned of the contents of Mrs. Drew's article, the Justice Department's Public Information Office issued my urgent statement that: "I never suggested putting anyone in a detention camp . . . there has never been any consideration in the Justice Department for the establishment of detention camps for student demonstrators or any other kind of demonstrator."

The Nixon Administration has never discussed the use of detention camps for political demonstrators. The possibility is inconceivable. In fact, we have specifically and publicly asked for the repeal of the Emergency Detention Act of 1950 to allay any fears or suspicions—however unfounded they may be—that such a move is contemplated. Having said this and said it repeatedly, it is not fair, it seems to me, to permit a contrary inference about Government policy to exist merely because of a single one-sentence statement mistakenly attributed to me during the course of a private interview.

Richard G. Kleindienst
Deputy Attorney General
Washington, D. C.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We've often thought there should be a hustler's hall of fame. If there were, we'd expect to find in it most of the ace con artists Barry Rosenberg discussed in his article last April—bandits like Minnesota Fats, Bobby Riggs and Titanic Thompson. But there would have to be a corner in this museum for the little guys: the unsung, unknown masters of this or that street-corner shell game who come upon other people's money like inflation—taking it quickly and subtly, and then disappearing. Their game—and it can be anything—is always beautifully designed to weight the odds in their favor. Their talent is usually offbeat or unlikely enough that the sucker doesn't suspect until it's too late that he's taken a gentle shellacking.

A friend of ours recently shared with us a story about one of these anonymous hustlers, who we think is a candidate for honors. Not surprisingly, he didn't catch his assailant's name, but as for his cognomen, it has to be The Speller. Our friend had taken advantage of an hour's break from his morning appointments in New York to visit the Museum of Modern Art. When he was through, he hailed a cab in front of the museum for a ten-block ride through Manhattan's heavy noontime traffic. The cabby, a big man with a classic Brooklyn accent, asked, "Where to?" got his answer, pulled slowly into the line of cars on 53rd Street and then said over his shoulder, "Whadda ya do fer a livin'?"

"I'm in publishing," was the answer.

"Oh, yeah? That's great. Say, you must know how ta spell pretty good, huh?" And he looked into the rearview mirror to watch his passenger's eyes.

"My spelling is fine, nothing extraordinary, but all right," said our friend.

"Well, listen, I got a little game I like ta play with passengizz, ya know, ta passa time in traffic like this, just fer fun. What I do is, see, I give ya a woid, and if ya can spell it ya ride fer free. And if ya can't, ya pay double the meeta. OK? It's just fer fun, make da time pass, ya know?"

Our friend said no.

"Aw, come on, yer a perffessional, it's

yer business, fer chrissakes. It's just fer fun. Hell, yer fare's gonna be a buck ten or so. What's ta lose?"

"Too many nooks and corners in the English language," said our friend. "Chances are just too high that you've got a word I've never even heard. I'm not that confident."

"Jeez, buddy." The tone from the front seat was becoming one of exaggerated disgust. "I mean, it's not like you was a plumba or somethin'. Ya got education. I mean, you woik with woids. Look, I won't give ya a hard one. Come on." The cab had stopped for a red light and the driver took the opportunity to turn around for his answer.

"No, I don't like the odds," said our friend.

The driver slumped, turned back, and the cab started off again. There was a half minute's silence and then he said, "OK, awright, listen. You don't wanna play, that's yer privilege, it's OK. But I gotta passa time in this cab. Just have some fun, ya know. So I'll tell ya what, you give *me* a woid. Any woid ya want. If I can't spell it, ya ride free. If I can, ya pay *faa* times da meeta. Awright?"

"I don't know."

"Aw, come on, you kiddin'? Ya jus' got trew tellin' me how goddamn rough de odds was." The voice was angry now. "You gimme any woid ya want. Watsa matta witchoo? It's a game, a dumb game. Ya won't play it one way and ya won't play it de udda. Christ! Ya got an innerestin' job, right, but man, dis hackin'—I mean I have ta play little games like dis to keep me from goin' crazy. Unnerstan? I'm willin' ta take a chance on losin' my money just so's I don't get bored ta deat'. So's I don't beat my old lady when I get home. See what I mean?"

"All right, all right. I have a word," said our friend.

"OK," said the cabby, and our friend reports that his tone changed at that precise moment to that of a referee. "Awright," he said. "Numba one, no proppa names; numba two, no foreign woids; numba tree, in case of any beefs,

Websta's Sevint' Noo Colleg'it is de authority."

At which point he reached over, opened the glove compartment and took out a dog-eared copy of the dictionary. He set it on the seat next to him and said, "Awright, let's have it."

"Synecdoche," said our friend.

The cabby's hand instantly went up in the air, forefinger extended. "Synecdoche," he repeated, pronouncing the word perfectly (si-NEK-duh-ki). Then he strung the letters out one at a time, "S-Y-N-E-C-D-O-C-H-E."

He dropped his hand onto the wheel, eyes on the traffic, and said, "Hell, I ain't hoid dat woid in years. It's a doozy."

Our friend got out of the cab in the 400 block of Madison Avenue and handed a five-dollar bill to the driver, who tipped his cap. "See ya," he said, and drove off.

Some time ago, you may recall, a tongue-in-cheek suggestion was made that a newspaper consisting entirely of good news would enjoy a wide readership. And subsequently, it was said, Mickey (Ted) Agnew took the jape seriously, and concurred that such a publication should indeed do well. We tended then—as we do now—to agree with the Vice-President (itself newsworthy, perhaps), but we foresee one major stumbling block should such a venture ever be launched. The problem lies in the tacit assumption (which has no basis in reality whatever) that good news is the same for everybody. Well, not so; clearly not so. For example, we recently read that Doris Day, that ambulatory pickle jar of entrenched wholesomeness, had skunked the Internal Revenue Service out of \$445,000 via funny business deals over a four-year period. More recently, we read that Nixon's own hand-picked committee to investigate student dissent had come up with a report conceding that, indeed, students had a lot to dissent about—to the consternation of Government hardliners, who had been all set to make points with the Silent Majority based on what they were sure would be an anti-student

report. To us, these bits of news were bright spots on a darkening horizon of national and international events—except for a twinge of regret that the IRS has scored against anyone. But we must acknowledge that there are many people (non-PLAYBOY readers all) who would not agree with us. It's just one more bit of evidence that polarization permeates all aspects of our lives. Perhaps, in these dichotomized times, what's needed is two good-news newspapers—or, more likely, an honest, free press that reports all the news without fear or favor, so all may cheer or weep, as their inclinations move them.

The *Chicago Daily News* reports that a local man kept receiving unwanted subscription-renewal notices from a trade magazine. In desperation, he wrote DECEASED on the envelope of a final-final notice and returned it to the sender. Browsing through the magazine several weeks later, he found his name listed in its "Deceased" column.

Our Good Old Days Award goes to the 800 fellows at Cornell University who staged a panty raid on a coed dorm. "The nostalgia was unbearable," said Sergeant James Cunningham of the school's police. "The tears were practically running down my cheeks."

A Reuters news report out of Rio de Janeiro could conceivably take Salem—and every other cigarette—out of the country for good. Three top Brazilian medical specialists have found that non-smokers enjoy a more intense sex life, because cigarettes poison the nervous system and impair performance. That's the best reason we've heard yet for kicking the habit.

Sign of the Times: Dolton, Illinois' Sandridge Methodist Church recently sported a large psychedelic sign reading HIS PLACE.

Nobody has been able to prove conclusively that sex films are therapeutic, but owners of Manchester, England's Tatler Theater—which showed a nudie movie not long ago—are still looking for whoever left behind a wheelchair after a recent show.

It's a good thing that the Supreme Revolutionary Council of Somalia, Africa, abolished the tribal blood-money system before women's lib found out about it. Under the system, a venerable form of war reparation prevalent in Africa, tribes paid 100 camels to the opposition for every male warrior killed in battle. The going price for ladies bumped off along the way was only 50 camels.

Gaming-table prizes awarded! at the annual, black-tie WAIF ball—a heavy-

weight Hollywood charity benefiting overseas orphans—customarily include fur coats, automobiles, color-television sets and refrigerator-freezers donated by local merchants. *Hollywood Reporter* columnist Hank Grant undoubtedly boosted attendance by publicizing one of the more exotic prizes to be handed out at last year's ball—an all-expense-paid divorce, donated by a Beverly Hills attorney.

"Before man ever learned to blow, suck, scrape or pluck, he learned to bang." From a slang history of sex? No—just the lead sentence in a *Music Business Weekly* article on drums.

An educational-newsletter report on New York's Street Academy Program—in which concerned teachers comb ghetto neighborhoods to induce dropouts to return to school—straight-facedly stated, "Nearly 50 streetwalkers are affiliated with the program, more than half working in the public schools."

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police crime-detection lab in Edmonton, Alberta, employs a man to analyze marijuana. His name, believe it or not, is Joynt.

We don't know the hourly rates, but there's a place in Logan, Utah, called the Balling Motel.

BOOKS

The advance blurbs for James Jones's *The Merry Month of May* (Delacorte) claim that it's "about" the 1968 student/worker upheavals in France. Actually, it is about another kind of disruption: the sexual self-indulgence, and its effects, of an American family living in Paris—with the *révolution de mai* as background. Harry Gallagher is a screenwriter having an affair with a scornful black woman named Samantha-Marie, who happens to have a leech for Gallagher's virtuous wife. Gallagher's son, Hill, is a student of cinema at the Sorbonne and every few pages or so he demonstrates his radicalism by calling everything either crap or crud. When he learns about his father and Samantha-Marie, whom he also lusts after, he joins the rock throwers in the streets. Meanwhile, Gallagher's good wife decides to appoint herself surrogate mother to Samantha-Marie and the upshot of *this* is, yes, that the two end up in bed together. Following *that*, Gallagher's no-longer-virtuous wife throws herself at the narrator, the family's best friend, who tries to calm her: "Louisa, you're distraught." This narrator, Jonathan James Hartley III, purportedly the editor of a literary review, bears the burden of Jones's style: "Sex, while undeniably pleasant, and not something to

be avoided, always seemed to me something that the pursuit of cost a great deal more energy than the final results were worth." Whew. In the end, Hill, his youth ruined for unspecified reasons, retreats to a cave in Spain, clutching his *I Ching*, while Jonathan James Hartley III, a moral jellyfish like most of the characters in this novel, mutters that if only he had gone to bed with his best friend's wife long ago, when he had the chance, things might not have gone sour. *The Merry Month of May* is contrived, naïve and highly readable, and will probably make its author big bread. But those who have admired his earlier works may wish Jones would reread them before beginning his next book.

The *New York Times's* Fred Graham is the pre-eminent journalistic interpreter of the Supreme Court. His profound understanding of the High Court and its role in the American constitutional system illumines *The Self-Inflicted Wound* (Macmillan). With his lawyer's eye for the relevant, Graham uses the landmark decisions of the Sixties (*Mapp, Gideon, Escobedo, Miranda, Wade*, et al.) to take the reader behind today's law-and-order rhetoric and reveal, step by step, in layman's language, how and why the Court, under the leadership of Earl Warren, found itself compelled to take the initiative in the reformation of law-enforcement and criminal-justice procedures, what effects this judicial revolution is likely to have on our society and how political and public pressures to undo the revolution have led to the constitutional crisis now facing the Court. The paradox is the problem: At the very moment in our history when the need to reform our system of criminal justice found the Supreme Court enlightened and courageous enough to accept the task of giving real meaning to the Bill of Rights, of affirming the Constitution's promise of equality for *all* Americans, a mounting wave of violent crime, racial tensions and urban unrest led a fear-ridden public to resist the Court's leadership. If, as a result of its embroilment in political and judicial controversies, the Supreme Court should now decline to stand as the sole and final guardian of the rights of the individual against the power of the state, then we must all be prepared to answer the question that lies at the heart of Graham's book: "Who will police the police if the Supreme Court has in fact failed?"

Richard Brautigan peers out at you from jacketland, the very model of a modern midday cowboy. But behind the Buffalo Bill mustache and the glasses is a cat who knows what he's about. Three of his most popular works of fiction and poetry—*Trout Fishing in America, The Pill Versus the Spring Hill Mine Disaster* and *In Watermelon Sugar*—were



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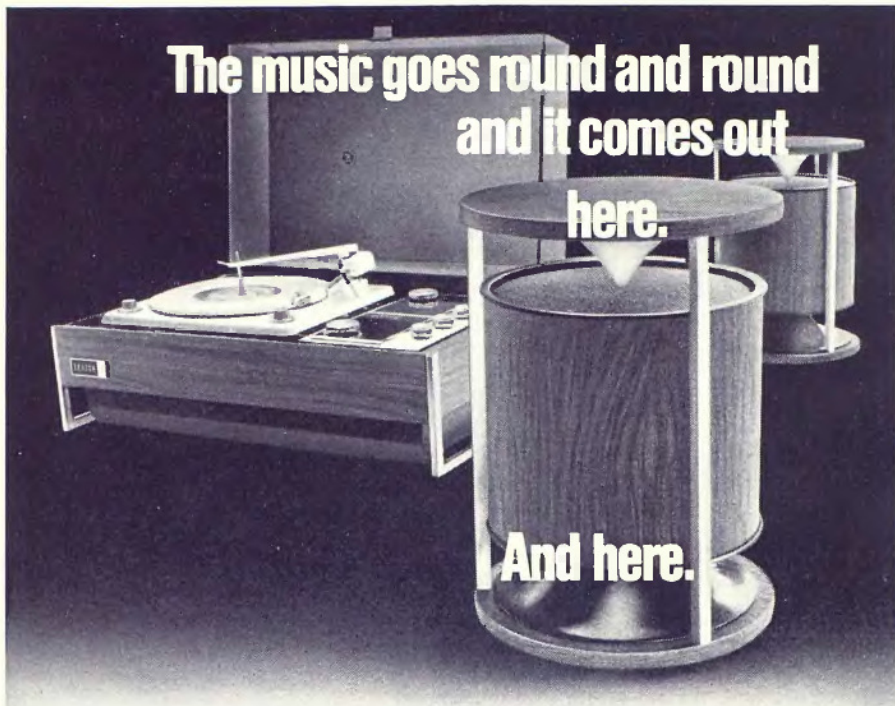
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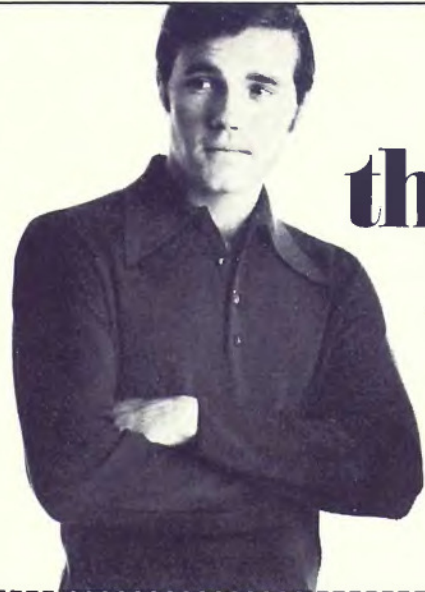
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released last year in a one-volume edition. His latest work is *The Abortion: An Historical Romance 1966* (Simon & Schuster). For years, our fiction has centered on the urban, the neurotic, the upright. Now along comes Brautigan and opens a strange little window way up in the attic. Air and sunshine flow in. *Abortion* is a lopsided fable about a man who has left the world to live in a special kind of library in San Francisco, where "the unwanted, the lyrical and haunted volumes of American writing" are brought by their authors at every hour of day and night. The titles sound like a vanity publisher's nightmare: *The Stereo and God; Leather Clothes and the History of Man; The Culinary Dostoevski*. Into this mausoleum comes Vida, a girl with a body so spectacular that it has ruined her life. People are always staring at her. She moves in with the no-name narrator, gets pregnant. They go to Tijuana for an abortion and return to find the library taken over by a tough lady. Thus are the characters thrust into the real world. Vida gets a job as a topless dancer and the narrator sits at a table across from Berkeley's Sproul Hall, collecting contributions for something called The America Forever, Etc. The passivist has become an activist. Life goes on. A sunny, funny book.

Those for whom "law and order" constitutes true Americanism ignore not only the origins of this country but also the persistent strain of dissent throughout American history. It is the contentious element in our native grain that Leon Friedman celebrates in *The Wise Minority: An Argument for Draft Resistance and Civil Disobedience* (Dial). A lawyer who has worked for the American Civil Liberties Union and is now director of the Ford Foundation-financed Studies on Disorderly Trials, Friedman focuses on "illegality as a tactic in political or economic reform movements in America." It is his conviction that "disobedience to the law can be the strongest lubricant of the democratic process. Its educative role in defining grievances and injustice in American society has been crucial in every period of our history." The book abounds in fascinating parallels between present dissent and the battles of the past: the use, for instance, of "conspiracy" statutes to break the first labor unions, and the denial to Susan B. Anthony, as later to Bobby Seale, of the right to act as her own attorney in a crucial trial. Friedman deals with such phenomena as the disobedience (not always civil) of the abolitionists, the early women's-rights groups, workers, farmers and draft resisters. Although he has obvious affection for the radical-pacifist thread in American dissent—from the Quakers, who would not serve in the Revolutionary War, to A. J. Muste and Martin Luther



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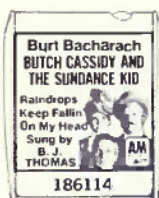
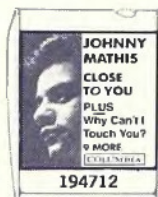
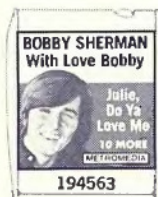
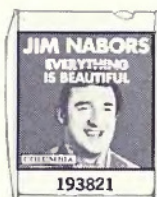
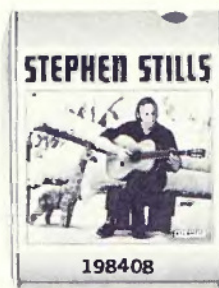
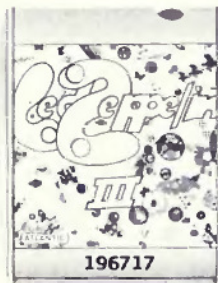
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King—Friedman does not rule out violence. "Not to challenge immoral laws, to work only by peaceful methods of democratic reform, often is not enough. Those most strongly feeling the evil of the law—the wise minority—are not prepared to wait." A weakness of his argument lies in his failure to examine fully what the alternatives to violence might have been in those instances where he justifies a few killings in the pursuit of redress for onerous grievances. Aside from a rather cavalier dismissal of the sanctity of human life, Friedman's book—whose title is drawn from Thoreau—is a stimulating reminder of how many fundamental reforms were sparked by disobedience to the law.

"For Marion, who knows who she really is . . . / And for all of us, who are trying to know who we really are." This is the dedication to *Touching* (Doubleday), Gwen Davis' first novel since her best-selling *The Pretenders*, and it suggests at once the book's sensibility and its subject. In *Touching*, Miss Davis, who combines old-fashioned romanticism with contemporary concern, turns her attention to that much-explored but ever more pervasive phenomenon: the group encounter. High in the never-never hills of California, the narrator, an unhappily married feminist journalist, and her friend Soralee—the book's real heroine—attend a nude marathon masterminded by a part charlatan, part egomaniac, part genuine *sensitif*, Dr. Simon Herford. As the marathon proceeds through progressively more intense stages, narrator Marion recalls in flashbacks her relationship with Soralee and the entangled affairs of Soralee's own life—the most striking of which are her ironic relationship with an "ideal" young husband and a lover long past youth. In Soralee, Miss Davis has attempted to create a character of mythic proportions—and she nearly succeeds. But, ultimately, she exhausts the reader by describing rather than distilling vibrancy, beauty and desirability almost too large for life—or, at least, for novels. The details of the marathon, however—with its characters as beset as they are believable, its disturbing incidents and the critical eye turned on the proceedings—have a realism and candor that make the book difficult to put down.

The last and by no means the least of the great Hollywood tycoons is Darryl F. Zanuck, virtually the only movie mogul of legendary stature to retain control of a major studio. Despite recent efforts by Broadway's David Merrick to topple Zanuck from his throne at Fox, D. Z. goes on and on, still hanging in there as the perennial wonder boy whose career dates back to Rin-Tin-Tin epics and proceeds with nary a dull moment to *Patton* and *Tora! Tora! Tora!*. How Zanuck did

it and does it is told in a crackling biography, *Don't Say Yes Until I Finish Talking* (Doubleday). In the spirit of the title, author Mel Gussow tackles the whole Zanuck saga—never hard-selling but conveying it with wit, cool insight and casually punchy prose. Zanuck doesn't conform to the stereotype of a studio chief. He isn't Jewish, like most of his colleagues were, but springs from America's white-Protestant heartland, Nebraska, where he apparently developed his own brand of *chutzpah*. During one prodigious early year as a writer in Hollywood, he turned out 19 feature-length scripts. The rest is history, or perhaps sustained hysteria, that departs from the norm because of Zanuck's remarkably varied interests. Hunting lions and elephants in Africa, polishing his French in Paris, playing championship polo in England or cutthroat croquet on his lawn with practically anyone who could bear the heat of competition are only a few of his pet diversions. He scoffs at his reputation as one of moviedom's mightiest swordsmen, though Gussow knowingly explores Zanuck's celebrated liaisons with Bella Darvi, Juliette Greco, Irina Demick and his current Genevieve Gilles. On the subject of his political bedfellows, Gussow is pithy: "He usually votes Republican and likes Presidents whoever they are." Zanuck comes through as a personable, or at least understandably human, hurricane—which helps to make *Don't Say Yes* a blue-ribbon entry in its league.

As a writer, psychoanalyst and teacher, Erik Erikson has greatly influenced psychoanalytic thought in America and other countries. Robert Coles, a former student of Erikson's at Harvard and himself a forceful writer and social analyst, has written an absorbing intellectual biography of this seminal thinker. *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work* (Boston—Little, Brown) traces the odyssey of this explorer of "history and life-history" from Europe, where he knew Freud and was analyzed by Anna Freud, to America, where he has done his most important work. In the process, much is revealed of Erikson the man as well as of his thoughts and teaching. Through Erikson's work with Sioux Indians, blacks, students, diverse adolescents—as well as with such figures as Gandhi—there emerges his basic contribution: "It can be said that through his writings on the subject of 'identity' he accomplished the single most important shift in direction that psychoanalysis required if it was to become at all useful for other disciplines." Erikson focuses on the growth, through the various cycles of each individual's life, of an "ego identity . . . an accrued confidence that starts from the very first moment of life but in the second or third decades reaches a point

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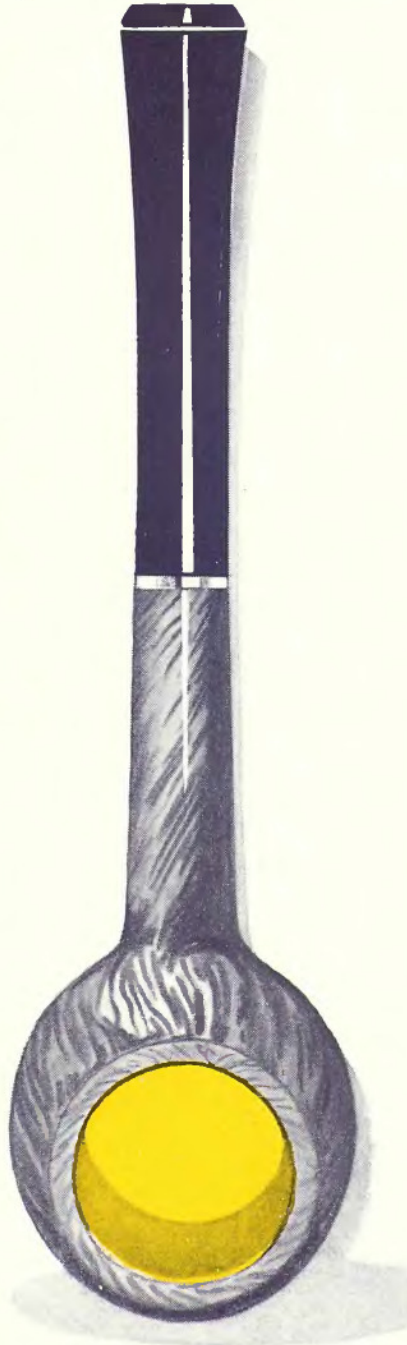
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of decisive substance, or indeed fails to do so." His investigation of this struggle for identity, and its interaction with societal forces throughout a man's life, has had ramifications in political science, sociology, anthropology, history and ethics. By placing this motif in the perspective of both Erikson's development and the intellectual currents of his time, Coles has provided much additional information about the social and cultural history of the past half century in America, Europe and India. It is a remarkable achievement that should not only send the reader to such of Erikson's books as *Childhood and Society* and *Gandhi's Truth* but also back to Freud and then to more of Coles's own work.

The author or compilers of *Genesis* gave less than a chapter to the story of Abraham's feelings as he prepared to sacrifice Isaac. Kierkegaard wrote a book on it and now, in *Farragan's Retreat* (Viking), Tom McHale has written a comic melodrama about it in the Philadelphia Irish idiom. Abraham has become Arthur Farragan, a successful Irish businessman; his son is Simon, a draft-dodging hippie whom Arthur is commanded to kill by the stand-ins for a dead God—Arthur's alcoholic, 100 percent American sister, Anna, and his equally insane brother. Nothing is very real or pleasant about this second novel by the author of *Principato*, but then the same is true of the news we read, see and hear every day. It begins to be funny, and very funny indeed, when we realize that however many tongues McHale is gifted with, they are all in his cheek. The Catholicism of the Farragans is superbly superstitious, all-American, un-Christian and often hilarious. Nor do other faiths escape scot free. Says Emilio Serafina, a Mafia figure being watched by a pair of Federal agents: "Those two outside are Protestants. You can tell by their haircuts." Something ought to be said about another aspect of the story—which, to keep the Biblical parallel, might be called the Wrath of Sarah. What did Sarah do when she heard what Abraham had intended? The Bible does not admit the question, but Muriel, the mother of Simon in McHale's version, has a grand old time killing the killers and driving her Arthur to what he wanted to do all along—put a bullet in his own head, the only deliverance from evil he ever really believed in.

It used to be a commonplace among dissenters that history is a tale written by the victors. Now the victims are having their say. For example, in *No More Lies: The Myth and the Reality of American History* (Harper & Row), Richard Claxton Gregory (otherwise known as Dick) has constructed his own adversary approach to historiography. With the help of editor

James McGraw, he knocks off some favorite myths of American history—the Puritan Pilgrim, the Happy Contented Slave, the Courageous White Settler. The writing is idiomatic (some of it straight from Dick's campus monologs) and, in its mixture of autobiography, historical narrative and analysis, and contemporary analogies, *No More Lies* could well make history buffs out of the young. A more substantial addition to the revisionist artillery is the two-volume *To Serve the Devil* (Random House), by Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau with Eve Pell. Volume one is concerned with "Natives and Slaves"—Indians, blacks and *chicanos*; volume two is about "Colonials and Sojourners"—Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese and Puerto Ricans. For each segment, the authors provide an informative prolog to a fascinating set of primary-source documents. The first black document is a 1774 Petition for Freedom. Of mordant cultural-historical interest is an 1865 *New York Times* editorial fiercely opposing any further admission to this country of Chinese, with their "heathenish habits and heathenish propensities." A long list of white marauders figures in *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee: An Indian History of the American West* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). In this powerful and painful book, Dee Brown, head librarian at the University of Illinois and an expert on Western American history, has written, as he says, "a narrative of the conquest of the American West as the victims experienced it, using their own words whenever possible." Though the book reads like skillful fiction, tragically, it is not. Yellow Wolf of the Nez Percés once said: "The whites told only one side. Told it to please themselves. Told much that is not true. Only his own best deeds, only the worst deeds of the Indians, has the white man told." That balance is beginning to be righted.

Foremost, perhaps, of the many qualities and quirks of Norman Mailer is his unpredictability. That's about all you can predict about him. *Of a Fire on the Moon* (Little, Brown) began when he first wended his way into the journalistic market place. This is Mailer's extended account of the moon story, the flight of Apollo 11, originally commissioned by *Life* in a multifigure deal. Onetime engineering student Mailer attempts to explain the cosmic event in simple mechanical terms, while practicing *littérateur* Mailer attempts to explore the simple fact of the event for its cosmic metaphor. (He finally sees it as a devilishly engineered triumph of square WASPitude.) Unfortunately, for most of the way, he has little choice but to retell what most of the world saw on TV, from blast-off to splashdown. And even though the flight may have been epochal—and Mailer does provide some excellent color and



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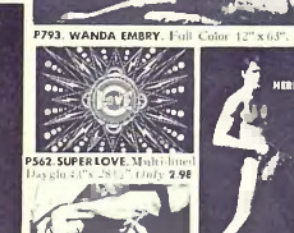
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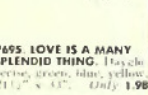
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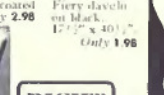
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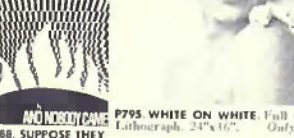
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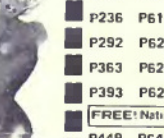
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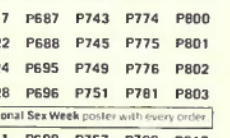
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background—reading his book is like watching the rerun of an old football game. Not even his interpolation of the crack-up of his fourth marriage succeeds in breathing life and immediacy into what must finally be written off as a rather ill-fated launch. But then Mailer, more than most, is entitled to his occasional abort.

Among the things of life that are enormously hard to believe is that P. G. Wodehouse is in his 90th year and that he has just produced his 74th book of enormously complicated flippancies. But age does not wither nor custom stale, and *The Girl in Blue* (Simon & Schuster) is as ingenious, as ingenuous and as hilarious as its 73 predecessors. In a decaying English manor house, assemble a batch of typically ill-assorted Wodehousemates: a young poet about to inherit an estate, a beautiful girl who loves him for his money, another beautiful girl who simply loves him, an American corporation lawyer and his kleptomaniacal sister, a British barrister who collects valuable miniatures, a surly butler. Romances take fire and die away, fortunes are found and lost again, and a Gainsborough miniature turns up in the damndest places. It is heartening, in a world of change, that not an iota of subtle meaning has yet evaporated from a simple Wodehouse "Ho!" or "Ah!"

DINING-DRINKING

Some of Chicago's most interesting restaurants are off the well-trod sirloin-and-baked-potato trail, and one of the best and newest of these is *Bengal Lancers* (2324 North Clark Street), less than a two-dollar taxi ride out of the hotel district. It's one flight up, in an unprepossessing brownstone that fronts on an even more unprepossessing shopping street. But you'll forget all that once you're seated in the comfortable "nondecorated" dining room and start sampling the Indian food proffered by owners Chablani, Dixit and Shulman. It is merely sensational, particularly the appetizers, which range from *samosa* (diced potatoes prepared in a blend of a score of spices and stuffed into feather-light pastry rolls) to *alu vada* (potato balls cooked with mustard seeds) to our favorite, *pakora* (deep-fried fritters made with chicken, eggplant, mushrooms or shrimp). If you consider yourself a trencherman, try the mulligatawny, too. Otherwise, leave some room for the entrees. The main courses are, you guessed it, curry dishes in varying but consistently delicious guises—chicken and nuts, meatballs (don't knock it if you haven't tried it), beef, shrimp, and a vegetarian curry that is far more exotic than you might imagine. The curries are accompanied by saffron rice with almonds, *subzi* (a vegetable

side dish), cucumber and yogurt, a superb chutney and a choice of two breads, both of which are to American breads what the Taj Mahal is to a White Tower. The dessert menu is limited but includes such delights as *gulab jamon*—an eclectic amalgam of brown sugar, saffron, honey, almonds and raisins soaked in rose water—and *kheer*, Indian rice pudding made with saffron and nuts. Appropriately, Bengal Lancers stocks a generous complement of English beers, including Watney's Red Barrel, which provide the perfect coolant for a spicy curry. There is also an assortment of wines available. You won't find one of the Lancers' most beguiling attractions on the menu. It's a sari-garbed waitress named Geraldine, who is pretty, attentive, cordial and ubiquitously efficient. Bengal Lancers is open for dinner every day except Monday from 5:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. (till 1 A.M. Friday and Saturday). Since seating is limited, reservations are advisable on the weekend (929-0500).

MOVIES

Let any reliable movie historian chart the decline and fall of the belly laugh and the awful truth emerges: The god of mirth is moribund in Hollywood. It's too bad, because Hollywood's claim to greatness rests most securely on comedy: Witness the golden age of the silents, dominated by such geniuses as Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon and Lloyd. Though excellent in their way, almost all of the best of recent comedies inspire the kind of laughter that dies in the throat. These satires, built on a bedrock of bitter social commentary—*M. A. S. H.*, *Joe*, *The Boys in the Band* and *Catch-22*—tend to be coldly black rather than sidesplittingly funny. Much less admirable but nonetheless making it are Andy Warhol movies, Robert Downey's *Pound* and mean-spirited creations such as *Myra Breckinridge* and *Where's Poppa?*, which invite audiences to leer and snigger at the creeps on display. We go to see them because today—with lamentably few exceptions—that's what passes for comedy. We pay our money, but do we have much of a choice?

Some moviemakers themselves have become nostalgic for the pure visual comedy of yesteryear. And such men as Richard Lester, Blake Edwards and Mel Brooks, in their different ways and with varying degrees of success, have been trying to revive the old spirit. Today, a broad romp such as *Start the Revolution Without Me*, done in vintage style, can easily be mistaken for a milestone if it delivers a hearty laugh once every ten minutes.

Why has so much of the fun gone out of comedy? There are pundits who insist that the reasons are psychological. Maybe they have something. The past jittery

decade has produced perhaps one not-so-light classic—*Dr. Strangelove*, a black comedy to end all comedies in the age of the bomb. Can anyone be really amused, or amusing, after all, with doomsday at hand? Whatever the reasons, today's stylish young taste makers—though hip to drugs, love and revolution—are sorely lacking in humor. Perhaps the discussion is academic, since the decline of comedy is inextricably connected with harsh economic realities. The great silent comedies cost more and took longer to make than the average dramatic films of the time, because the men who made them were not hacks but young, relatively independent artists who, if they had to, would spend days or weeks perfecting a single unforgettable gag. When the big-studio organization men took charge, they demanded finished scripts and shooting schedules. The party was nearly over and film's fruitful age of innocence began to evolve into the big business we know now. Which means that comedy has become, by and large, a package of big-box-office names cavorting on an easily exploitable topic. Everything goes into it but the key ingredients of ample time and incomparable talent.

For now, we can only call on exhibitors to bring back the clowns of yore. That moviegoers, given half a chance, can still laugh themselves silly is shown by *The Films of Buster Keaton*, a collage of ten features and 21 shorts made by Keaton between 1917 and 1927. (Many of the shorts, long presumed lost, retain title frames translated into German, Polish or whichever language they bore when film curator Raymond Rohauer found them.) Already triumphant in New York, London and Paris, the collection will tour major American cities and return to New York's Elgin Theater for five more giddy weeks this spring, creating a new generation of fans for a man who called himself a low comedian but who carried pure physical comedy to incredible heights of artistry. Keaton was only 22 when he began to write, direct and perform in these exercises in exquisitely controlled chaos and, within one frantic decade, he had carved out his niche in film history alongside the great Chaplin—or a cut above him, according to partisans who argue that Keaton's instinctive cinematic sense was superior.

As an honored guest at the Venice Film Festival in 1965, the year before he died, Keaton told reporters that he loathed large screens, frequent close-ups and most of the modern comedies on the premises. "Years ago," said Keaton, "I got shots in pictures that still send cameramen home staring into space." Keaton's boast is made good in *Sherlock Junior* (1924) and *Seven Chances* (1925), both filled with cinematic dreams, chases, landslides and astonishing special effects that have never been surpassed. Under

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the flattened porkpie hat that became his trademark, Keaton's beautiful, imperturbable face reflects childlike innocence and stubborn confidence as he plunges into surreal fantasies of persecution—in which man, machines and the elements are all massed against him. Everything was too much for him, but he could never admit defeat, and his greatest comedies (*The Navigator*, *The General* or take your pick) are epics of insane perseverance.

The important difference between Keaton and Chaplin, which may partly explain Buster's appeal to modern audiences, is that Keaton played all his characters cool, never striking a note of sentimentality in the manner of Chaplin's tramp. Buster, who languished through his latter years inventing comic business for Red Skelton and Abbott and Costello, or playing bit parts in beach epics, just happens to have been one of the funniest men on the face of the earth. If the Keaton show comes to town—any town within reach—drive, fly, run, stow away or break in to see it. You may find out why you love movies.

The makers of *Little Big Man* (based on Thomas Berger's admirable novel) try to pack so much into the movie's rambling narrative that the viewer becomes uneasy, wondering if director Arthur Penn and scenarist Calder Willingham always know exactly what they're aiming for, however high. The strength of *Little Big Man* rests on Dustin Hoffman's feisty performance as an ancient (120-odd-year-old) frontiersman, "the sole white survivor of Custer's Last Stand," whose colorful reminiscences give the picture what shape it has. Captured by the Cheyenne as a lad, *Little Big Man* is a kind of pioneer *Candide*—a born innocent, flung back and forth between his Indian brothers and the white man's world. The film editorializes with its contrasts: The hero's dutiful copulation with his Indian bride's widowed sisters seems pure and simple when measured against his uncertain relationship with a Bible-clutching town lady (Faye Dunaway in fine form), who ends up in a whorehouse. The whites have all the worst of it in a gallery of caricatures played to the hilt by Martin Balsam—as a medicine-show scoundrel who carelessly loses an arm, a leg and an eye in his ruthless pursuit of profit—and Richard Mulligan as General Custer, a vainglorious, genocidal maniac who is almost too silly to be an effective symbol. The message is made clear, then italicized and underscored, that America might have been a far better place if left to the red men. The theme is muddled by Penn with vignettes of Indian life that are earnest but sometimes oddly condescending, especially in the case of one Cheyenne who behaves like a homosexual brave from Broadway. Hoffman alone gets

everything absolutely right, whether tangling with Wild Bill Hickok (Jeff Corey) in a breezy spoof of gun-slinging heroics or seeing his Indian family slain in the snow in a bloody, poetic massacre sequence that lifts *Little Big Man* up to shoulder level with the screen's classics.

Indian affairs are also the subject of *Flap*, formerly titled *Nobody Loves Flapping Eagle* and, before that, *Nobody Loves a Drunken Indian*, after Clair Huffaker's novel. Someone evidently decided that *Flap* would prove less offensive, but the least offense in this case might have been to keep the title and scrap the movie. As Flapping Eagle, Anthony Quinn joins Tony Bill, Victor Jory, Shelley Winters and innumerable drunken Indians, whose main purpose—when they aren't whoring or helling around the countryside in Flap's old truck—is to block the construction of a superhighway through their tribal homeland, which is already cluttered with tourist traps. Quinn performs his man-of-the-soil *shtick*, acting mostly with an extended forefinger to point up the script's pleas for social justice. Worst of all in this powwow are *Flap*'s pink-and-purple fantasies in a local cathouse, Miss Winters presiding. The Indians ought to send out a war party.

Jason Robards, opposite luscious Katharine Ross, brings tired middle age to the rejuvenating fountain of youth with altogether better results in *Fools*, filmed everywhere in photogenic San Francisco by director Tom (Will Penny) Gries. Robert Rudelson's original screenplay has almost no plot, but maintains interest through a series of quiet exploratory meetings between two strangers—a worn-out, disillusioned actor in Hollywood horror flicks and a fantastically beautiful girl. His problem is that he can't find meaning in anything; hers, that she once believed beauty was synonymous with perfection and she is striving to heal the bruises of her bad marriage to a rich, handsome young attorney (Scott Hylands). *Fools* ends with a melodramatic twist that seems tacked onto the film's subtle early scenes, deftly played by Robards in a low-pitched and spontaneous performance superior to practically everything he has done on the screen before, and given further dimension by Katharine, a girl who has mastered the art of listening. Movies are the ideal medium for such close-up studies of character, and *Fools*—despite a certain flabbiness at the core—is endowed with style and substance by Gries, one of Hollywood's consistently underestimated directors.

Lively debate is apt to be provoked by *The Confession*, based on Artur London's book about the Prague purge trials of 1952. One of three survivors among the

14 defendants, London told a harrowing tale of repression and terror in the world of people's democracy, and the gist of it is conveyed with impeccable technique and unquestionable dedication by the team that collaborated on *Z*: Greek director Costa-Gavras and adapter Jorge Semprun. Even Yves Montand is at hand again for the key role as a deputy minister of foreign affairs and devoted Communist who finds himself unjustly jailed, terrorized and convicted of espionage. Although Montand's strong performance should help to make *The Confession* another box-office bonanza, it lacks the plot surprises and the balanced array of good guys *vs.* bad guys that made *Z* such an effective thriller. Here, the focus on one man's passive resistance to sadistic guards and diabolical interrogators is narrow, repetitious and diminished in impact by all the secret-police shockers that have gone before. Politically, the movie oversimplifies history, slighting the social and political background that would indict not just a few power-hungry pro-Soviet villains but the entire system built up by Stalin's heirs. Except for a few scenes in which Simone Signoret (Mme. Montand) tries to cling to her Marxist ideals as the hero's interminably suffering wife, we never know that the purge is part of an international outbreak of paranoia that puts thousands of innocent people behind bars or drives them underground. Despite the fuzziness of Costa-Gavras' political vision, *The Confession* has its moments, and at least it opens up to movie audiences issues of conscience and intellect.

If little Goldie Hawn, *Laugh-In*'s goggle-eyed alumna, deserved the Oscar she won last year for *Cactus Flower*, she may well capture a Nobel Prize for *There's a Girl in My Soup*. Goldie has twice as much to do, and she does it with considerable aplomb in Terence Frisby's adaptation of his London and Broadway stage hit about a swinging nymphet's triumph over a randy TV-talk-show host (Peter Sellers), who is no sooner off-camera than he's on the make. All right, so Goldie is a charming kook rather than an actress—but since when has acting talent been considered a prime requisite for movie stardom? British director Roy Boulting gives Goldie the benefit of the doubt and she coolly pops an otherwise undistinguished comedy right into her pocket. As for the redoubtable Peter, he wallows in his familiar ambivalence, playing broad comedy as if he would almost prefer to be a convincing lover. Still, he gets incredible mileage from one good running gag—a compulsion to intone huskily, "My God, but you're lovely!" to every pretty face he meets, including his own.

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since the movie was adapted by scenarist Frederic Raphael (who wrote *Darling*) from the play by J. B. Priestley, which itself was based on Iris Murdoch's mordant novel. Despite the pedigree, however, the high comedy-of-manners style doesn't come off, because director Dick Clement is clearly putting on airs, letting us *feel* the effort of everyone present to simulate bland detachment toward such upper-crust diversions as infidelity, mate swapping and incest. Lee Remick, as a brittle English housewife, looks far too sensible to imagine she is helplessly in love with her psychiatrist (Richard Attenborough), only to discover in time that she actually prefers her husband's brother (Clive Revill). Of course, the husband (Ian Holm) has taken a mistress (Jennie Linden), who also fancies the brother, yet they all match up one way or another after the shrink and his freaky half sister (Claire Bloom) stop sleeping together. *Severed Head* sounds sexy in summary, but the mean temperature of the beds occupied here would be barely adequate for crossbreeding sweetheart roses.

The titular hero of *Brewster McCloud* (played with self-effacing sweetness by Bud Cort) spends his time holed up in the bowels of Houston's Astrodome, building himself a pair of wings with which to fly right out of this world. In his spare time, aided by a somewhat symbolic bird girl named Louise (Sally Kellerman), Brewster murders several of the meanest people in town and leaves bird droppings on their bodies—the mark of the sparrow. It must be clear by now that *Brewster* comes down rather hard on the black-whimsical side. Scenarist Doran William Cannon's notions of whimsy, alas, rely to a great extent on put-down gags (the film's title song is *The Star-Spangled Banner*, by the inimitable Francis Scott Key), curses and frequent references to "this bird-shit shit." Location filming in and around Houston gives little help to director Robert Altman, whose smash *M. A. S. H.* raises one's hopes too high for the earthbound humor of *Brewster McCloud*. Here, Altman's concept is hazy, his timing is off and he flails away as if the simple mechanics of screen comedy had never been invented—another case of piling actors into a fleet of cars and letting them chase around at random. Altman disguises his whole company as circus troupers for the finale, but a cast of reliable supporting clowns led by Stacy Keach, G. Wood and Margaret Hamilton (*Oz's* perennial witch) merely looks driven to desperation.

The white, wintry landscapes of *The Night Visitor* are bone-chilling and fearsome, the better to spook you with. Speaking English, possibly in deference

to Britain's Trevor Howard, who plays a crusty police inspector, three super-Swedes—Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann and Per Oscarsson—walk on the thin ice of *Visitor's* plot with utter assurance; they couldn't be better if Hitchcock or Bergman were leading the way. The man actually in command is veteran director Laslo Benedek, best remembered for *Death of a Salesman* and *The Wild One*, and no slouch when it comes to making little things loom large—a stealthy hand at a window, say, or the oddly terrifying plight of a country doctor locked in a room with a corpse, a killer and a hysterical parrot. There's no secret about the fact that Von Sydow is the murderer, and a fiendishly effective one, who somehow slips away from his cell in a fortress-prison for the criminally insane and wreaks terrible vengeance on certain persons outside. The victims are a despicable lot who earn scarcely a breath of audience sympathy as Von Sydow races through the snow in his skivvies to do them in with a necktie, a paperweight and an ax. Why and how are the questions posed. Answers come pretty fast and are mostly implausible—even faintly foolish—but spelled out with many a satisfying tingle for addicts of the gothic mode.

One thing that sets *Rio Lobo* apart from a dozen previous John Wayne Westerns is that writer George Plimpton plays a bit role as a bad guy. The good guys shoot Plimpton on sight, but not before having supplied him with material for a television special and another first-person book on the order of *Paper Lion*, which recorded his experiences with a pro-football team. Maybe you should just skip the movie and wait for George's report. *Rio Lobo's* cast performs strictly by the numbers, making silly dialog sound downright idiotic until the climactic moment when the Duke declares, "You got yur town back." The bad guys who are disposed of along the way made the mistake of peddling Union secrets to the Confederates during the Civil War, and Wayne naturally makes short work of any varmints foolish enough to besmirch our country's flag. From time to time, when no one is talking, producer-director Howard Hawks (with the help of second-unit director Yakima Canutt) slips in a trigger-tight, beautifully filmed action sequence that does credit to the maker of *Dawn Patrol*, *Scarface* and a score of comparable classics. Those, alas, were the days.

The third part of a quasi-autobiographical trilogy by writer-director François Truffaut, *Bed and Board* has a hero named Antoine Doinel, played again by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who was Truffaut's Antoine in *The 400 Blows* and *Stolen Kisses*. Coming from so accomplished a cine-

matic stylist as Truffaut, *Bed and Board* seems a one-finger exercise as it describes in straightforward fashion the life and times of the newlywedded Antoine in relation to his work, his wife (Claude Jade) and his oriental mistress (Hioko Berghauer). The most remarkable thing about the movie is that Truffaut, at this point in his career, chose to make a film so naïve and unprepossessing compared, say, with *Jules and Jim*. One expects so much more of him than a wistful Gallic fable about the marination of two young marrieds, familiarly spiced with boyish humor. The light touch is recognizable as pure Truffaut, though, when the hero, noting that his wife's breasts are mismatched, blithely christens them Laurel and Hardy.

I Love My . . . Wife is a cynical comedy that casts Elliott Gould as a philandering young surgeon. Unfortunately, an ambitious script by Robert Kaufman, directed in strictly formula style by Mel Stuart, too often settles for a wink and a leer where something of emotional substance is needed. Gould, who races from movie to movie these days with scarcely time to slip into a fresh shirt, nonetheless manages a passable caricature of the all-American boy whose masturbatory fantasies are soon destroyed by the realities of marriage, symbolized by a shopping cart full of baby food. As the young bride who almost overnight becomes a fat and flaccid *Hausfrau*, Brenda Vaccaro sportingly endures all the agonies of wifelyhood—including a final frenzied round of art classes, psychoanalysis and dieting. Nothing she does, of course, can restore the gleam to hubby's eye or deter him from seducing patients and student nurses. The marriage ends on the rocks and we leave the misguided philanderer in a cocktail lounge with an off-duty stewardess—which is evidently meant to imply a fate worse than home and hearth. Well, maybe. But the hero's crucial and not-quite-believable error is letting go of a very sexy married lady, played by model Angel Tompkins, the kind of girl for whom any medic in his right mind would rush straight home from the hospital.

What can you say about a beautiful 25-year-old girl who dies? "That she loved Mozart, Bach, the Beatles and me. . . ." So gently muses Ryan O'Neal, the hero of Erich Segal's best-selling *Love Story*. Ali MacGraw plays the beautiful young bride who succumbs to leukemia, and, well, bring the Kleenex. Director Arthur Hiller has translated Segal's precious tale into a veritable dewdrop of a movie that brings back the days when Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan were wont to find True Love just before contracting nameless fatal diseases—except that this latter-day dying swan curses like

a longshoreman. *Love Story's* poor little rich boy goes to Harvard, meets a poor little poor girl from Radcliffe and marries her Against His Family's Wishes. Which means that the kids have to live on the cheap until he can leave Harvard Law with honors and move into a luxury apartment in Manhattan. Then it happens. And she never gets to see Paris ("Screw Paris," she murmurs from her deathbed). It's a passion that lingers in one's mind for a good five minutes.

RECORDINGS

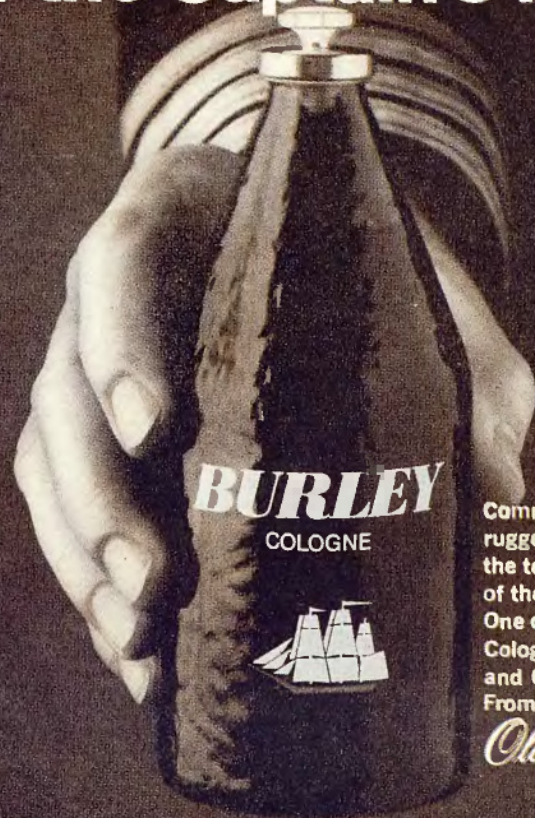
After the late Janis Joplin hit her popularity peak, she unloaded the group that had become merely her backup band. But that didn't stop Big Brother and the Holding Company. Their latest album, *Be a Brother* (Columbia), is a gas. Nick Gravenites has been added to share the lead vocals with Sam Andrew and the LP is a great studio rendering of the happy, love, energy, get-up-and-dance, live-at-the-Fillmore sound. Down at the bottom of the back cover of the album is a list of "Friends" who helped out with the recording. There, in small type, is the name Janis Joplin.

Magical Connection (Blue Thumb) has guitarist Gabor Szabo at the top of his form. He's obviously in company he digs (a grooving rhythm combo with which he has complete rapport) and the items at hand include such diverse goodies as the Bacharach-David *Close to You*, Steve Stills's *Pretty Girl Why*, John Sebastian's title item and Alex North's *Love Theme from "Spartacus."* The LP is a delight from beginning to end.

Note to everybody who got scared of the Grateful Dead a few years back: You can take your fingers out of your ears now. During their acid period, the Dead produced some deep space music that only an expanded mind could love, but lately they've come a long way back from the nether reaches—and with fine results. *American Beauty* (Warner Bros.), their most recent release, is a comfortable trip that's well worth taking. On soft, subdued cuts such as *Ripple* and *Attics of My Life*, they show a sensitive, lyrical side, like Elizabethan balladeers gone electric, and on *Operator* and *Truckin'*, it's great, cooking, move-it-on-down-the-line rock 'n' roll all the way. The Dead have been through a lot of changes, but it sounds as though they've finally come home.

Three no-nonsense pianists with indisputable credentials have LPs at hand that are really first-rate. Ramsey Lewis' *Them Changes* (Cadet) finds him playing electric piano in addition to his regular ax and teaming up with stellar

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guitarist Phil Upchurch, bassist Cleveland Eaton and drummer Morris Jennings in a recording that makes some striking musical comments on blacks and the American condition. Ramsey was never in better form or more in tune with his material. *Bobby Timmons Trio / From the Bottom* (Riverside) offers the nonpareil of funky pianists (for a delightful change of pace, he plays absorbing vibes on *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars* and *Someone to Watch Over Me*), accompanied by drummer Jimmy Cobb and bassist Sam Jones. For most of the outing, Timmons gets into the pop ballad-bossa nova bag with consummate ease. Although the LP was etched in 1964 and not released until now, it shows no sign of age. The capper is Timmons at his best and at his most familiar, setting down his classic *Moanin'* as though he was playing it for the first time. Another funk-soul eminence is Junior Mance, and his latest LP, *With a Lotta Help from My Friends* (guitarist Eric Gale, bassist Chuck Rainey and drummer Billy Cobham), on the Atlantic label, is suffused with freewheeling joy. The tunes, with the exception of David Clayton Thomas' *Spinning Wheel*, have caused no great sensations. No matter, since the performances are what this album is all about. Happy jazz—and that's a rare commodity these days.

Two rock groups that dance a curious line, weaving between underground and Top 40, have cut albums that won't disappoint—or surprise—their fans much. Three Dog Night's latest, *Three Dog Night—Naturally* (Dunhill), features the vocal-laden sound they've been selling ever since they hit with Laura Nyro's *Eli's Coming* and includes their latest hit, *One Man Band*. At the other end of the spectrum from Three Dog's pretty sound is Steppenwolf, who, you will remember, made it on the strength of John Kay's pseudo-satanic voice and his sunglasses. This group is considered tough and heavy by everyone who's never heard the Rolling Stones, and it's more of the same old nasty stuff in *Steppenwolf 7* (Dunhill). Among the meaner-than-thou titles are *Ball Crusher*, *Hippo Stomp* and *Renegade*.

Tom Rush pens some of the sweetest acoustical-type songs around, but on *Tom Rush / Wrong End of the Rainbow* (Columbia), he also takes on the work of competitors in that same gentle area—including *Sweet Baby James*, by James Taylor. All ten tracks on the album are the sort that get one to listen without being overpowering—a strong message delivered in a soft medium. Rush shares some of the writing credits with Trevor Veitch and it shouldn't be long before other artists snap up their material.

Emitt Rhodes (Dunhill) has just turned out his first album and it's practically a

one-man show: lyrics, music, vocals, instrumentation, engineering and production. The songs are movingly beautiful and that's one of the problems. Unlike Paul McCartney's solo effort—which this album resembles—there are no drivers and the "pretty" sound can begin to wear thin and dull. Our favorites among the 12 tunes are *With My Face on the Floor* and *Live Till You Die*.

Miles Davis at Fillmore (Columbia)—a two-LP package of the septet's four-night stand at New York's rock palace, Fillmore East—is the most adventurous of Miles's recordings to date. There are no titles, just the group, spearheaded by the Davis trumpet, stretching out and producing music that defies categorization—jazz, rock, Latin, avant-garde, soul—there's no point in trying to identify it. Miles knows what he's into and where he's going; it's up to his audience to keep up with him. It's certainly worth the effort.

Creedence Clearwater Revival has been taking some flak lately for continuing to grind out the same old singles sound; but on *Pendulum* (Fantasy), the boys have moved into a slightly new groove. John Fogerty, who normally plays lead guitar, has switched with success to the keyboard on seven of the ten numbers and the rest of the group gets into some new instruments as well. The result is an effort that has all the energy of past Creedence recordings but boasts a new intricacy—most noticeable on *Rude Awakening No. 2*, a two-part tune that's split by a three-minute "music concrete" symphonette.

That estimable altoist Paul Desmond has been heard little since the breakup of the Brubeck four. Now we have one of his most fruitful efforts. *Bridge Over Troubled Water* (A&M), a tribute to the song-writing skills of Paul Simon—and a magnificent tribute it is. Desmond's liquid, limpid alto roams through *The 59th Street Bridge Song*, *Mrs. Robinson*, the title ode, *Scarborough Fair* and six other dandies, supported by a splendid rhythm section that boasts Herbie Hancock and Ron Carter among its members.

At the fore of the impending God-rock movement, George Harrison has come up with a three-LP set, *All Things Must Pass* (Apple). Two of the records contain such rocking inspirational stuff as his hit single, *My Sweet Lord*—and the third, labeled *Apple Jam*, is an improvised workout that boasts such blue-ribbon sidemen as Ringo Starr, Pete Drake, Eric Clapton and Dave Mason. The jam is mainly a bonus, though. What we're really getting here is a deep-ly personal statement by Harrison—an

expression of his positive outlook on life, of his faith in the old Indian belief that music has the power to change human destiny and of his religion itself. The effort was coproduced by Phil Spector, who, for once, has abandoned his heavy-handed wall-of-sound style in favor of a lighter touch. *Hear Me Lord*, the last song, wraps up the set well and is just about where the whole trip is at. It's an old-fashioned religious confessional delivered in revival-meeting style.

The title of his new album may be *David Steinberg . . . Disguised as a Normal Person* (Elektra), but we know better. What kind of normal person talks about how he would say dirty things on *The Dating Game*, how he once found his dinner partner stirring his mashed potatoes with her fingers, how he takes umbrage with the dictionary's definition of bullshit, how the Old Testament has it all over Joe Miller's joke book as a source of some of the wittiest monologs making the rounds today? Granted. Steinberg's a great comedian. But normal? That's a laugh.

THEATER

Even if you're a stranger in New Haven, the *Yale Repertory Theater* is easy to find. Look for an old brick church at the corner of York and Chapel streets with psychedelic stripes framing its tall Gothic entranceway. The jarring juxtaposition of old and new that characterizes the Yale Rep's decor also provides a clue to the policies of artistic director Robert Brustein. A drama critic turned educator, Brustein leans heavily on classics and offbeat new works. The current season, for example, opened last fall with *Story Theater* repertory, an innovative effort that went on to become a Broadway hit. The second production was *The Revenger's Tragedy*, a seldom performed Jacobean drama by Cyril Tourneur. The critics hailed leading man Kenneth Haigh but panned the play's pseudo-Shakespearean gore. (One aisle sitter called it *Slaughterhouse Ten*; students dubbed it *Brustein's Folly*.) In January came the world premiere of *Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?*, by 31-year-old Terrence McNally, one of the hottest playwrights around. Represented in New York with half-a-dozen plays, including *And Things Go Bump in the Night*, *Sweet Eros* and *Next*, he has written his new work as a free-form comedy about a gentle anarchist who chides the establishment: "I love the world; it's what you've done to it that I can't stand." The current production at Yale (ending March 13) is an interpretation of *Macbeth* that Brustein describes as "an attempt to investigate the supernatural environment of the play in the light of our own science-fiction tradition." In

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April, Yale Rep will introduce Jerzy Kosinski's dramatization of his novel *Steps*, which won the 1969 National Book Award for fiction. Kosinski is Yale's present writer in residence, and the latest in a succession of bright young dramatists, including Sam Shepard and Megan Terry. A musical production, the American premiere of *Two by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill*, will close the season. In five years at Yale, Brustein has presented a dozen world premieres, notably Joseph Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven*, Robert Lowell's adaptation of *Prometheus Bound* and Jules Feiffer's *God Bless*. And, of course, *MacBird* took flight at Yale. Brustein's drive for professionalism has drawn criticism from students who regard a university theater as the domain of trainees. They feel that the import of big names (Sir John Gielgud, Irene Worth, Estelle Parsons, Stacy Keach, Nancy Wickwire, Mildred Dunnock) diminishes their opportunities for juicy roles. Brustein's reply to student flak: "They like to think of themselves as graduate students in a university theater, but actually they're apprentices in a professional conservatory. I came to Yale to create a well-disciplined actor who doesn't play himself over and over again. This has been the curse of the American theater."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., sci-fi seer and black-comic wizard, has become a playwright—or rather, he has written a play, *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*. While it does not always have the exactness of the best of his novels, it is very Vonnegut and very theatrical. With malice and intelligence, it attacks the cult of the killer, of Hemingway as cultural and sexual icon, and of heroes, whoever they are. The source is the *Odyssey*, with the author's modern-day Odysseus a supermanly (and impotent) hunter named Harold Ryan, played by Kevin McCarthy. Ryan has been lost for eight years in the Amazon jungles with his best friend, Looseleaf Harper, the man who dropped the bomb on Nagasaki. Suddenly, unannounced, they return to civilization to find they are outdated, unneeded, out of it. "Something big must have happened in sex while we were gone," observes the nervous Looseleaf. Something big has also happened in Ryan's household. His wife is beset by two suitors, one a vacuum-cleaner salesman who hero-worships her husband, the other a pacifist who tries to take on the hunter with words. The plot gets thicker and crazier, branching out to heaven, where Vonnegut finds a monstrous and hilarious Nazi, a little girl named Wanda June and Ryan's alcoholic ex-wife. Heaven, it seems, is a place like any other and Jesus Christ is just another guy playing shuffleboard. Vaudeville routines, verbal sallies, farce

—Vonnegut makes his own rules, and more power to him. *Wanda* may lack a certain polish, but it has class, style and wit in abundance. At the Edison, 240 West 47th Street.

The Gingerbread Lady is Neil Simon's first serious play. The odd thing is that while it has definite weaknesses as drama, it's compulsively funny. The humor is sharp, pointed, at times even mean. Unlike Simon's previous hits, *Gingerbread Lady* isn't merely situational. It's about something and someone, namely Evy Meara (Maureen Stapleton), a Judy Garland well over the rainbow, a dead-beat singer worn down by years of heavy drinking and random lovemaking. A fat, desperate creature—so fat that she would have killed herself if she could have squeezed out the window—she has gone for the cure, and now, as the play begins, returns to her cheap New York apartment ("a sublease from Mary Todd Lincoln"), thin, wan and dry. Almost immediately, she slops back into her old ways, which include two misfit friends (a homosexual flop actor and a beauty queen fighting to keep her aging face) and a heel of a young lover. She tipples sherry at Schrafft's, insults her friends, ditches her adoring daughter—and cracks into a thousand crumbs, like the gingerbread house she once gave the daughter. The downfall lacks provocation: It is her friends' problems, not her own inner ones, that send her hell-bent to self-destruction. And the final resolution is too easy. The play has second- and third-act problems. One constantly wants to know more—in fact, all about Evy. Instead, Simon showers on the wisecracks. Evy has a comeback for everything, except herself. Miss Stapleton's Evy is coarse, self-centered, wounded—with all the comic veins showing. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson are monuments to the art of acting, and to see and to hear them in David Storey's *Home* is a rare theatrical experience. Each is at the very top of his craft, with precise responses and vast reserves of sensitivity, which they can call upon at will—even in the absence of words. In *Home*, there is a great deal between the words. The play is carefully underwritten, and directed with great economy by Lindsay Anderson. Nothing is wasted. The stage is bright, and bare—except for a table and chairs, a flagpole and a railing with one joint missing. Gielgud and Richardson stride on, sit down and exchange pleasantries. The *oh-yesses* and *oh-dears* spin by, each with a specific inflection. As the characters begin to expose closely guarded memories, one begins to wonder how much to believe. Soon it is evident that this *Home* is an insane asylum, although it is never exactly clear how daft the two

old gentlemen are. All we know for sure is that they are failures and their lives are dimming. Each character plays off the other, but often each listens only to himself. Differences in tone and temperament emerge. Gielgud is gentle, mellow and given to quiet crying. Richardson's sadness does not surface so readily; he is starchier and somewhat remote. Their fine manners (perhaps a front?) are in contrast to those of two women patients, a randy old lady (Mona Washbourne) and a prissy one (Dandy Nichols). The quartet talk, walk, watch the sun set—and survive. The language is spare and lyrical. *Home* is a poem, set to actors' music. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

Among many other things, John F. Kennedy was always good theater. His admirers called that "style." Kennedy's critics argued that style was all he had, that the charm and dash of Camelot were, at best, insubstantial qualifications for the Presidency. Now, as bizarre as it sounds, *An Evening with John F. Kennedy* offers a replay of some of Kennedy's most memorable performances during his 1000 days—and it is good theater. Actor Jeremiah Collins, 31, is the one-man show in 100 minutes of chronologically arranged readings of excerpts from J. F. K.'s speeches and press conferences and he looks sufficiently like Kennedy to play the role to the hilt—and not as a caricature. His voice and accent are near perfect and his mannerisms—the hands in the pockets or jabbing at the audience, the grin when he's slipped through the arms of a tackler at a press conference—are as close to the remembered reality as a re-enactment can be. At the beginning, it's impossible to avoid the suspicion that *Evening* will be, *must* be, in bad taste. It isn't. It's neither morbid nor maudlin, and it requires an appetite for neither to find enjoyment in watching and remembering what Kennedy said and the way he said it, from his inaugural address to his last press conference, shortly before the trip to Texas. The mimicry alone, which is brilliant, wouldn't be enough to sustain or justify the resurrection but, like reading an old newspaper, *Evening* offers a unique glimpse of a piece of history as it appeared at the time, matched against its appearance now. The close of the show—which we will not reveal—is as abrupt as the end of John Kennedy's Presidency. Incredibly, even though the script is as irrevocable as history, the end comes as a horrifying surprise. Shocking the audience with a jolt of unanticipated brutality is in questionable taste, but the producers really had no choice: Any other ending would have been an inexcusable lie. At the National Press Club in Washington, D. C., on the first leg of a projected national tour.





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


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I've just returned from a performance of life's longest-running drama: "Man Finds True Love But Gets Dumped On." I could use a few suggestions on how to blot out the feelings of unrequited love, remorse and rage that hinder my return to a happy bachelor existence. In short, I need something to bridge the gap between my deep emotional involvement with a lady in my past and my uncertain faith in meeting a finer woman in the future. Someday, the chip on my shoulder will no doubt be gently removed, but what do I do until then?—A. E., St. Louis, Missouri.

It's sink—or get right back into the social swim. "Nobody loves you when you're down and out," as the song says, and if all you do is stand around and sing the blues, don't expect much help on the soprano part. The trick of keeping warm once love burns out is not to roll around in the ashes but to start a new fire with another girl. It would be even wiser to date a number of different girls.

Last fall, I sold my Harley to a friend in California and decided, for a lark, that I would deliver it in person. I made it from New York to Long Beach in just over 83 hours, which includes the six hours I crashed for some much-needed sleep. I thought this was pretty fast, but a friend insists it's nowhere near the record for cross-country on a motorcycle. How close did I come?—S. T., New York, New York.

Not very. The record is held by 24-year-old Tibor Sarossy, a naturalized American, who set it in 1968, covering the distance from New York to Los Angeles in a zippy 45 hours, 41 minutes. Sarossy drove a BMW R69S, logged 2687 miles on his odometer, made four fuel stops and averaged 58.7 mph. The only modification to his cycle was the addition of two five-gallon jeep cans to act as auxiliary fuel tanks. Sarossy made a substantial portion of the run in Texas and New Mexico during a driving rainstorm, fainted once at an inspection station on the Arizona-California border and slept for 12 hours when it was all over. When interviewed later, Sarossy casually mentioned that American speed limits were "archaic" and admitted exceeding most of them during his trip.

I am curious about the derivation of the standard symbols for male and female. Is there any connection between the latter and the Egyptian ankh?—C. I., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

There is no connection. The male symbol, ♂, represents the shield and spear of the ancient god of war, Mars.

It is also the symbol of the planet Mars. The female symbol, ♀, is a representation of a hand mirror and is associated with the goddess of beauty, Aphrodite. It is also the symbol of the planet Venus.

My girl and I are thinking of getting married soon, but we are slightly hesitant, as we are first cousins. Could you tell us if first-cousin marriages are very rare and what the dangers might be?—T. C., Albany, New York.

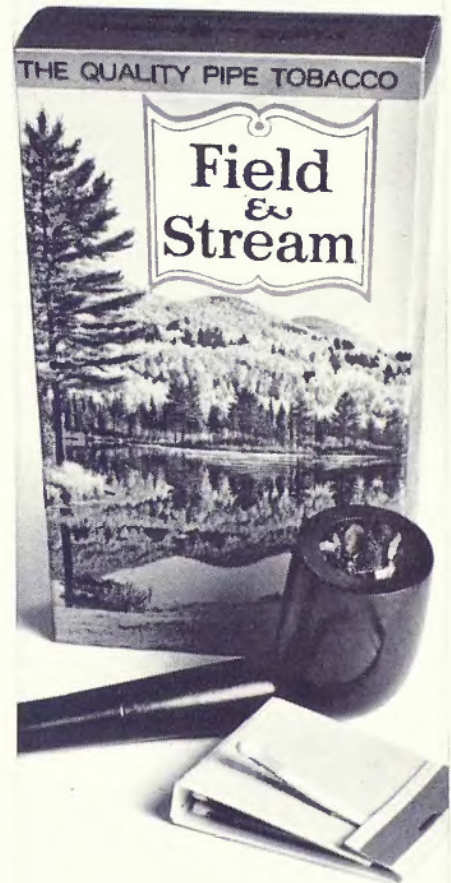
In the highly mixed and mobile United States, first-cousin marriages are extremely rare—6 out of 10,000 marriages. For Britain, however, it is 60 in 10,000; for Spain, 460; and for the Fiji Islands, 2970. The dangers are the possibility of disease and deformity showing up in the children; such gene-linked ills require a recessive gene plus another similar recessive gene. The chances of non-related people having the same recessive gene are remote; not so in first-cousin marriage, in which the husband and wife share one eighth of their genes. Among offspring of first-cousin marriages in the U. S., infant mortality during the first ten years is 8.1 percent, as opposed to 2.4 percent for the offspring of nonrelated marriages. Malformations among the children of related marriages run 16.15 percent, against 9.82 percent for nonrelated. As to marriage, the advice of an expert for the British Medical Journal bears quoting: "My own practice with first-cousin couples who plan to marry is to explain the additional risk and to tell them that, if they really want to marry, it is a very reasonable risk to take." Remember that many states prohibit first-cousin marriages—and, by all means, be sure to check with your family doctor first for any history of gene-connected diseases.

Would you tell me in which states of the Union I can legally drink alcoholic beverages if I am only 18 years of age?—F. P., Toronto, Ontario.

You can sample anything you want in Louisiana and New York. The District of Columbia, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina will allow you to drink beer and wine only. Wisconsin will limit you to beer. In Colorado, Kansas, Ohio and West Virginia, anything other than 3.2 beer is a no-no. South Dakota will permit you to drink 3.2 beer when you're 19, and Idaho allows the sipping of stronger suds at 20. In all the rest, the magic age is 21.

Now that women's lib is busily burning the things that go snap in the night, could you tell me who invented the bra

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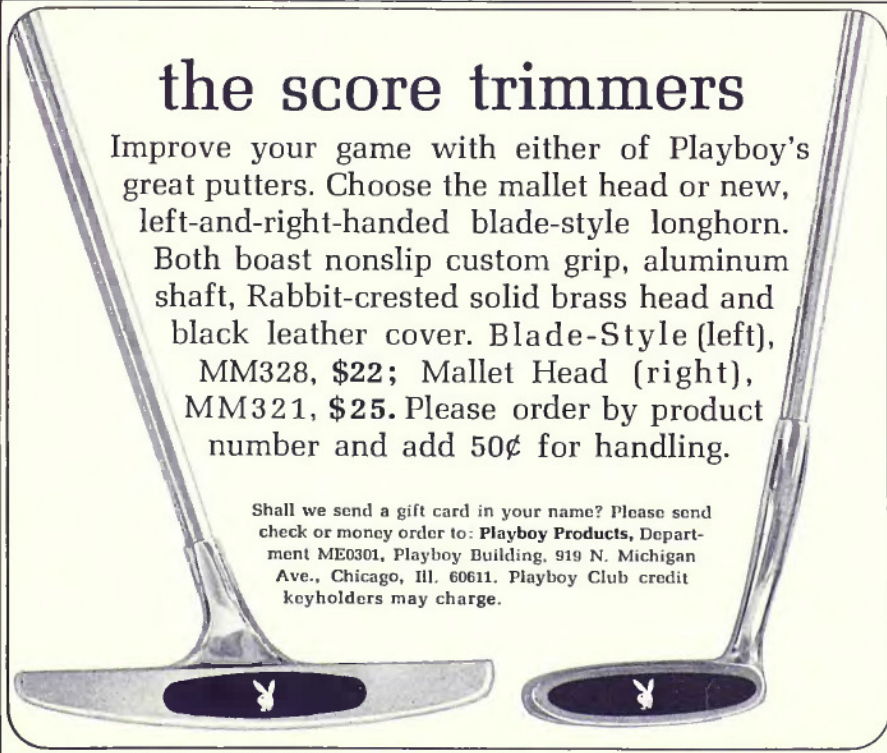
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in the first place? A friend of mine says the French did, but I maintain that Americans have always led in the science of suspension. Who's right?—E. D., Seattle, Washington.

Although there are competing claims by both French and American inventors, the credit probably goes to Mary Phelps Jacob, an enterprising lady who put together a brassiere in 1914, on this side of the Atlantic. The standard female undergarment of the period was the whalebone corset. While dressing for a dance one evening, Miss Jacob decided to shun the detested corset and fashioned a breast support from two handkerchiefs and a bit of ribbon. At first, she made them for friends, then went into business for herself, finally selling the patent to a corset company for \$15,000.

Most people who know me regard me as a nice guy. And that appears to be my problem; I'm too nice. In other words, I lack aggressiveness when I'm with members of the opposite sex. All around me are guys a lot less gifted than I am who have no difficulty at all in lighting up their scoreboards, but I generally get wrapped up in fascinating conversations while they're making it with their dates. How can I get the self-confidence to make the necessary moves and still be a gentleman?—H. C., Denver, Colorado.

A gentleman respects the wishes of the lady he's with. But there are few ladies who don't wish to be touched, when the time, place and situation are appropriate. Indeed, the girl who wishes to be treated as a valuable piece of sculpture and admired on a pedestal is rare today. An arm around the waist can be as meaningful as an hour of conversation—if desired. And, if not desired, most women know how to signify their distaste. But that's the key—rather than anticipate a negative reaction (as you do), wait until it appears. Then stop. Perhaps the Austrian poet Rainer Maria Rilke summed it up best when he wrote, "Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other." He didn't say a thing about talking the girl to death.

In a few months, I will be getting out of the Service and my folks, whom I love dearly, want me to go back to college. Unfortunately, I don't want to—I'm not academically inclined and I dislike bookwork and theoretical ideas. My parents, of course, are assuming I'll return; but, much rather than go back to school, I would like to become a logger. This is no recent ambition; since I was 14, I've been in love with logging, not hot rods or sports or rock music. I've read everything there is on the subject; I go to logging contests; I think logging. I would rather look at a loaded log truck turning the corner than watch a pretty girl cross the



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street. I consider loggers to be hard-working, rugged and independent men—among the few persons I think are really free in life. But how do I tell my folks that?—M. C., Portland, Oregon.

As you have told PLAYBOY—bearing in mind that your decision is not one that they're going to accept without argument. However, what might be more logical for all of you is to declare a moratorium on the subject for a year, while you try your hand at logging. If it's not all that you expected, you can return to college and perhaps major in an allied field, such as forestry.

A few months ago, I met a girl who now claims she is in love with me. I feel the same about her, but I also feel that I'm inferior to the man who was engaged to her for a year. While I'm sure of her love, she nevertheless keeps talking about him, remarking how completely she had given herself to him. We enjoy each other's company and have been to bed together, but I wonder if I measure up. I keep thinking what a man her former boyfriend must have been. What can I do?—C. F., Atlanta, Georgia.

Stop making your dates a threesome. Your girl's the best judge of what a powerhouse her ex-boyfriend was, not you, and if she's dating you now, then in her eyes, if not in your own, you measure up. Even if she's still carrying something of a torch for a lost love, it's obvious that she thinks highly of you. With time, her references to her ex will fade. You can help her forget by refusing to play second fiddle to a memory.

I am a college student sharing an apartment with two other guys. One of them has a stereo that is more or less community property, along with his records and those of our mutual roommate. I anticipate getting a stereo soon, but for the last few months have used the existing setup, though I am reluctant to add my own discs to the communal pile—the reason being the negligent way my roommates treat records. Music means a lot to me and I would hate to see my collection of oldies but goodies reduced to nothing but needle scratches. Am I justified in using the community setup but withholding my own records?—L. N., Los Angeles, California.

No. There are alternatives, however. You might put large stickers on all your albums that say HANDLE WITH CARE or PERISHABLE; or you could talk over the situation with your roommates, explaining how you groove on their records but would prefer not to see yours grooved; or you could wait until you get your own rig and, in the meantime, leave theirs alone. Better yet, continue with the present arrangement but, from time to time, buy a record and contribute it to the communal pile as "house property."

A while back. I read about a five-year-old girl in South America who gave birth to a son. When I repeat the story, no one believes me, and I've forgotten some of the details. Can you confirm or deny the story?—D. W., Fayetteville, North Carolina.

It is true. On May 14, 1939, a five-year-old Peruvian girl was delivered of a son weighing 5.96 pounds, thereby establishing herself as the youngest human on record to give birth. The child lived and was raised as her brother.

Every time my boyfriend takes me out to lunch or to dinner, he uses one of his credit cards to charge the meal. For once, I would appreciate it if he would pay cash—at least I'd feel less like a tax-deductible item. How do I tell him so as not to upset either his monthly payment plan or his feelings?—R. C., Houston, Texas.

What makes you think that Uncle Sam has anything to do with your boyfriend using a credit card? Most often, it's simply a convenient way to avoid carrying around a lot of cash. Enjoy the meal more and worry less about the method of payment.

Should a woman pretend to have had an orgasm even though she hasn't? I have been sleeping with a wonderful man for six months now and there are times when, through no fault of his, I just can't reach climax. I would like to be completely honest and tell him so when he asks; but I'm afraid if I do, he'll feel inadequate.—Miss O. C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

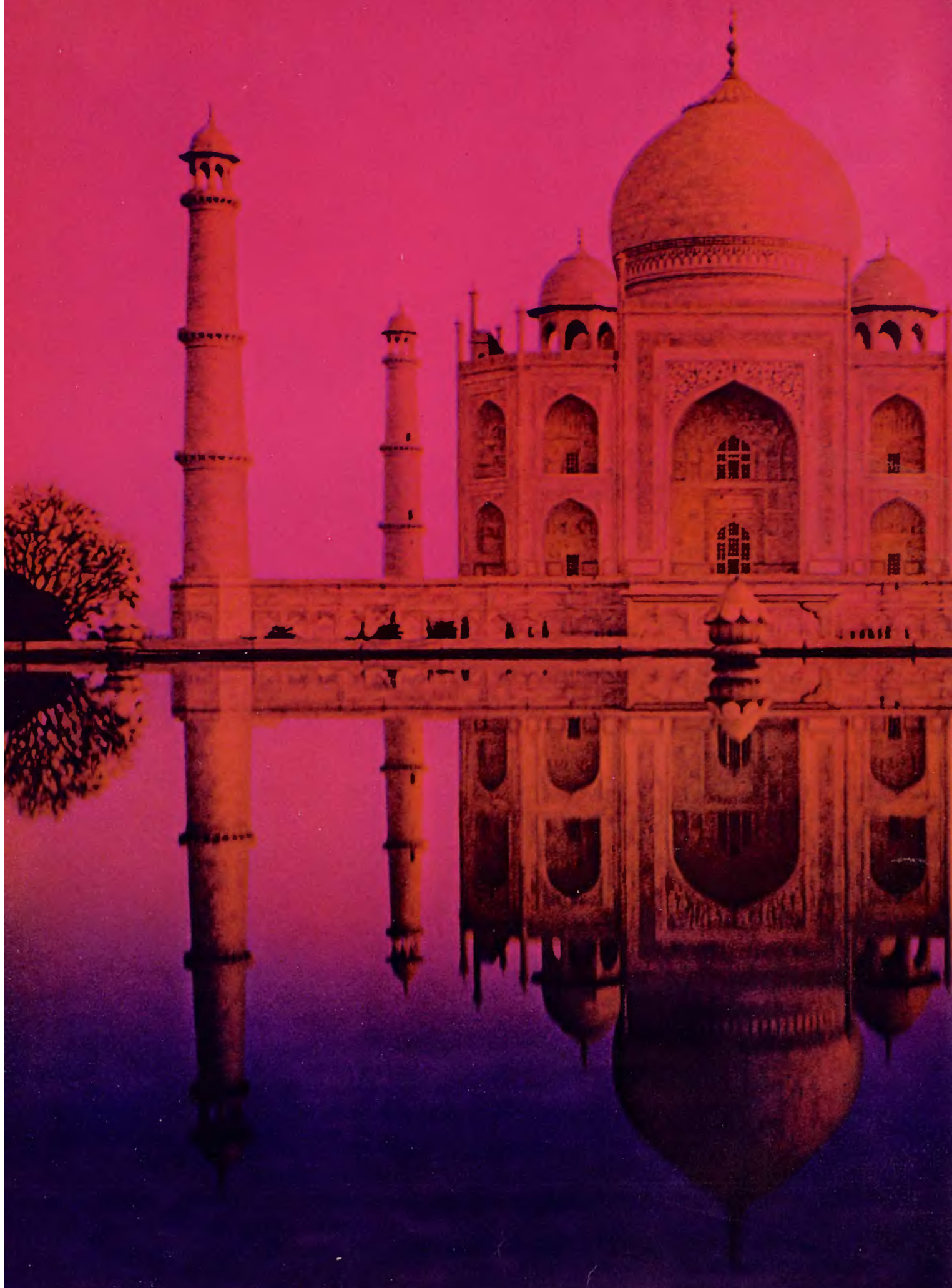
While a little lie will flatter your partner's feelings, you both ought to be aware of the facts. Fact number one is that most women do not achieve orgasm every time they have intercourse. Your boyfriend ought to learn to be able to accept that information without suffering from a bruised ego. Secondly, he should know that constantly asking you if you've climaxed—and making you think you've hurt him if you haven't—simply puts a continuing pressure on you that could make it more difficult to have an orgasm. Try to direct your bedroom communication more toward the delights of the trip and less toward your ultimate destination.

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





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on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

A NUN'S ABORTION

I am the doctor whose challenge to California's abortion law was successful in 1969, when the state supreme court declared the law under which I was convicted unconstitutional. Since my victory, I have received a good deal of hate mail, some from physicians, often from Catholics. Recently, I received a thank-you letter from a woman who had obtained a therapeutic abortion at our clinic. She expressed her feelings so beautifully that I feel her letter should be shared. She happens to be a Catholic nun:

Today feels like the resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of every man, my own coming back to life from death. Resurrection is a truth I have taught for years and have believed for years, but today I have experienced it in my body, felt it in the core of my being. Your clinic reached out its hand and touched me, and through that touch, I was healed and restored to life. . . .

My passion lasted for five days, five days of suffering, from the moment the nurse told me on Monday that I was pregnant until I woke after the operation on Friday and, at the moment of waking, knew that everything was all right. Your clinic staff was so kind to me. I was sobbing on the operating table with the tension of it all and, as the nurse began to uncover my legs, I heard the doctor say gently, "Don't touch her until she is sleeping." He was standing discreetly a little out of sight so I couldn't see him. . . .

I have taught religion and lived as a nun for 20 years and, when this moment of great need arrived, I knew no rules could force me to give up my career for the arbitrary, momentary wish of a man; and the thought of the baby having to go through orphanages and adoption homes and foster parents was just too much to bear. . . . It is rather beside the point whether the act was done in a moment of weakness or through force. The same principle applies—women need not be slaves, thanks to the freeing and healing power of your clinic.

May your work continue to reach those in need and, especially, some day may you get funds to enable you

to treat the poor. You may use any part of my letter for publication; you may say that I am a Catholic nun; but please withhold my name and place of residence.

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

THE ABORTION GAP

With all the cheering about abortion-law repeal in New York, Alaska and Hawaii, people may think the battle for unrestricted abortion is won. Well, 24 hours before writing this letter, I gave birth to a child whose father had abandoned me. My many attempts to secure an abortion had been unsuccessful due to the law in my state and my inability to make arrangements in time to travel anywhere else. I will place my child with an agency for adoption.

I had money and some idea of how to go about getting an abortion. Even so, I failed. It breaks my heart to think what must happen to women without financial resources when they get into this predicament. When will all 50 states open their eyes and close the abortion gap?

(Name withheld by request)
Des Moines, Iowa

ABORTION AND THE SERVICE

The November 1970 *Forum Newsfront* mentioned that the military now OKs abortions. I am an Air Force lieutenant, and last September, right after the Department of Defense ruling on this, my wife and I sought an abortion for her at all the military hospitals in our state, from civilian doctors and at some military hospitals out of state. We found that hospital commanders twist hospital policy to thwart this directive. The Department of Defense stated explicitly that "neither state laws nor local medical practices will be a factor in making these determinations." However, a Navy hospital in South Carolina told us, "We will not break state laws," whereas in New York, where abortion is legal, we were told, "State laws don't apply to us."

It's good old catch-22. They put a wall up every way we turned. My wife finally got an abortion in New York City and we are now trying, without much hope, to get after-the-fact reimbursement from the Government. Regardless of enlightened policy being promulgated from the top, Service people seeking abortions meet a very hostile reception.

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By the way, a telephone number published in PLAYBOY enabled us to arrange the operation. Thank you. Please don't publish our names; both of our families are violently opposed to abortion.

(Names withheld by request)
Charleston, South Carolina

ABORTION AND MEDICINE

Dr. Robert Hall, author of *The Abortion Revolution* (PLAYBOY, September 1970), once co-authored a scientific paper on the causes of fetal death before the onset of labor, expressing the hope that medical advances would "reduce the *ante partum* fetal mortality by one half." Obviously, there was a time when Dr. Hall was deeply concerned with the preservation of intra-uterine human life. Now, he demands its destruction.

Dr. Hall wrote that "A woman is ten times more likely to die from pregnancy or childbirth than from a hospital abortion." However, he withheld certain available information: During the period 1968-1969, England and Wales had 30 maternal deaths per 100,000 legal abortions. According to the *British Medical Journal*, this is "higher than the maternal mortality rate for all pregnancies in England and Wales at the comparable time." Sweden has 40 maternal deaths per 100,000 legal abortions, compared with a U.S. maternal-mortality rate of 28 per 100,000. In New York City, under the new law that permits abortion on request, there were ten deaths resulting from legal abortions when the law had been in effect less than four months, a rate of at least 40 per 100,000.

Dr. Hall claims that the procedure of legal abortion is medically very safe. Again, he withholds vital medical information, for he fails to mention those patients who will become infected or subsequently sterile; who will hemorrhage (eight percent of women obtaining abortions in Colorado needed one or more blood transfusions); who will have their uteri perforated; who will have significant fetal-maternal hemorrhage with the accompanying long-term difficulties; or who will have, as a result of the abortion, a subsequent pathologic pregnancy (premature labor, ectopic pregnancy, placenta previa, etc.). Dr. Hall also fails to mention that there is a new rubella vaccine that, with proper application, will eliminate the danger of pregnant women contracting rubella and producing deformed fetuses.

In contrast to Dr. Hall's statement, the majority of physicians and laymen is not in favor of abortion on demand. In December 1965, the National Opinion Research Center found 83 percent of adult Americans opposed to abortion on demand. The Harris Poll of June 23, 1970, indicated that overall only 40 percent of the general public was in favor of abortion on demand, while 50 percent was opposed. In this same poll, 55 percent

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

THE DRAFT AS A FEMINIST PLOT

BOSTON—Four men, indicted by a grand jury for failing to report for military induction, have challenged the constitutionality of the 1967 Selective Service Act as a discriminatory law that favors women. Among the defense arguments is the charge that "The classification of women as unfit for military service is without reason and unconstitutional" because the exemption of females increases the chances that any draft-eligible male will be inducted and sent to war.

ANXIOUS AMERICANS

A study of 6672 Americans by the U.S. Public Health Service indicates that mental-emotional stress is even more prevalent than some pessimistic observers have suspected, and does not always strike hardest at the groups popularly thought to be most susceptible. Among the survey's conclusions:

- Nearly 20,000,000 Americans have either experienced a serious emotional breakdown or feel themselves close to the edge.

- Several symptoms of stress are epidemic—nervousness, nightmares, sweating palms, headaches, dizziness, fast heartbeat, trembling hands, insomnia, fainting and inability to get started on projects. Nine out of ten women and seven out of ten men have at least one of these symptoms, and most subjects of both sexes have more than one.

- The "housewife syndrome" is even worse than psychiatrists—or women's liberationists—claim. Most housewives with children not only feel trapped but exhibit many more stress symptoms than career women.

- Single people are much less anxiety prone than the married; the companionship of marriage does not seem to compensate for its increased responsibilities and problems.

- If money doesn't bring happiness, it at least decreases anxiety. Furthermore, ignorance is not bliss, the simple rural life is not happier than city living and middle-class intellectuals are not the most neurotic people in our society. All stress symptoms were most acute among those earning less than \$2000 per year, those with the least education and those living in rural areas, especially in the South. City dwellers with advanced educations, earning more than \$10,000 per year, were the least miserable of all groups.

Public Health Service researchers have warned that these findings do not necessarily mean that the U.S. or the 20th Century is particularly neurotic. Since there has never before been a comparable

large-scale study, it is possible that any nation in any century might reveal the same torments. This just might be the normal human condition.

BETWEEN LOVE AND WAR

BALTIMORE—A Johns Hopkins University psychiatrist contends there is sound scientific basis for the slogan "Make Love, Not War." Dr. Jerome Frank, speaking at the university's symposium on violence, discussed the similarities between the sex drive and aggressiveness in human beings and speculated that greater sexual freedom would help provide "the alternate nondestructive ways for satisfying needs now met by violence."

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

LAWRENCE, KANSAS—When a newly elected justice of the peace announced himself to be a Yippie-White Panther dope pusher who had slipped into office by merely getting on the ballot, Lawrence, Kansas, faced its greatest emergency since the raid by Quantrill's guerrillas in 1863. The state attorney general stepped in quickly and ruled that a state law passed in 1968 abolished the justice-of-the-peace office in many Kansas communities, including Lawrence. This may have saved Lawrence from a hippie J.P. who threatened, among other things, to marry homosexuals and to continue selling illegal drugs, except heroin; but it also abolished numerous other J.P. offices throughout the state—and, thereby, voided hundreds of marriages performed during the past three years. Though the attorney general assured these couples that they were still legally wed under common law, Lawrence's ousted J.P.-elect generously promised to challenge the attorney general's ruling for the sake of justice and "a lot of bastard children running around."

ALPINE COUNTY REVISITED

MARKLEEVILLE, CALIFORNIA—The Gay Liberation Front has modified its plans to take over Alpine County (*Forum Newsfront*, February). No longer do the gay liberators intend to take complete political control of the sparsely populated county through special elections; instead, they hope to establish a five-man governing board composed of two homosexuals, one Indian, one pioneer and one skier—a coalition they feel will represent a cross section of the local population. "It will be more democratic that way," said a spokesman for the G.L.F.'s Alpine County Penetration Committee. Meanwhile, in San Francisco, the Sexual Freedom League has called on liberated

heterosexuals to integrate the proposed colony. According to reports from Markleville, the county seat, Alpine County residents remain unenthusiastic at the prospect of any sexually liberated migration, gay, straight or any combination thereof, and local real-estate dealers have been returning property-purchase deposits to persons they believe to be homosexual.

TAMING BOISE

BOISE, IDAHO—In a sweeping attack on licentious behavior, the Boise city council has outlawed fornication, cohabitation, promiscuity, loitering, nighttime wandering, language that is abusive or obscene and "anything that shall be offensive to the senses or threatens the peace and dignity of the city." The new ordinances, aimed primarily at prostitution, were passed over strong objections by several city-council members that the laws invite "selective enforcement" against any individual or group that might offend the sensitivities of a policeman.

POSTAL PATERNALISM

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Despite the recommendations of the Federal pornography commission and increasingly liberal court rulings, Congress has authorized the U. S. Postal Service to escalate its war on erotica. A provision of the Postal Reorganization Act of 1970 now permits an individual to notify the Postal Service that he wishes to receive no explicitly sexual advertisements whatsoever. Postal authorities are implementing the new law with zeal and computers. Once a month, the Postal Service will publish an updated name-and-address list that must be purchased by any direct-mail advertiser who, by his own determination, sends out sex-oriented ads. Soliciting anyone on the list renders an advertiser liable to five years in jail and a \$5000 fine. Moreover, any mailings that do go out must carry the printed warning, SEXUALLY ORIENTED AD.

IN GOD WE TRUST (OR ELSE)

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—A New Jersey judge, citing the state constitution, has ruled that a 1½-year-old girl would be "deprived of the inestimable privilege of worshiping Almighty God in a manner agreeable to the dictates of [her] conscience" if reared by nonbelievers, and has ordered that she be taken from the only parents she has known. Refusing to formalize the adoption of the child, Judge William J. Camarata held that the foster parents, despite their "high ethical and moral standards," their standing in the community and the fact that they already have one adopted child, were not qualified to adopt the baby girl because they profess no belief in a Supreme Being. The American Civil Liberties Union immediately supported the couple in filing an appeal—as did

the adoption agency, which said the effect of the judge's action on the child would be "injurious in the extreme."

ACADEMIC UNFREEDOM

Academic freedom, according to five Iowa coaches, embraces the right to forbid student athletes to wear long hair and beards. At Coe College in Cedar Rapids, the student senate charged the school's athletic department with discriminating against hirsute students by keeping them off varsity teams. In apparent agreement, the college president asked the department to "re-evaluate and modify" its policy, taking "due account of the changes all around us." Calling this an infringement on academic freedom, the entire coaching staff resigned.

THE SYMBOL OF FREEDOM

Symbolism is a primitive but effective way of communicating ideas. The use of an emblem or flag to symbolize some system, idea, institution or personality is a short cut from mind to mind. . . . Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard. It seems trite but necessary to say that the First Amendment to our Constitution was designed to avoid these ends by avoiding these beginnings.

—U.S. Supreme Court

West Virginia State Board of Education vs. Barnette, 1943

CHICAGO—The Illinois division of the American Civil Liberties Union will challenge the constitutionality of the state's flag-desecration law. Citing an increase in arrests under this law, Dr. Franklyn S. Haiman, chairman of the state A. C. L. U., said, "Ordinarily, our society defines as criminal only those acts that involve injury to persons or property. The flag-desecration laws that make it illegal, as does the Illinois law of 1970, to 'mutilate, deface or defy' the flag, or to attach it to 'any article of merchandise,' are one of the few exceptions to this general principle, and make punishable by a fine or jail sentence what are essentially acts of communication."

Haiman mentioned several cases that prompted the A. C. L. U. to battle the flag statute. They included a Volkswagen painted in red, white and blue stars and stripes and a decal with a peace symbol superimposed on the Stars and Stripes.

Shortly after Haiman's announcement, Chicago police arrested a wholesaler for selling flag-decorated cocktail coasters and two shopkeepers for selling cigarette papers imprinted with a flag design.

In New York, a special three-judge Federal court overthrew a similar state law as an infringement on the right of free speech.

of women and 57 percent of black men and women were opposed. In June 1970, R.N. magazine found 77 percent of registered nurses to be opposed to abortion on demand. In Minnesota in 1967, 95.7 percent of obstetrician-gynecologists and 89.6 percent of psychiatrists were opposed to abortion on demand. Finally, the study by the Royal College of Obstetrician-Gynecologists in the *British Medical Journal* revealed that 92 percent of physicians questioned were opposed to abortion on demand and 58 percent wanted the present British law amended to restrict certain categories.

Dr. Hall states that distinguishing the truly desperate woman, overburdened by an urgent psychiatric problem, from the merely inconvenienced woman facing an everyday dilemma is "unimportant and what's more . . . none of my business." Needless to say, the recognition of "an urgent psychiatric problem" is important! The responsible physician considers this his business regardless of the difficulties it may present.

It must be said at this point that human life does exist *in utero*, and there are few men who can appreciate this better than Dr. Hall (though he now may be hesitant to admit it). The respect for this life and its continuum is a basic desire of all men, however repressed, and a basic need of society.

It is imperative that we stimulate our communities to provide education, prenatal and postnatal care for unwed mothers. We must encourage parents to be persistent in their efforts to teach their children the beauty and responsibility of marriage, real love and family life. We must develop a more human attitude toward the care and adoption of children born out of wedlock. We must promote the care of the physically handicapped and the mentally retarded. We must urge the enlargement of counseling services and the guarantees of health care.

Our inaction to date is inexcusable, but solutions to these problems are within our grasp. They will not, however, be implemented if society turns to expedience as its doctrine. These problems will be solved only by that society that chooses to tolerate, to understand, to persevere, to be patient and to love.

Thomas W. Hilgers, M. D.
Rochester, Minnesota

Dr. Hall replies:

How sophistical it is to suggest that my advocacy of voluntary abortion is inconsistent with my hope for fewer spontaneous fetal deaths. Surely it's obvious that in the latter instance, the pregnancies are wanted.

How misleading it is to judge the danger of induced abortion by use of selected data from other countries. The exceptionally high mortality rate from abortions in Sweden, for example, is universally attributed to the prevalence

there of later, more dangerous abortion.

How specious it is for Dr. Hilgers to claim that I have withheld vital medical information—when he selectively cites surveys that show opposition to abortion on demand and ignores another Harris Poll that showed 64 percent of the public in favor; a Modern Medicine poll that showed 63 percent of physicians in favor; and the November 3, 1970, referendum in Washington state that legalized abortion there by popular vote.

How intolerant it is to imply that I lack respect for life in general because I value the actual humanity of a woman more than the potential humanity of a fetus. While I would defend Dr. Hilgers' right to his point of view, at the same time I would ask him to respect my right to a different view.

I, too, believe in understanding and love. Indeed, this is precisely why I favor voluntary abortion, for the judicious interruption of unwanted pregnancies will help to assure that every child will be loved and understood.

BREEDERS AND SWINGERS

A letter published in the November 1970 *Playboy Forum* states: "A few people are well suited by temperament and talent to the raising of children, and they should be the ones to do it," and "The rest of us should be having sex merely for fun, while making our contributions to society through our work." The person who wrote this letter may not have noticed it but that's exactly the way an ant colony or a beehive is organized—with a single female and several males doing all the breeding, while the rest of the population is sterile and does all the work.

It worries me to think that anyone imagines human beings should organize their lives in such a simple fashion. People go through different stages in life: At one stage, they may wish to be career oriented and engage in sex just for fun. At a later stage, it may be necessary—for complete psychological fulfillment—for people to become parents. The breeder/swinger dichotomy may suit insects, but it won't work for humans.

Charles Woods
New York, New York

HAPPILY MARRIED SWAPPERS

Many people declare that mate swapping is a symptom of a poor marital relationship; however, such people usually lack firsthand knowledge. My husband and I are happily married, enjoy sex together very much and also take pleasure in the company and sexuality of some of our friends. To say that you like a person of the opposite sex but to suppress sex attraction where it exists is to impoverish your life. If a husband and wife understand and accept each other fully, there is no reason why they

shouldn't enjoy sex with others when they want to—and there are plenty of reasons why they should.

(Name withheld by request)
Kansas City, Missouri

SEX FOR FUN

Even in this supposedly enlightened day and age, countless writers and lecturers reiterate the notion that sex without love is no good. It's naïve to think that love has to be involved every time two people go to bed; for a marriage or a long-term relationship, love is indispensable, but why shouldn't people who are physically attracted to each other enjoy sexual intercourse just for the fun of it? Unfortunately, this doesn't happen as often as it should, because often one or both partners have this hang-up about sex out of wedlock being immoral without deep emotional involvement and they feel guilty if they indulge. The lack of simplicity among people is discouraging.

David W. Reed
Buford, Georgia

SWEATY SHEETS

In a column titled "Worry Clinic," in the *Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*, the author, an M. D., undertakes to answer the query of an "anxious mother":

Clara tells me she and her husband sleep in the nude! That might be all right for toddlers, but why would adult people act so juvenile? Any experienced housewife knows that the sheets thus get sweaty and soiled much quicker, so the laundry bills just run higher. Is this nude sleeping just another evidence of the younger generation's striking back at the so-called establishment?

The learned author confirms the mother's worst suspicions and fears. Analyzing the "hidden causative factors" of nude sleeping, he declares that it is, indeed, an attack on the establishment in the form of mothers who made people wear clothes as children and adds irrelevantly, "Unduly repressed kiddies may then transfer a lot of anti-adult hostility into breaking rules and attacking the police, as well as our capitalistic system." People have the notion that nudity is healthy, says the doctor, but it isn't. He warns of "bugs, mosquitoes and scratches from briars" (in *bed?*). "Many young couples get the erroneous idea that nudism helps fan their eroticism," says the doctor. But he has a better idea about what's sexy:

Which do you think is most erotically exciting to a virile male? . . . It is the wife in the flimsy or diaphanous nightie! For men combine a desire for conquest with their basic erotic hunger. And this is increased by feminine fetishes, such as a lacy nightie, plus the challenge to

disrobe the partially clad female figure.

Dropping this racy line of thought, the good doctor switches to a more practical note for his finale—the very note sounded by the "anxious mother":

Young wives with little house-keeping experience also fail to realize that nude sleeping produces sweaty, oily sheets that zoom the laundromat bills. For pajamas and nighties absorb these odorous exudates and thus protect the sheets longer.

So, it turns out, sleeping in the nude is bad politics, bad for the health, bad for your sex life and tough on your pocketbook. I laughed all the way to the laundromat.

Kip Leight
Colorado Springs, Colorado

SEX IN PUBLIC

The increasing acceptance of nudity and sexuality, both in the media and in public places, runs counter to thousands of years of the development of civilization. Man got along happily as part of nature—probably not wearing clothes and probably copulating in front of his fellows—for about 4,000,000 years. About 13,000 years ago, civilization began to appear with the organized practice of agriculture and, according to Freud, every advance in civilization has required some repression of sexuality, in order to channel energy into work. In the *Book of Genesis*, Adam and Eve acquire the knowledge of good and evil, become ashamed of their nakedness and cover themselves and are condemned to a lifetime of agricultural labor. Man the food gatherer lived mostly by instinct, but man the agriculturalist had to formulate rules for living in a settled community—the knowledge of good and evil. The medieval Christians were more repressed than the Greeks and Romans, and the Victorian era was the most repressed time of all.

But a countertrend began during the Renaissance and has reached an unprecedented peak today: the rediscovery of the body. The nudity and sexuality first portrayed by Renaissance artists for aristocratic patrons is now, through the mass media, available to all. Technological progress promises a release from labor, once again making energy available for sex. At the same time, the repressive tendencies in civilization have grown powerful and malignant enough to threaten the human race with extinction. The culture that the disciplining of instincts made possible has certainly been a mixed blessing. The reappearance of unrestricted sexuality holds out the promise that human society is about to transcend the

4 1/2 *

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John King
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY AS SEX EDUCATION

If doctors and ministers would hand out copies of PLAYBOY along with a marriage manual, I think newlyweds would have a better chance of starting off on the right foot. I was married at the age of 16 and for years I didn't know that there was such a thing as a female orgasm (nor did I experience one). I figured something was wrong with me, since no one I knew complained about not enjoying lovemaking. There was simply no one in this small, strait-laced community to whom I could talk comfortably. Had I known more about the fundamentals of sex, I wouldn't have let eight years of married life slip by without trying to improve my sex life.

About a year ago, my husband started subscribing to PLAYBOY, and I've been reading it, too. Both he and I have become aware of what we ought to be getting out of life sexually. I've also been enlightened by Playboy Press's recent books *The Sexual Revolution* and *Masters and Johnson Explained*, by PLAYBOY Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehman. After years of ignorance, I've found myself. You can bet I'm going to supplement my two daughters' educations with copies of PLAYBOY.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

FROM PABLUM TO PLAYBOY

I realized I was growing up when I started to find the shortest of *Reader's Digest* articles too long and the longest of PLAYBOY articles too short.

Clark S. Hemphill
Palo Alto, California

ANTI-CENSORSHIP PETITION

The Sexual Freedom League has long endorsed the eradication of censorship, and we are now urging acceptance of the findings of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography appointed by President Johnson and repudiated by President Nixon. The Detroit chapter of the Sexual Freedom League is circulating a petition supporting the commission's conclusions, and our ultimate goal is a nationwide drive to awaken Congressmen to the fact that thousands of their constituents do not share the Administration's sexual hang-ups.

Jim Willert
Detroit, Michigan

LOUD MINORITY

Listeners in Ontario heard one of Toronto's radio stations, CHUM, broadcast four two-hour programs dealing with sexual behavior. The moderator, Larry Solway, a man with 12 years of phone-in-show experience, opened the lines for discus-

sion. People called in to talk about everything from masturbation and oral sex to frigidity and impotence. A qualified M. D. and behavioral therapist and a woman psychologist helped to host two of the broadcasts. A fifth program would have had a phone link with Dr. David Reuben, author of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. It was canceled, to the dismay of thousands.

The station had reacted in panic after receiving severe criticism from some listeners. The moderator then resigned in protest. This may well have been one of the most enlightened series of broadcasts ever attempted on radio. It gave hundreds of people the chance to discuss sexual problems openly, brought to public attention the large number of people who have problems relating to sex and it told people how to get guidance on correcting difficulties. How sad that a noisy few could destroy something that helped so many.

Don Jackson
Toronto, Ontario

CROSS-CONTINENTAL SEX

As a man who has lived in both Europe and the United States, I read with great interest the letter in the November 1970 *Playboy Forum* from a woman who wrote about the differences between American men and European men as lovers. I heartily oppose her recommendation that single American women skip off to Europe. American women are, by and large, too impatient to accept the unhurried lovemaking of the typical European male. The result is that sex between American women and European men is often disappointing to both.

With the decline of puritanism in America, there are increasing numbers of American males who show signs of patience, wit and security and who are actually interested in women as people. These men will satisfy the similarly oriented women who don't want to split for Europe. These two kinds of people usually find each other.

(Name withheld by request)
Oslo, Norway

SEX OBJECTS

A letter published in the December 1970 *Playboy Forum* decries the use of the psychoanalytical term "object" in descriptions of human love and insists that anyone who says there is nothing wrong with this usage must never have been in love himself. But Freud developed his theories by continuously observing his own feelings as well as by studying his patients, and if anyone understood subjective emotions, it was Freud. That is why his students continue to be critical of behaviorism's effort to remove from psychology the reality of subjective experience.

Freudian terminology and the experience of love are not mutually exclusive. Love can be a "joyful merging," as the

December letter writer says, and still be subjected, in wide-eyed curiosity, to the question, Why? Certainly, scientific inquisitiveness is as human an emotion as any other. To argue that psychoanalytic terminology prevents the enjoyment of emotions is to claim that Leonard Bernstein's familiarity with the score prevents his enjoyment of music.

Richard Stanton
Statesboro, Georgia

BIBLE TRUTHS

An advertisement for a pamphlet published by The People's Gospel Hour here in Nova Scotia warns against the introduction of sex education in our schools and tells parents to ask themselves: "Who will be teaching our children sex education? Can we be sure that the teachers will have a Bible evaluation of the sanctity of sex and will seek to promote Bible morality? Will there be any chance of the 'new morality' being taught in the sex-education program?"

Good questions, folks. Here are some more good ones: Can we be sure that the teachers of biology, geology and astronomy will have a Bible evaluation? Will they teach that each species was created separately, that all life appeared on earth in six days, that the sun was created after the earth and once stood still in relation to the earth to create a 28-hour day and that two specimens of each living species were once crammed into a single small boat? Will there be any chance of the "new science" being taught in general-education programs?

(Name withheld by request)
Shearwater, Nova Scotia

ECOLOGY AND TECHNOLOGY

In the September 1970 *Playboy Forum*, Gary Reed complained that it is wrong for PLAYBOY to encourage luxury consumerism when the earth's resources are dwindling. Reed also urged a return to the simple life as a way of restoring ecological balance.

In your rebuttal, amid a flood of fiery eloquence, you reply at length to Reed's second point and entirely ignore his first point. I would like to debate PLAYBOY's basic argument (for example, I doubt that our present resources provide a decent life for nearly 50 percent of the earth, as you say they do, or that they can provide this for 100 percent in the near future, as you say they will, etc.), but, more important, I would like you to answer Reed's first point. If you will admit that PLAYBOY encourages luxury consumption, and if you admit that the resources of earth are finite (not infinite), then the exact details of Reed's solution and your rebuttal are irrelevant. You are guilty, as he charged, of contributing to the growing ecological disaster.

Why don't you simply admit your error, join the conservationists and do the world a favor by helping it to survive?

I'm sure you don't want to become a dogmatic fossil of the past, so why not change?

Mike Morgan
Glendora, California

While we share your concern with ecological imbalance, we also think that the technological-ecological problem must be stated correctly before it can be solved. The idea that the "earth's resources are dwindling" is a metaphor, not a fact, and it is a metaphor that, taken literally, has confused many well-meaning persons. The law of conservation of energy, in Einstein's formulation, assures us that matter and energy are identical and cannot be destroyed, only transformed. Our problem is not vanishing resources but misused and misapplied resources. Although this is known to all college physics students, the metaphor of waste has so captured our imaginations that most of us misunderstand what is actually happening. John McHale points out in "The Future of the Future":

We do not produce things in the sense of manufacturing them out of new raw materials only, and then consume them so that their constituent materials no longer exist. . . . Very little has been known about the actual reuse and discard cycle in metals. . . . The obscurity of this pattern leads many authorities to talk about metals being used up through manufacture when, in effect, most metals are almost wholly recoverable, or could be with adequate cycling design.

The President's Science Advisory Committee report on "Restoring the Quality of the Environment" notes, for instance:

About 957,000 tons of copper were recovered from scrap in 1963. This represented about 40 percent of the total supply of copper in the U.S. for that year and 80 percent of the total copper produced by domestic mines.

In "I Seem to Be a Verb," R. Buckminster Fuller estimates that we have entered a phase of technology in which metals may be melted down and reused every 22½ years. He takes an even broader view in "Utopia or Oblivion":

The first constituent of wealth—energy—is therefore irreducible. . . . Every time man uses the second constituent of wealth—his know-how—this intellectual resource automatically increases.

Energy cannot decrease. Knowledge can only increase.

It is therefore scientifically clear that wealth which combines energy and intellect can only increase.

Neither PLAYBOY nor these writers imply that there is no ecological problem at present; indeed, Fuller, the President's committee and McHale are

deeply concerned with solving the very real crises of resources. But it is not a disaster in which the universe is being eaten up by man; it is a situation in which the universe is being misused by man. Air pollution, for instance, is merely matter in the wrong place (i.e., in human beings); the same chemical elements would be useful if recycled away from the lungs. This distinction is not trivial or merely semantic: the wrong statement of the problem is one of the causes of continuing the problem. Politicians usually believe in the finite nature of real resources, in the Malthusian doctrine that most people must starve or otherwise perish so that a few can survive and in the vulgar Darwinism that pictures the world as a struggle for "survival of the fittest." To quote Fuller again:

It is very logical that man should fight to the death when he thinks there's not enough to go around.

In a fire, he loses all reason, goes mad, and tramples his fellow men to death as he competes for air.

It is also very logical that man won't fight when he knows there's enough to go around.

As for Fuller's thesis that the standard of living possessed by the richest one percent of the population in 1900 was shared by 45 percent by 1965, this is backed by a collection of statistics that will quiet all your doubts, if you will examine his works at length. Fuller's prediction that this acceleration of luxury will reach 100 percent of humanity within the next 30 years is, of course, less certain. We might blow up the planet instead—as suggested in his title "Utopia or Oblivion." That latter course, however, is most likely to occur if people continue to believe wealth is eternally limited and must be fought over. The graph from 1900 to 1965 projects forward to reach 100 percent in 2000 A.D., but this is based on the assumption that efficiency of machinery will increase only from the present average of 4 percent to 12 percent in that time. Theoretically, it might jump to 90 percent (and it might do so in half the time), for such large jumps are characteristic of modern technology.

This utopia is, however, quite impossible if people continue to think in antiquated Malthusian-Darwinian terms, for every altruist who wants to split up the existing wealth equally will be matched by a conniving egotist who wants to grab as much of it as possible for himself. Only when the reality of abundance for all is clear to all will the worst form of waste—warfare—be abandoned by nations. Man's natural desire for material well-being (and for recreation and luxury, as well) is neither sinful nor impossible to satisfy. The situation of modern man is comparable with that of two men fighting over a glass of water in the

midst of a rainstorm; Gary Reed and you see the good water seemingly going to waste in the mud and cry out that we must conserve the water in the glass more carefully. We are calling attention to the downpour, and to the ways of regaining the water that seems, but is not really, lost in the mud.

PLAYBOY'S IMAGE OF WOMEN

Most members of women's liberation have been called man-haters, but it would be more accurate to say they really hate real women. I think there is a touch of envy involved in some women's lib attacks on PLAYBOY. I agree with feminists who want to remain feminine, but these are not the women who join the extreme factions of the women's lib movement. If I were one of the shrill, witchy members of these fringe groups, I, too, would launch an all-out attack on the image of the free-swinging woman PLAYBOY projects. I mean, knowing that men enjoy the company of well-proportioned, well-dressed women who wear bras if their figures require them, the women's lib types are rebelling against PLAYBOY because they know they can't fit into the picture.

As an 18-year-old feminist, I would rather spend my time keeping my husband happy than attending bra-burning demonstrations.

Christina Arevalo
Oxnard, California

WOMEN'S (AND MEN'S) LIBERATION

I am an engineer and a happily married man. I would gladly support the women's lib movement if the women concerned were actually willing to do equal work for equal pay and if they were truly concerned with equal justice for all people. This, however, does not appear to be the case. I have never seen a woman truck driver or taxi driver who didn't use her sex as an excuse to avoid some of the heavy lifting occasionally connected with those occupations. Nor have I seen any women's lib leaders applying for the very high-paying jobs in heavy industry that require truly hard work. The literature of this movement never seems to discuss the most blatant area of sexual discrimination in our whole society—the one in which the man is the victim—the divorce arena. It almost seems that every judge has to be prejudiced against men before he can be assigned to divorce court. Only when women are required to share equally the cost of divorce and child support, and accept a fair distribution of property, will I assent to their demands for equality elsewhere.

Robert J. Johnson
Wichita, Kansas

POPULATION CONTROL IN THE AIR

Just a few years ago, we airline stewardesses had to fight for the right to get

Hold this ad up to your ear.

Not a sound, right?
You won't get a peep out of any other stereo ads in this magazine, either. Just the same pretty pictures and technical facts.

That's why there's only one way to buy stereo. Go listen to it. If it's really good, your ear will tell you.

We say this because we're confident you'll be impressed when you hear a Sylvania stereo. Our stereos sound as good as they look.

Take the matched component system, MS210W, over on the right. That turntable is automatic, with cueing and anti-skate controls. It's precisely matched to a Sylvania solid state FM Stereo/FM/AM receiver.

Inside, where you can't see it, is a solid state amplifier that delivers 50 watts of peak music power to that pair of air suspension speakers. Which sound as good as standard speakers two sizes larger. Especially when they hit those important low bass notes. And since they put out wide-angle sound, you can sit almost anywhere in the room and get the full stereo effect.

But don't believe a word you read. Hearing is believing. Go listen to a Sylvania stereo before you buy.

Then, when you hear our price, you'll believe.



GTE SYLVANIA

married and to retain our jobs, which the airline companies finally grudgingly conceded. They still insist, however, on firing us immediately in the case of pregnancy. In some instances, our husbands are students or are just starting their careers, and our salaries are the major source of the family income.

The companies have the right to fire us if our professional performance is below standard, but they have no more right to deny us motherhood than to deny us wifehood. What archaic thinking allows a corporation to take total control of the reproductive lives of its employees?

Have you ever heard of a man being fired for becoming a father?

Karen Miller
San Francisco, California

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICA

Ironworker William J. Kelly claims that his kind of people worked to build this country (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1970). But the Sons of Liberty, the Minutemen and the founding fathers were people very similar to the "protesters, demonstrators, long-hairs and such" whom Kelly abhors.

Charles Huffman
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

William J. Kelly seems proud of the courage of his fellow ironworkers in military combat. Even so, the courage of the kids he sneers at as "little darlings" surpasses that of his narrow-minded crowd. If Kelly's stint with the First Division taught him that patriotism is killing unarmed long-hairs, then he can take his plastic hat and shove it. Removing the flag first, of course.

Steve Nichols
Rome, Georgia

FASCISM VS. CAPITALISM

Do any of the young radicals of the left, who equate the extreme right with fascism, realize that fascism differs little from leftist totalitarianism? Fascism is a dictatorship by a political elite, ruling by force. The only valid right-wing ideal is capitalism and there is no coercion involved in true laissez-faire capitalism.

This, obviously, is not the brand of capitalism now practiced in Western democracies. Our present political-economic system is based on the assumption that people in need have an unearned right to share in the product of another man's ability. Welfare, public housing, foreign aid and the redistribution of wealth through graduated income taxes are only a few ways in which this assumption manifests itself. Those who work hard, produce and, thereby, earn livings are actually penalized for their own ability; a portion of their earnings is forcibly taken from them to support indolent, unproductive people.

"To each according to his need" is an irrational, altruistic justification for parasitism. "To each according to his ability" is the only rational, moral and practical principle on which a society can be based.

Paul T. Apps
Cooksville, Ontario

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark wrote a provocative article. *When Punishment Is a Crime* (PLAYBOY, November 1970), but he appears to have fallen for a traditional racist trap by declaring mental retardation to be more prevalent in minority groups. In stating that retardation is "approximately five times more common in the ghetto," Clark is clearly dealing in unproved speculation, for the standard intelligence tests were developed for white children and are culturally biased toward white norms, especially in vocabulary. Thus, many of the black children who are classified as retarded may not, in fact, be retarded; the only thing being measured may be the inability of the tests to deal with nonwhites.

I do not believe Clark intended to convey an attitude of white supremacy, but he has unknowingly contributed to the chauvinist put-down of black intelligence.

Jason Brody
Lockport Area Special Education
Cooperative
Lockport, Illinois

That ghetto conditions produce an inordinate amount of mental retardation among the young is demonstrated not only by intelligence tests (possibly inadequate) but also by numerous supporting studies of the effects of poverty upon small children. As Rodger Hurley indicates in his "Poverty and Mental Retardation":

Because of our society's failure to provide a suitable human environment for all its citizens, the children of the poor (who offer the same beauty and the same human potential as children from other socio-economic classes) have a much greater chance of becoming prostitutes, juvenile delinquents, criminals, unemployed—or mentally retarded. Too many children of the poor become, inevitably, waste products of a sub-human existence.

Although much of the harm done by poverty is psychological and reversible, some is physiological and irreversible. As Hurley states further (documenting each assertion in his footnotes):

Poor nutrition—a condition directly related to poverty—is among the most significant causes of the organic damage that may lead to mental retardation. Some experts believe that malnutrition in a preg-

nant woman can cause permanent physiological damage to the brain of the fetus. There is strong evidence that malnutrition plays a role in prematurity and that there is a high correlation between prematurity and birth defects, including mental retardation. There is also impressive evidence that severe malnutrition of an infant can cause irremediable brain damage.

It is true that some black children are misdiagnosed as retarded when they simply have a different type of culturally trained intelligence. It is also true that some black children (and some white children) are so misdiagnosed when they actually have emotional maladjustments or psychoses. But a large percentage of ghetto retardation cases is real and is caused by malnutrition. To recognize this is not racist but merely honest; and to soften the truth, out of fear that the facts can be misused by racists, is to allow poverty to continue this dreadful slaughter of the innocents on a scale that Herod never dreamed of.

THE MILITARY LIFE

As a veteran of the Korean War, I've been amused by the various complaints in *The Playboy Forum* about military injustice, ranging from the banning of flower and peace symbols to unconstitutional pot busts to stacked courts-martial and brutal stockades. My amusement stems from the fact that most of the letter writers feel that the Armed Forces are basically good or necessary and that it's only certain rules (or people) that must be changed to make the Services fit for human beings.

This misses the essence of military life—that the military man is little more than a slave. He may believe he's been given a rifle and uniform in order to defend individual freedom, rights and dignity—these things are what this country is all about, aren't they? Instead, he is deprived of all those values he supposedly holds dear and finds that many of the people in command fanatically loathe any kind of individualism.

The American war machine simply contradicts everything for which this country used to stand. Indeed, we've gained such freedom as we now have only by keeping our military somewhat under control. But since World War Two, military power has grown enormously and, today, it lays claim to the freedom and life of many young American males. This country has become a house divided against itself, which is the reason for such turmoil in our streets. In my opinion, the peace movement is the only cure for this authoritarian infection in our body politic.

John Fitzgerald
Chicago, Illinois

SENIOR-CITIZEN SERVICE

I propose drafting only males over 50 years of age, prior service notwithstanding. Physical standards would be very high and anyone not meeting these standards would be placed in a 4-F category but would be subject to re-examination every six months. Those men over 50 who are drafted would be released from all moral, familial, social and financial obligations. The period of service would be five years and those discharged would receive full pay and allowances. Should death occur during service, the draftee's estate would receive \$50,000.

Young men have no business fighting a war; let the studs stay home and give the old goats the freedom they have earned. Those older guys wouldn't care very much about the purpose of the war; few of the over-50s I've talked to seem interested in the rationale for being in Vietnam. The five-year military stint after 50 might actually be a rejuvenating experience for a man, unless he got blasted prematurely. Of course, there would have to be an international treaty supervised by the United Nations to make certain that all countries agree to unleash against one another no soldiery more puissant than their old gaffers.

By the way, I am 52, the father of five and I served in the Army from 1941 to 1946.

Ralph Taylor
St. Charles, Missouri

MILITARY JUSTICE

Having spent four years in the Army as an officer, I speak from experience on the subject of military justice. One of my most vivid memories is a discussion after a court-martial in which I had acted as counsel for the defense. One of the five allegedly unbiased officers on the board told me that he knew my client was guilty before the trial. When I asked how he had known this, he replied, blandly, that he had been told so by the accused man's commanding officer and that was all the assurance he needed.

Brian Scally
Portland, Oregon

THE BIG EYE

In response to recent articles in *Newsweek* and *The New York Times*, the student chapter of the Association for Computing Machinery of the University of Massachusetts has adopted the following position paper:

We view with alarm and distress the cancerous growth of computer data banks in the areas of credit reference and Government information storage. No one knowledgeable in the area of computers and their applications can deny the importance of computers to our society and the benefits derived from them. However, for every technological ad-

vance—whether it be computers, automobiles or the like—there also exists a danger of irresponsible use.

Government and credit-reference-company data banks can contribute highly beneficial and valuable services to society. However, they must be used and designed safely. . . . One need only read daily papers and national magazines to become aware of the callous and irresponsible conduct of some credit-reference companies that by incompetence have maligned innocent people. This flagrant misuse of the computer and computer technology is often blamed on the computer itself, which has no voice to lift in its own defense.

The reason for our concern is threefold. First, we believe the problem is going to get infinitely worse. Second, we feel that we have a moral obligation to warn the public and urge that action be taken before it is too late. And third, we fear that, in the end, it will be the poor, ignorant computer that will be blamed instead of those persons who are primarily responsible for the impending holocaust.

Any system that is designed to store private information on people must put as its primary objective the protection of those people. John Q. Public should be informed when he is stored inside a computer, given the right periodically to inspect his record and, if it is incorrect, take the appropriate action to correct it. There cannot be and must not be secret, unavailable files of data on a person in a democratic society. . . . For what purpose should a person be denied the right to view a record of his past—whether it be bill paying or personal history? After all, if the information is correct, he is aware of it already. If not, why not give him a chance to correct it before untold harm can be done? It would seem to us that it would not create any undue problems to require all non-governmental agencies having data files on individuals to notify those individuals and periodically (perhaps semi-annually) send out a copy of this information to them for their corrections. Also, at any time, an individual should be able to request a copy of his file to review his record. He should also be notified if there is any change of status in his record (for example, if his credit rating drops to a lower level) and informed of the reason for this. If errors are noted and he receives no satisfaction as to their correction, a court case is in order.

As for Governmental agencies such as IRS, Census Bureau, etc.,

they should be able to gather all needed information to accomplish their jobs. However, tight restriction should be placed on them for security. For example, . . . a computer system can easily be designed to protect against outside access. For the prevention of an internal breach of security, individuals working within these agencies should be given Government clearances and should fall under the laws covering any divulgence of information connected with that clearance. . . .

We also feel that a Government commission should be set up with broad powers to regulate these agencies and that strict laws should be passed to provide for the rights and safety of individuals in connection with these data banks. . . .

Albert Zukatis
Amherst, Massachusetts

THE NO-KNOCK LAW

I agree totally with the letter you published from the National Committee to Preserve the Bill of Rights in the November 1970 *Playboy Forum*. Senate bill S3246, in particular, by allowing the police to raid one's apartment without first identifying themselves, is a long step toward abandonment of the Constitution. As former Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson said of a similar law, "We meet in this case, as in many, the appeal to necessity. It is said that if such arrests and searches cannot be made, law enforcement will be more difficult and uncertain. But the forefathers, after consulting the lessons of history, designed our Constitution to place obstacles in the way of a too-permeating police surveillance, which they seemed to think was a greater danger to a free people than the escape of some criminals from punishment."

To give up our right to privacy in our homes, because the police say they cannot function under the Constitution as it was written, is to trade our freedom for security. This is a bad bargain. It is not just the doors of "bad people" that become vulnerable under such a law. *Your* door becomes vulnerable, too.

Glenn Goshon
Vacaville, California

MARIJUANA LEGALIZATION

We have noted with interest your positive stand regarding the need for a new and more humane approach to marijuana smokers. Our organization, SLAM (Society for the Legalization and Acceptance of Marijuana), holds that the only truly humane approach is to make this drug as legal as alcohol. We feel that continued efforts to enforce anti-marijuana laws will only increase the polarization within our society and that legalization

statutes must be enacted at once. We seek the immediate release of all persons under court sentence for simple possession of marijuana and, further, urge that all records of those convicted under present marijuana laws be expunged, so these persons may re-enter society without the onus of criminal records.

SLAM is nonviolent and neither advocates nor in any way assists in the use of marijuana while current laws against it are still in effect.

SLAM

San Francisco, California

MARIJUANA AND REVOLUTION

Your editors should walk proudly after publishing the November 1970 *Playboy Forum* editorial on marijuana penalties. Millions of other Americans would like to speak out with equal boldness on this subject but do not dare to because an indiscreet word can bring investigations, harassments, insurance cancellations, poor credit ratings and loss of jobs or scholarships. Many Americans ache to speak out and are grateful to you for speaking in their behalf.

If others would join you—if clergymen, educators, lawyers, politicians and other influential people would admit publicly that marijuana prohibition is as counterproductive as was alcohol prohibition—there might be some hope for this country. Today's potheads are either joining the revolution or watching with passive glee as each hated emblem of the establishment is bombed. They might come back into the field of orthodox politics, and constitutional reform might replace guerrilla warfare as the hope of youth, but only if other public voices speak out as bravely as PLAYBOY.

Robert Patterson

Charlotte, North Carolina

MARIJUANA PENALTIES

PLAYBOY set an excellent example with the November 1970 *Playboy Forum* editorial opposing the existing marijuana laws, and I am happy to see that the example has already been imitated. The distinguished *Washington Post* wrote as follows on a particular case in Virginia and on the marijuana laws in general:

Yet for this offense, the Commonwealth of Virginia proposes to destroy Larry Miller. To put a youth in prison for four years at what is a most impressionable and formative period of his life, to cut him off from all the normal experiences of young manhood—from a college education, from association with his peers, from the sustenance of his family, from all hope of a normal and healthy relationship with girls—to brand him forever a criminal and impair his chances of employment for life, to subject him in jail to the influence of older, hardened

criminals and, quite possibly, to homosexual assault and corruption—what is to be said for a society that would wreak such cruel and barbarous vengeance on a youth? What sense does it make, what purpose does it serve even from the community's point of view? . . .

It is time, besides, for Virginia and all the other states to look at their marijuana laws with some measure of sobriety and proportion. Let them, if they are genuinely convinced that marijuana is more harmful than tobacco or alcoholic liquor, provide penalties for those who merchandise the stuff. But only a community itself hallucinated with horror stories would put its youngsters in prison for the folly of smoking a reefer.

John Robinson

Washington, D. C.

TRIAL PERIOD FOR GRASS

Since the abolition of our marijuana laws is as controversial as the abolition of capital punishment, why don't we apply the same logic in both cases? In England and in a number of American states, before capital punishment was abolished, there was a trial period in which it was suspended. I suggest that instead of maintaining the present pot laws (which haven't stopped pot smoking but have ruined countless young lives), or decreasing penalties (a reform that is both too little and too late), or legalizing the drug at once (a radical proposal that most of the country would oppose), we should attempt a trial-legalization period of two years. Within that time, anyone could turn on in his own home (but not in the streets, during working hours or while driving). Potheads should invite police, sociologists, psychiatrists, clergymen and other conservative groups to attend these parties, either as participants or as observers. At the end of two years, Congress can then decide whether to suspend the pot laws permanently or to reinstate them.

Morgan Balch

Oswego, New York

MARIJUANA AS THERAPY

The following letter has been published by the *American Journal of Psychiatry*:

Despite the fact that there are many arguments for and against the use of methadone on a prophylactic-maintenance basis for heroin addicts, even if it should prove to be of assistance in the normalizing or regularizing of only 50 to 60 percent of those placed on a program, that would be at least 40 to 58 percent greater interdiction of the use of heroin than is likely through the use

of any other current method. By extending the reasoning behind this approach and taking it into a related, if not exactly analogous, clinical area, I would like to propose and recommend an experiment.

There is, among hippies and other common drug users, a frequently found clinical phenomenon. Generally speaking, marijuana and alcohol are either mutually exclusive agents or, when used together, the amount of each used is ordinarily considerably less than that which may be employed when each is used alone. Whether or not this observation is merely another of the rapidly shifting transitional patterns within the drug subcultures, I am not prepared to say at the present time. It may represent merely the revolt of the younger drug users acculturated against the older alcohol-dominated establishment. Nonetheless, a rather obvious suggestion presents itself that may have the same homeopathic premises that bode well for the methadone-substitution program.

What I am proposing is that a serious study (or studies) be undertaken within and/or among selected groups of the estimated 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 alcoholics, on a model-program basis, to induce many of these alcoholics to switch to, or become habituated to, marijuana instead of alcohol. Obviously, there are many possible pitfalls in such a program.

Alcoholism is far and away our most serious drug problem in terms of personal debility and human and physical destructiveness. Clearly, one runs the risk of alcoholics-turned-potheads becoming caught up in the drug culture as a whole, which might then lead to more complicated and elaborate drug experiments. This cannot be ruled out, surely.

In the meantime, should pilot studies prove the feasibility of such an experiment, it is quite likely, I would feel, that at least a number of those turned on to marijuana from alcohol might very well remain limited to this not-terribly-noxious drug.

One might still be confronted with the problems of apathy, quietism, abulia, and loss of ambition or drive, which are common to those who have become seriously habituated to the use of marijuana. But these would surely be no worse than the similar findings already extant in the alcoholic population. They would also be less disturbing than the frequently psychopathic and/or violent, combative and self-destructive features found in many progressive alcoholics. As a grim side light, it should be remembered that 50



Menthol too.

Silva Thins

Sure Silva Thins 100's have less "tar"
than other Thins, even less than most Kings.*

But even better: Silva Thins have taste.
America's first thin cigarette is the one with real flavor.



*ACCORDING TO THE LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT FIGURES.

percent of automobile and plane accidents is attributed to alcohol, as well as 50 percent of all arrests for whatever reason.

The above suggestion is not made lightly and it is hoped that it will not be taken so. No current program for treatment of alcoholism—despite the claims of its sponsors—handles more than a very few selected cases, nor handles those very effectively for very long, for the most part.

Jordan Scher, M. D., Director
Chicago Psychiatric Foundation
and Ontoanalytic Institute
Chicago, Illinois

MARIJUANA MENDACITY

Your readers may wonder why some of the worst horror stories of barbaric marijuana penalties come from Texas. One of the reasons is the kind of education that is provided here. I quote from a story in *The Dallas Times Herald*, in which a police officer is described displaying a box of marijuana to a group of citizens:

[He] began to move through the crowd from table to table showing the contents of the small box. . . . The officer worked his way to a small boy who had come to the meeting with his parents. "This stuff can kill you, son. Have you ever seen it before?"

"No, sir," came the meek reply.

"I know a boy who smoked this stuff. He fell over and hit his head and was killed."

[The boy] was impressed. So were his parents. So were many other people in the room.

I have worked on the staff of a prominent local politician, and it appears to me that when any subject is discussed in public—not just drugs but any subject—the officials of local, state and Federal governments are almost always lying. The longer I stayed in politics, the more fraud I discovered. I understand fully the fury and disgust of our youth. As Tennessee Williams once wrote, "Mendacity is the system in which we live."

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

MARIJUANA ADDICTION

I have been interested in your campaign against the harsh marijuana laws in this country. I agree that often the punishments do not fit the crimes, but I feel that you underestimate the dangers of Cannabis. For two years (though I now use nothing), I was a heavy marijuana smoker. I can tell you that, in my case, the drug was thoroughly addictive. I craved it. I lived for it—and such

psychological dependence is just as bad as physical need, though somewhat easier to alleviate. It took concentrated effort and many hard weeks to kick my habit. For two years, Cannabis imprisoned my soul—contrary to my will and everything I believe in. I'd say that's pretty dangerous.

(Name withheld by request)
Tucson, Arizona

A similar account of addiction to a Cannabis drug, hashish, is given in an autobiographical work, "The Hashish Eater," by the 19th Century American writer Fitz Hugh Ludlow; no other account of Cannabis use leading to such dependency can be found. Noting that Ludlow was greatly influenced by Thomas De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," Dr. Robert S. De Ropp writes in his "Drugs and the Mind":

No one would deny that De Quincey had good reason to wring his hands over his condition. Opium addiction is a serious matter and De Quincey was an addict in the fullest sense of the word. But when Ludlow starts sighing and groaning over his enslavement to hashish, the reader who is familiar with the properties of the drug will lift a skeptical eyebrow. There is no such thing as genuine addiction to hashish or any other preparation of Cannabis. . . . It is, by all unbiased accounts, even less habit-forming than tobacco. . . . One would not, however, wish to be so unkind as to suggest that Ludlow was a liar. It is sufficient if we realize that he suffered from hypertrophy of the imagination.

In short, such experiences as yours and Ludlow's reveal more about the power of autosuggestion than about the specific properties of Cannabis drugs.

FACTS ON SPEED

The September 1970 *Playboy Advisor* presented some misinformation on the abuse potential of amphetamines. The *Advisor's* answer dealt only with the low-dose-maintenance patterns of amphetamine misuse and neglected the consequences of the more current high-dose cyclical-injection pattern. In point of fact, the slogan "Speed kills" is valid.

It is true that only a few die from direct overdosage (our research was able to identify only 11 California deaths from amphetamine overdose in the past three years), but a much larger number suffer morbidity and mortality from secondary effects, such as hepatitis, infection and violence. Speed was a major factor in turning Haight-Ashbury into a violent drug ghetto. In addition, a number of the white, middle-class junkies who now

dominate Haight began using heroin as a downer for their anxiety and paranoia.

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

We agree with Dr. Smith that amphetamine is a dangerous drug, especially when misused or overused, and the September 1970 "Playboy Advisor" pointed this out emphatically. However, we objected to the slogan "Speed kills"—and continue to regard it as bad rhetoric—because we believe that one of the prime drug problems in America is the credibility gap between young people and authorities in government and medicine. As a scientist, Dr. Smith understands that the slogan means "Speed kills occasionally," but that is not what it says; and what it actually says is an exaggeration. Every such overstatement tends to undermine credibility, and youngsters who have seen friends use amphetamines without serious side effects are likely to regard other warnings about its real dangers as equally unrelatable. This is true of all drugs, but especially of speed, since students often use these pills to cram for exams and know that occasional low-dose usage is usually harmless.

The real dangers of amphetamines begin with habitual use, and especially with high-dose cyclical injection (in the form of methamphetamine), as Dr. Smith points out. The side effects, then, present a variety of symptoms of nervous-mental deterioration, usually including depressions, anxieties and paranoid hallucinations. Since a person in that state also grows careless, he may not keep his needle clean, and hepatitis or infection can enter the picture; he may also, under stress, take a fatal overdose. Recently, eight doctors at the University of Southern California Medical Center suggested that methamphetamine "probably" causes necrotizing angitis—a sometimes fatal disease—in ten percent of its users, but this has not been confirmed, nor is it clear how long the abuse must be continued before this danger arises or if the disease might actually be triggered by other drugs. Thus, because of the lack of serious side effects on occasional users of amphetamines, we think our original position remains sound: This is a potentially very dangerous drug, but "Speed kills" is the kind of alarmism that impedes, rather than facilitates, communication with members of the drug culture.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





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Racquet Club by **Hart Schaffner & Marx**

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DICK CAVETT

a candid conversation with the literate, quick-witted television host some critics have called "the thinking man's johnny carson"

Take all the talk shows in the world and place them format to format on a continuum ranging from trenchant debate to plastic escapism. Then take all the talk-show hosts and line them up lip to lip, with relentless inquisitors at one end and vacuous buffoons at the other. At the point where these two lines intersect—somewhere near the mid-point of each—there are very few shows that carefully combine serious discussion and comic relief, and attract an audience of millions. "The Dick Cavett Show" is one of these and, as even talk-show haters concede, no one displays a better sense of balance and elegance than its facile host.

He once told a reporter, "A real conversationalist is one who builds on something that starts between people and is able to develop it, see it change and then improvise before your eyes. . . . I like to see somebody's mind working while he's talking and I like to come away with the sense that my mind has been engaged and stretched a bit." The mind working here is the scholarly, inquisitive, intellectual side of Dick Cavett, the side he projects in civilized discourse with such diverse guests as Noel Coward, Orson Welles, Ramsey Clark, Margaret Mead, Ralph Nader, Lester Maddox and I. F. Stone.

Born on November 19, 1936, the son of two Nebraska schoolteachers, Cavett has impressive academic credentials. After his family moved from Gibbon to Grand Island and finally to Lincoln, Nebraska, he reportedly posted the highest I. Q. in the history of that city's junior high schools, earned a scholarship to Yale in 1954, appeared on the dean's list his freshman year and coasted to a degree in English literature.

Still a conscientious student ("At Yale, my roommates would shit when I'd finish a paper four days before it was due"), he tries to read as many as possible of the books to be discussed on his show, in addition to the three newspapers and numerous periodicals he wolfs down with his breakfast every day. Paradoxically, Cavett denies being an intellectual, explaining that he's more likely to sustain a stream of consciousness than a stream of thought. It's probably this tendency toward free association and away from logic that prompted Gore Vidal to describe him as "the James Joyce of the talkmasters, with an unconscious mind working overtime." Therein lies the essence of Cavett: intellect leavened with an irreverent, compulsive wit and frequent forays into pure non sequitur. "It's fun to ask a guest something he's

never been asked before," Cavett has said. "Like the time I asked Jim Brown if he ran into much homosexuality in pro football." Among other mischievous rules for good discussion, Cavett maintains: "Do not call attention to the deformities of the person you're speaking with. Try to have a language in common. Do not leave the room during the other person's sentences."

It's this wry, dry wit, coupled with an abiding childhood ambition to succeed in show business, that's been the making of Cavett. Inspired at the age of ten by a magician he saw at a Nebraska state fair, Dick put together an act of his own and at the ripe age of 12 was earning \$30 a performance; a year later, he won a trophy for the best new performer at a St. Louis magicians' convention. He made his debut as an actor at 11 in Terence Rattigan's "The Winslow Boy"—he says he was the only kid in Lincoln who could muster a convincing English accent—then went on to high school and college productions and eventually to a few seasons of summer stock in New England. But after moving to New York City, Cavett, like most young actors, found it almost impossible to break into the exclusive sanctum of regularly employed performers; his most notable



"I've had people on the show whom I consider pigs—not in the current sense of the word—and I think it broadens the spectrum. Also, for some reason, I'm often extra nice to a person I despise."



"If I've established an identity, it's a kind of dimpled winsomeness masquerading as sophistication, a combination of wit and earthiness, as if Voltaire and Jane Russell had had a child!"



"I don't like being recognized that much. At times, it's pleasant, but other times, it's a pain in the ass, especially when you're walking along and you've managed to forget for a moment what it is you do."

roles were a bit part on "Playhouse 90" and a wounded German soldier in an Army training film.

It was at this point, in 1960, that he went to the NBC studios with an unsolicited collection of jokes he'd written for Jack Paar, whom he still considers the nonpareil talk-show host. After literally bumping into Paar in a hallway, he thrust an envelope into his hands, mumbled something about a monolog, then waited apprehensively while Paar perused it in the privacy of his office. Two weeks later, after Paar used some of his jokes successfully on the air, Cavett was invited to leave the \$50-a-week job he'd taken as a copy boy for Time and to begin work as a \$360-a-week writer for "The Tonight Show." When Paar quit a few years later, Cavett stayed on to write for several guest hosts, among them Groucho Marx, Mort Sahl and Merv Griffin, but then he left the show himself to write comedy for Jerry Lewis and eventually for Johnny Carson.

In 1966, encouraged by Woody Allen, a new-found friend, he decided to eliminate the middleman by performing his own material, beginning in Greenwich Village clubs, most notably the Bitter End, and then moving up to more prestigious night spots such as the hungry i in San Francisco and Mr. Kelly's in Chicago. In the next two years, his former employers Messrs. Carson and Griffin booked him more than a dozen times each on their shows, and ABC featured him as a comedian on two specials before signing him to host his own morning talk show in 1968. It got consistently low ratings and was dropped after ten months—though FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson had commended the show as an oasis in the wasteland. Still confident in Cavett, ABC returned him to the air as a summer replacement in 1969 with a thrice-weekly one-hour prime-time talk show whose schedule was so odd—Monday, Tuesday and Friday—that Groucho Marx complained he needed a secretary to remind him what nights it was on. Finally, in December 1969, Cavett was eased into the late-night slot vacated by Joey Bishop. In the months since his debut, Dick's audience has almost doubled to a respectable 14 percent of all switched-on set owners—about 11,000,000 viewers weekly in 133 cities—and ABC happily renewed his contract.

Today, though estimates of his salary run as high as \$15,000 a week, Cavett remains relatively unspoiled by his success. He and his wife, actress Carrie Nye—they met as students at Yale—occupy a two-story Upper East Side apartment in Manhattan that was formerly owned by Woody Allen; on summer weekends, they retreat to Long Island and a late-19th Century clapboard house on the dunes overlooking the Atlantic. Once a medal-winning high school gymnast, Cavett maintains his 5'7", 135-pound

physique by snorkeling and surfing whenever possible. He drinks an occasional glass of wine, never smokes, hates parties and is almost never seen at movies, plays or night clubs. The herculean task of preparing and performing his show five nights a week leaves him with little time or inclination for anything else, and most of his leisure hours are spent with his wife, reading and relaxing.

Consequently, when PLAYBOY sent former Associate Editor Harold Ramis—now an actor and free-lance writer—to interview Cavett, they shoehorned their conversation into brief breaks in Dick's work schedule. The dialog took place in Cavett's wood-paneled office at ABC Studios, Daphne Productions—his own company, named after one of his dogs—is located on Broadway, around the corner from the 430-seat 58th Street theater in which his show is taped. "In our first meeting," Ramis reports, "he divided his attention between me and a plate of spaghetti. The second session, it was scallops. Chicken salad highlighted our third meeting. But despite the distractions, I soon realized that Cavett is a remarkably consistent and unaffected person, virtually the same off screen as he is on—polite, honest, clever and congenial. The television industry, so dependent on superficial images, tends to package human beings and promote them like products. Cavett remains very much his own man." Expecting—and getting—an honest answer, Ramis began the interview by asking Cavett to comment on the pervasive mediocrity of network TV, present company excluded.

PLAYBOY: It's often argued that because of the economics of the mass media, only those shows that appeal to the lowest common denominator can succeed on American television. Do you think this is true?

CAVETT: That's a difficult question. Must anything successful be inferior? Certainly some good things have succeeded on television. I don't think the medium is all crap.

PLAYBOY: What percentage would you describe as crap?

CAVETT: Ninety-five percent. I'm sorry; that's a ridiculous exaggeration. Make that 93 percent.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those critics who say that ABC is responsible for more than its share of crap?

CAVETT: No. ABC used to get more than a third of the blame back when they were a stable instead of a network, but their policies have changed and their programing has gotten better. I don't think you could say now that ABC is crasser than the other two networks. But as long as people will accept crap, it will be financially profitable to dispense it. It becomes an ever-descending spiral.

PLAYBOY: Most of the critics seem to feel that your own show is several cuts above the general level of programing. At

first, though, you didn't seem so sure of that yourself, and several reviewers pointed out that you appeared to be disconcertingly nervous.

CAVETT: They really shouldn't review a new talk show for the first few weeks. The important thing is how you're going to do in the long run, not how you do on opening night, with network execs standing in the back and beady-eyed agents sitting in the aisle seats. I shouldn't generalize, of course; there are agents who don't have beady eyes—two, in fact. But it was very perceptive of the critics to notice that I was nervous. Probably when I trembled, turned rigid and then fell off the chair, they began to get that idea.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously less nervous now than you were then.

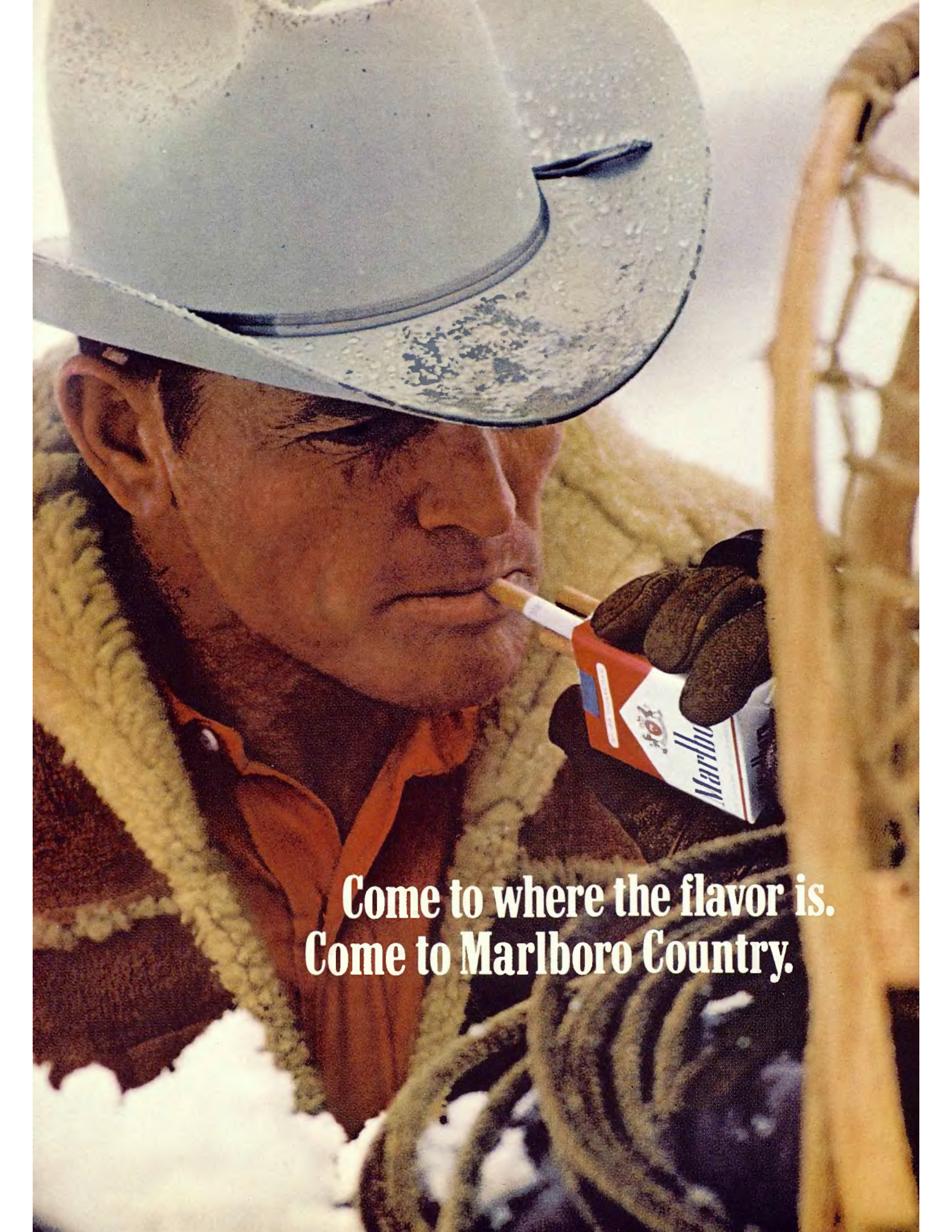
CAVETT: Sure, but it varies from night to night. The best thing to do is tell yourself that it doesn't show one eighth as much as you feel. If you're a little nervous, you don't look nervous at all. If you're very nervous, you look slightly nervous. And if you're totally out of control, you look troubled. It scales down on the screen. Anybody who appears on talk shows should always remind himself that everything he's doing looks better than it feels. In straight performing, I don't think that holds true. If you think it's lousy when you're doing it, chances are that it is—although again, not as bad as you think. Your nervous system may be giving you a thousand shocks, but the viewer can see only a few of them. So the camera lies in your favor in spite of all the platitudes you hear about its showing up the phonies. If the camera really showed up the phonies, this business would fold in about three weeks.

PLAYBOY: Who are the most prominent phonies?

CAVETT: I'd tell you, but some of them are my dearest friends.

PLAYBOY: Why is there so much tension involved in doing the show?

CAVETT: In actually sitting there and doing it? Your mind is split in about six or more ways at all times. To the viewer, it looks like all the host—that sounds so much folksier than "star," doesn't it?—has got to do is follow the conversation. But you're not only doing that; you're thinking ahead, wondering whether to change the subject or pursue it, trying to decide whether there's time in this segment to start something new, dying inside when the guest launches into a long story and you know there's less than a minute left before the station break and that the guest will be thrown and the story ruined if you interrupt, thinking that his last story may involve the show in a lawsuit and wondering if you should say something that might help or let it pass, knowing that an upcoming guest has said, "If that schmuck is still out there when I come on, I'll leave," wondering what it was he told you not to

A close-up photograph of a man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a plaid shirt with a thick, light-colored fur collar. He is looking down and to the right, with a lit Marlboro cigarette in his mouth. His right hand, wearing a dark brown leather glove, holds a pack of Marlboro cigarettes. The pack is white with a red and blue design and the Marlboro logo. The background is slightly out of focus, showing a wooden chair and some outdoor elements. The overall tone is warm and rustic.

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forget to ask him and trying to decide, of five things you wanted to get to, which two to leave out, since time is running out, and wondering why the audience seems restless and what signal the stage manager just gave you that you missed. Usually these things all come together about the time you've just decided your fly is open and that's what the ladies in row E are whispering about and why the stage manager signaled. It's a wonderful job for people who have never had a nervous breakdown but always wanted one. It all has to do with the built-in artificiality of trying to have real conversation with all those imposed time limits. It's the tension you get when someone is telling you his life story on a subway platform and your train is coming.

PLAYBOY: Some other talk shows are done without a studio audience and seem much more relaxed. Does the audience contribute to the pressure?

CAVETT: They're an enormous force sitting there and they pull you in several directions. It's the audience that makes a host push for laughs, because you're aware of those hundreds of people who haven't been heard from in several minutes, and you feel obliged to keep them entertained. I'm always aware of wanting to end a segment on a laugh—a strain you don't feel in real conversation. You have to learn to play the studio audience and also forget them, because the home audience is your big audience and they don't care if the people in the studio are bored as long as *they're* interested. And one of the things you learn—too slowly—is that due to some mysterious process, the face and voice that may be putting you and the studio audience to sleep may be hypnotically fascinating to the home viewer. Remember that, dear reader, when you host your own talk show. And most of you will, from the looks of things.

PLAYBOY: Johnny Carson often goes for laughs by reacting with facial takes to the camera. Do you think that's fair to the guest?

CAVETT: If I don't do it, it may be because I'm aware that Carson does and I don't want it to seem like I'm imitating him. But I think it's very effective. I've learned to play to the camera more than I used to because I think my reactions should register somehow. A lot of mine used to be lost because I didn't know which camera was on me. When I started out, I did some very funny takes to the studio clock, which I thought was a camera.

PLAYBOY: Do you think some of your guests may find it irritating when you interrupt with a joke to the audience?

CAVETT: I'm aware that it can be disturbing at times if I do it in the wrong way, but that's a chance I'm willing to take.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been reprimanded by a guest for your flippancy?

CAVETT: I think I have a fairly good instinct for when a laugh is permissible.

If my "flippancy," as you so quaintly call it, has annoyed anyone, they haven't told me. I continue to think of myself as a comedian, and if anyone expects me to not try to get laughs, that's their tough luck. I don't want the show to look like it's on the educational channel at three P.M. on Sunday, and although I have certain admirers who would prefer it that way and think it's cheap when I get a laugh, I would never think of changing that. When people say, "Why lower yourself to Carson's level?" I think that's pukey snobbism on their part. First, by their assumption that I think Carson is some sort of lower form, and second, that laughs are crass. Wrong on both. I say what I think is amusing and what I think will amuse the viewer, whenever I think it fits.

PLAYBOY: Are there any guests with whom you wouldn't go for a laugh?

CAVETT: No, I can't think of a subject where *some* kind of humor isn't possible. If you want rules, they're: (1) Follow your instincts and (2) Don't ask an archbishop if he ever balled a pig.

PLAYBOY: Like other talk shows with a studio audience, yours employs an APPLAUSE sign that's flashed on and off when you come out for your monolog. Isn't that almost as artificial as canned laughter?

CAVETT: Though they always punch the APPLAUSE sign, I don't think they keep it going after my entrance. But even when applause isn't cued, I feel a little silly standing there, because I've never exulted in applause or gotten the kind of kick you're supposed to get from it. There are some nights when I catch a few grinning faces in the audience and it seems like those people are genuinely glad to see me; that can help. But you can always find some conventioner looking wall-eyed or nodding off. Any applause that's clearly artificial bothers me, though. I remember one period on Carson's show when there was an irritating use of the APPLAUSE sign. I think Carson finally had it stopped after one night when Skitch Henderson said that the acoustics in the Buffalo Auditorium were so good that any musician would be glad to play there. The audience responded with a "spontaneous" burst of applause for those acoustics.

PLAYBOY: If you're not that interested in the applause, why don't you take the sign down and let the audience decide for themselves when to applaud?

CAVETT: It's not a serious problem; I'm sure we don't use it during conversation. At the end of a segment, it makes a kind of dissolve that's nice; but when acoustics start getting electronically cued applause on my show, I will personally shoot the damn thing down. It's almost as bad as the kind of applause the phonies on panel shows get with any sentence that ends on a positive, Norman Vincent Pealeish note, or one that ends with something like, "If parents would paddle

a few more fannies, this country would be a better place to live in!" For this kind of thing, there should be another electric sign that says **FART!**

PLAYBOY: The major talk shows vary little in general format. Have you or your producers considered any innovations for yours?

CAVETT: When a talk show starts, there's always a discussion of how this one is going to be different. People say things like, "Maybe we'll have people sit on blocks of ice," or something. And I've wondered how it would be to do the show with everybody standing. But there's very little you can do with conversation that would be significantly different. The *quality* can be different, but that's a mysterious thing I can't be too specific about. It's an atmosphere. You want the audience to sense that there's something about you or your show they might not get from watching someone else's show. I think this was certainly true with Paar. I used to watch him no matter who his guests were because there was some kind of tone in the conversation that pleased me above and beyond the specific personalities. This is increasingly important, because with so many talk shows now, certain celebrities appear so much that they become devalued currency.

PLAYBOY: Do you think many people watch your show regardless of who you have as guests?

CAVETT: Yeah, a lot of people write in and say they watch the show every night.

PLAYBOY: Why? What is it about you?

CAVETT: I think it's the way I cross and uncross my legs in a sensuous and provocative manner. People of both sexes have confessed to being driven to the brink of madness by it.

PLAYBOY: Seriously.

CAVETT: Seriously, I haven't the slightest. They get to know you, I guess, and get in the habit of liking to spend some time with you. That and maybe the show having a tone they like, which should involve a certain amount of the unexpected. Like in a serious interview with Werner Von Braun, after he had told how a Nazi informant had gotten him into trouble with the Gestapo and Himmler, I suddenly lapsed into German and then said in English, "You don't remember, do you?" with a German accent, pretending to be that informant. His expression and the laugh that followed are the kind of thing I, as a viewer, would like to see now and then on this kind of show. So I might watch every night even if I weren't on it.

PLAYBOY: Is there any other host you'd consider watching every night?

CAVETT: I can remember being really obsessed with the Paar show. I watched it every night; it was about all I lived for in those days. It was one of those neurotic years in an actor's life: You're making the rounds at all the agencies, but nothing's happening and you think you're



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getting mononucleosis again, so you'd better stay in your apartment for three weeks and read. You wind up sleeping 14 hours a day, but you're still tired and you don't want to go out or see anybody.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you weren't getting acting jobs?

CAVETT: I couldn't interest an agent in me. I didn't seem "commercial." Like most actors, I blew a lot of money on glossy photos; but when I got to an agent's office, I never looked like I did in the photos. They'd say, "Oh, I thought you were a leading man. You look taller and heavier in your photographs." I had one set of pictures that made me look like some sort of swarthy East Indian type. I swear it looked like I had dark skin. I think Sidney Poitier borrowed those pictures and got his first job with them.

PLAYBOY: You hadn't been acting too long before you were hired by Jack Paar as a writer. Were you reluctant to give up your acting career?

CAVETT: No, not really. I was never one of those people who feel that if someone cut off my legs and moved me to Ogden, Utah, I'd act in my wheelchair. I never had that burning drive. I did have an unfocused desire to be in show business, though, and I realized after I wrote that first monolog for Paar that I had done it not to start a writing career but simply to meet him. I'd been doing temporary work as a typist, getting dressed up on cold, dreary mornings and going down to Wall Street to type labels all day. I'd sit there and actually try to figure out ways to get on the Paar show. Then I got the job as a copy boy at *Time* and that led to— No, I can't tell the story again about Paar and the monolog. It's a matter of public record in about 34 places. In any case, even after I got the job writing, I still had a modest ambition to be a guest on the show. I was sure that if I got out there, they'd see that I could really talk and get laughs. I can even remember writing down funny things to say on the show and stashing them around my apartment.

PLAYBOY: Did you simply want to be a celebrity?

CAVETT: That's possible. I haven't thought of it that way. But I do remember having the desire to be recognized. When I was a kid, Bob Hope came to Lincoln, Nebraska, and I remember the adoring crowds watching him get into his car. I thought, "God, it must be wonderful to live the kind of life he does!" I had the same feeling about Fred Allen. I'd been to see *What's My Line?* at the studio one night and afterward I saw him standing under the marquee outside. No one was asking him for his autograph, which I found strange, and he started walking toward Broadway, and I just sort of followed him, thinking, "Jesus, that's Fred Allen." As he approached the corner, two bums stepped out of the shadows and

said, "You're the greatest, Fred. You're funnier than Milton Berle." He said, "Ah, my fan club is gathering." Then he handed some envelopes with money in them to the bums and walked down to the subway. I thought, "Shit! Should I talk to him? Should I follow him onto the subway?" I'll always regret that I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Were you as impressed by Jack Paar once you started working for him?

CAVETT: Yes. I didn't have that much direct contact with him, but there was always a kind of adrenaline pumping when you worked around Paar that affected his whole staff. He had a kind of emotional quality on camera that everyone in the press talked about, and there was an assumption that he couldn't be that emotional and still be terribly bright. It's another kind of snobbism I've seen before and since. Actually, he was funny, quick-witted and really smart. He used to read an awful lot and he made a terrific effort to compensate for what he considered a lack of education. Because of his great respect for learning, he'd tend to overrespect people he thought were smarter than he was. Very often, they weren't.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you had Paar as a guest on your show?

CAVETT: I'd love to and I've asked him, but he says it would create certain problems for him that he'd rather avoid. I still hope he will someday. He changes his phone number more than a callgirl with a will to fail. He's one of the oddest, most interesting and likable men I've ever met. I wish I saw him more often, but I guess nobody does. I'd give anything to see about a month of kinescopes of the old Paar *Tonight Show*. I guess they're gone forever. It's a shame.

PLAYBOY: After Paar left *The Tonight Show*, you wrote for a number of people who subsequently hosted the show. Which of them impressed you most?

CAVETT: I suppose Groucho was the most fun to write for because he'd always been a great hero of mine. I knew his style and it was a thrill to hear him say my lines. I even wrote a couple of things that Mort Sahl used when he did the show, which I would have thought was impossible, since Mort's style is so tied up in his personality. When I was doing my act, I used to say that one of my first jobs was writing dirty little remarks and selling them to children who wanted to get on the Art Linkletter show.

PLAYBOY: What prompted you to start performing your own material?

CAVETT: I'd had some sort of unformed desire to do it ever since my magic-act days, but the hard thing is finding out how to start. Where do you go to be a comedian? Then, when I was working for Paar, I was sent to the Blue Angel to look at a comedian who used to write for Sid Caesar. He was about my age and just getting his act together. It was Woody Allen. We talked a lot and be-

came friends, and I watched where he went and how he did it. I learned that the easiest route was to go from Greenwich Village clubs to television. So then, when I was working for Carson, I started writing my act and began to appear in clubs.

PLAYBOY: What was it that you liked so much about Woody Allen's work?

CAVETT: I thought every joke was brilliant and perfectly suited to his personality—his look, his shape, his size and all of that. I suppose, when I first sat down to write my act, I was influenced by what I thought *he'd* write. But it wasn't easy for me, because I don't have a role as clear as his to play.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any trouble breaking in your act?

CAVETT: Well, my first night at the Bitter End was a disaster. An unmitigated flop. Twenty minutes of concrete silence. Larger laughs have been heard in a total vacuum.

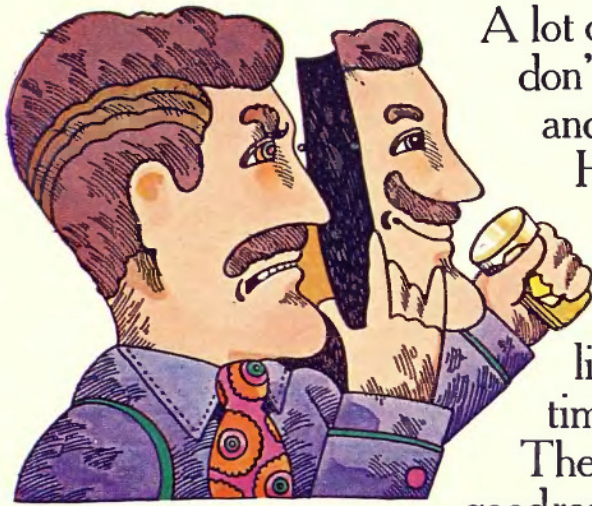
PLAYBOY: What kind of material were you doing?

CAVETT: I'd love to know now. Only under the deepest hypnosis could that 20 minutes come back. It's been wiped from my conscious mind. It must have been a satiric look at the Hanseatic League or a behind-the-scenes, tongue-in-cheek spoof of the Council of Trent. All I remember is standing up there with perspiration pouring over my eyebrows and into my eyes. I knew that if I reached up to wipe it away I'd only call attention to it. I thought, "Maybe it isn't just me. Maybe it's really hot in here and *everybody's* sweating." I saw the owner of the club discreetly leave during my act and I was sure that later he'd say to me, "Gee, I'm sorry I missed your act. I hear some of it was fine." But afterward, Jack Rollins, my manager, said to me, "I know this is going to surprise you, but it wasn't as bad as you think." He thought the best thing to do would be to perform again, so I did. I went on at the Improvisation for a few nights and all the things that hadn't worked on my first night started to get laughs. Of course, there were still a lot of dismal nights after that; it was agony sometimes. But there were other nights when I thought, "Now I have it. I know how it works now. I'll never do another bad show."

PLAYBOY: Did it get any less painful when you did?

CAVETT: Well, sometimes the fact that I was bombing struck me as hysterically funny. Once I got an audience I'll never forget at a place called the Duplex. A bus drove up and deposited what was obviously a tour. All of the men looked like potato farmers from some Baltic country and the women were indistinguishable from the men. It was such a small club, I could see all of them clearly, and every face looked like a fish's profile. When I say the silence was audible, I mean it. There seemed to be not just silence but an eerie kind of endless

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intake of breath. I was dying so utterly that it was hilarious to me and I began to smirk, giggle and finally laugh aloud at the silences following my jokes. The bartender was strangling with suppressed laughter to the point where he nearly asphyxiated himself on his own carbon dioxide. When I finished, I said, "This is where you applaud, and I want to congratulate most of you on looking remarkably lifelike," and left the stage in utter silence. I don't think a performer has ever enjoyed an audience so much.

PLAYBOY: Did you begin to enjoy the work consistently once you became more self-assured?

CAVETT: Sometimes it was very, very exhilarating. I'd think, "This is a wonderful way to make a living. I feel sorry for people who don't do this as a profession." But that feeling can disappear rather suddenly. Sometimes it was terrible to think I'd have to come back the next night and do the same crap all over again. And it could be almost as depressing to do a good show as it was to do a bad one. I'd come off the stage and think, "What have I got? It's not on film or on tape. Only a couple of hundred people saw it. Yeah, they laughed; but now they're talking among themselves about other things and soon they're going to file out and a whole new group is going to come in and I'll have to start the whole goddamned thing all over again." Then, if the second show didn't do as well as the first, I'd think, "How can I prove to these people that I really was funny an hour ago?"

PLAYBOY: You must have convinced somebody. Didn't you think you'd finally made it when you began to appear in 1967 on such new-talent specials as *Where It's At*?

CAVETT: I thought they were calling it *Where It Sat*. That's the only reason I agreed to do it. As we all know, to advertise oneself as "in" is to immediately put oneself out. I did another show for NBC, by the way, that was completely forgotten and never seen on the air. It was called *The Star and the Story* and it was ingeniously put together by Woody Fraser, my first producer. It was a cross between *This Is Your Life* and a talk show. We'd take a star and tell his life story in five half-hour episodes. They used Van Johnson for the pilot I made. Somehow, it didn't jell, to put it mildly. Whereas most pilot shows are "in the can," this one went down it. You may remember on the Emmy show when I was caught on camera running upstage to examine the celluloid streamers festooning the set. I thought they might be my pilot for *The Star and the Story*.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any misgivings when ABC signed you to do your morning talk show?

CAVETT: It was more a feeling of: "I'm not sure it's what I want, but I'll try it. Maybe I can do it."

PLAYBOY: What other formats might you have preferred?

CAVETT: Well, I had an idea for a talent-scout-type show called *Out You Go!*, where the losers have to leave the business. It would be a good way of nipping in the bud tomorrow's lousy singers, cruddy comics and witless impressionists, of which we have such an endless supply today. Instead of "Where will tomorrow's talent come from?," its motto would be, "Let's tell today's dreck where to go!" The gifted and improvable ones would, of course, be given subsidies for the rest of their careers. If this had happened years ago, there might be less TV, but more people watching what there was.

PLAYBOY: Did you use any of your comic heroes as a model for your new role as talk-show host?

CAVETT: I'm sure, at given moments, I modeled it after everybody I've ever seen. I'm a good mimic. As in writing, it has to do with hearing their voices in your inner ear. It affects you in performance. At times, I sit there and think, "I don't know what I'd say, but I know what so-and-so would say." So I'll react as Paar or Groucho or Carson would. I think everybody does this to some extent. Maybe not. No, some people wouldn't. They would be totally original and react only as themselves. I guess it's an identity problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've established your own identity by now?

CAVETT: If I have one, it's a kind of dimpled winsomeness masquerading as sophistication, a sort of cross between Robert Mitchum and Peter Pan, a wisdom beyond my years, concealed in the body of a cherub, a combination of wit and earthiness, as if Voltaire and Jane Russell had had a child! How the hell can a person describe his identity? That's for others to answer, your Honor.

PLAYBOY: What qualities of yours do you try hardest to repress on the air?

CAVETT: Snappish temper. I've failed several times. Sometimes it's directed at the guest, but quite often it's some disturbance that I consider inexcusable.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever simply in a bad mood?

CAVETT: I've been fairly lucky on that. I don't seem to be prone to mood swings of an extreme nature, as they call them in the trade. Occasionally, though, I go into a show loathing it and my job, but once I'm out there, I'll come storming out of that mood and be up for several hours after the show. Every performer has this experience and nobody can really explain it adequately. Of course, there are other nights you go out feeling bad and then sink with it.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever bored while doing the show?

CAVETT: I wouldn't call it boredom, because I'm always on edge one way or another. I'm not likely to fall asleep. But I do find myself acting interested in a

hell of a lot of things I'm not really that interested in. I just can't think of a gracious alternative—something to do when I'm not interested. Maybe I could say, "Go ahead and talk. I'm just going to finish this article in *Reader's Digest*."

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wish you were the guest instead of the host?

CAVETT: It's easier and harder to be a guest. Easier because you do your thing and you're through, harder because you have less time to do it and you're not back tomorrow to redeem yourself. The comedy guest in particular has to score quickly. Also, there are times when someone with a fascinating story tells it badly and I think I should have told the story and let him nod to verify it. But the guest is at the host's mercy in so many ways that maybe it's easier to be the host. Come to think of it, the best thing is to be the viewer.

PLAYBOY: How are guests selected for the show?

CAVETT: The staff and the producer do it. I'd go berserk if I tried to do that, mainly because I'd find objections to everyone who's suggested. I've found that I'm much better off having the guests selected for me. I've done wonderful shows with people who'd never have been on if it had been up to me. No names, please.

PLAYBOY: Does the network ever suggest guests for the show?

CAVETT: Yeah, people they have an interest in because they're on other ABC shows. Some I've had on and some I've vetoed because I thought they'd be too boring.

PLAYBOY: Can the network veto your guests? Censor your tapes?

CAVETT: I can honestly say the network has never insisted someone not be on. They can, of course, censor. I've won some fascinating arguments on that, and so have they. But there's very little censorship, which is as it should be. Censorship feeds the dirty mind more than the four-letter word itself would. If a guest says, "He was standing there absent-mindedly fingering his crotch . . ." and it's censored to "absent-mindedly fingering his _____," well, you see what happens. What's appalling is that a local station manager can take out all of Margaret Mead's remarks and leave in all of Ronald Reagan's—or vice versa—if he wants to, on the grounds that one "isn't good for his community." When this has happened, I've gotten outraged letters from people hip enough to know it's the local station's doing and not the network's. I wish people would let me know—with details.

But you do have to think about wounded sensibilities. If someone says, "The Pope's a pimp" or "The Queen sucks eggs" or worse, I don't mind losing it, although I could argue for leaving it in on the grounds that the viewer has been cheated of forming his own opinion of

Mr. Victor suggests a much longer cigarette to go with his new hairstyles.

Now everybody will be smoking longer cigarettes to go with their new hairstyles

...almost everybody.



Camel Filters.
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(But then, they don't try to be.)



the speaker, and that it wouldn't do any lasting harm. It's the pornography cliché, "No woman was ever ruined by a book." But even that may not be true. I *did* hear of an eccentric old crock back in Nebraska who boiled and ate a Bible, bit by bit, on the grounds that the Holy Writ would somehow shine through her. They say it played hob with her digestive tract and she was never again able to eat anything but tapioca. So there's a woman who was ruined by a book. So there are no absolutes. Have you ever played hob? It's a shame it went out of style.

PLAYBOY: Are you generally satisfied with the guests who are booked?

CAVETT: Yes, but I think there are ways of planning shows that haven't been tried yet and I'd like to try some of them. There might be more thought put into bringing the guests together on a subject. Usually there isn't time, but often there's a feeling that the show is coming together at the end, and that if we had another hour of tape we could do a more interesting hour than the first one. But it's hard to do that as much as I'd like, because often it's just a case of who's available. You schedule your abortion show for Thursday, but then you find out that two comedians from your "Salute to Broadway" show will have to be inserted into the abortion show. That's the kind of trouble you run into with subject-matter shows.

PLAYBOY: Two or three of the talk shows will often have the same guest on within a short period of time, usually because he or she is on a promotional junket of some kind. How do you feel about the fact that you're often the second to get such guests?

CAVETT: Griffin has gone to California and changed that picture, but I've had a number of people first and so has Carson. People may watch both shows to compare the two appearances, so you may get some viewers who wouldn't have watched otherwise. In that way, it may be an advantage to have a guest second.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you'd like to have on the show who's refused to appear?

CAVETT: Oh, sure. I'd love to get Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo—or maybe Edmund Wilson. On second thought, forget Edmund. He wouldn't do it anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you often have personal friends on the show?

CAVETT: I'm friendly with some people in the business, but there aren't many faces I see on the show that I also see across my dinner table. And there are some guests I'd rather go to a slaughterhouse than run into off the show. Of course, you want to know who they are. Since my choice of words is so pungent, I don't think I ought to mention them. Wise viewers can tell who these people are by the little things that happen around my

mouth and my eyes while I'm talking to them. I don't want to spoil the game for the audience.

PLAYBOY: If you dislike these people so much, why have them on?

CAVETT: I've had a couple of people on whom I consider pigs—not in the current sense of the word—and I think it broadens the spectrum. I'm also curious to see how I'll react to them. For some perverse reason, I'm often extra nice to a person I really despise. Of course, I don't want people to think that I despise *everyone* I'm nice to—or vice versa.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect the audience to like a guest you personally don't like?

CAVETT: They obviously do, because some of these people are quite popular with the public. If you're asking whether or not my feelings about the guest influence the audience's feelings about him, I haven't thought about it. God, I'm shallow in a lot of areas. I can't pose as profound on subjects I haven't given any thought to. What do I mean I can't? I often have. I mean I *shouldn't*.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of any guests who've been particularly informative to you personally?

CAVETT: I like to think that I'm capable of seeing the truth in a statement, whether it's made by a Black Panther or by Bill Buckley, but I'm rarely relaxed enough when I'm on the air to go through an actual learning process. Maybe when I'm watching the playback of the show I'll learn something, but it's less likely to happen on the air.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn much from Orson Welles during his two 90-minute appearances on the show?

CAVETT: Welles was, and I hope will continue to be, a rare treat for me and the audience. When asked, "Who would you like that you can't get?" I always used to say, "Orson Welles, to name a few." Now I can't say that anymore. But that's one of the most gratifying things about doing this kind of work. I'm glad for the benighted soul I met who had never heard of Welles and was thrilled by him, and for the kids who said they'd never seen the Lunts except on my show and thought they were "a groove." Or the people who said, when Fred Astaire got up and danced, that they felt their scalp tighten. Or when Sir Ralph Richardson is the comedy hit of a show, talking about his beloved motorcycle—it all becomes worth it. Or Groucho killing an audience he thinks is too young to remember him. On those nights, it seems like the best job in the world.

PLAYBOY: Who else would you consider as a solo guest?

CAVETT: I don't think there are that many people worth doing 90 minutes with. Pierre Trudeau might be fascinating. Robert Morley certainly would be. Maybe Marlon Brando. De Gaulle would have been great.

PLAYBOY: Are you awed by people like these?

CAVETT: The word awe doesn't describe anything I feel. And reverence has a rather corny, pseudoreligious ring to it. But I do thrill to great talent. I think great talents should have anything they want. Talented people should always get their way, up to the point of making it impossible to continue a project or production. Talent should be humored to the breaking point.

PLAYBOY: Do you include yourself?

CAVETT: Yes. And let me clarify this. Any performer knows that what looks like egocentric nitpicking on his part really isn't. An actor knows that a minor change in his or her costume or setting a prop wrong can ruin a performance. I know that a guest's appearance can be thrown by seeing his name spelled wrong out front and I get furious at the person who misspelled it. Talent is a gemlike thing, but performance is fragile and can be wrecked by a tiny irritation. If a \$10,000-a-week singer fires her lady valet for bringing the wrong eyelashes for a TV appearance, it sounds cruel: but even if she looks the same out front, she may *think* she looks lousy and give a lousy performance and shorten her career. And it's easier to get lady-valet jobs than it is singing careers. This sounds like the worst kind of aristocracy, but it's justified. Of course, there are performers who enjoy being swinish to their underlings for no reason. I hate that, too. But the fact remains that only a performer knows what makes it possible for him to perform, and you just have to take his word for it. Or hers.

PLAYBOY: It sometimes seems that one of the prerogatives of talent is to appear on talk shows drunk or stoned. How often do your guests appear in that condition?

CAVETT: Twenty-three percent of the time. I don't know. I've had some people on who I was pretty sure were one or the other or even both, but some people are that way without introducing any chemicals, legal or otherwise, into their bodies. Some just have jet fatigue. I had Judy Garland on once in the morning and I was definitely aware of something, but it was hard to tell with her by that time. In any case, I found her very appealing. I got the feeling I'd known her for a long time. She really seemed like an old friend. She was able to make that convincing. I don't think she was acting, but it's a quality that some actors have.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find yourself sexually attracted to female guests?

CAVETT: Yes. On my show as well as on other people's.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever act on it?

CAVETT: Act on it? With the censor sitting right there? How far would I get? By the time I had her blouse ripped, the

(continued on page 170)



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A man who plays to win. Whether it's a game of chance or the game of romance, he always knows just when to make the right move. And those moves are often influenced by the new ideas featured in his magazine. Fact: PLAYBOY ranks first among major magazines in concentration of men who regularly purchase new products. If you want to reach these adventuresome young men by the millions, advertise in the magazine that has the monopoly on them—PLAYBOY. (Source: B.R.I.)

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WHERE AM I NOW WHEN I NEED ME?

fiction By GEORGE AXELROD

*could cathy be as wildly sexy as
she sounded in her letters—or was
it all just a practical joke?
he'd know soon enough*

THIS IS A SUICIDE NOTE. A journal, if nothing more, of these last days. It will, I fear, drag on for a time, as, alas, I shall pull no trigger. Not only would my courage fail me at that final, consummate moment of despair but my wife, Margery, is chairman of the Sane Gun Law Committee of Westport, Connecticut, and, as an example of her good citizenship, is insisting that I turn over to the Westport police my World War Two German P-38. It is rusty, of course, and to my knowledge has not once been fired in joy, much less in anger.

But it has its uses. Often, in the cocktail twilight of a summer's evening, I break it out and arouse one or more of the bare-midriffed wives of my neighbors with the tale of how I had, in the Ardennes Forest, stooped and plucked the thing from the holster of my fallen victim, usually an SS colonel. *God, Harvey, it's so hard to think of you as a soldier! Mike never got any nearer to anything than the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn!* Pause. Always the pause. Then: *What* (asks bare-midriffed-wife-of-neighbor, now sexually inflamed by the mystery that lurks behind my disillusioned eyes, eyes that have perhaps seen too much) *does it really feel like to kill a man?*

The easy shrug. The funny, twisted smile. The turning away, not wishing to speak of it. The reaching once again for the shaker.

Actually, I bought it (my rusted German P-38) in the summer of 1945 from a drunken Army Air Force T/5 for a carton of Chesterfields, which he, in turn, exchanged for a brief ejaculation and an extended and

What with bare-ass hookers, joint-smoking fuzz and a bombed-out-of-his-skull author, the apartment was one of Fun City's most eminently bustable spots.

extremely painful case of clap. Maybe I will not turn it in after all. Maybe I will simply lock it in the filing cabinet here in my study. Margery will never know.

Sleeping pills are out of the question. I would, I know, take too few and simply wake some hours later in a semi-private room, trembling with nausea and disgrace.

I have a fear of high places.

And if one wished to drown oneself at Pebble Beach (having no pool of one's own and being too well mannered to embarrass a more affluent neighbor), one would have to walk out at least a quarter of a mile over a nasty, pebbled bottom and then one would still be only waist deep in slightly polluted water.

Nevertheless, I am dying.

Slowly.

But by my own hand.

. . .

This is a suicide note.

My name is Harvey Bernstein. I am 46 years old. I am a failed writer; author of three novels, two volumes of poetry and perhaps 400 book reviews, all of absurd books, reviewed for absurd publications. My stomach hurts in the morning. I have a bottle of vodka hidden in my desk at the office. I am employed as an instructor at the Best-Selling Writers' School in nearby Stratford, Connecticut. None of my three novels was best selling. My two volumes of poetry sold not at all. My 400 book reviews were all unfavorable.

My son, Bruce, is at Berkeley. He sends me letters from time to time, when there is trouble with the carburetor. My daughter, Linda, is a freshman at Barnard, where she is living, offcampus, with Lester, a graduate student in African literature. As there is no African literature to speak of, his time is very much his own. And Linda's. She brought him home to dinner last night. *Guess who's coming to dinner?* I guessed. Margery was beside herself in a kind of ecstasy. *We have not failed her! We have not failed her!* was her war cry throughout the horrid Sunday afternoon.

Lester is very black, indeed. Toward the end of the evening, he twice addressed me as Baby in what I took to be the pejorative sense. Otherwise, he was pleasant enough. And, I suppose, in a way, attractive. More attractive than Linda, surely, who is, when it comes right down to it, a rather fuzzy-looking girl.

Where, I wonder, are the tall girls, with long, suntanned legs and blonde hair flying, that I dreamed of in my youth?

. . .

I awoke this morning filled with the knowledge of impending death. It was raining. It has been raining for a week. My dreams had been of blue water and sun-drenched beaches and tall girls with

long, suntanned legs and blonde hair flying, running toward me in slow motion, in the manner of deodorant commercials on television.

Cold gusty wind drove the rain against the bedroom windows. Margery, thank God, was still asleep when I left the house. My stomach hurt, but I have mentioned that before. I drove (through gusts and rain) to the office.

The office, the Best-Selling Writers' School of Stratford, Connecticut, is a one-story edifice of glass and steel, divided, within, into cubicles, where we, the instructors, instruct by mail under artificial light.

Before me on the plastic surface of my desk lay the latest installment of the novel by Mrs. Edna Mortimer (housewife), a new chapter in the memoirs of General Harrison Bradley (U. S. A., Retired), a sonnet (part, I regret to say, of an extended sequence) by Charles Douglas Potter (hairdresser), plus numerous less ambitious exercises by students not so advanced as Mrs. Mortimer, the general and Charles Douglas Potter.

My secretary, Miss Akron (whose name falsely suggests a beauty-contest winner), has just brought in the morning mail. Applications from prospective students. Each will contain a filled-in questionnaire and a sample of the applicant's prose. Twenty-three of them this morning. God help me!

Mrs. Mortimer's latest installment describes the seduction of her heroine, a movie star ineptly based on the character of the late Marilyn Monroe, by a Jewish psychiatrist. Jacqueline Susann and Phil Roth will have a lot to answer for when they finally reach that Great Lending Library in the Sky.

It is raining even harder now. I think I shall add a stab of vodka to the instant coffee Miss Akron has just placed before me. Then, on to Mrs. Mortimer and the seduction of Jacqueline Susann by Philip Roth. At least, Mr. Roth refers to it as "pussy." Mrs. Mortimer speaks of it as "her pulsating virginia."

Self-pity overwhelms me.

The general has been given his first command. A post in Alaska. Alaska is an American territory situated on the northwestern edge of the continent, he observes. He is thrilled and looks forward to a winter of high adventure. Mr. Potter's sonnet (as usual) celebrates the Grecian glories of the male body.

Someday, perhaps, I shall open an envelope and out of it will fall. . . .

BEST-SELLING WRITERS' SCHOOL

Stratford, Connecticut

APPLICATION FORM AND LITERARY
APTITUDE TEST

(Please answer all questions. If more space is required, answers should be typed, double-spaced, on standard 8½"

by 11" typing paper, using one side of the sheet only. If, in our opinion, your application shows that you have genuine aptitude for writing, you will be assigned to one of our instructors, all of whom, by the way, are themselves professional best-selling writers. Your application will be processed as rapidly as possible and you will be hearing from us in a very few days. Good Luck!)

(1) NAME: Cathy. I'm a girl with only a first name. The last names I make up to suit the occasion. Lewis, Lovibond, Lombard, Lamont. Choose one. And even the first name changes from time to time and season to season.

(2) ADDRESS: Cities. New York. Los Angeles. Las Vegas. Miami. Choose one. If I pass this test, you can reach me, if you move swiftly, at 2931 Northern Boulevard, Astoria, Long Island. I share apartment 4D with Joanne. Also a girl with only a first name—that, too, subject to change without notice. When we first met, she was Rhoda and I was Eugenie. I think my name showed greater imagination.

(3) AGE: 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. Choose one. Joanne (Rhoda) is the same age.

(4) BANK: The Chase Manhattan. I have a friend there. I have friends everywhere. I am a very friendly person. I enclose a signed check (in case I pass the test). You fill in the amount. I am also a very trusting person.

(5) PRESENT OCCUPATION: "Model," which is, of course, a euphemism. Did I spell that right? I have no dictionary at the moment. If I pass the test, I will buy one. Which do you recommend? There are so many. Actually, I have done some modeling from time to time. See enclosed photograph.

(6) EXPLAIN IN 100 WORDS WHAT YOU HOPE TO ACHIEVE BY TAKING THIS COURSE. (Use separate sheet, as explained in the instructions above.)

SEPARATE SHEET 1

"What I Hope to Achieve by
Taking This Course"

What an ass-hole question! I hope to become a best-selling writer. Why else would I be taking this course? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be vulgar, but it (question six) is so silly that I didn't know what to answer. Actually, I think questions are more important than answers. For example, does a word like ass-hole, which has a hyphen, count as one word or two? That is the sort of thing I hope to learn. And where to begin. That's another problem. *I was born. . . . I awoke. . . . He plunged it into me. . . .* Those are all possible beginnings. But which? (100 words)

(7) TO TEST YOUR LITERARY ABILITY, PLEASE WRITE A 500-WORD ESSAY ON



"He did smile a funny little smile when Dupree said, 'We'll settle it on the field of honor.'"

THE TOPIC: THE SINGLE MOST TRANSCENDING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE. (Please use separate sheet or sheets, as explained above.)

SEPARATE SHEET 2

"The Single Most Transcending Experience of My Life"

The single most transcending experience of my life occurred in Webb City, Missouri, when I was 16 years old. As a young girl I was very ugly because of my nose (which I inherited from Grandpa who was known far and wide as Captain Hook not because he was a captain of anything) and my hair which was kind of no-colored and somewhat kinky. Not kinky like we use it today such as making it with boots and electric toothbrushes etc. Just all tight and curly and sweaty in summer. Anyway I was really stacked from the age of 11 on but it did me no good because of my nose and hair etc. At the time I had a big thing about a boy named Harold something I have forgotten his name who was in my class. He would not even look at me of course because of my nose and hair etc. He saw me once in a bathing suit at the Fourth of July picnic and said in my hearing that if he could wrap an American flag over my head so that he did not have to look at my nose and hair etc. he would consider throwing me one for Old Glory. Do you have to put quotation marks if he said it but you are just telling about it? Anyway, Grandpa died (of drink) and my share was \$600 so against the wishes of my mother who wanted the money for herself to open a charm and tap-dancing school I took the \$600 and went to K. C. (by bus) and bought myself a nose job. There was enough left over so I could get my hair bleached (suicide blonde was the shade I chose) and straightened and be fitted for a contraceptive device. That was before the pill. Can you imagine? It seems like the Dark Ages! Anyway believe me it was worth the \$600 and one week to the day or night actually from when the bandages came off I was in the back seat of Harold's Chevy. At the big moment for him (personally I didn't feel much of anything as my left leg was wrapped around his neck and had fallen asleep) he whispered for me to say the dirtiest word I knew. Eager to oblige, as I am to this very day, I did so. What I said was ointment. I still think ointment is the dirtiest word I know but I realize now that that was probably not the word he had in mind. Not only that but he probably thought I was making an insulting reference to his skin condition which was not so hot and he had to keep putting this stuff on it although only at night which didn't matter to me as he was built great and very handsome except for his skin condition. Anyway he

was so upset that he twisted loose and came all over my (500 words)

BEST-SELLING WRITERS' SCHOOL
Stratford, Connecticut
Miss Cathy Lewis Lovibond Lombard
Lamont
Apartment 4D
2931 Northern Boulevard
Astoria, Long Island

Dear "Cathy":

Very funny. I assume that "you" are one of three persons—Max Wilk, Ed Hotchner or Max Shulman, all good friends and neighbors in the Westport-Stratford area. What I can't understand is why you would take the trouble to do this to me! A practical joke I can understand. But the lengths: Actually to open an account at the Chase Manhattan Bank under that preposterous series of names! ("Your" check in the amount of \$500 has cleared.) What is the purpose? What harm have I ever done you? I suppose, like most writers, you still bear a grudge (grudges? Perhaps the three of you are in this together!) over reviews I have written of your various books from time to time. But even so. . . .

All right. We've had a good laugh. I would be interested, however, to know where you got the photograph. Is she real? Is there such a girl? Do you know her? Could I meet her? You see, you bastards, your vicious, black practical joke has worked. The seeds of doubt (or is it belief?) have been planted. Five hundred dollars for a practical joke? Very much out of character for three internationally famous cheap skates like you. I don't know. I don't know.

Bruce's car has broken down altogether. This time, it has to do with the transmission. Four hundred dollars is requested airmail special. Linda is still with that unspeakable *schwarza*. Margery is going through (as she has been since the day we were married 22 years ago) change of life. I am, unlike yourselves, no longer publishable. I am failed. I am vulnerable. This is a suicide note.

But, my God, if there were such a girl! I could teach her and mold her! ("And screw her," I hear you dirty bastards chortling to one another as you read this.) My life would be changed. There would be a reason to get up in the morning and drive to this hateful office and read and correct all this hateful, untalented, hopeless prose. Why does every asshole (asshole, by the way, is not necessarily hyphenated) in the world think he can write fiction? And why is it all, the very worst of it, the *dregs* of it, inflicted on me?

Frankly, Cathy, Max, Ed, Max, whoever you are, I have a confession to make. I have already been at the vodka bottle that I keep hidden in my desk. I have

had three belts, plus the shot I regularly sneak into Miss Akron's version of instant coffee. It is still raining, as it has been for the past week. I am, on this hateful March morning, in the mood to believe.

Perhaps, Cathy, you *are* real!

But I must have proof! I will not, in my precarious condition, devote the waning days of my life to laboring over, struggling to correct, struggling to improve a series of "lessons" concocted amid roars of laughter, over drunken lunches, by my three so-called friends. Lessons that will later be read aloud with ghoulish glee at some unfortunate cocktail party. Very probably with my wife and daughter and boogie soon-I-fear-to-be (this is an interesting use of the hyphen, forming, as it does, a compound adjective) son-in-law present.

Max! Ed! Max! Don't do this to me! If it is a joke, drop it now. You've made your point, whatever it might have been.

But, Cathy, if you *are* real, there is no limit!

You know life, I know grammar and sentence structure. Together, we can own the world. I will teach you to become a best-selling writer. And you can teach me . . . what? I don't know. To live, I suppose. Or at least to *want* to. (Sometimes a sentence can be ended with a preposition, but only for intentional dramatic effect.)

I am quite drunk now and it is only eleven-thirty-five. I have suddenly become very conscious of the hyphen. I, myself, tend to over-use it; as I do the semi-colon. It is rainy and cold here. As I stare morosely through the window at the flooded parking lot, I realize what it is I am actually dying of. I am dying of *despair*! I will mail this myself, ill-typed as it is, as I do not want Miss Akron to see it. And I wish to mail it before I have second thoughts.

Most sincerely
(on my part and I
hope on yours),
Your instructor,
H. B.

Dear H. B.,

Of course I am real. The photograph was taken two years ago and I have put on a pound or so since but only (so I am told) in the right places. I was glad to learn that asshole does not need a hyphen. You learn something new every day. I have never thought very much about the semi-colon but that is interesting too. I'm sure you can teach me to become a best-selling writer.

You did not say in your letter whether or not I passed the test. As a matter of fact your letter sounded kind of crazy. You do not sound like a very happy person. But I guess most best-selling writers are unhappy and have a tendency to

(continued on page 92)



A PLAYBOY PAD:

WALK-IN WORK OF ART

designed for creation and recreation, a miami sculptor-painter's multiskylighted digs invite the sunshine in

WHEN ARTIST Sebastian Trovato felt the need for more living space than his Manhattan apartment afforded, he decided to seek not only larger quarters but a warm climate as well. So he looked southward and eventually relocated in Miami, attracted by the omnipresence of the city's fabled sun, yet taking wary note of its often blistering intensity. Trovato kept both of these

As seen from the entrance terrace, the ingeniously designed home of Sebastian Trovato is an artful arrangement of massive cylindrical and block shapes. The entryway is just to the right of the large column in the foreground. At right, a living-room view takes in the terrace.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL MARRIS

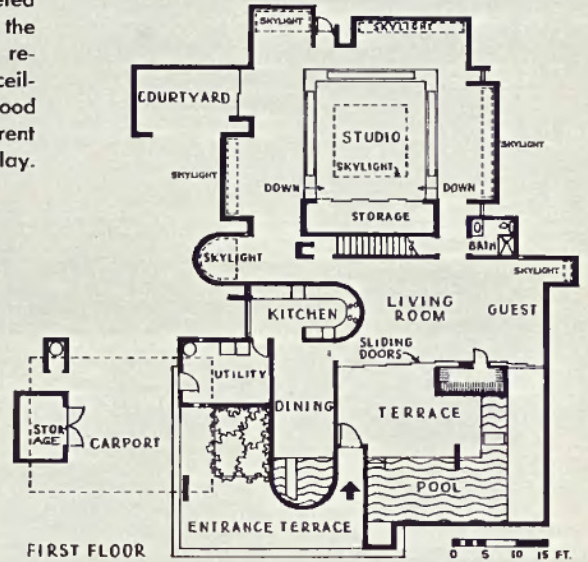
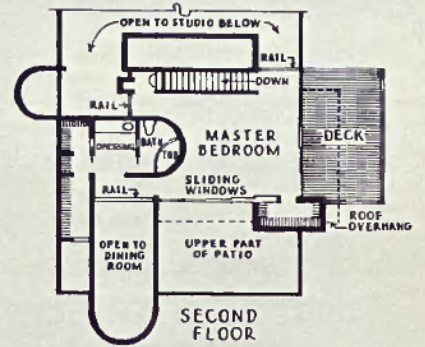




Top left, looking down from the bedroom: Guests enjoy the heated pool, which is open to the sky, and later gather for dinner, above. The textural contrast of sleek glass-and-steel furniture against the rough masonry walls creates a striking visual effect in the dining room. At left, a couple shares the sunken tub, where the only intruder is a Trovato sculpture with soaps and toiletries.

solar characteristics in mind when he commissioned architect Milton Harry to design the modern Southern mansion pictured on these pages, specifying a superabundance of skylights (there are six in the studio-gallery alone) to take advantage of the natural light, but just a few strategically placed long glass slits to serve the purpose of conventional windows

A detailed floor plan, at right, emphasizes the structurally uncomplicated layout of the home. Notice that the pool, located just to the right of the entrance-terrace wall, is in convenient proximity to the living room, making it an integral part of the total design and—since it's so accessible—much used. Also shown, outdoors, are the courtyard, sun deck, storage hut and carport, which together total 1600 square feet. Below: The living room, with its brightly carpeted stairway that leads up to the master bedroom, features recessed rheostat-controlled ceiling lights and hanging flood lamps that showcase the current Trovato paintings on display.



and also limit the penetration of Florida sunrays. The resulting masonry-and-wood structure is a privacy lover's fortress, due to the largely glass-free facade. Not that Trovato's a recluse, but he enjoys the sealed-off ambiance because it helps him maintain an uninterrupted and productive workday, whether he's wielding brush and chisel or negotiating with a





prospective client, since he also keeps his business appointments in the studio-gallery. Though the house looks impregnable from without, there's a refreshing free-to-roam feeling inside and one is subliminally urged to do so by a flowing, uncluttered layout (permanent doors close only the bathrooms) that covers 3800 square feet. The large studio-gallery—featuring a stereo system (that often plays high-decibel opera, to the owner's taste), bar, storage wall and sunken work pit, where guests can peruse the current assemblage of Trovato's work—is really the heart of the place, since both social

The home's action central is the studio-gallery, above, where the artist does most of his entertaining. Dominated by a huge rectangular skylight, it was designed on two levels, with a walkway surrounding the artist's sunken work area. Left: A gleaming sculpture, recently a prize winner for Trovato in a local exhibition, is on display in one corner of the room. At right, behind the cylindrical wall, is the bath/dressing room. At far right, a welcome guest takes a late-hour swim that is plainly as pleasurable for the beholder as it is for the skinny-dipper.



and creative activities take place there. Also on the ground floor are the kitchen, living room, dining room, pool, bath, utility area and—adjoining the studio—a courtyard. The second story, which is an open bedroom, commands a pleasant view of the pool and tropical foliage below. Trovato has demonstrated yet another facet of his nonlinear artistic

talent by designing as well as creating most of the furnishings. The few exceptions are classic Mies van der Rohe pieces. Justifiably proud of his carefully planned sun castle, Trovato says that, unlike the constantly changing display of canvases and sculptures in his studio-gallery, there are no plans for selling this Trovato creation for many years to come.



POLLUTED MAN

fantasy

By ARTHUR KRETCHMER

the survival of the fittest is one thing—but was darwin ready for homo effluviens?

THE PRIMARY PURPOSE of evolution, according to anthropologists, is to enable the members of a species to adapt to a hostile environment—as illustrated by the fact that the greatest changes in early man came about 1,000,000 years ago, during successive Ice Ages.

These days, anyone who tries to breathe, see or eat knows that our own environment is no slouch when it comes to hostility, and it's our guess that another set of extensive changes in man will

come during the next half century or so—the Crud Age. Only those humans who evolve and perfect organic anti-pollution defenses will survive—a process that may well be pushed along by genetic research. (To those who argue that society is capable of eliminating the environmental threat to mankind, we would point out that society works through politics and anyone who would bet on politics over the laws of natural selection is doomed to extinction.) We suspect



2,000,000 B.C.

ANTHROPOID APE

500,000 B.C.

JAVA MAN (HOMO ERECTUS)

30,000 B.C.

MODERN MAN (HOMO SAPIENS)

that the pride and joy of the evolved family *Homo effluviens* will look very much like the specimen below.

Polluted Man's eyes are quite large—the better to see through the smoggy darkness; and a transparent inner eyelid called a nictitating membrane protects his supersensitive retina from airborne acids and particulate matter. His overdeveloped, spatulate index finger enables him to more easily push buttons—his main activity. His poor ear, degenerated

by air hammers, automobile horns and Joe Cocker, has grown a protective flap. The nose just couldn't keep up with the bad air, and has been replaced by a far more sophisticated set of filters. And the mouth—which used to swallow indiscriminately all that mercury and DDT—has been augmented by a set of pouches for storing food that will be slowly detoxified by new salivary enzymes. The lungs needed help to suck the good oxygen out of all that bad air, so their capacity has increased

more than fourfold. The buttocks have expanded with overuse just as the muscles of the long leg and arm bones atrophied with disuse. And because smog seems to cause sterility—rats exposed to amounts of smog comparable to that faced by the average traffic cop have markedly reduced birth rates—the testicles have grown to the task.

There he is, Polluted Man. Mark him well. He may not be beautiful but he's one hell of a lot better equipped for life in the 21st Century than you are. 🦨



2000 A.D.
 POLLUTED MAN (*HOMO EFFLUVIENS*)

WHERE AM I? (continued from page 84)

drink too much from time to time. I once spent a weekend with a best-selling writer (in Miami) and he drank the whole time. He also cried a lot. Afterward, I read two of his books (both best sellers). They were very kinky (boots, electric toothbrushes etc.) but also very beautiful. I must say he wrote about it a lot better than he did it in real life. But probably he does it better when he is not pissed. Many people do.

Are you a best-selling writer? Have I ever read any of your books? Could you send me one or two? (I will pay for them of course.) Please write soon and tell me if I passed the test. And what you want me to do next. Will there be regular printed lessons or will you just write and tell me what to do?

Your friend
(and I hope student),
Cathy

I ran into Max Wilk at a cocktail party two nights ago. Shulman, he tells me, is in Hollywood; Hotchner is in Europe; so that, more or less, rules *them* out. I dropped several not-too-veiled hints about prostitutes with literary ambitions and bank accounts at the Chase Manhattan. He looked at me blankly, clearly assuming I was drunk. Since he no longer drinks (gout), he assumes that everyone else is drunk at all times. He has a new novel. I have been asked to review it for the Diner's Club magazine. I reviewed an early Phil Roth book for *Partisan Review*. Now I am dying and unpublishable (except by the Diner's Club magazine) in Westport. Where are the golden girls of my dreams? Where are the reviews by Roth of my new novels? Oh, God! Perhaps Ed Hotchner will review my suicide note. For *Popular Mechanics*.

I have locked Cathy's photograph in the drawer where I keep the vodka. Last night, shortly after the 11-o'clock news, Margery turned insanely amorous. It was not a happy occasion. I had already taken my pills. She had already done whatever it is she does to herself at night that makes her look rather as she does in the daytime only more so. I could not for the life of me get it up. Then I thought of Cathy. The effect was extraordinary. I have not performed with such style in years. I found myself suddenly thinking "kinky" thoughts. I am toying with the idea of obtaining an electric toothbrush. How in God's name, I wonder, does one employ such an instrument sexually? At the moment of climax, I murmured the word ointment into Margery's earplug. (She had, in her sudden passion, forgotten to remove them.) Very satisfactory. Of course, like so many best-selling writers, I was pissed.

But I am not a best-selling writer. I am a 46-year-old drunken failure.

Later, sitting alone in the dark in the breakfast nook with a vodka and Fresca, I cried.

• • •

It is still raining. The general finds his new post near Juneau, Alaska (an American territory on the northwestern edge of the continent), disappointing. But there is, he writes, an ample supply of whiskey at the officer's mess. He is grateful for small blessings.

Mrs. Mortimer's heroine Madelene's virginia (*sic*) continues to pulsate (*sic*) merrily. Sick. (Me.) Albert, the subject of Mr. Potter's sonnet sequence, continues to bulge provocatively at the crotch of his jeans. He (Mr. Potter), unfortunately, chooses to rhyme "provocatively" with "sock it to me" as the final couplet of *Sonnet 163*.

This is a suicide note.

I must make a decision. Either Cathy is real or she isn't. If she is (have I misjudged the whole matter? Are Max and Ed and Max innocent? Could this be a practical joke devised by Phil Roth and Miss Susann?), then I must answer her letter. I must begin her course of instruction. Her check was good. She is (I have made my decision) awaiting, with pulsating virginia, my answer. Astoria (as an address) is beyond the inventive powers of any of the aforementioned best-selling assholes. I (frankly) have no idea if asshole should be hyphenated or not. But as an instructor of creative writing, I must take a firm (if not bulging) position. I shall write her in a moment or two. As soon as I sneak another look/drink from my locked drawer.

God, she is beautiful. Can she be real? I believe! I believe! I believe!

I believe in the stork! I believe in Santa Claus! I believe in God! I believe in the fucking Easter bunny!

I believe in Cathy Lewis Lovibond Lombard Lamont!

Harvey Bernstein (I have begun to think of myself in the third person—a sign, I have read, of impending madness) opens his desk drawer.

He takes out the vodka bottle and places it shamelessly before him on the desk. He takes out the photograph. He studies it; thinking kinky thoughts, until the crotch of his baggy gray flannels bulges as provocatively as the jeans of Mr. Potter's Albert.

He takes a belt from the neck of the bottle. He reaches for a sheet of paper, inserts it into his typewriter and begins to tap the keys.

Dear Cathy,
Good news!
You have passed the test!

It is very important for a writer who wishes to become a best-selling author to choose a subject with which he or she is familiar. As your life appears to be a most interesting one, I think we might begin by having you continue with your autobiography, starting at the point where you left off in your most interesting 500-word essay. . . .

The letter itself ran 13 pages, growing (I fear) more incoherent as he consumed vodka; and passion, in turn, consumed him. His concluding sentence was "I love you." Which I hope I had the sense to X out before mailing, but I do not remember.

I am 46 years old. I drink in the mornings. I am in love with a 18-, 19-, 20-, 21-, 22-, 23-, 24- (choose one) year-old prostitute whom I have never met.

This way surely leads to the self-destruction I so desperately seek.

The auto-da-fé has begun.

But it will take some time for the flames to consume me.

(Suicide note to be continued.)

• • •

"Out of your mother-grabbing mind," Joanne said as she wandered in from the bathroom, drying her hair with a large, mascara-stained towel. Joanne, formerly Rhoda and, before that, God knows what, had been considered for most of her life a dumb, rather sexy-looking blonde. As she had recently changed her hair color, she was now generally regarded as a dumb, rather sexy-looking brunette.

Cathy found her roommate's stupidity essentially soothing.

One of the things that amused and soothed her most about Joanne was Joanne's absolute refusal to accept the fact that they were both prostitutes.

"Prostitute?" a recent argument had run. "Wednesday night, Gene let me into the Colony in a pants suit. Do you think he'd let some cheap hooker in there with a *pants suit*? A restaurateur like Gene is a great judge of *people*! He *has* to be! That's his *thing*! Judging people. Judging, like, who should get the right table. Judging, like, are they good for the check. Shit like that. So, if I *was* a prostitute, don't you think Gene would be the first one to know it?"

So touched was Cathy by this line of reasoning that she politely refrained from pointing out that while her roommate had, indeed, been admitted to the Colony in a pants suit, she had been admitted as a member of a party of six, the host being a world-famous movie star whom that excellent judge of character, Gene, judged (correctly) to have arrived at the door at a pitch of drunkenness likely to explode into violence at any

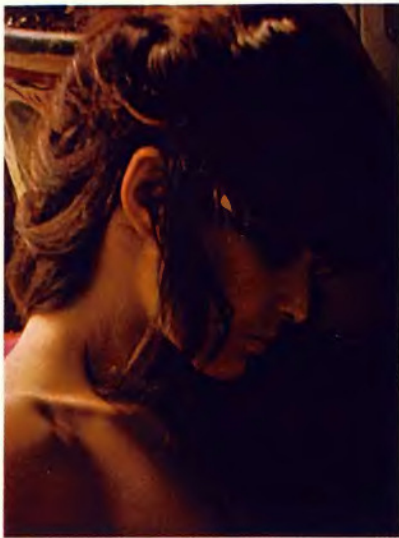
(continued on page 212)

THE CURIOUS STORY OF CHERIE IN WONDERLAND

*in which
the lovely miss
latimer is
reduced to a
shadow of her
former self*



"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice as she felt herself alternately shrinking and growing in Lewis Carroll's classic. Actress Cherie Latimer might be equally mystified over what happened to her during the editing of MGM's newly released film *Alex in Wonderland*. When shooting began on *Alex*, which stars Donald Sutherland as a film maker who can't face success, Cherie was cast in a dual role—as a girlfriend and as one of some 50 fantasized figures of Alex's idol, Federico Fellini. But the film ran long, Cherie's big part was cut—"she was fine in it, but the scene wasn't necessary to the film," explains director Paul Mazursky—and now she's seen only briefly as a shadowy Fellini.



Cherie (above) and other embodiments of Fellini—one of whom is the renowned director himself—merge with other images in the haunted mind of Alex. Star Sutherland (right), producer Larry Tucker and director Mazursky came to *Alex* fresh from box-office successes, Sutherland in *M. A. S. H.* and the Tucker-Mazursky team with *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Mazursky, who also portrays a producer named Stern in *Alex*, refused to ask his cast to do anything he wouldn't do himself: Inset below, bare-Sterned, he directs a nude scene on location.



His first film a smash hit, Alex can't decide what to tackle next. He envisions films on such relevant contemporary topics as air pollution, the Vietnam war and the black-power struggle—imagining himself (at right and below) on the beach at Malibu, surrounded by hundreds of blacks, who emerge from the ocean and begin dancing ecstatically on the sand to the frenzied beat of African drums.





Although Cherie—seen above with Sutherland—has played bit parts in two Italian films and featured roles on several television shows, *Alex in Wonderland* was to have been her first major movie. Things are looking up again now; she's been cast in *A Kiss from Eddie*.

Cherie has been stage-struck since childhood, but, to keep her mother happy, studied interior design at the Chamberlain School in Boston. Given Cherie's outstanding exterior design, we're sure she'll soon be able to turn her career from shadow to substance.





SHARK!

article By PETER MATTHIESSEN *an author-journalist and a team of film makers set out in quest of the most fearsome creature in the sea—and find it*

I first saw sharks some 30 years ago, on the fishing grounds off Montauk Point, Long Island. I was a boy then, awed by the silent fin, the shadow in the sea, and when it comes to sharks, I am still a boy today. Big blue sharks and hammerheads were so common off Montauk that one might see 70 in a single day, and once we caught a 13-foot mako that rose to fasten on a hooked tuna. The mako and the porbeagle shark of cold northern deeps share with the great white shark the stiff crescent tail that distinguishes this family of swift ocean swimmers—Isuridae, the mackerel sharks—from other large pelagic species such as the blue and hammerhead, which have asymmetrical tails with the upper lobe more extended than the lower.

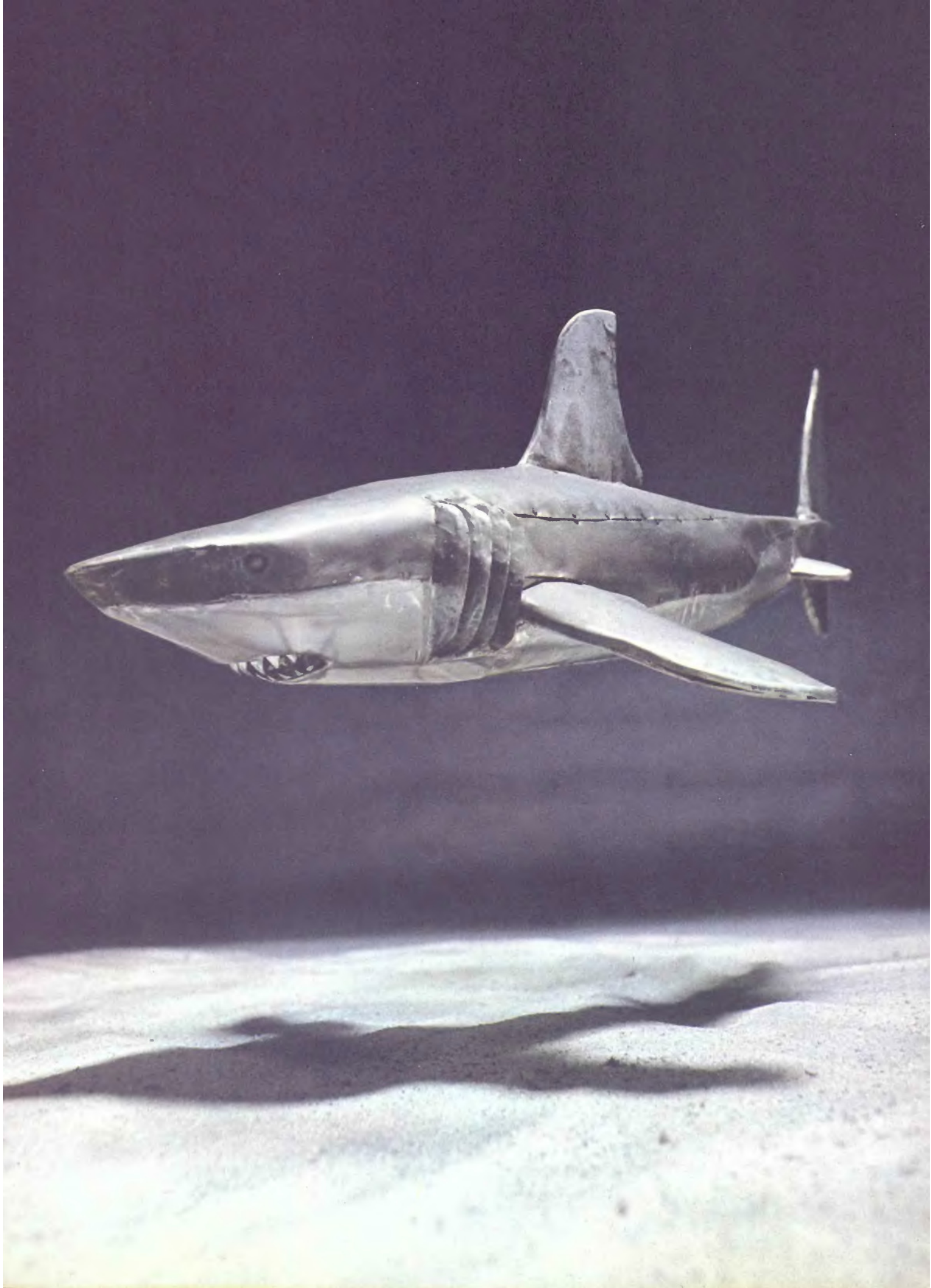
*Among man-eating sharks, the great white is much the largest, most dangerous and most mysterious. A 13-foot white would weigh half again as much as that big mako and the species is further distinguished by large black eyes—all black, like holes in a shroud—a conical snout that gives it one of its Australian nicknames, “white pointer” (another nickname is “white death”), and triangular teeth with a serrate edge like that of a saw. These terrible teeth are identical or nearly so to those of its nearest relative, a great shark common in the Pleistocene that attained well over 100 feet in length: This was *Carcharodon megalodon*, apparently so similar to the white shark, *Carcharodon carcharias*, that the extinct species and the living one are assigned to the same genus. A few ichthyologists have wondered if the two species are not identical, which suggests in turn the remote possibility that somewhere in the ocean depths, feeding on giant squid, perhaps, as sperm whales do, a few of the great megalodon might still exist.*

The first white shark I ever saw—a cadaver-colored 17.5-foot brute weighing well over two tons that was harpooned off Montauk and towed ashore in June 1964—also excited the imagination of a man named Peter Gimbel and gave him the idea for a film, to be released this spring by Cinema Center, chronicling a search for the great white that I was to join.

*Gimbel, who got the Life pictures of the *Andrea Doria* where she lay sunk in the deep ocean currents off Nantucket, was already an established diver when—to the great disappointment of his father, who wanted him in the family company—he left Wall Street a decade ago to make a film on blue sharks, lead a parachuting expedition into the cloud forests of Peru, swim under the antarctic ice to photograph Weddell seals, and comport himself generally in the manner of a man bent on systematic self-destruction. “I have no pride or rules about courage,” he says. “I go when I feel dominance over the situation, and not on days when I’m afraid—those are the days that you get hurt.” For years he has fought off the suggestion that he is out to test himself, or is ruled by some sort of death wish. “Danger doesn’t interest me, but I’m curious and I think everybody’s curious to find out just what their limits are under situations that exert a certain amount of stress on them. I would be just as curious, for example, to know what my limits are as a gambler, but I already know that, so I’m not curious: I’m a lousy gambler.”*

Peter’s arguments are invariably well-reasoned and sincere, and yet, sensing that some small piece of self-awareness is missing, one goes away unsatisfied. I have listened to him for years, and I always believe him when he speaks, but still the questions keep occurring. In a careful way, with impeccable preparations, he seeks out ways to test what he calls “the limits,” and of course this search has no real end to it but death. Still, I don’t think this

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN



is a death wish, unless dread of death is the same thing. It is as if, by confronting death over and over, he might end some awful suspense about it, or dissipate it in some way. More than any man I have ever met, Gimbel, now 43, loathes the aging process in himself. "I look into the mirror and I hate what I see there, and it's just happened in the last year," he says, cursing his face lines and gray hair, though in fact his hair turned quite gray several years ago. And this lack of serenity in the face of his own transience seems out of character to the people around him. As Valerie Taylor says, "Peter's so great the way he is, he shouldn't need to suck his tummy in and hide his bald spot when the camera's on him."

Since, in some respects, our explorations have been similar, I am sympathetic with Peter's need to find out what the limits are; the original motivations may be ambiguous, but attacks upon this life style are often ambiguous as well—as if the need to attack betrayed a fear in the attacker that his own life seeps away from him unlied.

* * *

Valerie Taylor was one of four divers who served as principals in Gimbel's film: The others were her husband, Ron—the Taylors are both Australian scindiving champions—Stan Waterman, an American underwater-film maker, and Gimbel himself. Ron, Stan and Peter served as underwater cameramen and Peter was also the film's director and producer. These four, with a small surface crew, first met in Durban, South Africa, in April 1969, in the hope that the great white shark would turn up among the big oceanic sharks attracted to the carcasses of harpooned sperm whales off the coast. The whites never appeared, but the spectacle of 100 or more big sharks seen simultaneously by photographers who eventually swam freely with them in the open water was the subject of the most striking shark footage ever taken by anyone until that time, though its eminence was to endure but a few months. From Durban, in that spring and summer, the expedition went to Ceylon, Madagascar, the Seychelles, the Comoros and islands in the Mozambique Channel. Everywhere the great white eluded us.

In New York in August and September, Gimbel assembled a rough cut, or "assembly," of the footage, designed to prove to Cinema Center that the film needed a climax; the assembly was screened in mid-October. Afterward Gimbel persuaded the company executives that the Taylors had invariably located white sharks in South Australia's Spencer Gulf, and that even if his own expedition failed to do so, the material already obtained would be infinitely more interesting with the addition of the Australian footage. Since the extra expense would be relatively small, it would be folly not to pursue the search to the end.

PORT LINCOLN IS LOCATED on the barren Eyre Peninsula of South Australia, which forms the western shore of Spencer Gulf. The foremost fishing port of Australia and a shipping center for the wheat and livestock ranches of this region, it is also a summer resort with a beach front on its broad pale bay. South of the town, toward the uninhabited tip of the peninsula, is a dry rolling scrub of gum and Casuarina and Melaleuca where, at dawn one morning, we saw kangaroo and

emu. Westward, the scrub dies away in the dry wastes of the Nullarbor Plain, the never-never country of the aborigines.

The expedition was housed at the Tasman Hotel, overlooking the beach boulevard and the bay; a storehouse-workshop was set up in a shed behind. The original film crew was still mostly intact, but the hard job of production manager had been given to an Australian named Rodney Fox, whose experience in the waters of this region includes a near-fatal attack by a white shark.

Fox, a fair-haired, jaunty man of 30, has been involved in more white-shark attacks than any living person and the pattern of his experiences is weird. In 1961, when he won the South Australian Skindiving and Spearfishing Championship—this is free diving, without aid of scuba tanks—his chief competitor was his friend Brian Rodger, who had been state champion the year before. Late one afternoon in March, during a "comp" at Aldinga Beach, south of Adelaide, the two were swimming close to each other when a shark seized Rodger by the leg. He wrenched himself free, but the shark came in again, and this time he deflected it with a point-blank shot from his sling spear gun. Though the barb scarcely dented its tough hide, the shark veered off, and Rodger, bleeding badly—his wounds required some 200 stitches—used the rubber sling from his spear gun as a tourniquet on his leg, then struggled on, unaided; he was finally picked up by a rowboat near the shore.

Fox was beneath the surface during the attack and was never aware of it; all he saw was the swift approach of a white shark that came in and circled him closely, so closely at times that he could have touched it with his spear gun. Even as he spun desperately in the water, he had to keep going to the surface to get air. Then he would dive for the bottom, 30 feet down, seeking protection, and creep a little way inshore. Relentlessly, the big shark circled, and Fox is convinced that this was the one that Rodger had driven off, returning now along the trail of Rodger's blood; since both men wore black suits, it might have mistaken Fox for its original prey. This distraction, which Rodney thinks could not have been less than ten minutes, may well have spared his bleeding friend from further attack.

As the minutes passed and the shark persisted, Rodney had to fight a growing panic. He was still a half mile offshore, and was spending his last energies going to the bottom. Even when the shark was gone, he felt certain that it would return, and the day was growing late; he was most frightened of all that dark would fall while he was still alone in the open water. But the shark never reappeared and he got ashore.

Fox became state champion that year and was runner-up the next; in 1963, it was expected that he would regain the South Australian title, and Ron Taylor, who was champion of New South Wales, thought that Rodney was the man to beat for the championship of all Australia. Once again the South Australian competition was held at Aldinga Beach, which is noted for its plentiful fish and is only 34 miles south of Adelaide, and this time Fox was swimming near Bruce Farley, the cook-deck hand on the film-expedition motor ketch, the Saori. That Sunday, there were 40 divers in the competition, which was based on the number of fish species taken as well as total (continued on page 152)



SOKOL

"Now that we know each other, Mr. Radcliff, can't you stop referring to me as 'occupant'?"

THE MINI REVOLUTION

modern living **By KEN W. PURDY**



RATTLESNAKE RACEWAY is a private road circuit, six miles from Midland, Texas, on Route 349, once the legend-strewn Pecos Trail. It was not called Rattlesnake Raceway out of whimsy: the flat, arid countryside around it, sparsely covered with coarse grasses, tumbleweed, mesquite and other desert vegetation, supports a formidable population of *Crotalus atrox*. The snakes come out of the bush to sun themselves on the warm concrete of the track, and drivers now and then run over one; sometimes they go back and stone it to death. Out past the perimeter of the property, there are groves of pecan trees, white-dotted cotton fields and, fallow, the warm red Texas earth. This is oil country: There are 58,000-odd people in Midland, and an oil-company headquarters for every 80 of them.

Rattlesnake Raceway is the test track for the building-and-racing firm of Chaparral Cars, Inc., and it is the most sophisticated circuit in private hands. One must go to General Motors to find anything comparable. The radio-telemetry equipment at Rattlesnake enables Chaparral technicians to produce as many as eight simultaneous remote readouts on a moving car up to five miles away: speed, lateral g force, engine revolutions per minute, the time in second fractions required to shift from third to fourth gear, deceleration rate and so on. Photoelectric cells rim the track and it can be wetted down from beginning to end. Until it was made available to *PLAYBOY*, the circuit had not been open to any publication for extended testing. It was the ideal setup for us in assaying 14 subcompact automobiles that were likely to demonstrate only slight differences in many categories—differences that would be impossible to establish precisely by seat-of-the-pants evaluation.

Another advantage was multiple testing of the cars by experts: the three Chaparral technicians assigned to



playboy tests 14 small cars—leading combatants in the growing subcompact battle between detroit and the foreigners—to see whether or not motown's auto makers have what it takes to stand up against the invaders

the project; Don Gates, chief vehicle engineer, formerly chief of the Product Performance Engineering Group at Chevrolet Research and Development; Wesley Sweet and Harold Gafford, race mechanics; Jim Hall, founder of Chaparral and one of the legendary figures, both as driver and builder, in U. S. road racing; and Chaparral executive vice-president Cameron R. Argetsinger, who created Watkins Glen, oldest of American road races. We all drove the cars (Austin America, Capri, Colt, Cricket, Datsun 510, Fiat 850, Gremlin, Opel 1900, Pinto, Renault R10, Saab 99E, Toyota Corona, Vega GT, Volkswagen Super Beetle) many miles on the circuit and on the road.

Jim Hall is particularly sensitive to a vehicle's performance on Rattlesnake, because in the development of his own cars, which have been fabulously successful here and in Europe, he has driven more laps on it than he can remember, certainly high in the thousands. For a two-mile course, it has a lot of variety; a double 90-degree corner, a long straight with a fast bend in the middle, a hard corner that tightens up wickedly the farther one gets into it and an uphill blind bend. Then there's a skid pad of a 150-foot radius that runs around the building housing the radio and recording equipment. It was on this circuit and in the shops down the lane from it that Hall and his partner Hap Sharp developed the innovative Chaparral racing cars (first to use airfoils for increased rear-wheel

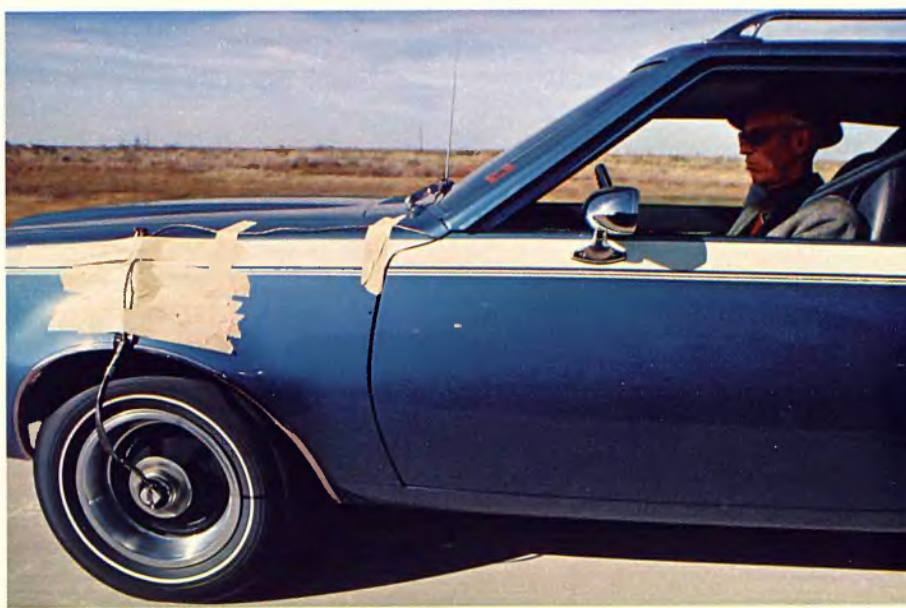
PLAYBOY'S Ken Purdy is shown at Rattlesnake Raceway with all of the test cars. Counterclockwise from Purdy: Colt, Pinto, Cricket, Opel 1900, Toyota Corona, Capri, Vega GT, Volkswagen Super Beetle, Austin America, Saab 99E, Fiat 850, Datsun 510, Renault R10 and Gremlin.

adhesion, for example), and it was on Rattlesnake Raceway that the almost incredible Chaparral 2-J—the “vacuum-cleaner” car designed for Hall by a team of ten men led by Don Gates—first ran.

The new small cars come to the U. S. market under the force of compelling logic: The Volkswagen showed the way 20 years ago, and when the sales of VWs, Renaults, Fiats and the like began to round ten percent of the U. S. total, Detroit policy setters had to concede that somebody out there wanted them besides car snobs, budgeteers and eccentrics. The returns are in now, and they affirm what many experts in various fields have felt for some time: We cannot indefinitely justify 3000-pound, 300-horsepower, nine-miles-per-gallon vehicles for the transportation of one or two people. It's likely that in 25 years the four-car family will be commonplace and that all four autos will fit comfortably into today's two-car garages still standing.

The equation contains factors beyond the obvious ones of economy, ecology, historical imperative, Ralph Nader's stunning appearance on the national scene in the role of David against the industry's Goliath, and Federal intervention. One of those factors is the post-War travel and (continued on page 130)

Purdy takes a Gremlin around the Rattlesnake Raceway test track. The apparatus taped to the fender electronically transmits information to recorders housed on the skid pad. The track, right—one of the country's most sophisticated testing circuits—provided Purdy and his team with microscopically precise data on every aspect of performance. Building complex off to the left of track houses Chaparral Cars' shops and offices.

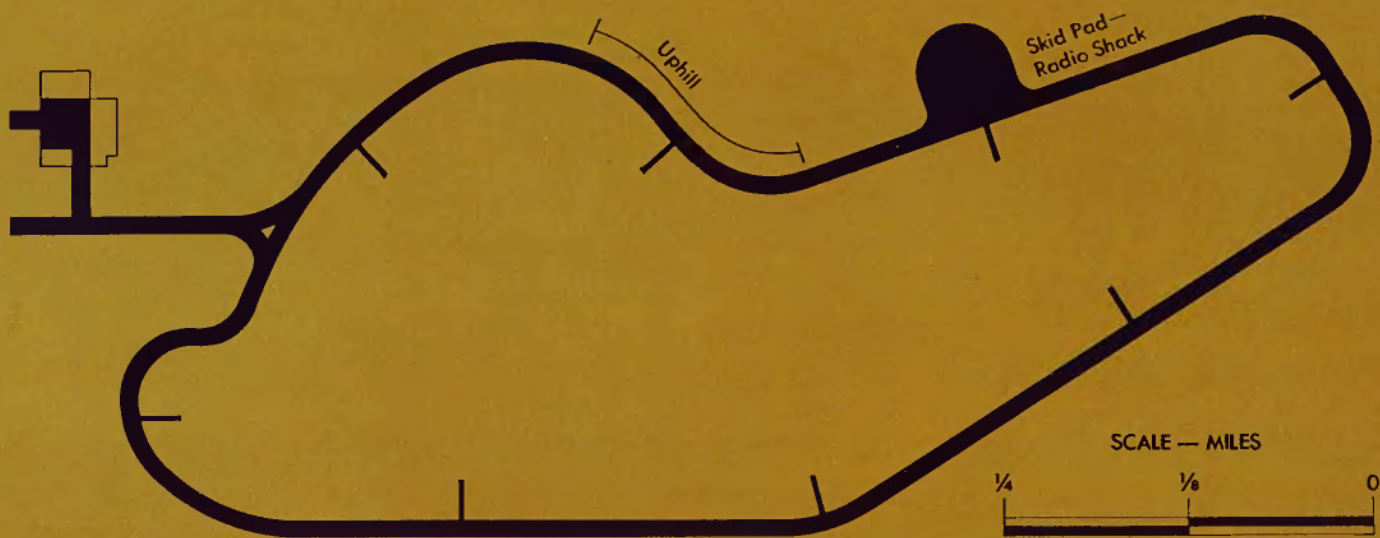


MAKE AND MODEL	Top Speed	0-60 mph	Miles Per Gallon @60 mph for 52 Miles	Stopping Distance 60-0 mph*	Gs**	Noise Level in Decibels @15 mph	Noise Level in Decibels @60 mph	Speedometer Error @60 mph	Odometer Error @10 Miles	Drag @60 mph†	Drag @200 mph††
Austin America	77 mph	22.1 sec.	32.8	148 ft.	.81	68	80	61.5	9.54	122.6 lbs.	907.2 lbs.
Capri Sport Coupe	99	15.8	27.4	132	.91	67	75	59	9.64	134.6	977.8
Colt 2-door	91	13	32	158	.77	62	76	58	9.72	125	867.3
Cricket	85	16.6	29.8	133	.90	66	76	64	9.22	143.8	846.1
Datsun 510 2-door	90	18.6	30.6	145	.83	60	78	60.5	9.54	122.5	976.5
Fiat 850 Sport Coupe	91	17.2	44.5	139	.87	69	80	62	9.55	105.7	590.1
Gremlin	99	14.3	25.6	183	.66	66	78	59.9	9.96	154.4	1229.3
Opel 1900 Sport Coupe	97	13.8	29.1	132	.91	68	79	59.5	9.53	130.4	918.3
Pinto	81	20	30.3	162	.74	69	82	60	9.55	149	1011.2
Renault R10	83	17.6	36.2	149	.81	66	78	61.5	9.53	121.6	876.3
Saab 99E 4-door	93	15.9	29.4	151	.80	61	72	61.5	10.1	133.1	1041.7
Toyota Corona 4-door	91	15.5	29.9	147	.82	67	78	61.5	9.56	144.7	948.3
Vega GT	95	12.8	30.8	127	.95	71	79	59	9.95	141.8	976.9
Volkswagen Super Beetle	78	19	32.6	132	.91	64	79	63	9.16	122.4	976.7

*A hard application, just short of locking the wheels.

**The force that is trying to move the car sideways and is being resisted by the car's adhesion to the ground.

†The combination of all the forces that cause the car to decelerate: friction resistance, rolling resistance, air resistance—the higher the figure, the greater the drag.



MAKE AND MODEL	Horsepower @60 mph	Horsepower @200 mph††	Over-All Length	Wheelbase	Engine (cu. in.-cyl.)	Max. BHP @rpm	Max. Torque lbs.-ft. @rpm	Base Price‡
Austin America	19.6	483.6	146.75 in.	93.5 in.	77.9-4	58@5250	69@3000	\$1815
Capri Sport Coupe	21.5	521.2	167.8	100.8	97.6-4	71@5000	91@2800	2395
Colt 2-door	20	462.3	160.6	95.3	97.5-4	100@6300	101@4000	1924
Cricket	23	451	162	98	91.4-4	70@5000	83@3000	2000††
Datsun 510 2-door	19.6	520.6	162.4	95.3	97.5-4	96@5600	100@3600	1990
Fiat 850 Sport Coupe	16.9	314.6	142	79.5	55.1-4	58@6400	47.7@4000	2111
Gremlin	24.7	655.3	161.25	96	232-6	135@4000	215@1600	1999
Opel 1900 Sport Coupe	20.8	489.5	171	95.7	115.8-4	90@5200	111@3400	2326
Pinto	23.8	539.1	163	94	97.6-4	75@5000	96@3000	1919
Renault R10	19.4	467.1	167	89	78.6-4	56@4600	70@2300	1799
Saab 99E 4-door	21.3	555.4	171	97	104.3-4	95@5500	97.7@3000	3315
Toyota Corona 4-door	23.1	505.5	166.9	95.7	113.4-4	108@5500	117@3600	2281
Vega GT	22.5	520.8	169.7	97	140-4	110@4800	138@3200	2546
Volkswagen Super Beetle	19.5	515.9	161.8	95.3	96.7-4	60@4400	81.7@3000	1985

††Projected figures.

‡Base prices will vary according to locality, dealer and, for imports, proximity to port of entry.

††Pre-introduction estimate.

By BRUNO BETTELHEIM

TO UNDERSTAND why authority in this country is under such vehement attack, one must look to American fathers. Just as the ineptitude, moral collapse and failure of nerve of the French aristocracy paved the way for the great Revolution of 1789, so the loss of a distinct role for the fathers has much to do with today's rebellion of the young. Freud found the roots of Victorian emotional problems in the excesses of stern, authoritarian patriarchs. Conversely, if some modern boys engage in rampages, I believe we can trace it to the virtual abdication of their dads from any sort of clear-cut position in the family.

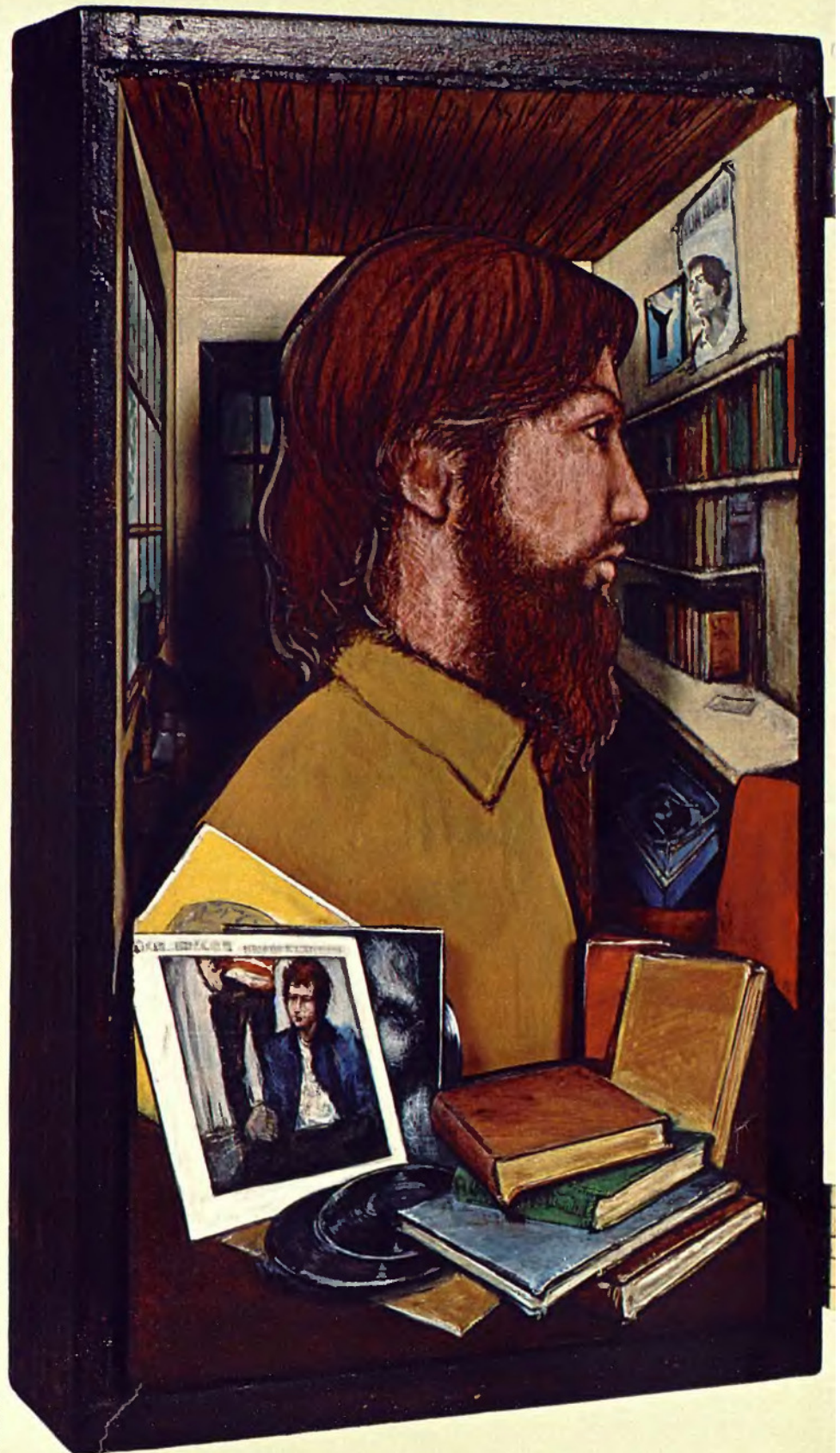
The present situation is the logical result of developments that began in the 19th Century. In the past 70 years, women have achieved biological and technological liberation. The advent of contraception, while it did not greatly reduce the actual number of children reared to maturity (which was formerly decreased by miscarriage, stillbirth and childhood diseases), did put an end to the incessant pregnancies that had drained women's time and energy. And with the general economic prosperity resulting from technological progress, women in the upper classes of the Western nations became able, as economist Thorstein Veblen saw it, to lead lives of ceremonial futility. Thus, in the early years of the 20th Century, the popular notion of normal life was that of man doing the productive work, while woman was an ornamental consumer.

This notion never quite matched reality, certainly not among the working classes, but it dominated the imagination of the well-to-do European and American *bourgeoisie* until World War Two. Eventually, though, women became dissatisfied with their empty existences. The War presented an opportunity to become more active. Many wives and mothers went to work. Others became socially concerned, vigorously involving themselves in reformist and humane activities—the P. T. A., the League of Women Voters, Planned Parenthood, local women's clubs, charities and the like. The socially active housewife was able to be as busy as her husband, but her activity sprang from interest rather than necessity. As a result, her commitment was exciting, dramatic, but not necessarily enduring. If politics palled, she might turn to gardening.

As for the father, at the opening of this era he usually believed that his work was vitally important, because without him the family could not survive. "I have to take care of them," the middle-class father proudly told himself. "I am responsible. They are weak. Without me, they would perish."

Sometimes, after a husband died, a woman might go to work and be more of a financial (continued on page 124)

THE ROOTS OF RADICALISM



*a psychoanalyst and a sociologist
diagnose the environmental factors
that mold young people into
enemies or defenders of the status quo*



ILLUSTRATION BY TERESA FASOLINO

By RICHARD FLACKS

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES of student radicalism? There are good reasons for public puzzlement over this question. After all, we have never had, in our society, such massive and thoroughgoing rejection of our institutions and culture, never before such hostility between the generations. Many Americans can understand protest by hungry or unemployed or tyrannized people—especially when it occurs in other parts of the world—but why should advantaged, well-fed kids rebel against our system? There are all kinds of answers. The most popular theories—it's all a conspiracy, or it's all rooted in the neurotic afflictions of coddled misfits—are the most comforting because they allow us to believe that the problem lies with the students and with controlling them rather than with the system. But such theories rarely have the benefit of test against reality, since they are rarely proposed by men who have walked on a college campus lately, let alone studied student protest firsthand.

In 1965, several of us at the University of Chicago undertook an intensive study of a group of radical students—kids who had been arrested in civil rights demonstrations, had worked full time organizing rent strikes in a ghetto, had been leaders of campus SDS chapters, or had in other ways demonstrated a strong commitment to civil rights, anti-poverty and anti-war action. There were 50 activists in our study, as well as 50 students who had never been involved in any form of protest activity. We interviewed each student—and, in most cases, his parents—at length, to try to find out how the families of one group differed from those of the other. The two groups were drawn from the same suburbs and neighborhoods in the Chicago area. In effect, we designed the study as if to say: Take two kids who live next door to each other, who have similar school and neighborhood experiences: Is there anything about their family backgrounds and upbringings that would lead one toward active protest and the other toward political complacency and indifference?

Here, in summary, are the kinds of things we learned:

- Both sets of fathers were financially successful and were likely to have bachelor or advanced degrees. But there was this difference: The activists' fathers tended to be professionals—doctors, lawyers, educators, scientists, social workers, ministers—whereas the nonactivists' fathers were more likely to be corporation executives or independent businessmen.

- The activists' mothers were much more likely to be college graduates than were the mothers of the nonactivists. The majority of the activists' mothers worked at full-time careers, often at a professional

level. The majority of the nonactivists' mothers were housewives; those who did work did not tend to be involved in careers.

- The activists' parents were overwhelmingly liberal and sympathetic to the causes in which their kids were involved, although they weren't politically active themselves to any marked degree. The typical nonactivist's parents were moderate Republicans, and not politically involved or interested.

- The activists' parents were intellectual and culturally sophisticated. They read extensively, had intellectual discussions at the dinner table, went to concerts and museums and were generally involved in the world of ideas. They expected their kids to share these interests and tried to encourage them to be intellectually active and artistically creative. The nonactivists' parents filled their leisure time with entertainment, recreation, sports and hobbies. They expected their kids to do well in school but didn't tend to have intellectual aspirations for them.

- The activists' parents were nonreligious, although a small number had strong religious commitments, usually to a liberal church. At the same time, they expressed firm humanitarian convictions and expected that their children would lead lives that would be socially useful and giving, as well as personally satisfying. The nonactivists' parents attended church more frequently and a small number were highly committed to traditional denominations. They hoped that their kids would be successful, healthy and happily married but didn't expect them to be idealistic.

- The families of activists tended to be egalitarian in structure, with both parents sharing power and authority. These parents said they were strongly committed to permitting the children autonomy and a voice in family decisions. In nonactivists' families, the father tended to be dominant, the mother took most of the responsibility for housekeeping and child raising, the kids were more subordinated and restricted. The parents of activists expected high intellectual achievement and strong social responsibility of their kids, but were less likely to try to enforce conventional moral standards with respect to sex and appearance. Parents of the nonactivists were much more conventionally moralistic. Thus we found that the term permissiveness was too vague and misleading to apply to either type of family. Parents of the activists encouraged their children to be expressive and individualistic, but they were not at all permissive concerning standards of schoolwork, cultural taste and their kids' responsibility for the welfare of others. Many of the activists' parents impressed us as extremely thoughtful about raising their children to fulfill their potentialities

for creativity and citizenship. The nonactivists' parents were less concerned with self-expression and individuality, more concerned with having their children adhere to conventional standards of personal morality and success. Strict, disciplinarian parents were very rare in both groups.

How can these findings help us understand why a fraction of the student population, in the early Sixties, broke the then-prevailing crust of campus apathy to launch a movement of active protest? First, it's clear that most of the early New Leftists came from a rather special kind of family background that set them off from other students. The early activists weren't rebelling against their parents' politics, nor did they convert to radicalism. For the most part, they saw themselves, and were seen by their parents, as acting upon values and ideals that had been taught at home. Thus, six years ago, if one wanted to know who on a campus would be an activist, the best single predictor was parental liberalism. (It would be a very poor predictor today, in view of the general move toward radicalism and action among students.) But the early New Leftists weren't exactly following in their parents' footsteps. Almost none of the parents we interviewed were activists themselves. Almost all had given priority to their private lives and to occupational success. Moreover, although they supported what their kids were doing, it was clear that the parents were liberals rather than radicals.

As we reflected on our findings, they seemed to suggest that the psychic energy for the emerging New Left had deeper roots in the family situation. Being born to affluence and secure social status can have surprising effects. We usually expect that material comfort leads to smug conservatism. But middle-class American culture has traditionally placed occupational success at the center of life's goals, at least for men. Today, however, it's plausible that many upper-middle-class youths—those with fathers who are already successful and who have tasted the fruits of affluence for themselves—have lost interest in the acquisition of money and conventional social status as compelling personal aims. This would be particularly true for the large number of students in our survey whose fathers frequently emphasized to them that there are other things in life besides making it in the status race—these other things being self-fulfillment, aesthetic and intellectual enrichment, and being of service to others. One of the roots of student unrest, then, has to do with the declining vitality of conventional success as a motivating force for certain high-status young men.

Another thing we learned was that egalitarian, democratic family styles tend

to produce young people who are disposed to resist rigid hierarchy or arbitrary authority when they encounter it outside the family. In a sense, many of the activists we studied were raised *by design* to be skeptical of authority, to expect it to be responsive to people under it and to have a strong sense of their own integrity.

The sharing of authority and responsibility between the parents in the family, we found, may also have profound effects on the character of offspring. The activist group included many boys who did not understand masculinity to mean dominance, toughness and power seeking, and who were rather freely capable of expressing, rather than repressing, tender, aesthetic and passive emotions and impulses. Many of the girls did not understand femininity to require passivity, dependence and intellectual subordination; instead, many were rather capable of being assertive, independent and intellectually aggressive. The males were repelled by the military and by violence; they were not only philosophically pacifist but pacifist to the very depths of their psyches. The girls were repelled by housewifery and the suppression of their potentialities in the service of males; not a few of them got a taste of women's liberation with their mothers' milk.

So the student left of the Sixties was initiated by young people of an essentially new kind of character structure: reared to look for happiness, not in property or status but in intellectual searching and social service; reared to be opposed to power seeking and to submission to power; reared to experience anxiety and guilt about violence and privilege, but to be more self-confident about expressing themselves and taking risks. They were inevitably disillusioned by school experiences that were authoritarian or intellectually stultifying and were necessarily turned off by the youth culture of the Fifties, which was bland, crewcut and charcoal-gray. And even though they had all the skills, capacities and social connections for academic achievement and worldly success, they were inescapably and profoundly estranged from the bureaucratically oriented careers and suburban life styles that lay before them if they followed their parents' footsteps.

In 1960, this new type of youth was a small minority of the student population. But their arrival on the scene was the result of an important historical process, because they were the latest generation of a rapidly growing sector of the American work force—the brainworkers. For the past half century, our society has been requiring and producing a steadily growing number of people whose careers require very high levels of education, and who are usually not engaged directly

(continued on page 177)



"You must be Sagittarius with Leo ascending!"



SNOW BUNNY

*lake geneva's cottontail-
playmate cynthia hall
takes a frosty
fun-and-games foray
into the ivy league*

READERS OF our August pictorial *Bunnies of 1970* could have predicted that the step from cottontail to Playmate was in the cards for Cynthia Hall, a representative of the Bunny brigade from the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Cynthia's own view: "I'm just lucky, I guess. Things seem to have a way of working out for me." Cynthia's determination—as well as her natural assets—helps considerably in making events "work out" for her. Example: After completing a course in dental assistantship, which included a three-month on-the-job-training stint

with a dentist in the Chicago suburb of Western Springs, Cynthia found a scarcity of openings for permanent positions in the field. "So I just decided to pack up for my favorite vacation spot, southern Wisconsin, and see if I couldn't find some kind of job there," she reports. At the suggestion of a friend, she applied for employment as a Bunny at Playboy's all-seasons resort at Lake Geneva—and was hired on the spot. Cynthia is enthusiastic about her work. "I think it's been good for me, too," she says. "I used to be shy, but no more. Meeting so many new people has cured me of that. And Lake



In the Bunny Mother's office at Lake Geneva, Cynthia is delighted to receive an invitation to spend a weekend at Dartmouth. Joined by another cottontail, April Franz, Cynthia flies to Boston (below left), then Bunny-hops to a warm welcome at the Lebanon, N.H., airport.



Geneva is the perfect setting for an outdoor girl like me. I've always been crazy about riding and the stables here at the resort are just fine. I'm also getting a chance to learn a lot more about sailing." Sometimes, though, the pace becomes too hectic. "Every so often," she admits, "I really wish I could just get away and spend some time in a quieter atmosphere. Even though it's great to be able to see top singers or comedians performing every night here, you can begin to feel overexposed to the nonstop entertainment scene. You enjoy it until you realize that you're reaching the point where you're just pretending to have a good time." So when her summer sailing crewmate Jack Galley called to invite her to spend a winter weekend at the comparatively remote—and virtually snow-bound—campus of Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, Cynthia accepted enthusiastically. But she confesses having harbored a few misgivings about the trip. "I'd visited college campuses in the Midwest before," she says, "but never an Ivy League school. I was afraid the students would be either very aloof—you know, snobbish socialite types—or a bunch of bearded radicals. Well, I was

Cynthia and April check over the weekend's schedule of events posted on the bulletin board at Dartmouth's Bones Gate fraternity.





At the Hanover Inn, where they're staying, Cynthia and April discover a gift shop that stocks old-fashioned penny candy—and are unable to resist clowning around with wax mustaches (above). At left below, the girls help their escorts build a snow sculpture of the Playboy Rabbit, constructed in the visitors' honor. Below right, Cynthia and date Jack Galley root for Dartmouth at a basketball game between the Indians and an Ivy League archrival. (Despite their enthusiastic backing, the Dartmouth team lost.)



MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



wrong on both counts. Most of the guys I met, particularly those studying law or pre-med, seemed to be quite concerned about their educational progress; yet they put their books aside on the weekend to relax. They were very friendly and certainly not revolutionaries." Although the Dartmouth campus and its students made a favorable impression, Cynthia was even more struck by

the New England countryside. "The woods, the mountains and the lakes, and the slower pace of life there, seem almost Waldenesque," she recalls. "I really think that someday I might consider moving to New Hampshire, or maybe Vermont. Certainly one could find plenty of places there to enjoy a little solitude." But life in rural New

England would provide quite a contrast to her present career at a luxurious resort and Cynthia's not sure she really wants to give up the bright lights of Bunnydom. Whether or not she decides to follow in the footsteps of Thoreau, we can't predict; but guests at Playboy's Lake Geneva spa will be rooting for her to remain in Wisconsin.



One of Jack's Dartmouth fraternity brothers persuades Cynthia to try out a few new dance steps with him at an informal afternoon party in Banes Gate house (above). As the weekend draws to a close, Cynthia and Jack manage to slip away for a late-night dinner à deux at the Hanover Inn (below left) before her departure with April for Boston to catch a homeward-bound flight. Back at Lake Geneva, below right, Cynthia writes to Jack, telling him how much she enjoyed the weekend—and hoping for a return invitation.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young businessman was enjoying a private afternoon interlude with his secretary when his wife burst into the office and found them in a rather compromising position. "How dare you make love to that woman?" she shrieked.

"I had to, sweetheart," he calmly apologized. "She was getting jealous of my receptionist."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *maidenhead* as a pot-smoking virgin.

And, of course, you've heard about the freshman coed who decided not to sign up for a course in sex education when she heard the final exam would be oral.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *unliberated female* as an Uncle Mom.

An inebriated chap was brought before the local judge. "You are charged with habitual drunkenness," the magistrate said solemnly. "Have you anything to offer in your defense?" Came the reply, "Habitual thirst."

We know a handsome bachelor Senator who hired a ravishing blonde as his assistant and then made her the object of a long Congressional probe.

An overweight American in Japan passed a shop that advertised: LOSE 10 POUNDS IN 15 MINUTES. 1 YEN. Intrigued, he entered, paid his yen and was ushered into the presence of a beautiful young girl, completely naked save for a small sign hanging from her waist, reading: IF YOU CATCH ME, YOU GET THIS. After 15 fruitless minutes of pursuing the adroit and speedy damsel, the puffing, sweating American left the place, sexually frustrated but, indeed, ten pounds lighter.

The next day, he passed another shop, in the window of which was a card reading: LOSE 20 POUNDS IN 15 MINUTES. 2 YEN. He entered, paid his two yen and was immediately confronted by an enormous, ugly sumo wrestler, who advanced upon him menacingly. The brutish wrestler was naked save for a sign dangling in front of his loins. It read: IF I CATCH YOU, YOU GET THIS.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the pill* as something girls use to take the worry out of being close.

When his new patient was settled comfortably on the couch, the psychiatrist began his therapy session. "I'm not aware of your problem," the doctor said, "so perhaps you should start at the beginning."

"All right," the man agreed. "In the beginning, I created the heavens and the earth."

A conservative gentleman agreed to present the awards at the annual high school athletic banquet. When he arrived, he was outraged at the general appearance of the teenagers in the crowd. "You can't tell what they are anymore," he complained to a bystander. "Look at that one over there, with hair down to his shoulders. From the back, I thought he was a girl. And that one with the close-cropped hair, smoking a cigarette, is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a girl," snapped the bystander, "and she happens to be my daughter."

"I'm sorry, sir," stuttered the visibly embarrassed man. "I never dreamed you were her father."

"I'm not," came the heated response. "I'm her mother."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual revolution* as a pleasant uprising.

Can you explain to me how this lipstick got on your collar?" the suspicious wife sneered.

"No, I can't," the husband replied. "I distinctly remember taking my shirt off."

The Las Vegas blackjack dealer saved his money carefully, quit his job and bought a funeral parlor. But after operating the business for several months, he decided to sell out and go back to dealing.

"I don't understand why you're selling out," said one prospective buyer. "You've got ten stiffs lying there. Business must be great."

"Business is lousy," grumbled the unhappy dealer. "Only one of those is a real customer. The other nine are shills."

We also know a practical young miss who bought a negligee with fur around the hemline to keep her neck warm.



A lovely young bride telephoned her mother on the morning after the wedding night and complained bitterly about her husband's behavior. "We were making love and someone knocked on the door," explained the unhappy bride, "and he had the nerve to get up and answer it!"

"You mean he just left you lying there?" the elder woman gasped.

"I wish he had," sobbed the girl, "but he took me with him!"

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.



GARRY BROWN

"You really miss the sea, don't you, Captain?"

mexico, si!

*neighborly dishes to turn
a feast into a fiesta*

food and drink

By THOMAS MARIO

HOWEVER COLD OUTSIDE, baby, it's bound to be a hot night in when the host makes liberal use of chili peppers. As Brillat-Savarin said of a meal *sans vin*, a Mexican meal without their fiery flavor is like a day without sun. Even so, a chililess evening would not be entirely chilly, since south-of-the-border cuisine embraces a vast and varied fiesta of dishes, with an abundance of contrasting or complementing flavors and textures. Hosts in the Southwest have always taken





Mexican food for granted. But the farther north you go from the Rio Grande, the more surprised people are to discover that this jubilant fare was around for centuries before the conquistadors were converted to such New World pleasures as tomatoes and corn, chocolate and vanilla.

Next to its versatility, what appeals most to the gringo is the earthy casualness of a Mexican menu. The Mexican party table—like most Mexicans—is a mestizo, a mature blend of native Indian and European influences. Its proudest and most characteristic inhabitant, of course, is the enchilada, with its Continental filling of chicken and cheese in a crepe of corn, covered with green Mexican tomatoes. Though invented by sun dwellers, it and most of its culinary *compañeros* are perfect for a cold-weather buffet, whether it be *après-ski*, *après-theater* or *après* any other kind of winter fun. Their warmth is reflected in the cheerfully

pagan Mexican pottery platters and bowls and the tablecloths that form an ideal backdrop for the meal.

The host who invites his cliff-dwelling friends to join him for a citified *fiesta* should be prepared to pass on a few tips in *tiempo*: The seasonings and spices in the dishes are lively but not volcanic; for the asbestos-tongued, there should be a separate bowl of relish made from the hot *jalapeño* peppers. The host may also assure the more timid among his guests that the *ceviche*, or raw-fish appetizer, is indeed "cooked"—in a marinade of fresh lime juice—and has both the flavor and feel of conventionally cooked seafood, plus lively accents of olive oil, wine vinegar, fresh tomatoes, oregano, cumin and cilantro, a combination of seasonings sure to arouse the most jaded appetite.

Mexican food is best washed down with ice-cold beer or *sangria*. Mexican beers, several of which—notably, Bohemia and Carta Blanca—are available north of the border, are rich brews, more closely akin to the European malts than to their very light American counterparts. *Sangria*, made of young red wine and fresh fruit juices (see *Paella y Sangria*, PLAYBOY, June 1969), is always intended to be gulped and swallowed rather than nosed and studied, and provides the perfect counterpoint to such dishes as crisp *tacos* stuffed with beef, lettuce and Monterey Jack cheese. Mexico's best-known gift to the cocktail world, the margarita, is not only a standard bar offering today but, like the martini, is also beginning to appear in many forms. One of the best is the derby margarita: 1 jigger tequila, 1/2 oz. each lime juice, and triple sec, 1 oz. orange juice and 1/2 cup crushed ice whirled in a blender and poured over rocks in an old fashioned glass rimmed with salt. Mexicans play the hand game when drinking tequila; they place a dab of salt between the thumb and index finger of the left hand, the right hand is used to pour tequila and squeeze lime juice into the mouth; the trio of movements in quick succession—licking salt, drinking tequila and squeezing lime juice into the mouth—has infinite possibilities for party variations and fun. Among after-dinner drinks, the first that comes to the mind and the lips is Kahlúa, the Mexican coffee liqueur. It makes a superb dessert cocktail—the coffee alexander—which is concocted by shaking, with ice, 3/4 oz. Kahlúa, 3/4 oz. brandy and 1/2 oz. heavy cream. Among nonalcoholic drinks, there's the famed Mexican hot chocolate, a drink so wantonly rich and smooth that it should only be offered several hours after mealtime, very late at night or in the cold hours of the dawn. In Mexico, it's whipped to a froth with a long wooden

device, the *molinillo*. The *molinillo* can be bought at stores selling Spanish-American products, but the blender does a much better whipping job, especially in the following formula from our adobe hacienda:

Pour 8 ozs. hot milk, 1 oz. melted bitter chocolate or an envelope of premelted bitter chocolate, 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1/8 teaspoon vanilla powder, 1 tablespoon *orzata* or orgeat (almond syrup) and 2 teaspoons sugar into a blender; blend for 10 seconds at high speed and pour into a preheated mug.

Mexicans will hold a *fiesta* at the drop of a sombrero. And you shouldn't need any excuses other than those of good fellowship and a gourmet's interest in fine food and drink to stage your own *yanqui fiesta*. The following recipes will draw *olés* from your guests.

GUACAMOLE WITH TOSTADAS (Serves eight)

- 2 large cloves garlic
- 2 medium-size ripe avocados
- 2 tablespoons fresh lime juice
- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 to 4 teaspoons very finely minced chili peppers in vinegar, drained
- 2 teaspoons juice from chili peppers, in jar or can
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- Salt, freshly ground pepper
- 8 *tortillas*
- Fat or oil for frying

Cut the garlic in half. Rub a mixing bowl thoroughly with the cut sides of the garlic. Discard garlic. Remove skin and seed of each avocado and mash avocado well with fork. Avocado may also be puréed by forcing it through a fine wire strainer; avocado *aficionados* prefer the slightly coarser texture of the fork-mashed pulp. Stir lime juice into avocados. Melt butter in small pan and heat until butter turns nutty brown in color. Add to avocados. Cut chili peppers in half, remove seeds and mince until chili peppers are almost a purée. Add to avocado mixture along with juice from can or jar. Add onion and cream. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. (Peppercorns are a completely different spice from chili peppers and their flavor shouldn't be neglected in Mexican dishes.) Mix well. Turn into serving bowl, cover and chill until serving time. Cut each *tortilla* crosswise to make 8 sections. In an electric skillet with 1 in. fat, preheated at 370°, fry *tortilla* sections until light-brown. They are now *tostadas* and are used at the buffet table to scoop up the *guacamole*.

CEVICHE (Serves eight)

- 1 1/2 lbs. (net weight) flounder or sole fillets, freshly cut from whole fish

- 3/4 cup fresh lime juice or fresh lemon juice
- Salt, celery salt, pepper
- 3 medium-size scallions
- 3 medium-size tomatoes, peeled, seeded and cut into 1/4-in. dice
- 2-oz. jar pimiento strips, drained
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 3 tablespoons wine vinegar
- 2 tablespoons very finely minced cilantro
- 3/4 teaspoon oregano
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cumin
- 2 teaspoons very finely minced fresh or canned chili peppers

Cut fish into 1/2-in. dice. Place in a bowl with lime juice. Chill overnight. Drain fish. Wash under cold running water. Drain well and pat fish dry with paper toweling. Sprinkle generously with salt, celery salt and pepper. Cut scallions, white and solid part of green lengthwise in half. Cut crosswise into 1/4-in. slices. In mixing bowl, combine fish, scallions, tomatoes, pimiento strips, oil, vinegar, cilantro, oregano, cumin and chili peppers. Toss well. Marinate 4 to 6 hours.

MEXICAN BUFFET ADORNMENTS

Hot dishes on a Mexican buffet table are always blessed with side dishes or garnishes that are strewn over or mixed with the hot food on the plate in any freewheeling style guests prefer. Besides the hot *jalapeño* relish below, a bowl of rice, a bowl of iceberg lettuce shredded as fine as cole slaw and mixed with minced scallions or onions are intimate stand-bys. Monterey Jack cheese or long-horn cheese cut into thin julienne strips or diced is especially good on stuffed *tacos*. A stack of whole *tortillas* fried in hot fat till crisp are frequently offered. Even better with Mexican-sauce dishes are 1/8-in. *tortilla* strips cut into 1 1/2-in. lengths, fried about a handful at a time in 1 in. hot fat until light-brown and generously salted.

JALAPENO RELISH (About 1 1/2 cups)

- 1/2 cup minced onions
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 2 tablespoons peanut oil
- 1 cup fresh tomatoes, peeled, seeded and cut into 1/4-in. dice
- 1/4 cup finely minced canned *jalapeño* chili peppers
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- Salt

Sauté onions and garlic in oil until onions are tender, not brown. Add tomatoes, chili peppers and vinegar. Simmer slowly 10 minutes. Season with salt. Ingredients reduce during cooking so that total yield is about 1 1/2 cups. Cover and chill overnight.

(continued on page 168)

fiction **By James Kahn** *being stuck inside a mailbox offers a golden opportunity to do some light reading—but it really can't beat an orgy*

SCHOOL one day became irrelevant to Aaron and he quit, feeling suddenly immensely free, a great burden lifted.

A job, he must have a job.

He decided to work for the Post Office. His beat was from 45th to 47th and from Woodlawn to Cottage Grove. Most of the time, he whistled his days away, oblivious of occasional black snarls; but this time, he had some trouble. He had just opened the big red-and-blue mailbox on the corner of 47th and Ingleside when six young men sauntered up, smiling and rolling, saying:

"Hey, it's Uncle Sam!"

"Uncle Sam, what you say, my man?"

"Hey, man, you *live* in that mailbox?"

"Yeah, man, he *lives* there. Going home, Uncle?"

Weak smile.

"Hey, let's put Uncle Sam in the mailbox."

This banter continued for a while and

then they stuffed Aaron into the mailbox, his knees folded up to his chest, back against the back of the box, arms around his drawn-up legs, hat on. They shut the door, locked it with his key and, finally, walked away, laughing and slapping skin.

Well, he thought, what am I going to do now? This is pretty fucking embarrassing; how am I going to feel when they get me out of here?

After about a minute, he started yelling; yelled until he was hoarse and then rested.

I'm going to die in here, he thought. Gotta hold out until the next pickup.

He thought of yelling again but that hadn't seemed to help, so he started counting to pass the time—500, 600, he couldn't keep it up, because he thought it was driving him insane. He did isometric exercises for a while—arm tensions, leg flexions—beat his head against the side of the box, then just sat still. He

spent nearly an hour composing a ballad about his situation, while intermittently tearing his fingernails on what felt like a loose flap of metal near the back of the box; when it was finished, he sang his song ten times, wondering what passing people thought about a singing mailbox. Not much, he decided. It eventually occurred to him that his position presented an ideal opportunity for propagandizing, indoctrinating, so he began a rather lengthy diatribe against Nixon, capitalism, alienation, anti-Semitism.

Maybe it will start a fad, he thought—mail a letter and get a message.

He began to get very hot, worked off his shoes, socks, unbuttoned his shirt.

If only someone would mail a letter. I'm going to die, that's all. Heatstroke, maybe.

He wedged a shoe into the letter-drop opening, getting a little light and some ventilation. (continued on page 210)

THE BOX



success than her man had been. In fact, wealth has slowly been accumulating in the hands of women so that today, as a class, they possess more riches than ever before (though, unquestionably, economic power is still a male province). But the fiction of the indispensable father continued to be generally believed. Again, World War Two marked the watershed for this notion. The women who stayed at home had proved their self-sufficiency. The men who had gone forth to conquer fascism came back with a great longing for peace and comfort and were bemused by the increasing complexity of the American corporate economy. Novels of the Forties and Fifties such as *The Hucksters* and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, popular works of sociology such as *The Organization Man* and *The Lonely Crowd* tell the story. The American man, having lived through the Depression and the War, having to live now through the Cold War, settled with a sigh into the barrackslike suburban developments that mushroomed around the big cities. Since prosperity and personal affluence with its pension plans seemed to assure survival and security, his life was no longer ruled by necessity but by the wish for ever greater comfort. Its purpose seemed directed toward acquiring superfluous adornments, rather than essentials. It's easy to achieve self-respect—and with it the respect of others, which comes from the inner security they feel one possesses—if one's work provides his wife and children with the necessities of life. But when men were not working for survival and were not after real, intrinsic achievements (such as are inherent, for example, in scientific discovery), or at least after power, but merely after luxury, only their busyness prevented them from realizing how devoid of true meaning their lives had become. Today, the children of such fathers are in their late teens and early 20s.

In these affluent families, the father often describes his work as a rat-race. Indeed, the successful businessman scurries through a maze of corporate politics, spurred on by a yearning for such rewards as profit sharing, pension plans, stock options, bonuses, annuities. He is often a minor functionary in a bureaucracy whose purpose, other than to grow larger, tends to be ill-defined. His work often seems pointless to him, as he is shifted from one position to another with little say about his destiny. And if he listens to social critics inveighing against environmental pollution, cultivation of artificial needs, dollar imperialism, war profiteering and related evils, he may begin to suspect the worth of his activities and, with it, his own value.

The effect of these changes in parental attitudes on the children has been

drastic. The small child recognizes only what he sees. What he is told has much less of an impact on him. He sees his mother working around the house, for him. He is told only that his father also works for his well-being; he does not see it. In the suburban family, when the father commutes to work, he has to leave early and he comes home when the child is about to be put to bed. More often than not, he sees his father watching TV, hiding behind his paper, maybe taking what to the father is a well-deserved nap but to the boy seems like sheer idleness. Even if the middle-class father takes his son to his place of work some 20 or 30 miles away, it's such a different world from the child's life at home that he cannot bring the two together. And what he sees there of the father's work he cannot comprehend. How can talking on the telephone—which from his experience at home he knows is done mainly to order goodies or for fun—or into a machine secure the family's well-being? Thus, the boy's experience can hardly dispel the notion that his father is not up to much. The father's work remains unseen and seems unreal, while the mother's activities are very visible, hence real. Since he does not see him do important things, the child comes to doubt the legitimacy of the father's authority and may grow up to doubt the legitimacy of all authority.

For ages, the father, as a farmer, as a craftsman working in his shop, had been very visible to his sons and, because of his physical prowess and know-how in doing real things in the real world, was an object of envious adulation. Now, the mother, who traditionally is the one who nurtures the child, becomes ever more the carrier of authority. If for no other reason than that she is with the child during the father's waking hours, the mother becomes the disciplinarian, the value giver, who tells the child all day long what goes and what does not. In short, mother knows best, and father next to nothing. As one boy put it—and there is some truth in the words of the most naive child—"What is my father? Just a father."

Even though the father doesn't think much of his work, he expects the son to follow in his dreary footsteps. The child is sent to the best grammar school, not to satisfy his intellectual curiosity, not to develop his mind, not to understand himself better but to make good marks and to pass examinations so that he can get into the best high school. There he is pushed to compete for the highest grades, so that he can go to a famous college, often not because he can get a better education there but because going to a school with a big name adds to the prestige of the parents. And college is merely a means to an end—admission to

graduate school. Graduate work in turn furnishes the "union card," enabling him to get a good job with a big corporation, where he can work until he finally retires on a good pension and then waits to die. Given this distorted, purgatorial picture of the world of education and work, is it any wonder that many young people scornfully reject it?

The American social and economic system, despite its obvious shortcomings, is much more than a gigantic staircase that leads nowhere. American society is creative and progressive and offers unprecedented opportunities for individual fulfillment and achievement. But that's not the way it has been presented to many young Americans born in the Forties and Fifties. The people who taught these youngsters to despise American society were their own parents.

Psychoanalysis asserts that each child, growing up in a family, must choose a parent to emulate. But a son cannot emulate his father's great abilities as a worker if that father seems a little man at home, meekly taking out the garbage or mowing the lawn according to a schedule devised by his wife. The process of becoming a person by emulation is enormously important, because the child doesn't copy just external mannerisms; he tries—as far as his understanding will let him—to think and feel like the chosen parent. For boys in today's suburban society, many fathers offer little with which to identify. The problem is not created by the father's absence due to commuting and the long executive workday—sailors and men at war have been good objects for identification though absent from the home for months and years. The problem arises because the image of the father, in the eyes of the mother and others, has been downgraded.

In order not to have to identify with a superfluous father, many boys in the more affluent reaches of our society try to solve the problem by identifying with their mothers. But, while this solves one problem, it creates another, not for the boys' self-respect as human beings but for their self-respect as males. This emulation of the mother is not, by the way, manifested only in long hair or unisex clothing, which are merely matters of fashion. Boys tend to adopt the consumer mentality, like their mothers, rather than their fathers' producer mentality. A mother's role is also more attractive—at least in England and America—because she is often the more cultured member of the household. She is apt to be more liberally educated, more aware of the arts than her practical husband. This attitude is typified by the couple portrayed in Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*. On the Continent, culture is a male prerogative, and this at least has slowed down the attrition of the father's dominance in the European household.

(continued on page 206)

FIRST CAME THE MACKINTOSH, a lightweight, waterproof coverall that resembled a walking pup tent; then the trench coat with its crisp military bearing and buckles galore; and then the classic poplin knee-length Alligator. Today, however, gentlemen venturing out for a walk in the wet can choose from an inundation of fabrics and styles borrowed from other areas of fashion and translated into rainwearables that are as handsome as they are functional. A case in point is the coat at right: a Zeipel-finished Dacron and cotton canvas double-breasted with out-sized collar and lapels, roomy flap patch pockets, half belt and deep center vent, by Gleneagles, \$60. Those of you who wish to keep those raindrops from falling on your head can combine it—as we've done—with a cotton velveteen wide-brimmed hat, by Tenderfoot, \$14. If you're 5' 10" or over, mid-calf is the correct raincoat length; shorter chaps should stick to styles that end just below the knee.

SMART ENOUGH TO GO OUT IN THE RAIN

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN
*fresh-looking foul-weather
wear that doesn't give a damp*





Left: Denim-type polyester and cotton single-breasted belted raincoat with holster pockets, shirt-style collar and deep center vent, \$65, shown with a matching pair of rain slacks that feature a wide waistband with belt loops and wide flared legs, \$15, both by Jupiter of Paris. Right: Cotton denim single-breasted raincoat with two flap and two bellows pockets, yoke back, half belt and deep center vent, by Fox Hunt, \$55. Far right: Cotton canvas single-breasted belted model with button-through flap patch pockets and deep inverted back pleat, \$150, matching rain slacks feature an extension waistband and straight-cut legs, \$35, both from Philippe Venet; wool roll-brimmed hat, by Pierre Cardin for Bonwit Teller, \$35.



VARGAS GIRL



"So that's what right on means."



Vargas

MINI REVOLUTION (continued from page 104)

recreation boom. People came home from their first European trips planning their second. If the price of two weeks in London and Paris was the difference between a Chrysler and a Volkswagen, then the local VW dealer was about to see a new face in his showroom. People didn't need another trip to Europe, but they wanted one more than they wanted another mighty juggernaut from Detroit. Rather suddenly, the American consumer found that he had a lot of new wants: a boat, a snowmobile, a weekend or summer house—and a smaller car, so that he could swing them. Once this phenomenon was big enough to see with the naked eye, Detroit's response was predictable. David E. Davis, Jr., of Campbell-Ewald, the Chevrolet advertising agency, has said that the Vega comes closer to meeting consumer want than any car General Motors has built since World War Two, and perhaps even World War One. He may have something: Chevrolet sold 43 percent of its available stocks in less than three days after the Vega went on sale, smashing all industry records.

In choosing the cars for the test, PLAYBOY made no attempt at a Consumers Union dead-level standard, beyond shooting roughly for a \$2000 base price. Because of model availability at the time (in the case of one make, there were only three cars in the country), it was impossible to specify options. We might not have done so in any event, because what we wanted above all was a group of cars that might have been picked at random on the street. One car, the Saab 99E, a \$3300 item, was included because we were curious to see what \$1000-odd added to the \$2000 standard would bring, and also because we suspected that some \$2000 cars would arrive in Midland loaded with \$1000 or more worth of extras, and we wanted to offset that by including a car that began at \$3000. We took the Saab instead of the equally attractive Swedish Volvo only because we wanted another front-wheel drive. Two cars did show up with \$3000 stickers: the Gremlin, at \$3180.70 on a \$1999 base, and the Vega at \$2945/\$2197.

Mildly startling is the fact that of the 14 cars, only one, the Gremlin, is totally American. The Capri is built by Ford of Germany, engined by Ford of Great Britain. The Dodge Colt is made 100 percent by Mitsubishi of Japan, the Plymouth Cricket by Chrysler United Kingdom, Ltd., sold in the U. K. as the Avenger. The Pinto's basic engine (1600 c.c.) is British and the optional one (2000 c.c.) is German, as is the optional automatic transmission. The Gremlin comes out of American Motors' parts bins and the Vega was newly designed from the ground up, though using the Opel transmissions. Otherwise, Detroit appears to have elected

to use imports in phase one of its fight against imports.

All 14 cars were thoroughly run in, whether they came to Midland truck-borne or under their own power. In an undertaking of this kind, it's safe to assume that the vehicles have been well prepared, but the degree of tune depends upon chance and the enterprise of the supplier. We suspected one car to be a cheater—deciding finally that it was not, only that it had been supertuned by the knowing hands of experts.

The tests required a week and were meticulously done to the highest standards of scientific discipline. Some of the equipment used—the remote pickup registering speed, acceleration and deceleration, for example—was designed by Don Gates, made in the Chaparral machine shop and is unique. Watching the recorder spew out feet of paper as the pens inked in a car's behavior was an almost eerie experience. "He's doing 62 in third gear, you see," Gates would say, "and that little jiggle means he's about 100 yards past the bend . . . there's a rough place on the circuit there . . . he'll brake about here in two seconds."

Space limitations and complexity have prevented the chart on page 104 from fully reflecting the extent of the testing. The drag and horsepower figures are an example. Data fed into the computer for this test included the weight of the car and the driver, the rate of deceleration of the vehicle coasting with power off, and the density of the air. The figures were taken at 30 and 60 miles per hour and computer extrapolated to 100, 150 and 200. We have used only the 60 and 200 mph figures. Since the Fiat Coupe showed the lowest drag figure, 105.7 pounds at 60 mph, and would require only 314.6 horsepower to propel it at 200 mph, it was obvious that it would also show the lowest fuel consumption, and it did—44.5 miles to the gallon at 60 mph. Incidentally, this reading was so low that we repeated the whole test, with identical results.

To demonstrate understeer and oversteer, the cars were run clockwise and counterclockwise on a precise line around the 150-foot skid pad at speeds applying increasing side force to them. Understeer and oversteer are functions of front-and-rear-wheel adhesion: An understeering car tends to go through a corner at a less acute angle than the position of the front wheels would seem to indicate; an oversteering car takes a greater angle. Put another way, an understeering car driven past the limit of adhesion will plow off the road front end first; an oversteerer will spin off rear end first. Understeer is considered safer for passenger vehicles and the graphs

made on each of the test cars showed the curves typical of understeer, with one exception: The Renault R10 showed some initial understeer, changing quickly to oversteer. The Renault was the only car we damaged: One of the Chaparral technicians had taken it to .58 g of side force, when it switched from under- to oversteer, dug in the outside rear wheel to the rim and gently turned on its side. Interestingly, detailed examination of the data subsequently showed that it had gone past the point of no return before the wheel rim reached the concrete. The driver unfastened his safety belt and climbed unhurt out the top door. Damage to the car was slight.

In appearance and performance, the 14 cars moved all of us variously, but in the end we—Messrs. Gates, Hall, Argetsinger, Sweet, Gafford and I—came to near unanimity. It's important to know that we had in mind the urban car, not the transcontinental grand touring machine, and that we were not attempting oracular infallibility. It was not our intent to say buy this, do not buy that, but rather to suggest, to point, to establish facts as a basis for individual judgment.

AUSTIN AMERICA. This boxy little car derives in direct line from one of the bench-mark automobiles of our time, the Morris Mini, by the notably original-minded British designer Alexander Issigonis. There were three essentials in Issigonis' concept: For stability and full utilization of space, a wheel at each corner and minimum overhang; front-wheel drive by a front-mounted engine set transversely; suspension by hydraulic fluid interacting between front and rear: When a front wheel hits a bump, its rise instantly puts counteracting pressure on the corresponding rear wheel, thus lifting the rear of the body to the level already reached by the front. This concept, in various modulations, has been very successful and usually produces a superior ride. In fact, the Austin America has been compared with the Citroen, which uses a hydraulic system of much greater complexity. Front-wheel drive, by eliminating transmission hump and drive-shaft tunnel, gives a space bonus; the Austin is remarkably roomy for a 147-inch automobile. Steering is rack and pinion, brakes are disk and drum, with a limiting valve to prevent rear-wheel lock-up, and the transmission can be either four-speed manual or seven-position automatic.

The makers claim a top speed of 85 mph for the Austin, but the fastest we could make it go was 77, and it had the longest 0-60 mph acceleration time, 22.1 seconds, of the 14 cars. Braking was good and it showed a hair better gas mileage

(continued on page 200)

the three students

fiction

By ELLERY QUEEN

*grand larceny in the groves
of academe—with some low-grade
doggerel providing the only clue*

THE MEMBERSHIP of The Puzzle Club numbered six (one of whom, Arkavy, the Nobel biochemist, was almost never free to attend a meeting), making it—as far as Ellery knew—the world's most exclusive society.

Its only agenda was to solve mysteries made up by the members and then, regardless of outcome, to slaver, sample and gorge at the feast prepared by the master chef of their host and the founder of the club, Syres, the oil multimillionaire. Members took turns playing problem solver, and

this evening the rotation had come round to Ellery again.

Having been duly installed in the "problem chair" in Syres' wide-open-spaces-style penthouse *salon*, Ellery tilted the bottle at his elbow and then settled back with his glass to face the music and its composers.

Little Emmy Wandermere, the Pulitzer Prize poet, had been designated to conduct the overture. "The scene is the office of the president of a university," she began, "the office being situated on the ground floor of the administration building. President Xavier——"

"X," Ellery said instantly. "Significant?"

"You're a quick starter," the poet said. "In this discipline, Mr. Queen, significance lies in the ear of the listener. I should like to go on. President Xavier has one child, a grown son——"

"Who is, of course, a student at the university."

"Who happens to be nothing of the sort. The son is a high school dropout who is immersed in yoga and Zen."

"His name?"

"Ah, his name. All right, Mr. Queen, having consulted my instant muse, she tells me that the son was christened Xenophon, President Xavier having taken his doctorate in Greek history. Now, Xenophon Xavier has just become engaged to be married——"

"To a student?"

"You seem to have students on the brain. Not to a student, no. She's a topless exotic dancer Xenophon met through his guru. May I suggest you listen, Mr. Queen? The boy's father—and if you want to know President Xavier's Christian name, too, by the way, it's Saint Francis—has undertaken to provide the engagement ring. He's just come from visiting his safe-deposit box, in fact. The first thing President Xavier does on entering his office is to place the ring on his desk. It's a very valuable ring, of course, a family heirloom."

"Is there any other kind?" Ellery asked mercilessly. "Whereupon, enter suspects."

Syres nodded. "A delegation of three students who represent three dissident groups at the university."

"One," said Darnell, the lawyer, "a law student named Adams."

"Two," said Vreeland, the psychiatrist, "a medical student named Barnes."

"And three," said poet Wandermere, "a literature major named Carver."

"Adams, Barnes and Carver," Ellery said. "A, B and C. We're certainly relying on basics tonight. But proceed."

"Adams, the law student, demands that the football team's star pass receiver, who's been expelled from the school after a secret hearing," said lawyer Darnell, "be reinstated on the ground that he was the victim of a star-chamber proceeding and had been denied due process."

"The university expelled its star receiver?" Ellery shook his head. "This is

obviously a fantasy."

"Derision, Queen, will get you nowhere," Dr. Vreeland said severely. "As for Barnes, like all med students, he's sex mad, and he's there to demand that the curfew restrictions for coeds visiting the boys' dorms be lifted entirely."

"And young Carver is there," Miss Wandermere said, "to demand a separate and autonomous black-culture department staffed entirely by blacks."

"There's a lively discussion, President Xavier promises to take the three demands under advisement and the students exit." Syres held up his saddlelike hand. "Not yet, Queen! Xavier then goes to lunch, locking the only door of his office. He's away, oh, twenty minutes——"

"A fast eater," Ellery murmured.

"When he unlocks the door on his return, he notices two things. The first——"

"Is that the ring, which with fortuitous forgetfulness he'd left on his desk," Ellery said promptly, "is gone."

"Yes," Darnell said, "and the second is a folded slip of paper lying on the floor near the desk."

"Which says?"

"Which says," and Dr. Vreeland showed his formidable teeth like a playful wolf, "in unidentifiable block lettering—are you paying attention, Queen?"

"Which says," Emmy Wandermere said, "as follows: 'On old Olympus' towering top / A Finn and German viewed a hop.' Terrible verse. I can thankfully say, Mr. Queen, I'm not responsible for it."

Ellery mumbled, "Would you mind repeating that?"

The challengers exchanged congratulatory smirks. Miss Wandermere cheerfully repeated the doggerel.

"Nonsense verse." Ellery was still mumbling. "Or . . ." He stopped and shook his head like a fighter shaking off a stiff jab. "Let's hack away the underbrush first. Was the door tampered with?"

"I'll make it simple for you," Syres said in kind tones. "Entry was by the window, which had been forced. No prints. No clues."

"I take it that during their visit to Xavier's office, Adams, Barnes and Carver had the ring in plain view?"

"Right there on the desk," Dr. Vreeland said. "They all saw it."

"Who else knew the ring was in the office?"

"No one."

"Not even his son, Xenophon?"

"Not even his son, Xenophon."

"Nor his prospective daughter-in-law?"

"That's right."

"Was the ring visible from the window?"

"It was not," said Miss Wandermere. "It was lying behind a bust of——"

"Xanthippe, I know. Was there an open transom above the door?"

"No transom at all."

"A fireplace?"

"No fireplace."

"And you wouldn't insult me by a

secret passage. Well, then, the thief has to have been one of the three students. Which is the conclusion I assume you wanted me to reach."

"True," Darnell said. "So far."

"And Xavier is positive the paper with the verse wasn't on the floor when he left for lunch?"

Glances were exchanged once more. "We hadn't thought of that possibility," the oilman confessed. "No, it wasn't there when Xavier left the office."

"So the thief must have dropped it."

"Accidentally, Queen," the lawyer said. "It was later learned that the thief took a handkerchief out of his pocket to wrap around his hand—he didn't want to leave fingerprints—and as he did so, the paper fell out of his pocket."

"He made off with the ring," the poet said, "without noticing that he'd left the verse behind."

"So you don't have to ask any further questions," the psychiatrist said. "Tough one, Queen, isn't it? We were absolutely determined to stump you. And by the superegos of Freud, Jung and Adler, friends, I believe we've done it!"

"Give a fellow a chance, will you?" Ellery growled. "'On old Olympus' towering top / A Finn and German viewed a hop.'"

"We've got him on the run, all right," the oil king chortled. "Usual one-hour time limit, Queen. Mustn't keep old Charlot's dinner waiting. What is it?"

Emmy Wandermere: "Oh, no!"

Dr. Vreeland: "Impossible!"

Darnell, incredulously: "You've got it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Ellery said with unruffled brow, a vision of peace. "Yes."

"'On old Olympus' towering top / A Finn and German viewed a hop,'" Ellery said. "As verse, it's gibberish. That made me dig into my gibberish pile, which is eighty feet higher than Mount Everest. My curse is that I never forget anything, no matter how useless."

"Having recognized the verse, I knew the thief couldn't have been Adams, the law student, nor the lit major—much as you tried to make Carver your red (or should I say black?) herring."

"'On Old Olympus' Towering Top,' etc., is a traditional mnemonic aid for remembering the names of the twelve cranial nerves. The O of On, for instance, stands for olfactory—the olfactory nerve; the O of Old stands for the optic nerve; and so on. The verse is used in medical schools by students. The paper, therefore, dropped from the pocket of Barnes, the med student, making him the thief of the ring."

"I could have sworn on my plaque of Hippocrates that you'd fall flat on your face when I suggested this one," Dr. Vreeland said glumly.

"*Queen erat demonstrandum*," Emmy Wandermere murmured. "And now, gentlemen, shall we render unto Charlot?"

FROM RUSSIA, WITH LIMERICKS

By J. F. O'CONNOR

a droshkyful of lusty five-liners on the state of soviet unions



The maidens I knew in Irkutsk
Were swingers—no ifs and no butsk:
For them, coexistence
Meant red-hot persistence
In nightlong Siberian rutsk.



Some ladies I met in Smolensk
Had passionate yearnings for gentsk;
And since all their needs
Were best serviced by Swedes,
They hollered for mensk who were Svensk.



A comradely miss in Murmansk
Was careful in making her plansk:
With her passions unchained,
It was clearly ordained,
She'd hunt up a mansk who was Dansk.



A Scandiphile girl in Zagorsk,
Invited to do something coarsk,
Replied, "I have likings
For boardings by vikings;
But you, sir, of coursks, are not Norsk."



A swinger I chanced on in Minsk
Stripped fast to her White Russian skinsk.
As I fixed my square stare
On this hip Russian bare,
I felt out . . . but quite soon I was insk!



A bride from Dnepropetrovsk,
Whose honeymoon proved rather roughsk,
Having failed with a "Nyet!"
To fend off a new threat,
Screamed, "Dimitri, enough is enoughsk!"

AMSTERDAM...

open in mind, heart and custom, the dutch cosmopolis is a joyous citadel of personal freedom



Amsterdam's most striking feature is its network of canals spanned by hundreds of bridges like those above. Sunny days bring throngs of young Amsterdammers to the sidewalk cafés on the Rembrandtsplein (below left). At night, one popular diversion is a sight-seeing cruise along the Amstel River (below center); another is a visit to the *Walletjes* (below right), where saucy Hollandaise hookers display their charms in every window. At the Continental Bodega (far right), an ingenious pulley arrangement serves wines to guests on two levels.



travel By REG POTTERTON Arriving at Amsterdam's Centraal Station on the boat train from the Hook of Holland one evening not long ago were three young pilgrims, dressed for the road. They carried back packs and wore military-surplus greatcoats over Levis tucked into lumberjack boots. The two males had hair that flowed past their shoulders; the girl with them wore hers tucked under a stained fedora. They were probably in their early 20s. All three looked as if they had been wandering the planet since birth. They were Americans.

Anyone who had eavesdropped on their conversation during the ferry crossing from England to Holland, however, would have learned that, for the girl and one of the boys, this was their first journey outside the United States. The other boy had been away before—by thumb through Spain, across southern Europe to Turkey, into the Middle East, to Nepal and beyond. His name, he said, introducing himself to the other two on the ferry, was Slick.

Slick had traveled so far that he had followed the East until it became the West again. Re-entering the U. S. at San Francisco, he had stayed long enough to unload a stash of Cambodian bush that had been mailed from Tokyo in a military shipment by a spaced-out GI. Once home, Slick had taken a look around, noted that "the asylum was still in the grip of its duly elected lunatics" and had taken off once again for the East. For him, too, this was the first time in Amsterdam.

From the depths of an inside pocket, Slick produced a joint rolled in golden-yellow Wheat Straw and proceeded to light up quite openly on the platform of the station, right in front of all the Instamatic tourists, who had stoked up on duty-free booze on the boat from Harwich and who now stumbled alongside the hissing train, regaling one another with tales of Amsterdam's fabled whores. Slick's match flared: suck, deep breath, hold, pass it on; suck, breath, hold, pass—the complete ritual. Fifteen feet away stood a uniformed policeman, by one of the platform exits. Try that in Alabama and some good ole boy will lock you up with killers and rapists for 20 years—or forever in Texas.

But Amsterdam, as Slick kept telling the others on the ferry, is different. The new place—the instant Eldorado, wide-open, wild beyond all known definitions of wildness, tolerant of all human foibles and fancies. Hell, said Slick, you don't need permission for *anything* in Amsterdam; you can get it together any way you see it. He told a story about a Swedish dope (continued on page 189)



**...AND THE GIRLS
OF HOLLAND**



the ancient canals and windmills are still there, but the netherlands' new breed of women have kicked off their inhibitions along with their wooden shoes

SINCE HOMER'S DAY, and before, men have trekked off to the farthest reaches of the globe and returned with tales of the gentle beauties they met on their travels—creatures of surpassing grace and understanding, ministering angels who demanded nothing of the male but the privilege of devoting their lives to his care and comfort. These maidens, so the stories went, stayed lovely forever, were unbelievable lovers, fantastic cooks, eternally faithful—and thrifty to boot.

Only lately has this rosy mythology begun to dim, as massive

population shifts and jet-age mobility have combined to bring about an unprecedented mingling of the sexes from different cultures. Like the age-old stereotypes of Parisian girls as chic, Oriental girls as submissive and Latin girls as passionate, the postcard image of Dutch girls as clog-shod tulip tenders is—happily—vanishing down the long road into oblivion, hand in hand with the concept of the Dutch people as a nation of stolid burghers. Holland has been transformed. With the recent emergence of Amsterdam as the youth (continued on page 167)

Not least among the beauties of Holland are its girls. We discovered Ann Louise Helleman, at left, minding the switchboard at the Rotterdam Hilton; like many of her friends, Ann saves up her guilders for sun-and-surf vacations in Spain. Sylvia Out, below, travels by boat—as do everyone and everything, from children bound for school to household bread deliveries—in the streetless village of Giethoorn.





Top model Maryke Kleyn, left, is the daughter of an Amsterdam antique dealer; here, she's photographed in a pensive mood on a visit to one of Holland's best-preserved towns, Zierikzee, founded in 849. Seventeen-year-old Marja de Heer, sprawled in the hay at right—"I love its scratchy feeling on my skin"—is a high school student in Amsterdam, where Tula Goede, below, works as a nurse. Refreshing herself from the stress of the night shift at the hospital, Tula pauses to bask in the dawning sun. Her favorite haunt is this wooded glade, 15 miles from the city and inhabited solely by an equine admirer that wandered up to make friends—an impulse we find easily understandable.







Saskia Holleman, a sought-after actress, took time out from rehearsals for the sylvan pose at left. Willy Veldhuizen, below, spins along on the Netherlands' principal means of transport—the ubiquitous bicycle. A popular model, Willy appears in TV commercials. Joke Veldhorst, totally sunning herself on a North Sea strand near Rotterdam, typifies the exotic blends often found in Holland: Her mother is Dutch, her father Surinamese. At top, far right, in the Garbo hat, is Helena Kuulkers, who, like the great Greta, confesses to innate shyness—which she's learning to overcome as a convention greeter. Real-estate agent Fernande Huybregts' avocation is studying such costumes as those of the Urk fishermen, bottom right.







Visiting the world-famous cheese market at Gouda, left, is Truitje Wytema—who hopes to trade her present occupation of free-lance fashion designer for that of film actress. She's already had a role in Erik Terpstra's movie *Daniël*. A full-time dramatic career is also the aim of Berdyke Gommers, shown relaxing in her Amsterdam apartment, above. Berdyke's avocation is painting—"using all the colors of the rainbow together." The rustic scene below is only a half-hour drive from Amsterdam, where Marion van Renssen—classically sculpted herself—is a student of sculpture.





Anke Verbeek, on her way to pay a call on relatives in Delft, shares the Dutch passion for fresh flowers. More unusually, she's the star of her own television program. Straw-hatted secretary Cato Margaretha Polmon, above, likes to draw, admits to a mixed bag of dislikes ranging from drug addicts to organized religion. Poulina Erich, below, has welcomed hundreds of tourists as an Amsterdam guide.





Past and present coexist harmoniously in Holland; above, 17-year-old Nanna Beetstra adds a modern accent to the 17th Century traders' palaces on Amsterdam's Keizersgracht canal. Scottish import Anne McConnell, below, luxuriates on a prized possession: an 18th Century bed.





Wanderlust lures Maureen Renzen, left, who has ventured from her home in The Hague to visit Miami and several countries in South America. Fashion stylist Marjoly Booy, above, wears an original creation by her employer, Rotterdam designer Henk Wichers. Escorts of Marina Barendswaard, below, sometimes see double; she has a twin sister, and the girls delight in confusing the boys they go out with.

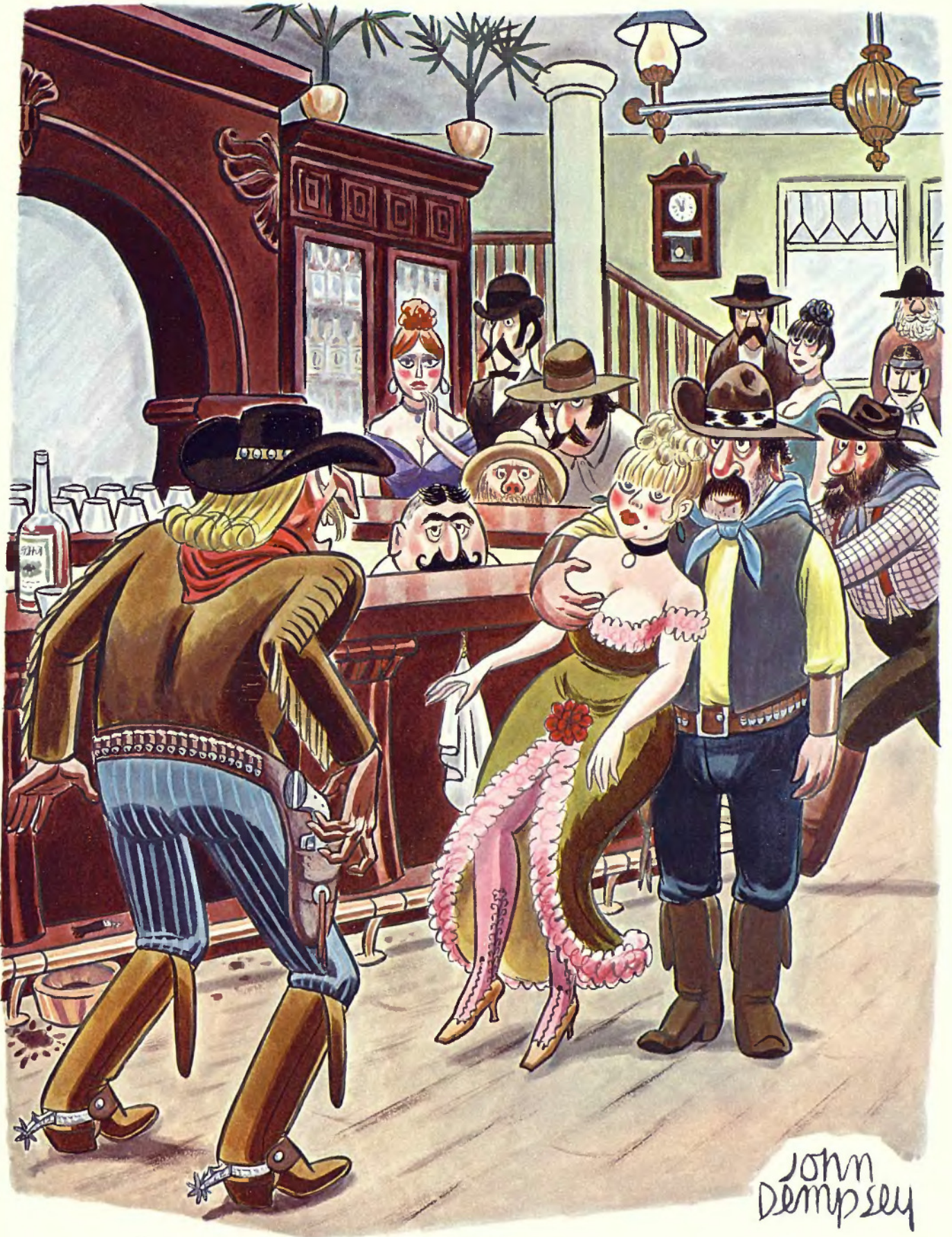




A forest of ferns on her father's private estate provides a secluded nest for Marion Swaab, left. A professional dancer, she has appeared in ballet and spent several months as a member of a cosin-show cast in Beirut, Lebanon. The bright lights of Amsterdam, her home town, appeal to Willy Leedekerken, above. She's a hoirdresser who, as can be seen, goes for lengthy locks herself—but she detests them on men. A devotee of gypsy music is half-French, half-Germon Anneke Le-Maitre, below, who's saving her typist's solory for an ambitious goal: purchase of an oirplane, to be followed by flying ond sky-diving lessons. Belgian-born sun worshiper Marian de Vree, at right, brightens the countryside near the Brobont village of Groot Zundert, the birthplace of Vincent von Gogh—who, were he still around to see it, might well have been inspired to paint this scene himself.







JOHN
Dempsey

"I don't mean fill yore hand that way, you son of a bitch."

THERE IS AN OLD SAYING in China: "Teach your son in the hall but your wife on the pillow."

This is all very well—but Shu-t'ung was old and ugly and his ability to give pillow lessons had much diminished in spite of his acquisition of a beautiful young wife. His jealousy, however, grew and grew as his capabilities shrank. Though before marriage she had held her legs together as tightly as a closed clamshell, he accused her of having been a wanton. Now, he said, she was trying to make him wear the green cap of the cuckold, and he devised endless stratagems aimed at catching her in bed with some other man.

The desperation of the mandarin grew worse when the rumor spread through the village that a handsome young merchant named Hu, having done a kindness to an old crone who turned out to be a necromancer, had been rewarded with a paste conferring invisibility whenever he rubbed it on certain parts of his body.

Hearing this, the mandarin went into a frenzy of jealous rage. Since his wife, Scented Cloud, was the most beautiful woman in the whole countryside, it was only natural that she should be the prey of this supernaturally protected lover. But what to do? Who can catch the wind in a bottle? Or snare a sigh in a sieve?

Now, it is possible, though no man can prove it, that Hu, through the kindness of his heart, used his gift to alleviate the longings of maidens guarded by their fathers, or widows whose ardent needs could not otherwise be met without risking the savage censure of village scandal. One day, Hu saw the lovely but melancholy Scented Cloud stepping out of her chair outside the temple. For a moment, they exchanged the look that passes between those whose bodies are destined to fit together like cup and ball. Then Scented Cloud dropped her eyes and passed into the temple. Her maid, however, lingered behind and Hu caught at her sleeve, pressing a gold coin into her hand.

"Care for your mistress!" he cried. "She suffers! Would to heaven that I could ease her pain!"

The maid's eyes scanned his vigorous form. "Yes, she suffers," she said boldly, "from need and from my master's jealousy. If she smiles in her sleep, he pinches her awake, for fear she might be dreaming of someone else! And then there is this business of an invisible lover," the maid added innocently, as if she did not know that the young man before her was the very one of whom this tale was told. "Since he has heard of this, my master keeps a lamp always burning, in case there might be a hollow in the bed beside my mistress—or some sign of the weight of a body pressing upon her from above. If she moans, he rushes in and pounds the bed all around her!"

"What indignity!" Hu cried.

"And that is not all!" the maid went on. "Every night, he strews a fine ash dust around the bed and has his servants waiting with staves, so that if the invisible one should come, they would be able to strike at him by seeing his footprints in the dust!"

"What horror," said Hu, "that an innocent wife should be

subjected to such suspicion, totally without cause! We must help your mistress!"

Now Hu had only a small portion of the paste of invisibility left. But if it would ease the sufferings of the lovely Scented Cloud, to what better use could it be put? Accordingly, he put half of what remained into a small gold box (keeping half for himself) and gave the box to the maid.

"Give this to your mistress," Hu commanded, "and tell her to rub it onto her husband's body after he gets into bed. I can assure you that his restlessness will vanish." There was a glint in his eye as he added: "Perhaps she will then have one night of peaceful sleep!"

That night, the mandarin had decided to lay a trap to catch the invisible lover once and for all. Leaving the village with much fanfare, so that all might think he was going on a business trip, he secretly stole back under cover of darkness. Revealing himself only to his wife and her maid, whom he instructed to keep watch, he hid himself under the bedcovers. There, the gentle Scented Cloud massaged his body with the paste, which her maid had given to her, and, exhausted by all this activity, he fell asleep.

At midnight, a resounding snore echoed through the chamber, and when the maid looked in, the snore seemed to be coming from an empty hollow in the bed. Instantly, she pinched her mistress, who screamed with fright.

Then what a howl the maid set up, for the servants to come with their cudgels! And, eager to prove themselves, how stoutly they struck at the invisible body in the bed! Then, as the beaten one leaped to the floor, what satisfying whacks they made, by aiming their staves a few feet above the footprints that jumped in the dust! The cries of the wife and the shrieks of the maid drowned out any chance the servants might have had of recognizing the voice of their master as he howled at them to stop.

Finally, the maid shrieked. "Let him go, the devil!" And the mandarin leaped between the cudgels and out the door, his shouts of pain and fury swiftly diminishing down the lanes of the village.

The servants and the maid, conscious of a duty well done, retired to their beds.

Only then, as Scented Cloud, in some confusion, sought to compose herself again for sleep, did a new indentation form itself in the bed beside her, and a delightful invisible body pressed itself close to hers. "Will wonders never cease!" murmured Scented Cloud, as strange and unimagined pleasures touched her. A breath blew out the lamp, for Hu's teachings needed no light. Scented Cloud was so ardent a pupil that the dawn found her still awake, though exhausted, when the effects of the ointment wore off.

So delighted was she by the virile body coming into view beside her that she paid no attention to the jeers carried on the wind from the market place; for there the mandarin had likewise become visible—without even a nightshirt to cover his skinny shanks. —Retold by Kenneth Marcuse



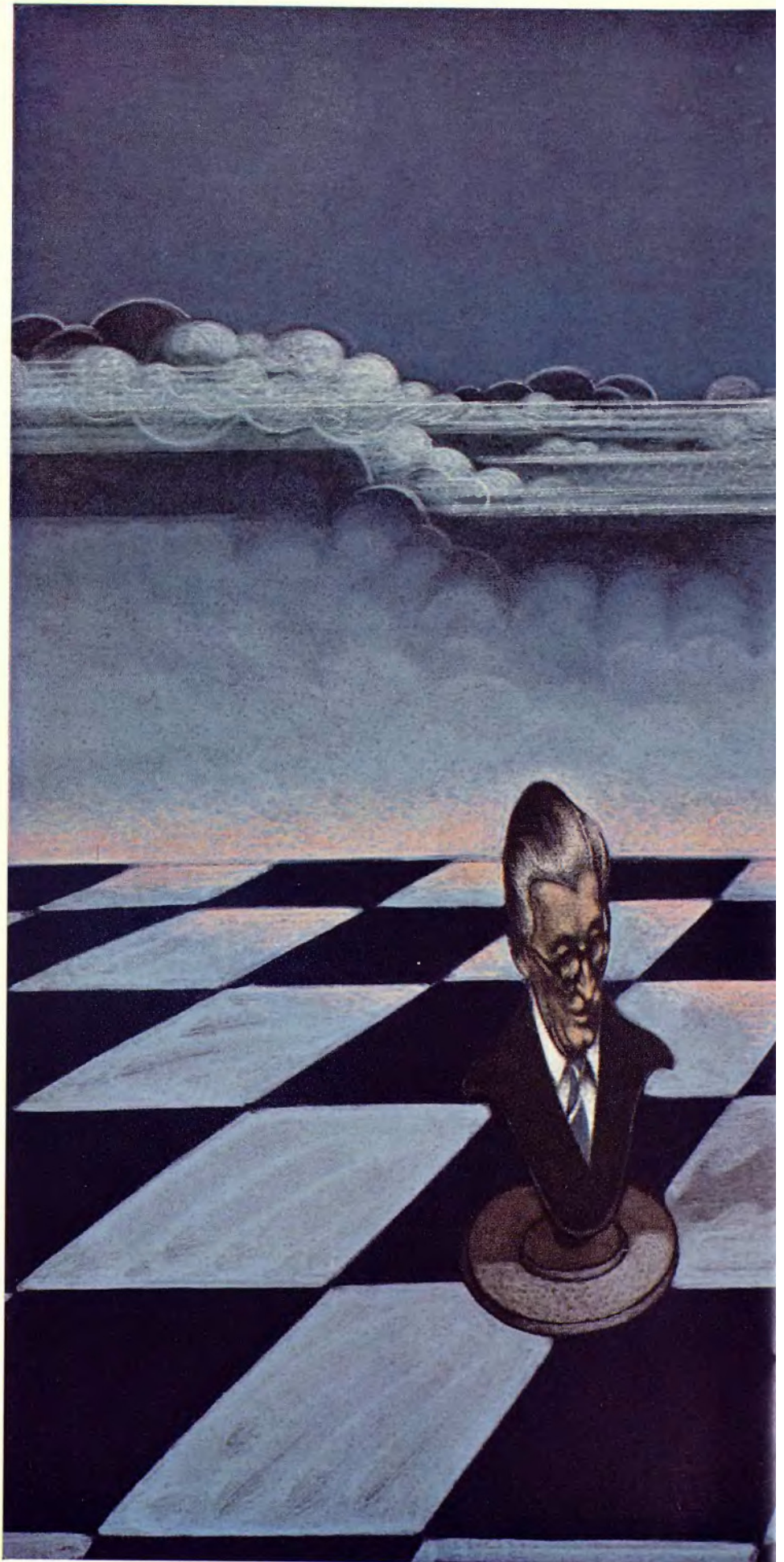
article **By HAL HIGDON**

*in today's board rooms,
the old-guard organization
man is likely to be outwitted
and outflanked by the crafty
master of job jumping*

EXECUTIVE CHESS

IN THE COLD, oftentimes cruel world of American business past, two paths led to personal success. Opportunists selecting the first (and usually foolproof) route married the major stockholder's daughter. Traditionalists followed a more structured upward path: Join a single corporation, show loyalty and wait for the sword of knighthood to tap you on the shoulder.

In certain organizations these two paths still remain open. "The presidency of Du Pont is decided in the marriage bed," one employment counselor recently observed. Many other corporations, such as General Electric and IBM, select nearly all their top executives from the ranks of those who joined them after college. But in American business today, a third path beckons. Many men now reach the presidency after having switched jobs three or four times. Those following the two other paths risk disaster. On the eve of his success, the traditionalist may find his route blocked by merger or acquisition. (continued on page 193)





SHARK!

(continued from page 100)

weight; all contestants wore black wet suits, and all dragged their fish behind them in a plastic float to minimize the amount of blood in the water.

By early afternoon, when he started his final swim, Fox appeared to be well ahead. On his last trip to the beach with a load of fish, he had noticed two large dusky morwongs near a triangular coral head, about three quarters of a mile offshore. Returning to this place, he parted company with Farley. "He went one way and I went the other," Bruce recalled, making a diving flip with his hand, "and the next thing I knew, the shark had him."

One of the big morwongs was out in the open in a patch of brown algae and Fox was gliding in on it, intent, spear gun extended like an antenna, when he felt himself overtaken by a strange stillness in the water, a suspension of sound and motion, as if all the creatures of the reef had paused to watch him. "It was just a feeling," he says. "I didn't tense up or anything—I didn't have time to." For at that moment, he was struck so hard on his left side that his face mask was knocked off and his spear gun sent spinning from his hand, and he found himself swirled swiftly through the water by something that enclosed him from the left shoulder to the waist. A great pressure made his insides feel as if they had been forced toward his right side—he seemed to be choking and he could not move. Upside down in the creature's mouth, he was being rushed through the water, and only now did he make out the stroke of a great shark's powerful tail. He was groping wildly, trying to gouge its eyes, when inexplicably, of its own accord, the shark let go.

Out of breath, pushing frantically to shove himself away, Rodney jammed his arm straight into its mouth. For the first time he felt pain, a pain that became terrible as he yanked the flesh and veins and tendons out through the back curved teeth. He fought his way to the surface and grabbed a great ragged breath, but the shark was right behind him. When his knees brushed its body, he clasped it with arms and legs to avoid the jaws, and the beast took him to the bottom, scraping him against the rocks. Once more, he fled for the surface, and again the shark followed him up. His moment of utmost horror came when through his blurred vision he saw the great conical head rising toward him out of the pink cloud of his own blood. Hopelessly, he kicked at it and the flipper skidded off its hide. At the last second, the head veered toward his float, which contained a solitary small fish, and a moment later, the float raced off across the surface; either the shark had seized the float or had gotten entangled in the line.

Once again, Rodney found himself being dragged through the water; already, he was far below the surface. He tried to release the weight belt to which his float line was attached, but his arms did not work, nor his mutilated hands. It was at this moment, when he knew finally that he was lost—"I had done all I could and now I was finished"—and was on the point of drowning, that the next event occurred in the series of miracles that were to save his life. Presumably, the shark's razor teeth had frayed the heavy line that connected the fish float to his weight belt, for at this ultimate moment it parted. For the third time, he reached the surface, and this time he screamed, "Shark!" There was no need of it: a boat which had brought a young diver from the beach was only a few yards away. "They'd hardly dropped him in the water," Bruce Farley said, "when they had to yank him out again, because there was Rodney screaming in a pool of blood. They hauled out Rodney, then came for me and we headed for shore."

The bones were laid bare on Rodney's right arm and hand—his hand alone required 94 stitches—and his rib cage, lungs and upper stomach lay exposed. "Bruce thought I was done for," Rodney said. "The rotten dog sat up in the bow with his back to me—wouldn't even look at me."

Farley grinned. "I just didn't like the looks of all them guts hangin' out," he said. In the boat, there was nothing he could do for Rodney, and he tried to concentrate on how best to find help on the beach. "I knew everything had to go one-two-three if we were going to save him and I didn't even know how bad he was. Oh, there was a little bit of intestine stickin' out, but we never opened his suit up to really see. We made that mistake on the beach with Brian Rodger, and his leg fell all apart." Fox himself feels that his suit, holding his body together until it could be re-assembled, was one of the many things that saved his life.

The first person that Bruce met as he ran down the beach was a policeman who knew just where to telephone and what numbers to call. And someone had happened to bring a car down the rough cliff track to the beach—a very rare occurrence; this car was able to bump out onto the reef to pick up Rodney, and it carried him back up the cliff to the highway and eight miles down the road toward Adelaide, where he was transferred to the ambulance sent to fetch him. Already the police were manning every intersection on the way, and because he was traveling just before the Sunday-afternoon rush he actually reached the hospital within an hour after he was

picked up in the boat. His lung was punctured, he was rasping and choking, and it was a miracle that he did not drown in his own blood or bleed to death within that hour. Nor were the miracles over: The surgeon on emergency duty that day had just returned from England, where he had taken special training in chest operations.

While Rodney was being prepared for the four-hour operation, he heard urgent voices. One said that someone should go for a priest, and Rodney realized that they thought he was unconscious and did not believe that he was going to make it. Desperate, he half sat up on the table, saying, "I'm a Protestant!" before they got to him and calmed him down. "He's a bloody mess," the doctor told Rodney's wife after the operation, "but he's going to be all right."

Two reasons for Fox's survival were his excellent condition and the fact that he never went into shock. "It's shock that kills most people in a shark attack," Ron Taylor says, and Valerie agrees. Experienced divers are more apt to survive an attack because they are less apt to go into shock: Sharks are a reality that they must live with, and therefore they are psychologically prepared.

"I guess I just wasn't supposed to go," Rodney says cockily. After two weeks, he was home in bed, though he had to pay daily visits to the hospital. Six months later, he made himself dive again, and he has been diving ever since. In 1964, Ron Taylor's team in the Australian championships was beaten by the team of Brian Rodger, Bruce Farley and Rodney Fox.

The 1963 attack on Fox occurred only a few hundred feet from the place where Brian Rodger had been attacked; 40 divers were in the water on both days, and on both, it was the reigning champion who was hit. In 1964 Bruce Farley was state champion. One competition day, he was to drive down to Aldinga with Rodger and Fox, but somehow got left behind. By himself, Bruce drove five miles out of town, then turned around and went home. "I can't account for it," he says, "I just lost interest."

That same day at Aldinga, a year to the day after the attack on Fox, both Rodney and Brian, separately, simultaneously and for no good reason, started for shore. The competition had another hour to run and both men habitually stuck it out to the very end, but today they each had an instinct to leave the water. Perhaps the two had heard that stillness that precedes the coming of the white death because before they had reached shore, someone came yelling down the beach. A young diver named Geoff Corner had been bitten just once, on the upper leg, but the great bite had

(continued on page 181)



HIZZONER

personality **By MIKE ROYKO**
*a day in the life of the
last of the big-city bosses*

WILLIAM KUNSTLER: *What is your name?*

WITNESS: *Richard Joseph Daley.*

WILLIAM KUNSTLER: *What is your occupation?*

WITNESS: *I am the mayor of the city of Chicago.*

The workday begins early. Sometime after seven o'clock, a black limousine glides out of the police-station garage on the corner, moves less than a block and stops in front of a weathered pink bungalow at 3536 South Lowe Avenue. Patrolman Alphonsus Gilhooly, walking in front of the house, nods to the detective at the wheel of the limousine.

It's an unlikely house for such a car. A passing stranger might think that a rich man had come back to visit his people in the old neighborhood. It's the kind of sturdy brick house, common to Chicago, that a fireman or printer would buy. Thousands like it were put up by contractors in the Twenties and Thirties from standard blueprints in an architectural style fondly dubbed carpenter's delight.

The outside of that pink house is deceptive. Number 3536 is furnished in expensive, Colonial-style furniture, the basement expensively paneled; two days a week a woman comes in to help with the cleaning. The shelves hold religious figurines and bric-a-brac. The few books on display are symbols of the home's faith—the *Baltimore Catechism*, the Bible, a leather-bound *Profiles in Courage* and several self-improvement books. All

of the art is religious, most of it bloody with Crucifixion and crowns of thorns.

Outside, another car has arrived. It moves slowly, the two detectives peering down the walkways between the houses, glancing at the drivers of the cars that travel the street; then it parks somewhere behind the limousine.

At the other end of the block, a blue squad car has stopped near a corner tavern, and the policemen are watching 36th Street, which crosses Lowe.

In the alley behind the house, a policeman sits in a car. Like Gilhooly, he has been there all night, protecting the back entrance, behind the high wooden fence that encloses the small yard.

Down the street, in another brick bungalow, Matt Danaher is getting ready for work. He runs the 2000 clerical employees in the Cook County court system, and he knows the morning routine of his neighbor. As a young protégé he once drove the car, opened the door, held the coat, got the papers. Now he is part of the ruling circle, and one of the few people in the world who can walk past the policeman and into the house, one of the people who are invited to spend an evening, sit in the basement, eat, sing, dance the Irish jig. The blue-blood bankers from downtown aren't invited, although they would like to be, and neither are men who have been governors, Senators and ambassadors. The people who come in the evening or on Sunday are old friends from the neighborhood, the relatives, people who take their coats off when they walk in the door, and loosen their ties.

Danaher is one of them, and his relationship to the owner of the house is so close that he has served as an emotional

whipping boy, so close that he can yell back and slam the door when he leaves. But sometimes his stomach hurts in the morning.

They're getting up for work in the little houses and flats all across the old neighborhood known as Bridgeport; and thanks to the man for whom the limousine waits, about 2000 of the 40,000 Bridgeport people are going to jobs in City Hall, the County Building, the courts, ward offices, police and fire stations. It's a political neighborhood, with political jobs, and the people can use them. They rank very low among the city and suburban communities in education. Those who don't have government jobs work hard for their money, and it isn't much.

The ethnic blend is Irish, Lithuanian, Italian, Polish, German—all white. It's a suspicious neighborhood. In the bars, heads turn when a stranger comes in. Blacks pass through in cars but are unwise to travel on foot. In 1964, when a black college student moved into an apartment on Lowe, only a block north of the pink bungalow, there was a riot and he had to leave.

Well before eight o'clock, the door of the bungalow opens and a short, stout man steps out. His walk is brisk and bouncy. A nod and smile to Patrolman Gilhooly and he's in the limousine.

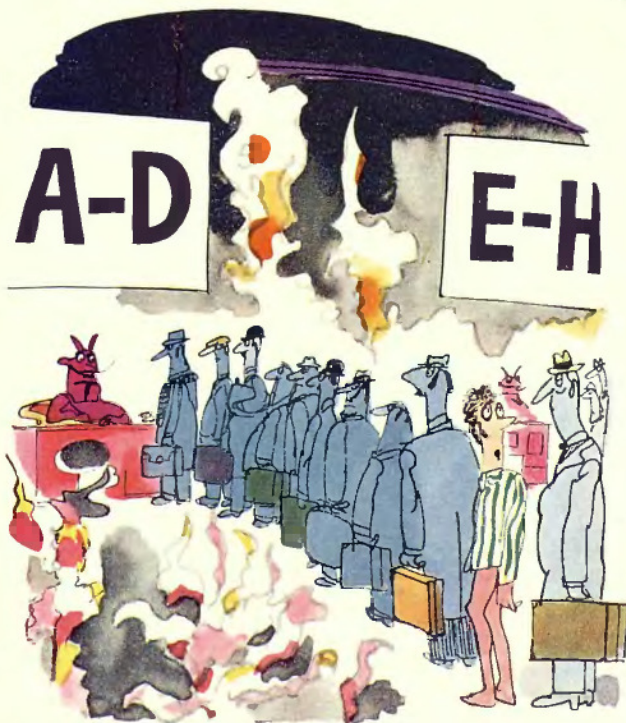
Richard J. Daley is going to work.

The limousine pulls out from the curb and the car with the two detectives follows. They are in the tail car, hanging back to prevent Daley from being followed.

It's a short drive to the job. The house is about four miles southwest of the Loop, within the problem area known as the inner city. If the limousine went east, toward (continued on page 158)



"Maybe it's under new management."



"... When suddenly her husband comes in with this gun."



"He's only the chief auditor. Wait till you see the Big Guy!"



*our devilish
cartoonist is up
to scratch
as he hotfoots it
through the
nether regions*

Ffolkes' inferno

humor By MICHAEL FFOLKES



"They call this section Boys' Town."



*"I could get you five
hundred years off your sentence."*



*"Your lips are diabolical,
your eyes are fiendish, your. . . ."*



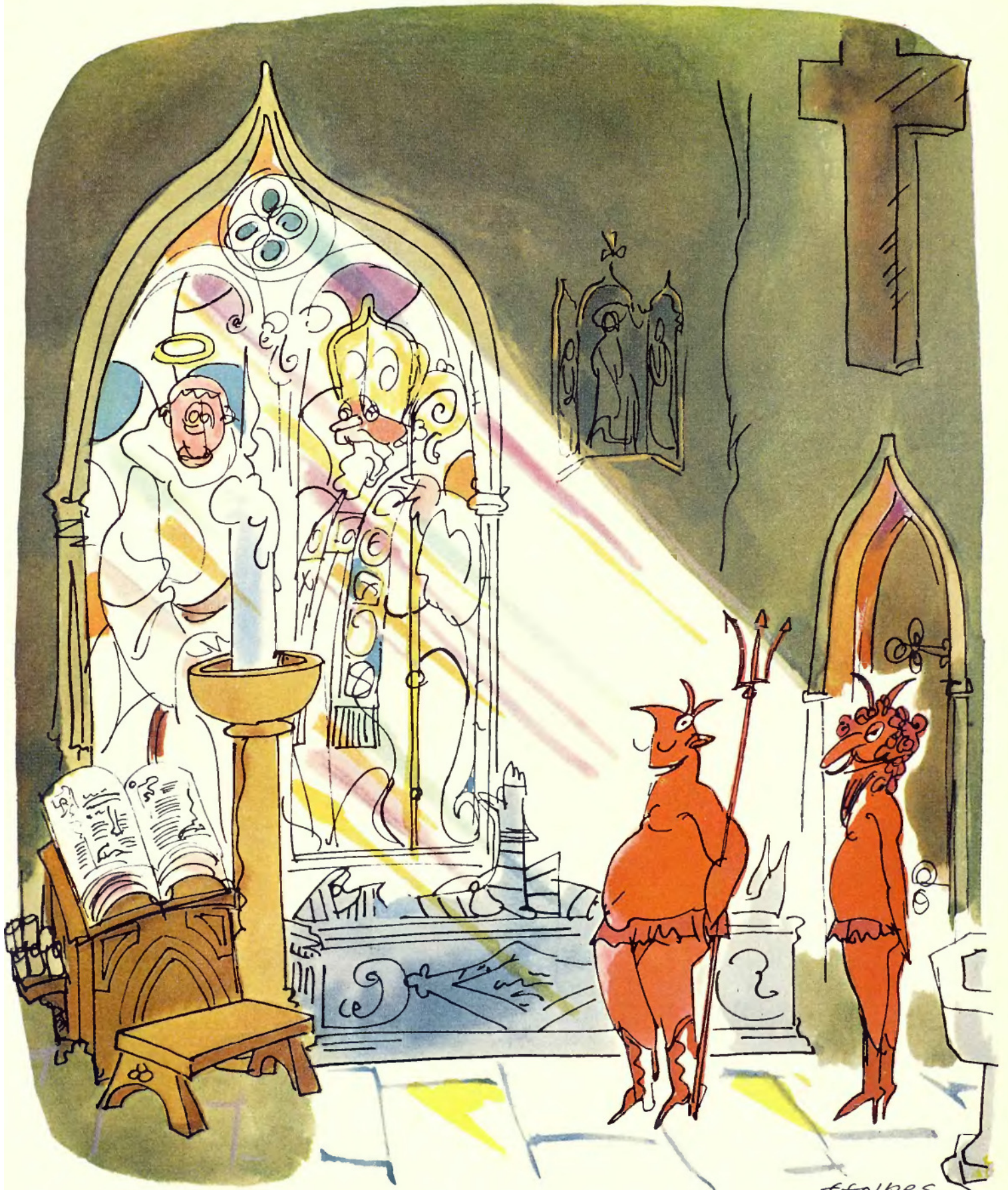
"The latest rock album, Herr Wagner!"



*"Great Beelzebub!
Don't you get tired of the same old faces?"*



*"Border Control here—one of the upstairs
crowd wants to defect."*



"Say, this is a real kinky place you have here."

ffolkes

HIZZONER (continued from page 153)

Lake Shore Drive, it would go through part of the black ghetto. If it went straight north, it would enter a decaying neighborhood in transition from white to Latin and black. It turns toward an expressway entrance only a few blocks away.

The car takes the Dan Ryan Expressway, 12 lanes at its widest point, with a rapid-transit track down the center. It stretches from the Loop past the old South Side ghetto, past the giant beehive of public housing with its swarming children, furious street gangs and weary welfare mothers. The man in the back of the limousine built this expressway, and he named it after Dan Ryan, a big South Side politician, who was named after his father, another big South Side politician.

The limousine crosses another expressway, this one cutting through the big, smoky, industrial belt and then southwest toward white-backlash country. Daley built that expressway, too, and he named it after Adlai Stevenson II, whom he helped build into a Presidential candidate, and whom he dropped when it seemed opportune.

The limousine passes an exit that leads to the Circle Campus, the city's branch of the University of Illinois, aeres of modern concrete buildings, one of the biggest city campuses in the country. It wasn't easy to build, because thousands of families in the city's oldest Italian neighborhood had to be uprooted and their homes and churches torn down. They cried that they were betrayed, that they had been promised they would stay. But Daley built it anyway.

Another mile or so and the limousine crosses yet another expressway, this one heading out straight west, through the worst of the ghetto slums, where the biggest riots and fires occurred in the spring of 1968, for which the outraged and outrageous "shoot to kill" order was issued. Straight west, past the house where two Black Panthers were killed, one in his bed, by predawn police raiders in December 1969. Daley opened that artery, too, and named it after Dwight D. Eisenhower, making it the city's only Republican expressway.

When the limousine nears the Loop, the Dan Ryan blends into a fourth expressway. This one goes through the Puerto Rican ghetto and the remnants of the old Polish neighborhood, where the old people remain while their children move away; then into the middle-class far Northwest Side, where Dr. Martin Luther King's marchers walked through a shower of bottles, bricks and spit. It ends at O'Hare Airport, the nation's busiest jet handler. Daley built that expressway, too, and he named it after John F. Kennedy, whom he helped elect President; and he built most of the airport,

and opened it, although he still calls it "O'Hara."

During the ride he reads the two local morning papers, always waiting on the back seat. He's a fast but thorough reader and he concentrates on news about the city. Somewhere he is in the papers every day, if not by name—and the omission is rare—at least by deed. The papers like him. If something has gone well, he'll be praised in an editorial. If something has gone badly, one of his subordinates will be criticized. During the 1968 Democratic Convention, when their reporters were being bloodied, one of the more scathing editorials was directed at a lowly police-department public-relations man.

Daley was criticized also, but his official version of what happened on Chicago's streets was printed a week after the Convention ended, its distortions and flat lies unchallenged. He dislikes reporters and writers, but gets on well with editors and publishers, a trait usually found in Republicans rather than Democrats. If he feels that he has been criticized unfairly, which covers most criticism, he doesn't hesitate to pick up a phone and complain to an editor. All four papers endorsed him for his fourth term—even the *Chicago Tribune*, the voice of Midwest Republicanism—but in general he views the papers as enemies. The reporters, specifically. They want to know things that, because they are little men, are none of their business. Editors, at least, have power, but he doesn't understand why they let reporters exercise it.

The mayor puts down the papers as the limousine leaves the expressway and enters the Loop, stopping in front of St. Peter's church. When the bodyguards have parked and walked to his car, he gets out and enters the church. This is an important part of his day. Since childhood he has attended daily Mass, as his mother did before him. On Sundays and some workdays, he'll go to his own church, the Church of the Nativity, just around the corner from his home. That's where he was baptized, confirmed and married, and the place from which his parents were buried. Before Easter, his wife will join the other neighborhood ladies for the traditional scrubbing of the church floors. Regardless of what he may do in the afternoon, and to whom, he will always pray in the morning.

After Mass, it's a few steps to the side door of Maxim's, a glass-and-plastic coffee-shop, where a table is set up in the privacy of the rear in case he comes in. It's not to be confused with Chicago's other Maxim's, a Near North Side bistro that serves *haute cuisine* and has a *discothèque* and a social-register clientele. He won't go to that kind of place. He

doesn't like them and people might think he was putting on airs. He eats at home most of the time, and for dinners out there are sedate private clubs with tables in quiet corners.

He leaves a dollar for his coffee and roll and marches with his bodyguards toward City Hall—"the Hall," as it is called locally, as in "I got a job in the Hall" or "See my brother in the Hall and he'll fix it for you."

He glances at the new Civic Center, a tower of russet steel and glass, fronted by a gracious plaza with a fountain and Picasso's awesome metal sculpture. The Picasso is an artistic triumph. He knows that because the city's cultural leaders have told him it is.

He put it all there, the Civic Center, the plaza, the Picasso. And the judges and county officials who work in the Civic Center, he put most of them there, too.

Wherever he looks as he marches, there are new skyscrapers up and finished or going up. The city has become an architect's delight, except when the architects see the great Louis Sullivan's landmark buildings being ripped down for parking garages or allowed to degenerate into slums. None of the new buildings was there before. His leadership put them there, his confidence, his energy. If he kept walking north a couple of more blocks, he'd see the twin towers of Marina City, the striking cylindrical downtown apartment buildings, a self-contained community with bars and restaurants, an ice rink, shops and clubs, and every apartment with a balcony for sitting out in the smog. His good friend Charlie Swibel built it, with financing from the janitors' union, run by his good friend William McPetridge. For Charlie Swibel, that achievement was a long advance on being a flophouse operator and slum lord. Now some of Charlie's flophouses are going to be torn down and the area west of the Loop redeveloped for office buildings and such. Charlie will do that, too. Let people wonder why out-of-town investors let Charlie in for a big piece of the new project without his having to put up any money or take any risk. Let people ask why the city, after acquiring the land under urban-renewal powers, rushed through approval of Charlie's bid. Let them ask if there's a conflict of interest: Charlie is also the head of the city's public-housing agency and, as such, a city official. Let them ask why Charlie's taxes and those of other big real-estate operators and party fat cats were slashed by County Assessor P. J. Cullerton, saving them millions. Let them ask. What trees do *they* plant? What buildings do *they* put up?

Head high, shoulders back, Mayor Daley strides with his bodyguards at the pace of an infantry forced march. The morning walk used to be much longer



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tar
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than two blocks. In the quiet of the Fifties, the limousine dropped him south of the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue, and he'd walk a mile and a half up the Avenue, one of the most elegant boulevards in America, grinning at the morning crowds that bustle past the shops and hotels across from Grant Park. That ritual ended in the Sixties, when people began walking for something more than pleasure and a man couldn't be sure whom he'd meet on the street.

He rounds the corner and a bodyguard moves ahead to hold open the door. An elderly man is walking slowly and painfully, close to the wall, using it as support. His name is Al and he is a lawyer. Years ago, he was just a ward boss's nod away from becoming a judge. He had worked hard for the party and had earned the black robe, and he was even a pretty good lawyer. But the ward boss died on him and judgeships can't be left in wills. Now his health is bad and Al has an undemanding job in county government.

Daley spotted Al, called out his name, rushed over and gave him a two-handed handshake, the maximum in City Hall affection. He had seen Al maybe twice in ten years, but he quickly recalled all of his problems, his work, and a memory they shared. He likes old people, keeping them in key jobs and reslating them for office when they can barely walk, and even when they can't. Like the marriage vows, the pact between jobholder and party ends only in either's death, so long as the patronage employee loves, honors and obeys the party. Later that day, Al will write an eloquent letter in praise of his old friend to a newspaper, which will print it.

The bodyguard is still holding the door and Daley goes in at full stride. He never enters a room tentatively, always explosively and with a sense of purpose and direction, especially when the building is City Hall.

Actually, it is two identical buildings, City Hall and the Cook County Building. At the turn of the century, the County Building was erected on half the city block, and shortly thereafter City Hall was put up. Although structurally identical, City Hall cost considerably more. Chicago history is full of such oddities.

The main lobby and upstairs corridors extend through both buildings, but as a political courtesy Daley never goes through the County Building. It is the domain of another politician, the president of the Cook County Board, who is known as the mayor of Cook County and, in theory, is second only to Daley in power. Later in the day, the president of Cook County will call and ask how the domain should be run.

The elevator operators know Daley's habits and are holding back the doors of a car. The elevators are automated, but

many operators remain on the job, standing in the lobby, pointing at open cars and saying: "Next." Automation is fine, but how many votes can an automatic elevator deliver?

He gets off at the fifth floor, where his offices are. That's why he's known as The Man on Five. He is also known as duh Mare and hizzoner and duh leader. For many, his name is too sacred to mention.

He marches past the main entrance to his outer offices, where people are already waiting, hoping to see him. They must be cleared first by policemen, then by three secretaries. He doesn't use the main entrance because the people would jump up, clutch at his hands and overexcite themselves. He was striding through the building one day when a little man sprang past the bodyguards and kissed his hand.

Down the corridor, a bodyguard has opened a private door leading directly to his three-room office complex. He almost always uses the side door.

The bodyguards quickly check his office, then file into a smaller adjoining room filled with keepsakes from Presidents and his trip to Ireland. They use the room as a lounge while studying his schedule, planning the routes and waiting. Another room is used for taking important phone calls when he has someone with him. Calls from President Kennedy and President Johnson were put through to that room.

Somewhere in the building, phone experts have cleared his lines for taps. The limousine has been parked on LaSalle Street, outside the Hall's main entrance, and the tail car has moved into place. His key people are already in their offices, always on time or early because he may call as soon as he arrives. And at nine A.M., he, Richard Joseph Daley, is in his office and behind the big gleaming mahogany desk, in a high-backed dark-green leather chair, ready to start another day of doing what the experts say is no longer possible—running a big American city. But as he has often said to confidants, "What in hell do the experts know?" He's been running a big American city for 15 of the toughest years American cities have ever seen. He, Daley, has been running it as long as or longer than any of the other famous mayors—Curley of Boston, La Guardia of New York, Kelly of Chicago—ran theirs; and unless his health goes, he, Daley, will be running it for another four years.

Twenty is a nice round figure. They give soldiers a pension after 20 years and some companies give wrist watches. He'll settle for something simple, like maybe another jet airport built on a man-made island in the lake and named after him, and maybe a statue outside the Civic Center, with a modest inscription, like, "The greatest mayor in the history of the world." And they might cordon off his office as a shrine.

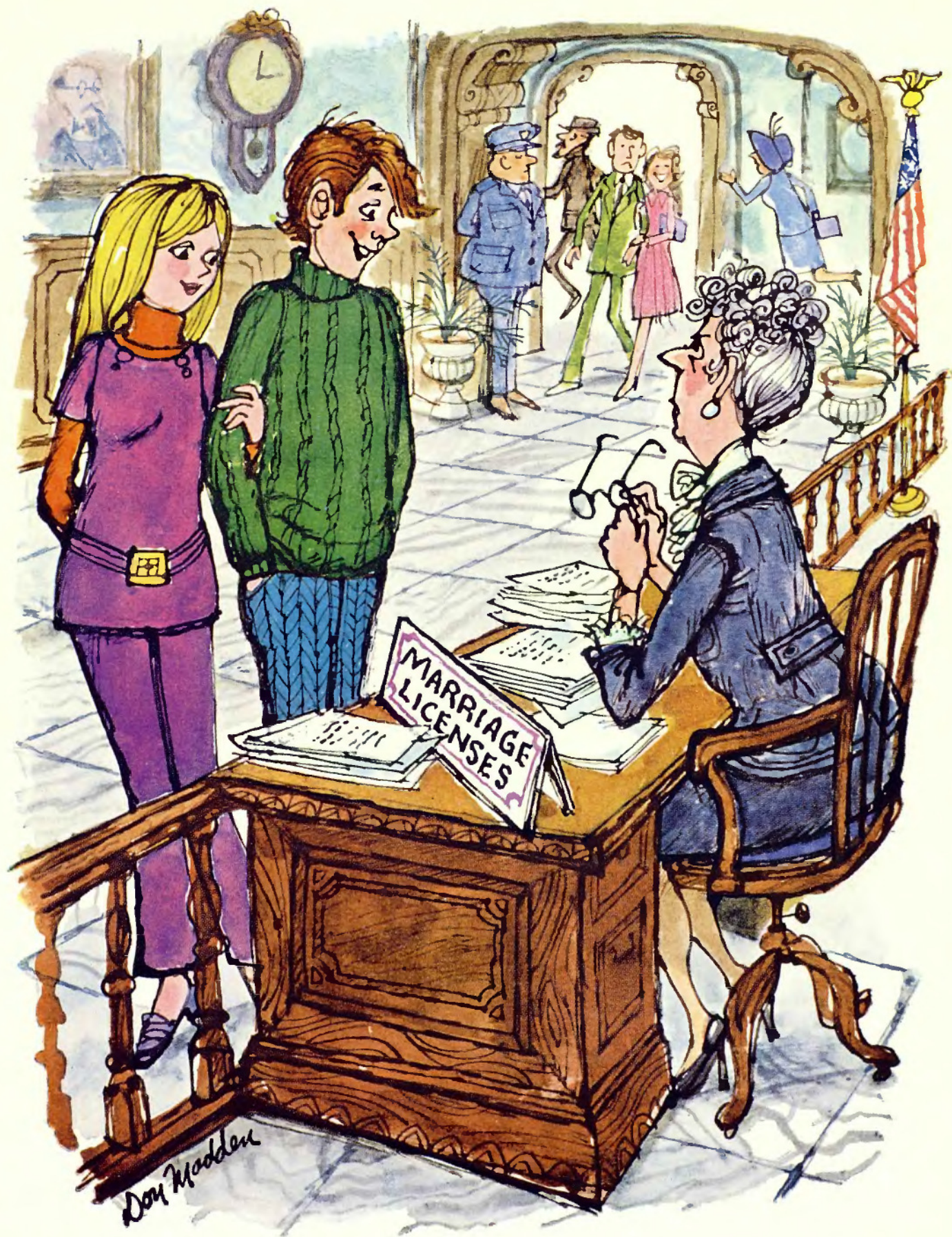
It's strictly a business office. Like the man, the surroundings have no distracting frills. He wears excellently tailored business suits, buying six a year from Duro's, one of the best shops on Michigan Avenue. The shirt is always radiant white, the tie conservative. Because his shoulders are narrow, he never works in his shirt sleeves, and is seldom seen publicly in casual clothes. The businesslike appearance carries through the office. The carpets, furniture and walls are in muted shades of tan and green. The only color is provided by the flags of the United States and the City of Chicago, and a color photograph of his family. The office is without art. When a prominent cultural leader offered to donate tasteful, traditional paintings to the office, an aide said: "Please, no, he can't accept them. People would think he's going high hat."

The desk, with a green-leather inset, is always clear of papers. He is an orderly man. Besides, he doesn't like to put things on paper, preferring the telephone. Historians will look in vain for a revealing memo, an angry note. He stores his information in his brain, and has a computerlike recall bank.

The work begins immediately. The first call will be to his secretary, to check the waiting visitors and to summon his press secretary so that he can let the aide know if he wants to talk to the press that morning. He holds more press conferences than any other major public official in the country—at least two and usually three a week. In the beginning, they could be relaxed, casual, often friendly and easy, with the reporters coming into his office, getting the questions and answers out of the way and swapping fish stories and a few jokes—always clean jokes, because he walks away from the dirty ones. But with television, the press conferences became formal. They moved to a conference room and became less friendly as the times became less friendly. He works to control his emotions but sometimes finds it impossible not to blow up and begin ranting. Reporters are like experts. What do they know?

If he is going to see them, Earl Bush, the press aide, will brief him on likely questions. The veteran City Hall reporters are not hostile, since they have to live with the mayor, but the TV personalities sometimes ask the questions calculated to cause a purple face and a fit of shouting rather than to evoke information. He knows it, but sometimes it's hard not to get purple and shout.

If he doesn't feel like bothering, he'll just tell Bush, "to hell with them," and go on to other work. Bush never argues. He's been there since the beginning, when he was a hungry journalist running a struggling neighborhood newspaper news service and had a hunch that



"We'd like a learners' permit."

the quiet man running the County Clerk's office was going to go somewhere. On the day after the first mayoral election, Daley threw three \$100 bills into his rumpled lap and said, "Get yourself some decent-looking clothes." Since then, Bush has slept a night in the White House.

After Bush will come someone like Deputy Mayor David Stahl, one of the young administrators the old politicians call the whiz kids. Like the other whiz kids, Stahl is serious, well educated, obedient and ambitious; he keeps his sense of humor out of sight. He was hired for these qualities and also because his father-in-law is a real-estate expert and a close friend of the mayor.

On a day when the city council is meeting, Alderman Thomas Keane will slip in the side door to brief the mayor on the agenda. Keane is considered second in party power, but it is a distant second. He wanted to be in front but was distracted by a craving for personal wealth. You can't have both power and money if the man you're chasing is concentrating only on power. Now Keane is rich but too old ever to be the successor.

If there is a council meeting, everybody marches downstairs at a few minutes before ten. Bush and the department heads and personal aides form a proud parade. The meeting begins when the seat of Richard Daley's pants touches the

council president's chair, which is placed beneath the great seal of the City of Chicago and above the heads of the aldermen, who sit in a semibowl auditorium.

It is Daley's council, and in all the years it has never once defied him as a body. Keane manages it for him, and most of its members do what they are told. In other eras, the aldermen ran the city and plundered it. In the mayor's boyhood, they were so constantly on the prowl they were known as The Gray Wolves. His council is known as The Rubber Stamp.

He looks down at them, bestowing a nod or a benign smile on a few favorites, and they smile back gratefully. He seldom nods or smiles at the small minority of white or black independents. The independents anger him more than the Republicans do, because they accuse him of racism, fascism and dictatorship. The Republicans bluster about loafing pay-rollers, crumbling gutters, inflated budgets—traditional, comfortable accusations that don't stir the blood.

That is what Keane is for. When the minority goes on the attack, Keane or one of the administration aldermen he has groomed for the purpose will rise and answer the criticism by shouting that the critic is a fool, a hypocrite, ignorant and misguided. Until his death, one alderman could be expected to leap to his feet at least once each meeting and

cry: "God bless our mayor, the greatest mayor in the world!"

But sometimes Keane and his ever-ready orators can't shout down the minority, so Daley has to do it himself. If provoked, he'll break into a rambling, ranting speech, waving his arms, shaking his fists, defending his judgment, defending his administration, always with the familiar: "It is easy to criticize . . . to find fault . . . but where are your programs . . . where are your ideas?"

If that doesn't shut off the critics, he will declare them out of order, threaten to have the sergeant at arms force them into their seats, and invoke *Robert's Rules of Order*, which he once described in the heat of debate as "the greatest book ever written."

All else failing, he will look toward a glass booth above the spectators' balcony and make a gesture known only to the man in the booth, who operates the system that controls the microphone on each alderman's desk. The man in the booth will touch a switch and the offending critic's microphone will go dead, and stay dead, until he sinks into his chair and closes his mouth.

The meetings are never peaceful and orderly. The slightest criticism touches off shrill rebuttal, leading to louder criticism and, finally, an embarrassingly wild and vicious oral free-for-all. Daley is a man who speaks highly of law and order,

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but sometimes it appears that he enjoys the chaos and he seldom moves to end it until the confrontation has raged out of control. Every word of criticism must be answered, every complaint must be disproved, every insult must be returned in kind. He doesn't take anything from anybody. While mediating negotiations between white trade unions and black groups who wanted the unions to accept blacks, a young militant angrily rejected one of Daley's suggestions and concluded: "Up your ass!" Whereupon Daley leaped to his feet and answered: "And up yours, too!" Would John Lindsay have become so involved?

Independent aldermen have been known to come up with a good proposal, such as providing food for the city's hungry, or starting day-care centers for children of ghetto women who want to work, and Daley will acknowledge the idea, but in his own way. He'll let Keane appropriate it, to rewrite and resubmit as an administration measure. That way, the independent reaps the satisfaction of seeing his idea reach fruition and the administration has more glory. But most of the independents' suggestions are sent to a special subcommittee that exists solely to bury their unwelcome ideas.

The council meetings seldom last beyond the lunch hour. Aldermen have

much to do. Many are lawyers and have thriving practices; Chicagoans know that a dumb lawyer who is an alderman can often perform greater legal miracles than a smart lawyer who isn't.

Keane will go to a hotel dining room near City Hall. There at a large round table in a corner he lunches each day with a clique of high-rise real-estate developers, financiers and political cronies. The things they plan and share will shape the future of the city, as well as the future of their heirs.

Daley has no such luncheon circle and he eats only with old and close friends or one of his sons. Most afternoons, he darts across the street to the Sherman House Hotel and his office in the Democratic headquarters where, as chairman of the Cook County Regular Democratic Organization, he will work on purely political business: somebody pleading to be slated for an office or advanced to a judgeship, a dispute between ward bosses over patronage jobs. He tries to separate political work from his duties as mayor, but nobody has ever been able to see where one ends and the other begins.

Lunch will be sent up and he might be joined by someone like Raymond Simon, a Bridgeport-born son of an old friend. Daley put him in the city legal department when he was fresh out of law school, and in a few years he was in

charge of the department, one of the biggest municipal law jobs in the country. Now Simon has taken on an even bigger job: He has gone into private practice with Daley's oldest son, Richard Michael, not long out of law school. The name SIMON AND DALEY on the office door possesses magic that has the big clients almost waiting in line. Daley's next oldest son, Michael, has gone into practice with a former law partner of the mayor; he too will soon have a surprisingly prosperous practice for so young and inexperienced an attorney. Daley filled Simon's place in his cabinet with another bright young lawyer, this one a first cousin.

When there's time, Daley is driven to the private Lake Shore Club for lunch, a swim or a steam bath. Like most of the better private clubs in the fine buildings along the lake front, the Lake Shore Club accepts Jews and blacks. But you have to sit there all day to be sure of seeing one.

It's a pleasant drive to the club. Going north on Michigan, he passes through the shadow of the John Hancock Building, one of the tallest buildings in the world and twice as high as anything near it. It was built during his fourth term, despite the cries of those who said it would bring intolerable traffic congestion to the gracious streets around it and that it would lead to other oversized buildings that would destroy the unique flavor of Michigan Avenue's "magnificent mile." That's

lowest-priced 2-door intermediate.*

There's no compromise, either, in the smooth torsion-bar ride. Or in the sturdiness of the rust-resistant Unibody. Plymouth Satellite. It's got the makings

for the buy of the year. America's lowest-priced 2-door intermediate. Come to think of it—could be the buy of a lifetime.



Coming Through.



*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices for closest comparable body style, comparably-equipped, excluding state and local taxes, destination charges, equipment required by state law.





"That's the way it's got to be, Shorty. First, we spin the straw into gold—then we play in the hay."

exactly what's happening, but in his current mayoral campaign. Daley will certainly claim Big John as another monument to his leadership.

From Michigan Avenue the limousine purrs to Lake Shore Drive, with the lake and beaches on the right, which were there when he started, and the great wall of high-rise buildings on the left, which wasn't. Dozens of them, hundreds, stretching mile after mile, all the way to the city limits, and almost all erected during his administration, providing city living for the upper-middle class and billions in profits for the real-estate developers. They are his administration's solution to keeping people in the city.

Behind the high-rises are the crumbling, crowded buildings where the lower-income people live. No answer has been found to their housing problems, because the real-estate moguls say there's not enough profit in building homes for them. And beyond them are the middle-income people, who can't make it to the high-rises and can't stay where they are because the schools are inadequate, the poor are pushing toward them and nothing is being done about their problems: so they move to the suburbs. When their children grow up and they retire, maybe then they can move to a lake-front high-rise.

By two o'clock, he's back behind his desk and working. One of his visitors will be a city official unique to Chicago city government: the director of patronage. He brings a list of all new city employees for the day. The list isn't limited to the key employees, the professional people. All new workers are there—down to the window washer, the ditch-digger, the garbage collector. After each name will be a résumé of the man's background and the job and, most important, the man's political sponsor. Nobody goes to work for the city—and that includes governmental bodies that are not directly under the mayor—without Daley's knowing about it. He must see every name, because the person becomes more than an employee: He joins the political machine, part of the army numbering in the thousands that will help win elections. (They damn well better, or they won't keep the jobs.) He scans the list for anything unusual. A new employee might be related to somebody special, an important businessman, an old political family. That will be noted. He might have been fired by another city office in a scandal. That won't keep him from being put to work somewhere else. Some bad ones have worked for half the governmental offices in the city. There might be a police record, which prompts a call to the political sponsor for an explanation. "He's clean now." "Are you sure?" "Of course, it was just a youthful mistake." "Three times?" "Give him a break, his uncle is my best precinct captain." "OK, a break, but keep

your eye on him." As he has said so often when the subject of ex-cons on the city payroll comes up: "Are we to deny these men honest employment in a free society? Are we to deprive them of the right to work . . . to become rehabilitated?" He will forgive anything short of Republicanism.

The afternoon's work moves with never a minute wasted. The engineers and planners come with their reports on public-works projects. Something is always being built, concrete being poured, steel being riveted, contractors being enriched.

"When will it be completed?" Daley asks.

"Early February."

"It would be a good thing for the people if it could be completed by the end of October."

The engineers say it can be done, but it will mean putting on extra shifts, night work, overtime pay, a much higher cost than planned.

"It would be a good thing for the people if it could be completed by the end of October."

Of course it would be a good thing for the people. It would also be a good thing for the Democratic candidates who are seeking election in early November to go out and cut a ribbon for a new expressway or a water-filtration plant or, if nothing else is handy, another wing at the O'Hare terminal. What ribbons do their opponents cut?

The engineers and planners understand, and they see that it gets finished by October.

On a good afternoon, there will be no neighborhood organizations to see him, because if they get to Daley it means they have been up the ladder of government and nobody has been able to solve their problem. And that usually means a conflict between the people and somebody else, such as a politician or a businessman whom his aides don't want to ruffle. There are many things his department heads can't do. They can't cross swords with ward bosses or politically heavy businessmen. They can't make important decisions. Some can't even make petty decisions. Daley runs City Hall like a small family business and keeps everybody on a short rein. They do only what they know is safe and what he tells them to do. So many things that should logically be solved several rungs below finally come to him.

Because of this, he has many requests from neighborhood people. And when a group is admitted to his office, most of them nervous and wide-eyed, he knows who they are, knows their leaders and their strength in the community. They have already been checked out by somebody. He must know everything. He doesn't like to be surprised. Just as he knows the name of every new worker,

he must know what is going on in the various city offices. If the head of the office doesn't tell him, he has somebody there who will. In the offices of other elected officials, he has a trusted person who will keep him informed. Out in the neighborhoods his precinct captains are reporting to the ward committeemen and they are reporting to him. His police department's intelligence-gathering division gets bigger and bigger, its network of infiltrators, informers and spies creating massive files on dissenters, street gangs, political enemies, newsmen, radicals, liberals and anybody else who might be working against him. If one of his aides or hand-picked officeholders is shacking up with a woman, he will know it. And if that man is married and a Catholic, his political career will wither and die. That is the greatest sin of all. You can make money under the table and move ahead, but you are forbidden to make secretaries under the sheets. He has dumped several party members for violating his personal moral standards. If something is leaked to the press, the bigmouth will be tracked down and punished. Scandals aren't public scandals if you get there before your enemies do.

So when the people come in, he knows what they want and whether it is possible to give it to them. Whether or not they get it often depends on how they act.

He will come out from behind the desk, all smiles and handshakes and charm. Then he will return to his chair and sit very straight, hands folded, serious and attentive. To one side will be somebody from the appropriate city department. Now it's up to the group. If they are respectful, he will express sympathy, ask encouraging questions and, finally, tell them that everything possible will be done. And after they leave, he may say: "Take care of it." With that command, the royal seal, anything is possible, anybody's toes can be stepped on.

But if they are pushy, antagonistic, demanding instead of imploring, or bold enough to be critical of him, to tell him how he should do his job, to blame him for their problem, he will rub his hands together, harder and harder. In a long, difficult meeting, his hands will get raw. His voice gets lower, softer, and the corners of his mouth turn down. At this point, those who know him will back off. They know what's next. But the unfamiliar, the militant, will mistake his lowered voice and nervousness for weakness. Then he'll blow, and it comes in a frantic roar: "I want *you* to tell *me* what to do. *You* come up with the answers. *You* come up with the program. Are *we* perfect? Are *you* perfect? We all make mistakes. We all have faults. It's easy to criticize. It's easy to find fault. But *you* tell me what to do. This problem is all over the city. We didn't create these problems. We don't want them. But we are doing what

we can. *You* tell me how to solve them. *You* give me a program." All of which leaves most people dumb, since few citizens walk around with urban programs in their pockets. So they end right back where they started.

They leave, and the favor seekers who failed to reach him at lunch come in. Half the people he sees want a favor. They plead for promotions, something for their sons, a chance to do some business, to get somebody in City Hall off their backs, a chance to return from political exile, a boon. They won't get an answer right there and then. It will be considered and he'll let them know. Later, sometimes much later, when he has considered the alternatives and the benefits, word will get back to them. Yes or no. Success or failure. Life or death.

Some job seekers come directly to him. Complete outsiders, meaning no family or political connections, will be sent to see their ward committeemen. That is protocol, and that is what he did to the tall young black man who came to see him a few years ago bearing a letter from a Southern governor who wrote that the young black man was one of the rising political prospects in his state. Daley told him to see his ward committeeman and, if he did some precinct work, rang doorbells, hustled up some votes, there might be a government job for him. Maybe something like making change in a tollway booth. The Reverend Jesse Jackson, now the city's leading black civil rights leader, still hasn't stopped smarting over that.

Others come asking him to resolve a problem. He is the city's leading labor mediator and has prevented the kind of strikes that have crippled New York. His father was a union man, and he comes from a union neighborhood; many of the union leaders were his boyhood friends. He knows what they want. And if it is in the city's treasury, they will get it. If it isn't there, he'll promise to find it. He has ended a teachers' strike by promising that the state legislature would find funds for them, which surprised the Republicans in Springfield, as well as putting them on the spot. He is an effective mediator with the management side of labor disputes, because they respect his judgment and because there are few industries that do not need some favors from City Hall.

There are disputes he won't bother with, such as the conflict between two ranking party members, both lawyers, each retained by a rival business interest in a zoning dispute because of their influence. This is the kind of situation that can drive functionaries berserk. Daley angrily wiped his hands of the matter, bawled them out for creating the mess, and let them take their chances on a fair decision. There are so many clients, peace should exist among friends.

The afternoon is almost gone, but the petitioners still keep coming in the front door, the summoned aides through the side. The phone keeps ringing, bringing reports from his legislators in Springfield, his Congressmen in Washington, and from prominent businessmen, some of whom will waste a minute of his time for the glory of telling dinner guests: "I mentioned that to Dick and he likes the idea."

Finally, the scheduled appointments have been cleared, the unscheduled hopefuls told to come back again, a few late calls made to his closest aides. It's six o'clock, but he's still going, as if reluctant to stop. The workdays have grown longer over the years, the vacations shorter. There is less visible joy in it all, but he works harder now than ever before. Some of his friends say he isn't comfortable anywhere but in the office on five.

The bodyguards check the corridor and he heads downstairs to the limousine. Most of the people in the Hall have left and the mop crews are going to work, but always on the sidewalk outside will be the old hangers-on, waiting to shout a greeting, to get a nod or a smile in return.

On the way out, Bush hands him a speech. That's for the next stop, a banquet of civic leaders, or a professional group, or an important convention. The hotel grand ballroom is a couple of minutes away and he'll speed-read the speech just once on the way, a habit that contributes to his strange style of public speaking, the emphasis often on the wrong words, the sentences overlapping and the words tumbling over each other. Wherever he goes, the gathering will be heavy in boosterism, full of optimism for the future, pride in the city, a reminder of what he has done. Even in the most important meetings, they will seek out his handshake, his recognition. A long time ago, when they had opposed him, he put out the hand, and moved the few steps to them. Now they come to him. He arrives after dinner, in time to be introduced, speak, and get back to the car.

The afternoon papers are on the back seat and he reads them until the limousine stops in front of the funeral home. Wakes are still part of political courtesy and his culture. He's been to a thousand of them since he started in politics. On the way up, the slightest connection with the deceased or his family was reason enough to go. Now he goes to fewer, and only to those involving friends, neighbors, fellow politicians. His sons fill in for him at others. Most likely, he'll go to a wake on the South Side, because that's where most of his old friends are from. It might be McInerney's, which has matchbooks that bear a poem beginning: "*Bring out the lace curtains and call McInerney, / I'm nearing the end of my life's pleasant journey.*" Or John Egan's, one of the biggest, owned by his

high school pal and one of the last of the successful undertaker-politicians. The undertaker-politicians and the saloon-keeper-politicians have given way to lawyer-politicians, who are no better, and they don't even buy you a drink or offer a prayer.

He knows how to act at a wake, going to the immediate family, saying the proper things, offering his regrets, solemnly and with dignity. His arrival is as big an event as the other fellow's departure. Before leaving, he will kneel at the casket and sign the visitors' book. A flurry of handshakes, and he is back in the car.

It's late when the limousine turns toward Bridgeport. His neighbors are already home watching TV, or at the Pump having a beer and talking baseball, race or politics. His wife, Eleanor, or Sis, as he calls her, knows his schedule and will be making supper. Something boiled, meat and potatoes, home-baked bread. She makes six loaves a week. His mother always made bread. And maybe ice cream for dessert. He likes ice cream. There's an old ice-cream parlor in the neighborhood, and sometimes he goes there for a sundae, as in boyhood days.

The limousine passes Comiskey Park, where his beloved White Sox play ball. He goes to Wrigley Field, too, but only to be seen. The Sox are his team. He can walk to the ball park from the house. At least he used to be able to walk there. Today it's not the same. A person can't walk anywhere. Maybe someday he'll build a big superstadium for all the teams, better than any other city's. Maybe on the lake front. Let the conservationists moan. It will be good for business, drawing conventioners from hotels, and located near an expressway so people in the suburbs can drive in. With lots of parking space for them, and bright lights so they can walk. Someday, if there's time, he might just build it.

Across Halsted Street, then a turn down Lowe Avenue, into the glow of the brightest streetlights of any city in the country. The streets were dark before; a person couldn't see who was there. Now all the streets have lights so bright that some people have to lower their shades at night. He turned on all those lights, he built them. Now he can see a block ahead from his car, to where the policeman is guarding the front of his home.

He tells the driver that tomorrow will require an even earlier start. He must catch a flight to Washington to tell a committee that the cities need more money. There are so many things that must be built, so many more people to be hired. But he'll be back the same day, in the afternoon, maybe with enough time to stop at the Hall. There's always something to do there. Things have to be done. If he doesn't do them, who will?

THE GIRLS OF HOLLAND

(continued from page 137)

change have begun to stir more than the windmills.

At first blush, Dutch girls don't seem much different from their urban counterparts in other European countries. They are influenced by virtually the same tastes, moved by similar social currents and inspired by more or less identical aims in life. But there are a couple of notable distinctions, one of which is the female Hollander's capacity for candor. Not every one of them, if asked what she likes doing best, would reply, "Eating, drinking and fucking"—as did one in a very candid conversation with a *PLAYBOY* interviewer—but few would regard this response as particularly outrageous. A visitor accustomed to the word games that characterize so many male-female encounters elsewhere would be agreeably disarmed by the forthrightness of the Dutch.

What may impress him even more is the astonishing variety of beautiful girls he'll see on the streets—statuesque Nordic blondes, bronzed belles from Aruba and the other islands of the Netherlands Antilles, dark-eyed sirens from former Dutch territories in Southeast Asia. Holland is also the nation in which the pleasant marriage of the miniskirt with the bicycle was consummated. Dutch men are so accustomed to the sight of miles of bare legs flashing past on bikes that they scarcely pay any attention, but foreigners who find themselves in a Dutch city on a warm day often ignore its historic attractions and station themselves by the side of the road, hoping for a strong breeze.

If modern Dutch girls—particularly those in go-go Amsterdam—appear to be unburdened with the guilt of so-called conventional morality, it's because they question and often reject its validity, preferring to respect their individual consciences rather than the rules once imposed by authority. "We make up our own minds," says a vivacious 23-year-old Catholic, employed as a hotel receptionist. "I go to church because I believe in God and the pill, not in the Pope. He wouldn't pay for an abortion if I needed one and I don't see why I should go without sex just because I'm single. What a stupid, old-fashioned idea!"

Of all the profound changes that have shaken the structure of this small, densely packed democracy, the most important have been effected by the youth of both sexes. Unlike their counterparts in the politicized U. S. youth movement, whose espousal of violence has frightened off potential sympathizers (and, predictably, brought about even stiffer repressive measures by the established order), young Dutch men and women choose to work within the system. Already they've scored victories at the political level; three

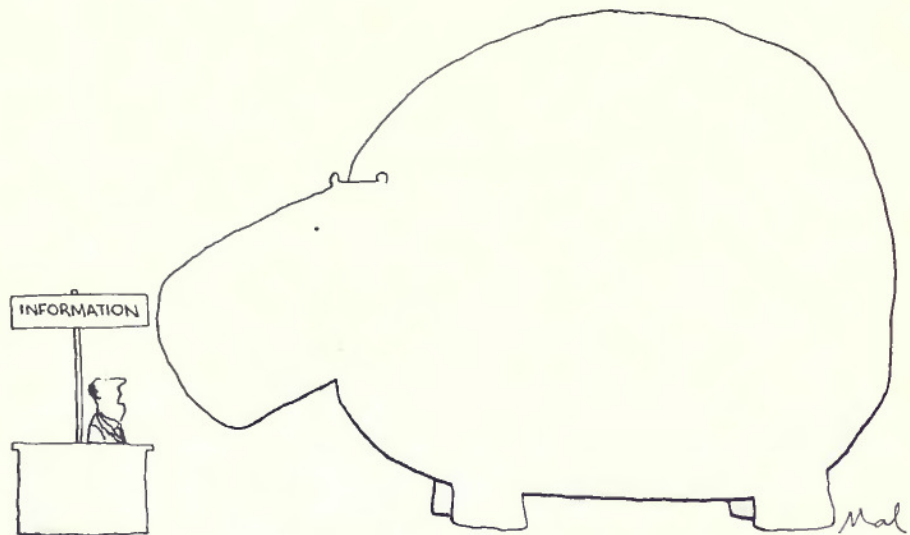
candidates in their 20s won seats on the city council last summer. And the bluntest instrument of social protest they employ is humor, as the Dutch women's lib demonstrated when a faction known as *Dolle Minas* went out into the streets and onto the public-transportation system of Amsterdam last year, grabbing handfuls of masculine bottoms. *Dolle Minas* translates roughly into "Crazy Women," and its activists—who have no objection to being known as crazy women—also carried their campaign for equal rights into the sanctuary of the street *pissoir*. They demanded, reasonably enough, that these strictly male conveniences be opened to ladies, too.

But even the *Dolle Minas* have not been very active in recent months, perhaps because Amsterdam is simply not conducive to prolonged hostility between the sexes. Sooner or later, everyone—male and female—seems to end up peacefully coexisting in this city, which has rapidly become the cosmopolitan crossroad for much of young Europe as well as of young Holland. Distances are short and transportation excellent within the Netherlands, and the girls of The Hague, Rotterdam, Haarlem and Utrecht, as well as those from the countryside of Zeeland and the Brabant, flock to Amsterdam in search of excitement. They almost always find it. The city exudes an almost tangible sexuality; the red-light district holds a promise not merely of sex but of a mysterious something more. The lights in the windows are warm and pink, and their reflections twinkle invitingly in the dark waters of the canals. A couple of policemen stop at one of the doorways

and chat amiably with a lissome young Indonesian girl about her mother's influenza. They move away tactfully when a customer approaches, bid him good evening and cross the canal bridge to resume their duties, hands clasped behind their backs like a couple of worker priests making the rounds of an errant congregation.

In Amsterdam's two biggest entertainment areas, the Leidseplein and the Rembrandtplein, the bars, cafés and *discothèques* are alive with young people—and the air in many of them is thick with the smoke of Red Lebanese, Congo bush and other exotic weeds. Although the possession of psychedelics is otherwise illegal in the Netherlands, the city has granted permission for their use on certain premises, such as a club that used to be a church. Scores of female American visitors wander through its many rooms, more freaked out by the city council's liberalism than they are by any form of dope.

Hollanders regard practices officially condemned as social aberrations in other Western countries—including our own—as merely aspects of the human condition. Homosexuality, pornography, prostitution and drug use are more than ever part of the human condition in 1971, and the young women of Holland, no less than the men, sensibly regard them as such. If there is something unique about Dutch girls, it's their straightforward approach to all these facts of contemporary life. They have discovered something that should surprise nobody: that a society does not necessarily disintegrate if it acknowledges and accepts itself, not as all the good burghers might wish it were but as it really is.



"You're a hippopotamus."

mexico, si!

(continued from page 122)

BEEF TACOS

(Serves eight)

- 2 lbs. ground chuck of beef
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- ½ teaspoon ground fennel
- ¾ teaspoon ground cumin
- ¾ cup minced onion
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 1 to 2 teaspoons very finely minced chili peppers
- 2 teaspoons powdered mole or chili powder
- Salt, pepper
- 2 cups beef stock
- 1 cup tomato purée or tomato sauce
- 16 heat-and-serve *taco* shells

Heat oil in large saucepan. Add beef. Sauté until meat loses raw color, stirring frequently with kitchen fork to break meat apart as much as possible as for meat sauce. Stir in oregano, fennel, cumin, onion, garlic, chili peppers, powdered mole, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Sauté about 5 minutes longer. Add stock and tomato purée. Simmer very slowly ¾ hour or until sauce is thick and flavors are well blended. Mixture should not be soupy; cook longer if necessary. Add more salt if desired. Heat *taco* shells following directions on package. Guests spoon beef into *taco* shells

and top it with shredded lettuce and cheese from buffet table. To fry your own *taco* shells, dip *tortillas* into hot fat for a few seconds to make *tortillas* pliable; bend in half and fry in hot fat, holding *tortilla* edges apart with tongs or forks until brown and crisp.

PEPPERED SHRIMP

(Serves eight)

- 3 lbs. medium-size shrimp
- Salt, pepper
- 1 lemon
- 1 large Spanish onion
- 1 large sweet green pepper
- 1 large sweet red pepper
- ¾ cup shelled pumpkin seeds (not roasted)
- ¼ cup peanut oil
- 4 large, fresh, firm, ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and cut into ¼-in. lengthwise strips
- 1 teaspoon leaf thyme
- ¾ teaspoon ground coriander
- ½ teaspoon ground mace
- 1 to 2 teaspoons very finely minced chili peppers
- 2 tablespoons fresh lime juice
- 1 tablespoon very finely minced cilantro
- ¾ cup fresh bread crumbs

Place shrimp in cold water to cover. Add 2 teaspoons salt and juice of lemon.

Slowly bring to a boil. When water boils, turn off flame. Let shrimp remain in liquid 10 minutes. Remove shrimp from liquid, but save 3 cups liquid for later use. Peel shrimp, remove back vein and cut in half lengthwise. Cut onion in half through stem end; cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Cut sweet peppers lengthwise in half. Remove stems, seeds and inner membranes. Cut lengthwise into thinnest possible strips. Place pumpkin seeds in dry frying pan over low flame. Heat, stirring constantly—they will sputter and bounce somewhat during heating—until pumpkin seeds begin to turn partially brown. Place pumpkin seeds in blender and blend until pulverized. Heat oil in large saucepan. Add tomatoes, onion, sweet peppers, thyme, coriander, mace, chili peppers, pumpkin seeds, lime juice and cilantro. Sauté until vegetables are tender but not brown. Add 3 cups shrimp stock and bread crumbs. Bring up to a boil, but do not boil. Add shrimp. Simmer until shrimp are merely heated through. Add salt and pepper to taste. Dish is best if made a day before serving and slowly reheated for the buffet table.

PORK WITH TOMATOES AND CILANTRO

(Serves six to eight)

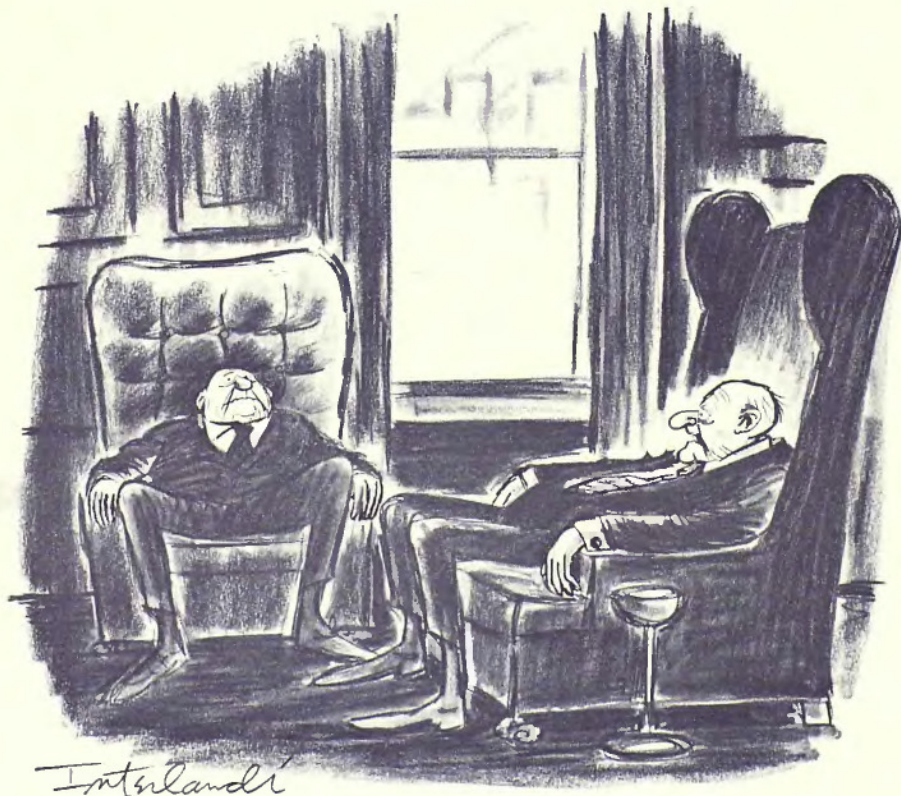
- 4 lbs. pork-loin roast
- ¼ cup peanut oil
- 6 large, firm, ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and cut into ½-in. dice
- 1½ cups onions, ½-in. dice
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 2 tablespoons very finely minced cilantro
- 1 to 2 tablespoons very finely minced chili peppers
- 1½ teaspoons ground sage
- 2 teaspoons ground coriander
- Salt, pepper
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 quart chicken or beef stock

Remove bone and fat from pork. Cut into ½-in. cubes. (Meat should not be cut large as for a stew.) Heat oil in a deep saucepan or stewpot. Add pork and sauté until meat loses raw color. Add tomatoes, onions, garlic, cilantro, chili peppers, sage and coriander. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Mix well. Simmer covered over low flame about 15 minutes. Sprinkle flour over meat and stir well. Add stock. Simmer slowly about 1½ hours or until pork is very tender. Add salt and pepper if desired. Serve with rice.

CHICKEN MOLE

(Serves six to eight)

- 2 3-lb. frying chickens, cut up as for stew
- Peanut oil
- ¼ cup sesame seeds
- 1 cup sliced almonds
- ⅓ cup shelled pumpkin seeds



Intenlandt

“Now they tell us masturbation is harmless!”

2 heat-and-serve *taco* shells, browned in oven, or 2 *tortillas*, fried brown
 1 cup onions, small dice
 2 teaspoons very finely minced garlic
 16-oz. can tomatoes
 2 cups chicken broth
 2 tablespoons lime juice
 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
 1 oz. grated bitter chocolate (optional)
 2 to 4 teaspoons very finely minced chili peppers
 Salt, pepper

Heat 3 tablespoons oil in large skillet. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Sauté chicken until light-brown. Add more oil to pan when necessary. Place chicken in a single layer in a large shallow casserole or 2 casseroles if necessary. Place sesame seeds, almonds and pumpkin seeds in a large dry skillet. Heat over a low-to-moderate flame, stirring almost constantly, until contents are medium-brown. Place contents of pan in blender. Blend until smooth. Leave almond mixture in blender. Break *taco* shells into small pieces and add to blender with almond mixture. Blend until pulverized. Keep mixture in blender. In a saucepan, sauté onions and garlic in 2 tablespoons oil until onions are tender, not brown. Add to blender. Add tomatoes, chicken broth, lime juice, cinnamon, chocolate and chili peppers. Blend until smooth.

If blender is small, blending may have to be done in two batches. Traditionally, the rich flavor of chocolate appears in this dish. It may be omitted; without chocolate, the sauce is more delicate. Taste sauce. Add salt if desired. Pour over chicken. Preheat oven at 375°. Cover casserole. Bake 1 hour. Place chicken on platter. Stir sauce in casserole. Thin with chicken broth if desired. Spoon sauce over chicken.

ZUCCHINI, TOMATO AND EGG SALAD (Serves six to eight)

2 lbs. medium-size zucchini
 4 hard-boiled eggs
 4 large, fresh, firm, ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and cut into ¼-in. dice
 ½ cup olive oil
 1 tablespoon very finely minced chili peppers
 ¼ cup minced scallions, white and firm part of green
 1 tablespoon very finely minced cilantro
 3 tablespoons wine vinegar
 Salt, freshly ground pepper

Cut zucchini in half lengthwise. Do not peel. Cut crosswise into ¼-in. slices. Boil zucchini in salted water until just barely tender, 5 minutes or less. Drain well. Cut eggs into ¼-in. dice. Place tomatoes, zucchini and eggs in salad bowl. Add oil. Toss thoroughly. Add chili peppers, scallions, cilantro, vinegar,



"You little devil! Don't tell me you didn't know the way to a man's heart was through his stomach!"

and salt and pepper to taste. Toss well. Chill until serving time.

ENCHILADAS WITH CHICKEN AND CHEESE (Serves eight)

3 whole breasts of chicken, boiled
 1 lb. Monterey Jack cheese
 2 medium-size onions
 1 to 2 tablespoons very finely minced chili peppers
 1½ cups sour cream
 Salt, pepper
 Peanut oil
 24 *tortillas*, 4½-in. diameter
 Remove skin and bones from chicken. Cut meat into large dice. Put chicken, cheese and onions through meat grinder using fine blade. Add chili peppers and sour cream. Season generously with salt and pepper. Blend well. Heat ¼ in. oil in skillet preheated at 350°. Place *tortillas* one by one in hot oil and heat 3 to 5 seconds, only long enough for *tortilla* to become pliable. Dip each *tortilla* in green-tomato sauce (recipe follows). Place about 2½ tablespoons chicken mixture on each *tortilla* and roll *tortilla* around chicken mixture. Place enchiladas open side down in a single layer in a large shallow casserole or 2 casseroles. Spoon

green-tomato sauce on top. Preheat oven at 350°. Bake 20 minutes or until heated through.

GREEN-TOMATO SAUCE

3 12-oz. cans Mexican green tomatoes
 ½ cup onions, finely minced
 1½ teaspoons very finely minced garlic
 1 cup diced sweet green peppers
 3 tablespoons peanut oil
 3 tablespoons flour
 2 teaspoons sugar
 1 to 2 tablespoons very finely minced chili peppers
 Salt, pepper

Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Cut tomatoes into ¼-in. dice. Sauté onions, garlic and green peppers in oil until onions are tender, not brown. Stir in flour, blending well. Slowly add tomato juice and tomatoes, blending well. Add sugar and chili peppers. Season with salt and pepper. Simmer slowly 20 minutes.

The preceding recipes should put you and your guests in the proper south-of-the-border spirit and label you an *hombre* of distinction.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 78)

stagehands would be on top of us and her agent would have thrown down his mangy gauntlet and it would be pistols at dawn in the Bois. Of course, if the show were live, it might be worth it anyway, just to see if there would be a jump in the ratings—as it were. The sad fact is, I'm often unaware of how sexy a guest is until I see the show at home and notice she was stunning. As I've said, there's a lot on your mind while you're doing the show—so much that your biological urges and responses are somewhat dulled, I'm sorry to report. Then there are times I've thought a lady guest fancied me, as the English say, only to find that, as I went to say goodbye backstage, she could scarcely place the face. It was all an act. My naïveté is touching, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: You said a few years ago that it was difficult to find interesting women to interview. Is this still true?

CAVETT: Maybe less so now, but it's been a perennial problem with these shows. I don't know why. There may be fewer interesting women, but maybe that's because they've been oppressed so long that they haven't had a chance to develop their skills. Or maybe they've been oppressed so much that we don't really look as hard for interesting women as we do for interesting men, because interesting men are taking up all the positions that interesting women could be occupying. But I do think an interesting woman is much more interesting than an interesting man. Isn't that interesting?

PLAYBOY: You've joked about women's lib on your show. Do you really dislike the movement?

CAVETT: I dislike the screeching harpies who have attached themselves to the movement. Some people are cursed with personalities that disqualify them for anything except strident movements and, when one comes along, they tune up and howl. Did you ever read that really hateful essay about women by Schopenhauer? You know, the one where he said that to call this "broad-hipped, short-legged race the fair sex is ludicrous"? And went on to say they have no appreciation of the fine arts and only pretend to dig them in order "to please"? I expect he's burned daily in effigy over at Lib Central. But, of course, women *have* been oppressed, are being oppressed and are criminally wasted by being condemned to domestic traps. They've made me realize this—but I can still joke about the movement in the same way you can joke about anything and still take it seriously.

PLAYBOY: Is your wife liberated, in the Kate Millett sense?

CAVETT: In the Millett-ant sense? As far as I'm concerned, she is. She supports herself as an actress when she isn't retired. She's played just about all the classic heroines, most Williams characters

and all the good Restoration comedy roles at Stratford, Connecticut, at Yale, on Broadway, off-Broadway and on television. John Simon said, "She's one of the few actresses in America with intelligence, beauty and class," or something like that. He left out "liberated."

PLAYBOY: Did you live together before you got married?

CAVETT: I love talking about these intimate, personal things. I was taken to a brothel in Paris by Gore Vidal, who was looking for locations for a film about the life of Marshal Pétain, and met my wife there. I asked her to leave her tawdry profession and marry me, as I was planning a career combining the best aspects of podiatry and fortunetelling. She said that hers seemed a more honest trade, but she told me to keep in touch. A year later, she appeared in New York, married to a UN delegate, and we had a brief liaison in chambers I kept for that purpose at the Hotel Alamac. Her husband was recalled to Paris by a combination of international tensions and chronic gastroenteritis and eventually forgot her, so I married her. That's as much as I care to reveal, since certain aspects of the affair, as you can see, are of a delicate nature.

PLAYBOY: According to your network biography, you met at Yale while she was in the drama school, played in stock together and got married after that.

CAVETT: That's the version I give out to preserve my image.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever propositioned by female fans?

CAVETT: Yeah. I was walking down Broadway with another guy who works on the show and, when we got to the corner, three very cute, attractive whores said to us, "Do you want to have some fun?" I said, "What did you have in mind?" And one of them screamed and said, "Oh, my God, it's you! Can I have your autograph?" She said she just came up from Memphis and couldn't wait to tell her aunt she'd met me. I was vaguely insulted that she never mentioned the original subject again. Whores are not my only female fans, however.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider accepting some of these propositions?

CAVETT: From a whore?

PLAYBOY: Or from an average nonprofessional girl.

CAVETT: Yes, I would consider it—and then reject the idea.

PLAYBOY: Would your wife mind if you accepted?

CAVETT: You'd have to ask her, but knowing her as little as I do, I suspect she would.

PLAYBOY: Is it her disapproval that would stop you?

CAVETT: Is this the part of the interview where I'm supposed to say that, since psychoanalysis, I realize that I have a cock and two balls and I'm not ashamed

of it anymore? Well, I can't say it because I haven't been in analysis. I can only half subscribe to that.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that you have only one ball and half a cock?

CAVETT: Don't fool with it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt the need for psychotherapy?

CAVETT: I'd love to be in analysis, but an hour a day is a lot and I'd rather spend the time on dance lessons. I've never felt the need, as you put it, but I feel the curiosity. I mean I'm not subject to any debilitating psychic hang-ups that I'm aware of. Actually, I'd like to watch someone else's analysis, because I find the process fascinating. Come to think of it, maybe I *do* need analysis—to cure me of my voyeuristic desire to spy on people in analysis. Maybe I'll put an ad in *Screw*: "Young man, nice build, early 30s, likes to watch head-shrinking, either sex. Write Ron: Box 243." Naturally, I wouldn't use my real name.

PLAYBOY: Could all this be an elaborate rationalization for avoiding analysis—saying you "find the process fascinating"?

CAVETT: I've worried about that so much, it's practically sent me into analysis. Seriously, if I ever feel the pressure, I'll pop myself onto a couch *tout de suite*. Right now, I'd be taking up some poor suffering devil's space. I'm afraid.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of hang-ups, are you as sensitive as you seem to be about your height?

CAVETT: Shut up! I mean no. I felt I needed some physical comic device. Since I'm not extraordinarily fat or thin or hideous, I decided on shortness. Though I grew to be nearly 5'7", my predicted final height when I was young was around 5'3", so analysis might reveal certain tensions with girls because of early shortness affecting my later life.

PLAYBOY: How did this tension with girls affect you?

CAVETT: It manifested itself in the form of sweating, bursting collar buttons, bushing until I thought my eyebrows would singe off from the heat, rigid and ungainly dancing. All the usual attributes of the poised young man from Nebraska. I wonder what all that tension comes from. It's not all sexual tension, but a lot of it is. I mean, at 14, I remember being only partly conscious of the fact that while trying to improvise lighthearted banter with Barbara about Mr. Scott's history class, while shifting from foot to foot, what I really wanted to do was pull her pants down. But *how*? Where? When? What would I do when I got them down? The thought that I never would—or worse, that someone else might—used to send me into Dostoevskyan gloom.

PLAYBOY: What was your solution?

CAVETT: I took up magic. It wasn't the most satisfactory answer, but it started me performing, and here we are today, aren't we? Ha-ha, Barbara!

PLAYBOY: Because of your height and your puckish appearance, you've been described in the press as "a Charlie Brown type" and as "someone out of Our Gang." Would you call those characterizations accurate?

CAVETT: I've never seen myself as Charlie Brown for a second. I don't know what the hell people are talking about. *James Brown*, maybe.

PLAYBOY: Then you're not vulnerable and boyish?

CAVETT: Not in my own mind. Maybe that's an indication that I am without knowing it.

PLAYBOY: Then are you still the innocent kid from Nebraska?

CAVETT: Partly that and partly a lot of other things.

PLAYBOY: What other things?

CAVETT: I can't begin to answer the question, "What are you?" I've never given the subject a moment's thought and I think I'd be just as happy keeping it that way. It ain't my style.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that you hide your opinions from the public?

CAVETT: I'd rather not say. No—they're right. I do it constantly. On all subjects. I just don't see the show as a means to exploit myself or push my views. I don't have any terrific sense of mission.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid to risk offending people with your attitudes?

CAVETT: I'm not aware of being afraid. And many times my attitudes and opinions have been explicitly stated. I think I could offend just as many people by being a bland asshole. Pardon me. I shouldn't have said bland.

PLAYBOY: Your mail seems to indicate that some people consider you a secret hippie. Are you?

CAVETT: How would I know if I were? And how did you get into my mail?

PLAYBOY: No comment. Have you ever smoked pot?

CAVETT: As I told Jerry Rubin on the show, yes, but I didn't inhale.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gotten high?

CAVETT: I do not, as they say, "use" marijuana. One would find it hard never to have encountered it in one's—ahem—widely traveled existence. One suspects one has, and concluded that the experience is finally an undesirable one from one's own point of view. But that was long ago and far away, he said, retreating again behind a veil of mystery.

PLAYBOY: Woody Allen has said that he turns on with St. Joseph Baby Aspirin. Have you ever tried it?

CAVETT: No, nor would I try to top his joke. I know Woody Allen to be practically puritan on the matter of tampering with his unadulterated consciousness, even to the point of refusing to wear sunglasses because they produce someone else's version of the real world. Some years ago, we both got smashed on half a

glass of beer in a German restaurant and directed a number of highly witty insults at the host regarding the Sudetenland. It's a wonder we weren't found years later in a meat freezer in Yorkville. We have never drunk publicly together again. My capacity has increased to where I can handle a bottle of beer all by myself now, whereas he can still get loaded on a teaspoon of the foam. But then I'm an inch taller than he is.

PLAYBOY: People also wonder why you dress so casually offstage and so conservatively onstage. They feel you're copping out for television.

CAVETT: Who are these people? And why do they assume this is the real me? Maybe how I dress on television is the real me and *this* is an act. Maybe they're both an act. Do you have the name of a good analyst?

PLAYBOY: Others have written in to say that your hair's too long. Have you considered getting it cut shorter?

CAVETT: My hair is a big drag. Every day it's in a different mood or pointing in a new direction. As for its length, that is determined by when I feel like getting a haircut and not by those who write in saying I look like a hippie or the earlier Merv Griffin. You can't judge a book by its cover, and some people can't even judge one by its contents. Where this is all leading is that those who are upset by my hair may either continue to watch—as often as they can stand it—or piss off. In an orderly fashion, of course.

PLAYBOY: Are you sensitive to press criticism?

CAVETT: No, I don't mind the criticism. If I think the critic is wrong, it's a little irritating, but if I think I can learn something from a critic, I may even get pleasure out of a certain amount of knocking. It seems to make your image a little more interesting.

PLAYBOY: What valid criticisms have been or could be made of you?

CAVETT: "Could" is easier to answer. There are times when I don't feel as articulate as I'm alleged to be, and times when I let something pass on the show that should have been followed up on, or failed to respond in a way that a guest needed at that moment. The criticisms that have been made are usually about the handling of some guest who, according to a critic, I should have shut up or should have let talk more, depending on the critic's prejudices.

PLAYBOY: What criticisms would you offer your competitors?

CAVETT: God, I'd hate to. So many things have to be considered.

PLAYBOY: What do you *like* about them, then? How about David Frost?

CAVETT: I'm just coming home when his show is ending, but I must say I like the end of his show, which is what I've seen most often. I've never seen a whole *David Frost Show*, but I saw part of his interview with Adam Clayton Powell and part of his show with Orson Welles. I think Frost does an excellent job of



"Henry, have you ever asked yourself why no one seems to notice?"

interviewing. He's alert and he picks up on those things in the middle of an answer that are very easy to let pass. As I said, I let them pass at times and it drives me nuts.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Johnny Carson's work?

CAVETT: I'm very uncomfortable talking about my competition. I see nothing wrong with *The Tonight Show*. If Carson has a theory about how to do the show, and if he's been true to that theory, then fine. I think he's good, I think he's consistent and I don't really want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CAVETT: Because I only want to say nice things about my competitors. There are things I like and things I don't like about them, but I don't think there's any great virtue in discussing other people's shortcomings. I'd rather discuss my own.

PLAYBOY: Go right ahead.

CAVETT: Why did I start this? It's tempting to lay out a few in order to appear modestly self-critical, but it's another of those things I don't think much about. I'd rather go to a movie. And why should I knock myself and let Carson, Griffin and Frost come off well in this interview? Are you mad, man?

PLAYBOY: Let's try an oblique approach. Do you agree with those who think Merv Griffin's show tends to be frivolous—that it lacks serious talk?

CAVETT: That isn't necessarily bad. I've never felt that the standard of excellence is serious talk. It immediately sounds pretty dismal. If you told me there was going to be a good serious talk on television tonight, I doubt that I'd watch it. If I want serious talk, I'll have it myself. Or I'll read something; you can read much faster than you can listen. All I can say is that I try to do an entertaining show that may include more topics than the concept of entertainment usually encompasses. Entertainment usually suggests a comedian or a sketch or a funny interview—all good things and things that I like. On the other hand, a certain amount of the serious talk I've had on the show has put me to sleep. Of course, some of it is more entertaining and often funnier than the comedian who stands center stage.

PLAYBOY: Many people feel that your show has a much stronger political orientation than the other talk shows. Do you try consciously to provide substantial political content?

CAVETT: No, but then I don't think in those terms. Certainly not everything we do is political. Politics isn't the end of life and I don't think everything has to be concerned with it. Even during wartime, some people are still going to write idyllic poetry.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, don't you get a good deal of political feedback from your letter-writing audience?

CAVETT: Yes, because we live in a terribly

politicized age. But I'm sick of hearing from people who try to pose as representatives of pressure groups and warn me that if I don't get with their kind of thinking, they're going to bring me to my knees financially. It's very irritating, because many of them get outraged at one thing out of a thousand things I say. It's as stupid as condemning a whole art museum because you don't like one painting. I wish someone would give these people a lesson on how to use the channel selector. Tune me out forever, but spare me your mail. Let me make it clear that I'm not mad at everyone who writes in and complains about something. I enjoy reading that mail. I'm talking specifically about people who not only say they'll never watch the show again, but who go on to say that it should be taken off the air. Unless it's actually menacing the health of the country, they should admit that *somebody* might like it.

PLAYBOY: Last October, the black Jazz and People's Movement lodged a complaint by disrupting your show. Had they attempted to meet with you before the confrontation occurred?

CAVETT: I'm a little vague on some of it, because this thing had been going on for a while before I heard about it. They'd already disrupted Griffin and demonstrated in Carson's corridor, and I got a call from their organization saying that they were going to have to disrupt *our* show. Equal time, you see. We knew what night it was going to be, since they had alerted the news department themselves, but I didn't know what I was going to do. I figured I'd wait and see what form the disturbance took, maybe stop tape and then talk to them and try to find a way to work it out. As it turned out, they got an unexpected cue from Trevor Howard, who happened to say about New York, "Jazz is gone." They blew in unison on deafening police whistles—very painful to the ear. So we stopped tape for 70 minutes and went into a big mob scene on the stage. People were running from group to group and it was all mixed up, since they weren't very well organized and we weren't very well prepared. The whole thing was totally unprecedented. We eventually did give them time on one show a week later, but I'd like to make it clear that everybody who disrupts a network show isn't going to get on the air.

PLAYBOY: The Jazz and People's Movement claimed that true black jazz has been arbitrarily excluded from American television. Do you feel it's your responsibility to make sure that all elements in society are represented?

CAVETT: Heavens, no! I've never thought about my responsibility to society. I just don't think that way. I had six students on right after the Cambodia-Kent State ghastliness because it seemed right at the time and I resented the idea that a cer-

tain image of the campus was being used for unfeeling political purposes. But don't come to me for theories on my responsibility to society. Or heavy political rapping. When I shocked some of my fans by telling Jerry Rubin that politics bored my ass off, I meant it in the sense that the subject has become tiresomely obligatory. It's fashionable, and I resent the fact that some show folk feel they have to rap on politics to show that they're responsible members of the community. If they know what they're talking about, like Robert Vaughn does, for example, fine. Otherwise, spare us. Politics, like any subject well handled, can be endlessly fascinating—even to me, a performer who knows he isn't a commentator or the nation's conscience. But when the people who used to come on the talk shows to tell funny experiences about getting their dog through Customs feel they have to do a political number, when you've already had the subject handled nicely by John Kenneth Galbraith the night before, yecch! In other words, because I've had some superb political guests on, I don't want the show to become one where people who can be fascinating on other subjects feel they have to discuss the emerging Republican majority in order to be popular with me or my audience.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think uses politics in that way?

CAVETT: It would be presumptuous of me to single anybody out. I just don't want every other actor, actress or singer coming on and talking about Vietnam to prove they're "concerned."

PLAYBOY: You've said on the show that no one thought much about politics when you were in college. What were the burning issues of the day on your campus?

CAVETT: There *were* none. It really was a totally tranquil time.

PLAYBOY: How about the McCarthy hearings?

CAVETT: Those I remember dimly as very exciting television. Everyone would come in to watch them and I remember some people saying, "He's really giving it to those Commies," and others getting furious and saying, "Don't you realize that he's Hitler?" You see, our hometown newspaper was very slim and I hadn't the slightest interest in it. When I was in grade school, I remember thinking that everybody will grow up and go to fight on Iwo Jima, just like they did at the Saturday matinee. I couldn't imagine life without the Second World War. Then, when the War ended, everything seemed relatively placid to me. I got through high school knowing vaguely that left and right had something to do with the French parliament.

PLAYBOY: How do you decide whether or not you'll invite an adversary to debate with a political guest?

CAVETT: It depends on the guest. Some are better unopposed. Other times you



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have to make theatrical or philosophical choices. Conflict may be a cheap and easy thing to provide, but it makes for good television. And if you match two brilliant people, you might also learn something in the clash.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any obligation to challenge incorrect or misleading statements made by your guests?

CAVETT: Jesus knows you can't clarify and distill everything that might be interpreted in a certain way by a certain segment of the public. Everybody watches the show with his own thermometer stuck into it. All I can say is I do it sometimes and not others. If anyone has a workable rule on this, I wish they'd send it to me.

PLAYBOY: Why were Administration officials allowed to appear unopposed on your show?

CAVETT: The 90-minute show with Mitchell, Klein, Finch and Garment? That came about in an odd way. Back when we started, I had some Fridays off in the schedule, so we invited some unusual hosts, including Herb Klein, to substitute for me. Then I decided not to take those nights off because of the show's newness. I think the Administration felt we had promised, I felt we hadn't, and they suggested this alternative, and my producer said OK—but only if they would bring Agnew or Mitchell with them.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel you handled them?

CAVETT: Considering that I disagree with so much of what they stand for, I think I did a fairly objective job.

PLAYBOY: Please elaborate.

CAVETT: I mean I did what I always try to do: Make the guests comfortable, keep it as interesting as possible, let the guests be seen for what they are and get a laugh whenever possible. When Mitchell said that in a year or so, a study would be completed proving marijuana dangerous, I asked in what sense it's a study if he already knows the outcome. I could have gone on to say that there are three possibilities: You know the outcome, in which case you're wasting our money continuing the study, or you're stating as a fact what you hope the outcome will be, or you've influenced the outcome. But I thought the point had been made.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, would you rather have had them on with one or more spokesmen for the opposition?

CAVETT: It might have made a more interesting show. But you have to be careful with "clash" shows. With a group like that, you may get a lot of overlapping sentences that you can't hear. And sometimes you hate to go for the obvious confrontation. Are Democrats the only people opposed to Republicans? Communists might also oppose their position, or people who think *all* politics is corrupt, or the Minutemen, or four poets. What's weird is that I had a later show

on which I. F. Stone, Ramsey Clark and Joe Califano appeared in response to the Administration, and afterward furious wires came in saying, "We demand equal time for Republicans!" And the Democrats had been on only for half as long as the Administration. You can't win.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Nixon Administration is unnecessarily uptight about crime and political dissent?

CAVETT: I'm afraid I'm very bad with that kind of question. Does "unnecessarily uptight" imply that there is such a thing as "necessary" uptightness? And how do crime and political dissent go together? And even if you do tell me what the question means, I can only answer with some generalization, since I'm not an expert on politics, and generalizations are almost as suspect as politicians and, like politicians, can be counted on only part of the time. Would you like to see a card trick?

PLAYBOY: We just did. Are there any generalizations you can accept?

CAVETT: Yes, two. I try to obey the golden rule and avoid salmon croquettes.

PLAYBOY: A great deal of conflict has been generated by those who accept the generalization that political violence is justified when all other forms of dissent have been unsuccessfully tried. Would you agree with that?

CAVETT: I can't think of any circumstances in which I'd bomb someone else's property.

PLAYBOY: Can you see why others do it?

CAVETT: Yes, at the risk of being misunderstood, I can see why people resort to violence when it seems that nothing else can produce change. I feel it's wrong, though, because I doubt that in most cases every means short of violence has been tried. There's also the danger that lives will be lost in these acts of violence and I really don't know anyone who can *prove* that any cause is worth killing for. I know you can feel very strongly that it may be justified, but I can't shake off that last bit of doubt. How many lives is the freedom of Southeast Asia worth? Maybe none.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see a revolution in this country?

CAVETT: I don't know. I'd like to see a lot of things changed, but that's so fatuous it's hardly worth getting into. It's so easy to say. Everybody knows there's a lot of injustice and we'd like to see it changed.

PLAYBOY: Why is it fatuous to say those things?

CAVETT: It's impossible to discuss these great matters quickly and spontaneously. Thought is a very difficult, slow and unfamiliar process to most people, including me. There are too many catch phrases. What do we mean by law and order? Does order mean the same thing law does? Do we want our laws enforced? Yes. Do we think they're some-

times unjustly enforced? Yes. Are the laws misunderstood by the people who enforce them? Yes. Sometimes. It's just too easy to generalize.

PLAYBOY: Are such statements any less fatuous when spoken by our elected leaders?

CAVETT: No, it's just as easy for Nixon to be fatuous as it is for me. Easier, in fact. I can say exactly what I mean, but a President rarely can. He has so much more power and so much less freedom.

PLAYBOY: Were you impressed by Mr. Nixon when you met him at the White House?

CAVETT: If you mean jolted at the instant of meeting, no. I'd been around him before, so I didn't get that sudden kick most people experience when they see a face that's been part of their lives for many years. He was on the Paar show once when I worked there and I'd seen him in the studio. He's not a very charismatic figure to me anyway, so I didn't get the jolt I felt when I first saw John Kennedy. I saw Mr. Nixon in the receiving line and he asked me who was doing the show that night. I told him it was Joe Namath. He said, "How're his knees?" I said, "Not too good," and we talked about Namath's legs for a bit. I did see what they mean when they say he's more appealing in person than on television. He seems to take some sort of starch pill before going on TV. It always reminds me of an amateur actor who's trying to play Seriousness. His voice is even affected by it. But in person, that isn't there and you're aware of how he must not trust himself to go on TV as he is. Then I spoke to Mrs. Nixon and to Nicol Williamson, who was the entertainer that evening. I was standing around for a while after that and a lot of middle-aged ladies rushed over and said, "We came tonight just to see you. Our children won't let us go home without your autograph." I felt very funny autographing at the White House. I wonder if there isn't some sanction against it. It's not in the Constitution.

PLAYBOY: You said on the show that your wife once saved Nicol Williamson's life. How?

CAVETT: He was bombed one night and decided to go swimming in a dangerous cove and she went in and pulled him out. I held the light. We'd all been to several waterfront bars and someone thought it would be cute to go swimming in the pitch dark, which is a stupid thing to do in the ocean. You can lose a cherished part of your anatomy, either to a rock or to an irritated sea-dwelling creature. Suddenly, there was Broadway's current Hamlet, who swims like a lead piano, foundering in the briny. I grabbed a flashlight and ordered my wife into the water—she swims and dives like a porpoise—assuring her I'd run for help

if she got in trouble. She hauled him out and earned the unwitting gratitude of many a theatergoer. I ran to the house and made hot tea for myself, having caught a chill from the cold flashlight.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose a secluded house on a beach near the tip of Long Island? Were you reacting against the years you spent living in the heart of Los Angeles, when you wrote for Jerry Lewis?

CAVETT: Not really. I lived in one of those places with two-story apartments around the pool, with the palm trees lighted pink and blue and yellow—something nature never thought of; but I didn't find myself turning into a piece of cheese or getting weird from living in California. I used to love driving around and I hung around Paramount Studios. I used to go out on the lot and walk the old Western street and the old New York street.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to a lot of movies?

CAVETT: Yes, and I wish I could start screening them at home. If I go out to a

screening, I have to tell people what I thought of the film right afterward and I don't like that. And if I go to a regular theater, I go insane standing in line because so many people talk to me. If I get there early, I feel like Marie Antoinette being led past the people waiting behind the ropes.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you're not too happy about being a celebrity.

CAVETT: Well, I don't like being recognized that much. At times, it's pleasant to be recognized, but other times it's a pain in the ass, especially when you're walking along and you've managed to forget for a moment what it is you do.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to forget your job for a while?

CAVETT: It is a rat-race. You finish one show and the next one hits you in the face. Like everyone else, I wonder if I'm getting enough out of life. In a sense, it's a very limiting job, because I'm concerned with it all day—although I guess

it's less limiting than the drudgery most people have to do.

PLAYBOY: You're also paid well for your work. Are you a millionaire yet?

CAVETT: I don't know. I might be. It doesn't affect me much one way or the other. I don't think about money very often. I was never miserable when I didn't have it and I'm not that ecstatic now that I do.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend your money now that you've got so much of it?

CAVETT: I don't have any expensive habits. My wife doesn't dig jewelry and furs and I don't, either. I like to eat well, which in New York is expensive. But there just aren't that many material things I've got the hots for. Aside from the major portion of my income going to keep the Pentagon humming, I don't know where the rest goes. When a show-business salary fattens, your expenses seem to rise at a discouragingly corresponding rate. It's uncanny. For all I know, I may have to hit you for a five for dinner.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think you can keep doing the show?

CAVETT: I don't think I want to spend 20 years doing this.

PLAYBOY: How about nine years, like Johnny Carson?

CAVETT: I don't think I'd want to do it that long, either. I think I'd go berserk. I'd like to be in a movie when this is finished. I think it would be satisfying in ways that this isn't.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

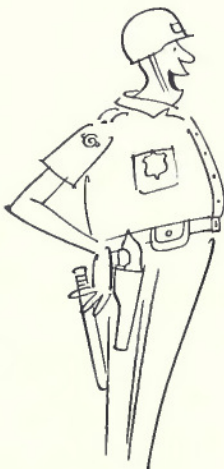
CAVETT: I can't tell you for sure until I do one. The obvious superiority of movies is that you do something well and it's there for ages to come. This must be particularly satisfying to the actors in stag films.

PLAYBOY: How will you know when you've had enough of being a talk-show host?

CAVETT: Everybody who's done this kind of show has called it a prison of one sort or another. Certainly it's quite a challenge to be interested, charming, witty and presentable five nights a week. I don't know what the proper perspective on this job is, but I'll try to sum it up for you. I feel I have one of the most difficult jobs in America, though hardly the most important. I suppose it takes an outsize ego to have gotten into such a position, and at the same time a certain tempering of it to do the job attractively. If you try to concentrate on the fun of it and forget the unbelievable strain and tension that goes into making it look like fun—if you don't worry yourself sick over the fact that you have to fill 450 minutes of air time every week, during any one of which you might commit some humiliating boo-boo in front of millions, a blunder so embarrassing that you won't be able to go out of the house for weeks—you can almost enjoy it. I say almost. What's on the *Late Show* tonight?



"Oink, oink!"



"Arf, arf!"

RADICALISM/FLACKS *(continued from page 108)*

in the process of producing and distributing goods. These are the teachers, doctors, lawyers, writers, social workers, scientists, artists, public administrators and media personnel. Over the past few decades, an increasing proportion of these people, because of their professional roles, economic levels and exposure to liberal education, has come to be critical of certain key cultural values and to favor certain basic social and political reforms. Also, college-educated women have readily absorbed progressive perspectives on child rearing and education, while asserting their right to a less subordinated position in the family. The first student activists of the Sixties were the children of brainworkers.

The subculture of campus intellectuals, which began to emerge at many schools in the late Fifties and early Sixties, at first had the look and feel of bohemian youth groups of previous eras. On most campuses, it appeared small and peripheral to the prevailing student mood—a mood that was very cool to abstract ideas and social concerns, highly concerned with “making it,” and that expressed itself through collegiate fun and games. But within a few years, campus intellectuals had begun to invent identities and cultural modes that, although influenced by traditional bohemianism and radicalism, were fundamentally new. Out of their profound estrangement from the pop-teen culture of the Fifties, they created a new music, a new way of presenting oneself—a new way of being young. This synthesis of avant-garde and popular culture was a rather astonishing development, for until the Sixties, avant-garde and popular cultures had been radically separated and mutually hostile.

When black students in the South began their dramatic sit-in campaign in early February 1960, the nationwide impact on many student intellectuals was tremendous. For the sit-ins, unlike the old politics of the center and the left, suggested a way of acting on one's values that was both uncompromising and humane. The New Left that emerged out of the intellectual campus subculture in the early Sixties hoped to create a new kind of politics, in which the aim was not to get power for oneself but to disperse power, so that ordinary men could make the decisions that affect their lives.

But the question for the Seventies is less to understand this original New Left than to come to grips with the fact that millions of young people now identify themselves with symbols of alienation and opposition to the prevailing culture, the dominant authorities and conventional adulthood. Furthermore, we have to face

the fact that the student body *generally* identifies itself as a self-conscious movement of political opposition, and this now contains a fast-growing, avowedly revolutionary wing. The uniqueness of the early New Leftists did not isolate them from their peers, but, rather, permitted them to see clearly and react creatively to a political and cultural crisis that affected vast numbers of other kids. That crisis boils down to this: American society has the technological capacity to end poverty and degrading physical labor, and to provide the material basis for a decent life for all men. But it is dominated by a culture and a sociopolitical order that won't use this capacity, and instead turns it to anti-human ends.

Our industrial apparatus was developed, in large part, because of the enormous value our culture has placed on individual competition for material success and status through single-minded devotion to work. But the major problem posed by advanced technology is no longer that of further economic growth, but the disposal of an enormous surplus. And this technology requires not individual entrepreneurship but organized, interdependent, cooperative activity on a massive

scale. However, all of our institutions seem to operate at cross-purposes with one another, and lack internal coherence. The mass media, for example, encourage, stimulate and exploit hedonism, while the schools emphasize traditional self-control. Many in the society, raised in the old culture and still finding it valid, feel deeply threatened, and politicians compete to play upon the fears generated by cultural disturbances.

Such cultural incoherence poses the gravest problem for the young. They have to establish stable identities, but they can find no convincing guidelines or models outside of themselves. The youth culture that has sprung up in the past decade can be seen, then, as a constructive effort by young people to try to develop the values and forms of a workable alternative to the societal model that is disintegrating. Vast numbers of youth have been attracted to the alienated life styles and forms of cultural opposition in a quest for meanings and values that have a chance of surviving in an age of “post-scarcity.”

Technological development, meanwhile, offers the opportunity for a shorter work week, for freedom from menial and grinding physical labor and from



“Don't get dressed yet, Miss Collins . . . I'm not through hiring you!”

many other forms of work regimentation. But in our society, automation is seen as a threat to economic security; it's already been especially devastating to millions who lack the skills and education to fill the specialized jobs that technological advances require. A vast welfare system develops to lock people of rural origin into impoverished dependency. Thousands of ghetto youth are unemployable. Instead of having more leisure time, millions must moonlight to stay ahead of inflation. At the other end of the economic spectrum, white-collar workers and professionals experience an increase in bureaucratization, impersonality and regimentation, while factory workers face increased economic insecurity and even more intense work pressure.

For many college students, being born to affluence has meant that they are no longer willing to submit to humdrum, bureaucratized jobs in order to get ahead. Also, for all their legitimate complaints about boredom and competitive pressure in school, students are deeply aware that undergraduate life offers considerable opportunity to control one's time, to experiment with new ways of living, to have intimate friendships, to be expressive, playful, creative and relaxed. Technological development both requires and makes possible such a time for privileged youth and yet, in our society, it denies the possibility of continuing to live freely once one enters the labor force. Yet young people sense intuitively that the liberation they have tasted in youth could be extended throughout the life cycle and to people of all social levels.

The most advanced technology in our society is devoted to the manufacture of weaponry. The result of military progress has been to make war, for the first time in human history, absolutely irrational for the pursuit of any national goal or interest. Yet our society spends as much on making and preparing for war as all other countries on earth combined, and much of that expenditure is devoted to producing ever more efficient means of mass killing. There is general awareness on the campus that much of the thrust behind the huge military budget derives from the economic interest and power of the military-industrial complex. The threat to human survival and the distortion of national priorities created by technological militarism converges with the immediate personal tyranny of the draft. And for the past seven years, these attitudes toward militarism have been enormously intensified and focused by the war in Vietnam. I needn't dwell on the long list of reasons for the virtually unanimous opposition to the war among American students. Suffice it to say that for millions of straight, conventional young people, the war contradicts all that they have been taught to believe is right with America. Further, given the

establishment's definition of America's world role, young people have little doubt that more Vietnams lie ahead, if this war should by some miracle be brought to an end. When John F. Kennedy left the Service in 1945, he wrote in his notebook that "War will exist until that distant day when the conscientious objector enjoys the same reputation and prestige that the warrior does today." On the American campus, that "distant day" is here and it is fast arriving even within the Army. Whether the young Kennedy was right about the consequence, only time will tell.

What, then, are the causes of student activism? Our society and culture as presently constituted have come into conflict with their technological base. On the one hand, technological development has necessitated a vast system of mass higher education that has resulted in a new kind of worker—one who has been trained to criticize the culture and to work to solve society's problems. The young who have been raised in brainworker families, or who aspire to be brainworkers, find themselves in considerable opposition to many cultural traditions.

Mass higher education brought these young people into contact with millions of their fellows. Never before have so many people sharing common problems been associated for such long, concentrated periods. Never before have so many people from the ages of 17 to 25 been so segregated from other age groups. Technological development, moreover, has created an unprecedented system of mass communication, which enables the youth culture to spread rapidly.

Technological development has also created new levels of affluence for many millions of college youth. And with affluence has come, for many, a restless uneasiness with materialism, striving, competition and self-denial. The culture that was once tightly integrated around ambition, work and self-control has begun to fall apart. Institutions clash. Parents waver between indulgence and discipline. Young people sense the human possibilities latent in abundance, but can find no authorities helpful in putting such visions into practice. Turning to one another, they begin to experiment and find a glimpse of what a more liberating culture and humane social order might be like.

Society seems unable to distribute affluence so that all may taste it. It seems unable to use technology so that all may find decent jobs. It seems unable to put technology to work to solve urban problems or to preserve the natural environment. It seems best able to use technology only for wasteful private consumption or for production of weapons of mass destruction. It promises kids self-fulfillment and progress, but presents the rich ones with the draft and suburban ma-

laise, and the poor ones with the draft and urban chaos. Having created the materials for liberation, our society creates the conditions for destruction.

So the youth are at once liberated and desperate. OK, you may say, maybe the kids are right about the nature of the crisis, but why are they so goddamned impatient? Can't they see that it takes time to solve these problems? Why do they talk about revolution, about tearing down the universities, about blowing up everything? Last spring, after the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State killings and several police occupations of Isla Vista, in Santa Barbara where I now teach, I asked about 100 students to outline for me a history of the next 50 years. There was a lot of agreement in this group and the nature of the consensus chilled my spine. The overwhelming response was that in the next 50 years, probably less, we would either be living in a fascist police state or we would have had a nuclear war with China, or both.

A revolutionary temper and a spirit of violent resistance has grown among young people because an increasing number have no confidence in the possibility of progressive reform. Most students whom I know are aware that it will take time to deal with the fundamental issues that confront America. They are also aware that powerful corporate, military and political interests are threatened by any changes that would bring technology under rational control for human uses. They are further aware that millions of Americans feel profoundly scared by the cultural changes that are coming from youth. But I think none of these factors drives young people to despair. The mood of despair and resistance stems from the fact that well-meaning adults and established agencies of reform seem unable or unwilling to take the actions that are needed to move society in a hopeful direction. In the past ten years, student activists have dreamed that liberal Democrats, labor unions, churches, foundations, John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy would be able to lead the nation toward effective reform. Such institutions and individuals have been ineffectual, irresolute, corrupted or destroyed. The universities in particular have been more responsive by far to the requirements of the existing system than to the needs of students and others who are struggling to change it. Radicalization of youth is especially intensified when reform efforts, such as the McCarthy campaign or the McGovern end-the-war amendment, appear to win wide public backing largely as a result of the activity of youthful supporters, and then are rejected by those who claim to represent the people. These instances make it look as if the official political system is in basic violation of its democratic claims.

The turn toward violent resistance to the police, and toward bombing and other property destruction, is partly the result of despair over conventional politics, but its roots are primarily elsewhere, I believe. First, it's clear that the original brainworker constituency of the New Left was pacifist by nature and philosophy. Moreover, most people who expend their daily energy largely in political conflict, as veteran student activists have done, are most unlikely to resort to violence, regardless of their violent rhetoric. Our observations at Santa Barbara, where young revolutionaries burned down a branch of the Bank of America and where there have been a number of very serious and heavy confrontations with police, suggest that it's primarily the newly radicalized, previously apolitical kids, whose energies are not devoted to meetings, mimeographing and Marxism, who are most ready for violence. After all, most Americans aren't pacifists, and neither are most young people—and most Americans, such as President Nixon, believe that violence may be justified where one's basic interests are at stake. It appears that once these ordinary American kids have lost faith in the fairness of the police—once they believe that, in fact, the police forces and the legal system are organized against them—they will use force to try to stop the police from carrying out their aims.

This loss of confidence in the legal system and in law-enforcement agencies stems, of course, from instances of severe police attacks on unarmed demonstrators during the past several years and from the harassment of long-haired youth resulting from efforts to enforce narcotics laws. The legal system has come to seem almost totally illegitimate to millions of young people, who feel that an organized program of repression of blacks and youth is now under way. The belief that this is so is a natural result of hearing the public statements of people such as the Vice-President and the Attorney General, of learning about the police murder of Black Panther leader Fred Hampton, about the killing and wounding of student demonstrators on a number of campuses, of hearing the public declarations of various police organizations and of observing the public trials of radical and militant black leaders. It's clear, however, that the overwhelming majority of students will respond with eager enthusiasm to fresh evidence of positive possibilities for change within the system. Most students are coming to see that the student movement, to realize its aims, must be able to transcend itself and take root and grow in the larger society.

I believe there are three ways that this can happen—and, in certain respects, is happening:

First, by the expansion of youth culture and generational consciousness to

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noncollege youth. Already, it's clear that the youth culture has become a force in many high schools and within the military. A growing number of young blue- and white-collar workers are attracted to it. An important development of the past year or two has been the establishment of the youth culture in college towns and certain big-city neighborhoods. In these communities, students and ex-students along with noncollege youth and young adults, self-consciously strive to give the movement an off-campus territorial base, in which cultural experiment can be initiated and protected, political consciousness and organization can develop and revolutionary aspirations can be made real.

Second, by means of what German student radicals call "the long march through the institutions of society." This march has begun in the universities. It involves direct challenge to undemocratic structures and elitist practices of public and private bureaucracies and professions by those who work in them. Examples would be the organization of working journalists for greater voice in a newspaper's editorial policy, or the organization of medical workers in a hospital for egalitarian medical care, or the organization of Government employees to protest the war. One of the most dramatic steps in the long march has been the emergence of the women's-liberation move-

ment. For women's lib organizes not only to demand the hiring of more women at equal pay for equal work, and not only to demand facilities such as day-care centers to enable women to pursue careers, but more fundamentally challenges the basic cultural assumption that men should play the decisive occupational, political and familial roles. I am personally convinced that the more completely the connection between sex and power can be broken, both within the family and in the society at large, the more likely it is that we can have a culture and a character structure that permits cooperation and love to prevail. Further, the women's-liberation movement challenges the cultural assumption that the nuclear family is the only way to raise children and express mature sexuality. Communal households and child-rearing arrangements offer concrete ways to free both men and women and may well be preferred to the isolated nuclear family in the future; women's lib challenges us to test the future now, as well as forcing us to find ways to remove the subordination, indignity and dependence that women inescapably experience.

Third, it is conceivable that a new political party will emerge from the youth movement—one that will seek to win constituencies in all strata and age groups. Though there are few signs that

such a development is in the offing, there are sound reasons for believing that such a party could have a bright future. For one thing, in five years, nearly half the voting-age population will be 35 or less, and a substantial proportion of this group will have been to college during these years of student radicalization. Second, as we have seen, the prospects for local political power based on this constituency are bright in university communities and youth ghetto areas. Third, the brainworkers themselves by 1975 are likely to constitute 15 percent of the total work force—13,000,000 people, of whom more than a third will have been to college during these years. Fourth, it is possible to conceive of a political program that could actually unite the interests of hard-hats and long-hairs—a program rooted in the premise that technology must be controlled by and for the people and put to human use.

Some of our leading politicians are fond of giving us the choice between anarchy or repression. We need have neither, if ordinary people of all ages, races and regions come to see their common interest in a rational social order that is in tune with our vast technological capacity—and with the universal human aspiration for self-realization.

SHARK!

(continued from page 152)

severed an artery and he had died. Geoff Corner was the reigning junior champion.

Since that time, Bruce has never dived Aldinga Beach. "We're nice to Bruce," Rodney Fox says, teasing him. "We always decide we'll dive somewhere else, because he can't dive Aldinga with his heart and soul."

Bruce Farley is an honest man with a sad humorous bony face. "I haven't dived anywhere heart and soul," he said, "since Brian got hit in 1961."

At noon today, the expedition's swift auxiliary boat, the Sea Raider, brought word that an 11-foot white of 1300 pounds had been hooked at Point Donington, where the Saori had anchored two nights before. Psychologically, this news was painful, but the water clarity at Point Donington is awful and we could not have worked there. And at least it was proof that the species was not extinct.

In a letter to a friend this morning, Valerie wrote that no shark had been seen, but that she expected a 12- or 13-footer to turn up at about two p.m. At 2:20, Peter Lake, the expedition's still photographer, and Ian McKednie, assistant to Jim Lipscomb, the surface photographer, saw a fin in the slick, some 50 yards behind the ship: The spell

was broken. We dragged on diving suits and went on watch, but the fin had sunk from view in the still sea. A half hour passed, and more. Then, perhaps ten feet down off the port beam, a fleeting brown shadow brought the sea to life.

Suspended from a buoy, a salmon was floated out behind the boat to lure the shark closer. Once it had fed at the side of the boat, it would be less cautious; then, perhaps, the engine could be started and the cages swung over the side without scaring it away. Delicate structures barred with light aluminum, the photographers' cages are six feet tall by six feet long by three and a half feet wide, with heavy flotation tanks around the roof rim and a central housing for the mechanisms that control its vertical movements. Ordinarily, they are entered underwater through a door in one side, but in South Australia, they were entered always from a skiff, through a small hatch in the cage roof.

An hour passed before the shark was seen again. This time a glinting rusty back parted the surface, tail and dorsal high out of the water as the shark made its turn into the bait—a great wavering blade and a thrash of water as the shark took the salmon, two hours to the minute after the first sighting. Stan Water-

man cried, "Holy sweet Jesus!"—a very strong epithet for this mild-spoken man. Even the Australians were excited by the massive shark, try as they would to appear calm. "Makes other sharks look like little frisky pups, doesn't it?" cried Valerie with pride. Then it was gone again. Along the reef, a hundred yards away, the sea lions were playing tag, their sleek heavy bodies squirting clean out of the water and parting the surface again without a splash, and a string of cormorant, oblivious, came beating in out of the northern blue.

Gimbel, annoyed that he had missed the shark, came running from the bow: he did not have long to wait. From the deckhouse roof, I could see the shadow rising toward the bait. "There he is," I said, and Rodney yanked at the piece of salmon, trying to bring the shark in closer to the ship. Jim Lipscomb, beside me, was already shooting when the great fish breached, spun the sea awash and lunged after the skipping salmon tail; we stared into its white oncoming mouth. "My God!" Gimbel shouted, astounded by the sight of his first white shark. The conical snout and the terrible shearing teeth and the dark eye like a hole were all in sight, raised clear out of the water. Under the stern, with an audible whush, the shark took a last snap at the bait, then wheeled away; sounding, it sent the



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skiff spinning with a terrific whack of its great tail, an ominous boom that could have been heard a half mile away.

For a split second, there was silence, and then Lipscomb gave a mighty whoop of joy. "I got it!" he yelled. "Goddamn it, I got it!" There was a bedlam of relief, then another silence. "Might knock that cage about a bit," Rodney said finally, hauling in the shred of fish; he was thinking of the baits that would be suspended in the cage to bring the shark close to the cameras. Gimbel, still staring at the faceless water, only nodded.

Just after five, the shark reappeared. The late sun glistened on its dorsal as it cut back and forth across the surface, worrying a dead fish from the line. There was none of the sinuous effect of lesser sharks; the tail strokes were stiff and short like those of swordfish, giant tuna and other swift deep-sea swimmers. This creature was much bigger than the big oceanic sharks off Durban, but for a white shark it was not enormous. Estimates of its length varied from 11 feet, six inches ("Ron always plays it safe and underestimates," said Valerie) to 14 feet (Peter Gimbel: "I saw it alongside that skiff and I'm certain it was at least as long—I'm certain of it!"). Much more impressive than the length, however, was the mass of it, and the speed and power. "It doesn't matter what size the bastards are," Rodney said. "A white shark over six feet long is bloody dangerous."

The day was late. In the westering sun, a hard light silvered the water rushing through the reef, and nearer, the blue facets of the sea sparkled in cascades of tiny stars. More out of frustration than good sense, we decided to try filming the shark immediately rather than lure it to the baits alongside, in the hope of keeping it nearby overnight. The motor was started up and the cages swung over the side, and the cameramen disappeared beneath the surface. But the great shark had retreated, and did not return.

By dark the wind exceeded 25 knots, and went quickly to 30, 40—a whole gale—and finally, toward one in the morning, to 50 or better. On deck, I lay sleepless, rising every little while to check the position of the light on Dangerous Reef. The Reef is too low to make a windbreak, and even close under the lee, the Saori tossed and heaved under heavy strain. But Captain Ben Ranford, who knew exactly what his ship would do, slept soundly below. Toward three A.M., the wind moderated, backing around to the southeast, where it held till daybreak.

By morning the wind has died to a fair breeze. Waiting, we sit peacefully in the Sunday sun. The boat captains hand-line for Tommy-rough, a delicious small silver relative of the Australian "salmon."

Others tinker with equipment, play chess and backgammon, write letters and read. Peter Lake has put a rock tape on the sound machine and on the roof of the pilothouse, overlooking the oil slick, I write these notes while listening to The Band. On shore, for Jim Lipscomb's camera, Valerie in lavender is baby-talking with baby seals, and I hope that most if not all of this sequence will die on the cutting-room floor. Unless it points up the days of waiting, such material has no place in the climax of the film; it would soften the starkness of this remote reef as well as the suspense surrounding the imminence of the white shark.

Toward dark, another shark appeared, a smaller one, much bolder. Relentlessly, it circled the ship, not ten feet from the hull. On one pass, it took the buoyed tuna at a single gulp.

Since it passed alongside, the size of this shark could be closely estimated: All hands agreed that it was between nine and ten feet. But if this was accurate, the shark yesterday had been larger than we'd thought. Rodney now said that it was over 12, Valerie between 13 and 14, and Gimbel thought it might have reached 16 feet: "I thought so yesterday," he said, "but I felt foolish, with

everyone else saying twelve." I thought 13 feet seemed a safe minimum. Whatever its length, it looked twice the mass of tonight's shark, which was plenty big enough. As it slid along the hull, the thick lateral keel on its caudal peduncle was clearly visible; the merest twitch of that strong tail kept it in motion. Underwater lights were turned on to see it better, but this may have been a mistake; it vanished, and did not return the following day.

On January 26, the Saori returned to port for water and supplies. There it was learned that four boats, fishing all weekend, had boated between them the solitary shark that we had heard about on Saturday. The Saori could easily have hooked two, but what she was here for was going to be much more difficult. Meanwhile, a sighting of white sharks had been reported by divers working Fisheries Bay, west of Cape Catastrophe on the ocean coast, where three whites and a number of bronze whalers had been seen schooling behind the surf; the bronze whaler is the ubiquitous bull shark, *Carcharodon leucas*, which is the chief suspect in most shark attacks on Australia's east coast.

On the chance that the shark school



"Sex education should be handled by the people closest to it. Those with firsthand experience. Not the school, not the parents, but the kids in the street!"

was still present, we drove out to the coast across the parched hills of the sheep country. Over high, wind-burnt fields, a lovely paroquet, the galah, pearl-gray and rose, lifted in weightless flocks out of the wheat; other paroquets, turquoise and black and gold, crossed from a scrub of gum trees and Melaleuca to a grove of she-oak, the local name for a form of Casuarina. Along the way were strange birds and trees in an odd landscape of wind-worn hills that descended again to the sea-misted shore. From the sea cliffs, four or five whalers were in sight, like brown ripples in the pale-green windy water, but the white sharks had gone.

• • •

At daybreak on Wednesday, the Saori sailed for the Gambier Islands on the antarctic horizon south of the mouth of Spencer Gulf. A big ocean swell rose out of the southwest, out of the far reaches of the roaring forties, but there was a lee of sorts east of Wedge Island. The Gambiers are remote, and white sharks had been seen there in the past; occasionally, the sharks would seize a horse when the animals raised there in other days were swum out to the ships. Now the old farm was a sheep station, visited infrequently by man. With Ron, Valerie and Stan, I went ashore, exploring. Gaunt black machinery, stranded by disuse, looked out to sea from the dry golden hills, and the sheep, many of them dead, had brought a plague of flies; only at the island's crest in the southwest wind could one be free of them.

Wedge Island is a beautiful silent

place, a great monument like a pyramid in the Southern Ocean. That night, white-faced storm petrels fluttered like moths at the masthead light. Some fell to the deck and I put them in a box; once the deck lights were out, they flitted off toward the island. These hardy little birds come in off the windy wastes of sea just once a year to nest in burrows in the cliffs.

Overhead, shined by the wind, the astral sky was luminous. With the stem of his pipe, white-haired Ben Ranford pointed at the universe: "Canis Major," he pronounced with satisfaction. "The brightest star in all the heavens." In World War Two, Ben was captain of a destroyer in the Australian navy, and he was still the compleat seaman, clumping here and there about his ship in white coveralls and big black shoes without one wasted motion; he could have stripped the Saori from stem to stern and reassembled her in the dark. No man could do his job better than he, and yet Ben knew that this ship might be his last.

At dawn, the day was already hot and still, the baits untouched, the ocean empty. Only a solitary eagle, white head shimmering in the rising sun, flapped and sailed over the sea, bound for the outermost islands.

Two weeks had passed and there still was no underwater footage; running from place to place was not the answer. A decision was made to increase the volume of bait and chum and concentrate it at Dangerous Reef. The two sharks raised there were the only ones that we had seen, the resident sea lions

might attract the beasts and the reef was only three hours from the abattoirs and fish companies at Port Lincoln. The ship sailed north again into Spencer Gulf, rounding the west end of the reef and anchoring off its northern shore at noon; a southwest blow was expected that afternoon, backing around to the southeast by evening.

White shark number three came after dark on January 27, seizing the floating bait with a heavy thrash that brought a bellow of excitement from Gimbel, working on deck. No sooner had a light been rigged than the fish reappeared, making a slow turn at the perimeter of green night water. Then it rifled straight and fast for a carcass hanging at the ship's side, which it gobbled at and shook apart, oblivious of the lights and shouting men. Though not enormous, this aggressive brute was the one we wanted; by the look of it, it would not be deterred by cages or anything else. Then it was gone and a cuttlefish rippled in the eerie light, already thickened with a bloom of red crustaceans.

All baits were hauled in except a small flayed sheep, left out to stay the shark until the morning. At dawn, the unraveled bait line lay on deck. Taking the sheep, the shark had put such strain on the line that, parting, it had snapped back clean out of the water. But there was no sign of the shark and it never returned.

That morning, the Sea Raider came out from Port Lincoln with big drums full of butchered horse; the quarters hung from the stern of the Saori, which was reeking like a charnel house. Buckets of horse blood, whale oil and a foul chum of ground tuna guts made a broad slick that spread northeast toward Spilsby Island. The cages, cameras lashed to their floors, were already overboard, floating astern. The sky was somber, with high mackerel clouds and a bank of ocean grays creeping up out of the south, and a hard wind; petrels dipped and fluttered in the wake. The ship was silent.

Vodka in hand, Gimbel came and went, glaring astoundedly at the empty slick that spread majestically to the horizon. About 5:30, I forsook my post on the deckhouse roof and went below. Peter was lying in a berth, face tight. I said, "I'm taking a shower, even though there's still light enough to shoot; there'll be a shark here before I'm finished." He laughed politely. I had just returned to the cabin, still half dry, wrapped in a towel, when a voice yelled "Shark!" down the companionway.

By the time we reached the deck, bound for the wet suits, the sun parted the clouds; with luck, there would be good underwater light for at least an hour. Already, a second shark had joined the first and both were big. I went into



"Gitcha-gitcha-goo."

the sea with Peter, and Stan and Ron soon joined us in the other cage. Almost immediately, a great pale shape took form in the blue mist.

The bolder of the sharks, perhaps 12 feet long, was a heavy male, identifiable by paired claspers at the vent; a second male, slightly smaller, stayed in the background. The first shark had vivid scars about the head and an oval scar under the dorsal, and in the molten water of late afternoon, it was a creature very different from the one seen from the surface. The hard rust of its hide had dissolved in pale transparent tones that shimmered in the ocean light on its satin skin. From the dorsal fin, an evanescent bronze shaded down to luminous dark metallic gray along the lateral line, a color as delicate as that bronze tint on a mushroom which points up the whiteness of the flesh beneath. From snout to keel, the underside was a deathly white, all but the black undertips of the broad pectorals.

The shark passed slowly, first the slack jaw with the triangular splayed teeth, then the dark eye, impenetrable and empty as the eye of God, next the gill slits, like knife slashes in paper, then the pale slab of the flank, aflow with silver rippings of light, and finally the thick short twitch of its hard tail. Its aspect was less savage than implacable, a silent thing of merciless serenity.

Only when the light had dimmed did the smaller shark drift in from the blue shadows, but never did it come to the hanging baits. The larger shark barged past the cages and banged against the hull to swipe and gulp at the chunks of meat; on the way out, it repeatedly bit the propeller of the outboard, swallowing the whole shaft and shaking the motor. Then it would swing and glide straight in again, its broad pectorals, like a manta's wings, held in an upward curve. At the last moment, gills rippling, this fantastic great eating machine would swerve enough to miss the cage and, once the smiling head had passed, I could reach out and take hold of the rubber pectoral, or trail my fingers down the length of cold dead flank, as if stroking a corpse: The skin felt as smooth as the skin of a swordfish or tuna. Then the pale apparition sank under the copper-red hull of the Saori and vanished in the gloom, only to reappear from another angle, relentless, moving always at the same deceptive speed, mouth gasping as in thirst. This time, it came straight to the cage and seized one of the flotation cylinders of the cage roof; there came a nasty screeching sound, like the grating of fingernails on slate, before the shark turned off, shaking its head.

The sharks off Durban had probed the cages and scraped past, but never, in hundreds of encounters, did one attack



"Personally, I think the UFOs are dropping them."

them openmouthed. The white sharks were to attack the cages over and over. This first one arched its back, gills wrinkling, coming on mouth wide; fortunately, it came at cruising speed and struck the least vulnerable part of the cage. The silver flotation tanks, awash at the surface, may have resembled crippled fish, for they were hit far more often than anything else. When their teeth struck metal, the sharks usually turned away, but often the bite was hard enough to break the teeth off. Sometimes, as it approached the cage, one would flare its mouth wide, then close it again, in what looked very much like the threat display of higher animals.

To escape the rough chop at the surface, the cage descended to 15 feet, where Gimbel opened the roof hatch and climbed part way out to film; he was driven back each time. At one point, falling back in haste, Peter got his tank hung up on the hatch, and was still partly exposed when the shark passed overhead, a black shade in the golden ether made by the sinking sun. From below, the brute's girth was dramatically apparent; it blotted out the light.

The shark paid the cages such close attention that Gimbel burned up ten minutes of film in 15 minutes. When he went to the surface to reload, Valerie Taylor and Peter Lake took over the cage. "Listen!" Gimbel yelled at them, still excited. "Now watch it! They're nothing like those Durban sharks, so don't take chances!" Then Stan came out of the second cage and, by the time he was reloaded, Ron was ready to come out; this gave me a chance to go down a second time.

For a while, the atmosphere was quiet, as both sharks kept their distance from the ship; they came and went like spirits in the mist. But emergencies are usually sudden and now there came a series of near crises. First the bigger shark, mouth open, ran afoul of one of the lines; the length of rope slipped past the teeth and hung in the corners of its mouth, trailing back like reins. So many lines were crisscrossed in the water—skiff lines, bait lines, hydrophone cable and tethers to keep the cages near the bait—that at first one couldn't tell what was going to happen and I felt a clutch of fear. Swimming away, the shark was shaking its head in irritation, and then I saw that the line was the tether of the other cage, where Gimbel had been joined by Peter Lake. The line was very nearly taut when the shark shook free. Lake was using a camera with a 180-degree fisheye lens, and was getting remarkable shots, but the close call rattled him considerably. At the surface, he yelled all the obscenities. "To hell with that shit!" he concluded. "I'm going below to hide under my berth." But Lake's trials were not over. A few days later, when the Saori returned to Dangerous Reef for continuity shots and supporting footage, a shark tangled in a bait line bent the whole cage with one pectoral fin; it actually stretched five of the bars, shaking the whole cage like a dice cup before Lake could get his leg knife out and cut the line free. At the surface, he had difficulty joking: "When I saw those bars starting to go, I felt like I had jumped at twelve thousand feet with my parachute eaten by rats."

Often, the larger shark would appear from below, its ragged smile rising

straight up past the cage; already, its head was scarred with streaks of red lead from the Saori's hull. On one of these ascents, it seized a piece of meat hung from the taffrail just as the current swung the cage in toward the ship, so that the whole expanse of its ghostly belly, racked by spasms of huge gulping, was perpendicular against the bars. I scratched the belly with a kind of morbid sympathy, but at that instant, we were jarred by a thrash of the tail; the cage had pinned the shark upright against the rudder of the Saori. While Waterman filmed at point-blank range, it lashed the water white. "I wasn't really worried about you guys," Gimbel said later. "I just knew it would knock hell out of you." The cage was swiftly heaved aside, and the shark glided for the bottom with that ineffable silent calm, moving no more rapidly than before. Watching it go, it was easy to believe that this beast might swim for centuries.

I turned to congratulate Waterman on the greatest footage of a feeding white shark ever taken, but Stan's eyes rolled in woe behind his mask and he made a throat-slitting gesture with his finger and smote his rubber brow, then shook his fist at his camera, which had jammed. Gimbel got the sequence from the other cage, 30 feet away, and Lipscomb caught one angle of it from the surface, but Stan was inconsolable.

Gimbel was still trying to film from the roof hatch and now he ducked down neatly at a shark's approach, only to find himself staring straight into its face. The

main cage door had opened outward and the shark was so near that he could not reach out to close it. Badly frightened, he fainted with his camera at the shark, which slowly turned away.

The sharks patrolled the cages, the Saori and the skiff, biting indiscriminately; there was no sense of viciousness or savagery in what they did, but something worse, an insatiable need. They bit the skiff and they bit the cages, and one pushed past the meat to bite the propeller of the Saori; it was as if they smelled the food but could not distinguish it by sight and, therefore, attacked everything in the vicinity. Often they mouthed the cage metal with such violence that teeth went spinning from their jaws. One tooth found on the bottom had its serrate edge scraped smooth. It seemed to me that here was the explanation for the reports of white-shark attacks on boats; they do not attack boats, they attack *anything*.

We had entered the water about six o'clock and the last diver left it after 7:30, by which time all six of us were shaking hard with cold. In the skiff, transferring from the cages to the ship, everyone was shouting. The excitement far exceeded any I had seen in the footage of the greatest day off Durban and, when I mentioned this to Gimbel, he exclaimed, "Christ, man! These sharks are just a hell of a lot more exciting!"

The next morning, a sparkling wild day, the two sharks were still with us, and they had been joined by a third

still larger one. Even Ron estimated the new shark as 14 feet, and Gimbel one or two feet more; it was the biggest man-eating shark that anyone aboard had ever seen. Sunging out of the sea to fasten on a horse shank hung from a davit, it stood upright beside the ship, head and gills clear of the water, tail vibrating, the glistening triangles of its teeth red-rimmed with blood. In the effort of shearing, the black eye went blind as it rolled its eyeball upward; then the whole horse quarter disappeared in a scarlet billow. "I've watched sharks all my life," Ben Ranford said, "but I've never seen anything as terrifying as that." Plainly no shark victim with the misfortune to get hold of a raft or boat would ever survive the shaking of that head.

Last night in the galley, Ron had suggested to Peter that swimming with one white might be possible, and Peter agreed. But this morning there were three and the visibility was so limited that one could never tell where or when the other two might appear. The talk of swimming in the open water ended, and a good thing, too. Nothing but sensationalism would be gained from a pointless risk that might hurt or kill a diver: Such heroics, I felt, would seem contemptuous of the great white shark and could only blunt the impact of the film.

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The cage will sink a foot or so beneath the surface under a man's weight—a situation to be avoided in the presence of white sharks, which, to judge from their avidity, might well come lunging onto the cage roof—and the next morning, entering it, I performed with ease what I had heretofore done clumsily, flipping directly out of the skiff and down through the narrow roof hatch headfirst. Even before I straightened up, the largest of the sharks loomed alongside, filling the blue silence with its smile. I felt naked in my flimsy cell until Stan joined me. This shark was two or three feet longer than the next in size, but it looked half again as big, between 1800 pounds and a fat ton. In white sharks over ten feet long, the increase in girth and weight per foot of length is massive; the white shark that I saw dead at Montauk, only two or three feet longer than this one, had weighed at least twice as much.

The big shark was fearless, crashing past skiff and cage alike to reach the meat, and often attacking both on the way out. Like its companions, which scooted aside when it came close, it attacked the flotation tanks over and over, refusing to learn that they were not edible. Even the smallest shark came in to sample the flotation tanks when the others were not around. I had seen one of its companions chase it, so probably its shyness had little to do with the



"That coat does a lot for you, my dear. . . . But then, I imagine you've done a lot for it!"

Saori: Unlike the sharks in the Indian Ocean, the whites gave each other a wide berth. Occasionally one would go for the air tank in the corner, bumping the whole cage through the water with its snout, and once one struck the naked bars when I waved a dead salmon as it approached. Clumsily, it missed the proffered fish, glancing off the bars as I yanked my arm back. Had the sharks attacked the bars, they would have splayed them. "He could bite that cage to bits if he wanted to," Valerie had said of yesterday's shark, and got no argument; for the big shark today, the destruction of the cage would be the work of moments. From below, we watched it wrestle free an enormous slab of horse, 200 pounds or more; as it gobbled and shook, its great pale body quaked, the tail shuddering with the effort of keeping its head high out of the water. Then, back arched, it dove with its prize toward the bottom, its mouth trailing bubbles from the air gulped down with its last bite. Only one pilot fish was ever seen at Dangerous Reef; we wondered if the white shark's relentless pace made it difficult for a small fish to keep up.

When I left the water, there was a slight delay in getting the skiff alongside and Rodney warned me not to loiter on top of the cage. "They've been climbing all over it!" he called. At one point, Valerie, having handed up her exhausted tank, had to retreat into the cage, holding her breath as a shark thrashed across its roof over and over.

Numbers of fish had come to the debris exploded into the water by the feeding, and the windstorm of the night before had stirred pale algae from the bottom. Visibility was poor, yet the sharks worked so close to the cages that the morning's filming was even better than the day before, and the cameramen worked from nine until 1:30. By then, the ten months of suspense were over.

We were scarcely out of the water when the wind freshened, with the threat of rain. The cages were taken aboard and battened down, while a party went ashore to film the Saori from the reef. Then, in a cold twilight, drinking rum in the galley-fo'c'sle, we rolled downwind across Spencer Gulf, bound for Port Lincoln. Though the sea was rough, the fo'c'sle was warm and bright, filled with rock music. Valerie saw to it that we had a good supper, and wine soon banished the slightest doubt that we all liked one another very much. "Is there anything more splendid," Waterman cried, "than the fellowship of good shipmates in the fo'c'sle after a bracing day before the mast?" After three weeks in a real fo'c'sle, Stan had embraced the 19th Century with all his heart.

Peter Gimbel, sweetly drunk, swung back and forth from fits of shouting to

a kind of stunned, suffused relief and quiet happiness. He looked ten years younger. What was surely the most exciting film ever taken underwater had been obtained without serious injury to anybody. The triumph was a vindication of his own faith in himself and, because he had earned it the hard way and deserved it, it was a pleasure simply to sit and drink and watch the rare joy in his face.

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At the end of the week, I flew westward to East Africa. A month later, when I reached New York, Peter told me that the white-shark sequence was beyond all expectations, that the film studio was ecstatic and that a financial success now seemed assured. How sad, I said, that his father wasn't alive to see it. He grinned, shaking his head. "It is," he said. "He would have been delighted."

Already, Peter was concerned about where he would go from here. Meanwhile, he had planned a violent dieting, which he didn't need, and when asked why, he shrugged. "I just want to see if I can get down to a hundred seventy," he said. Perhaps I read too much into that diet, but it bothered me: The search for the

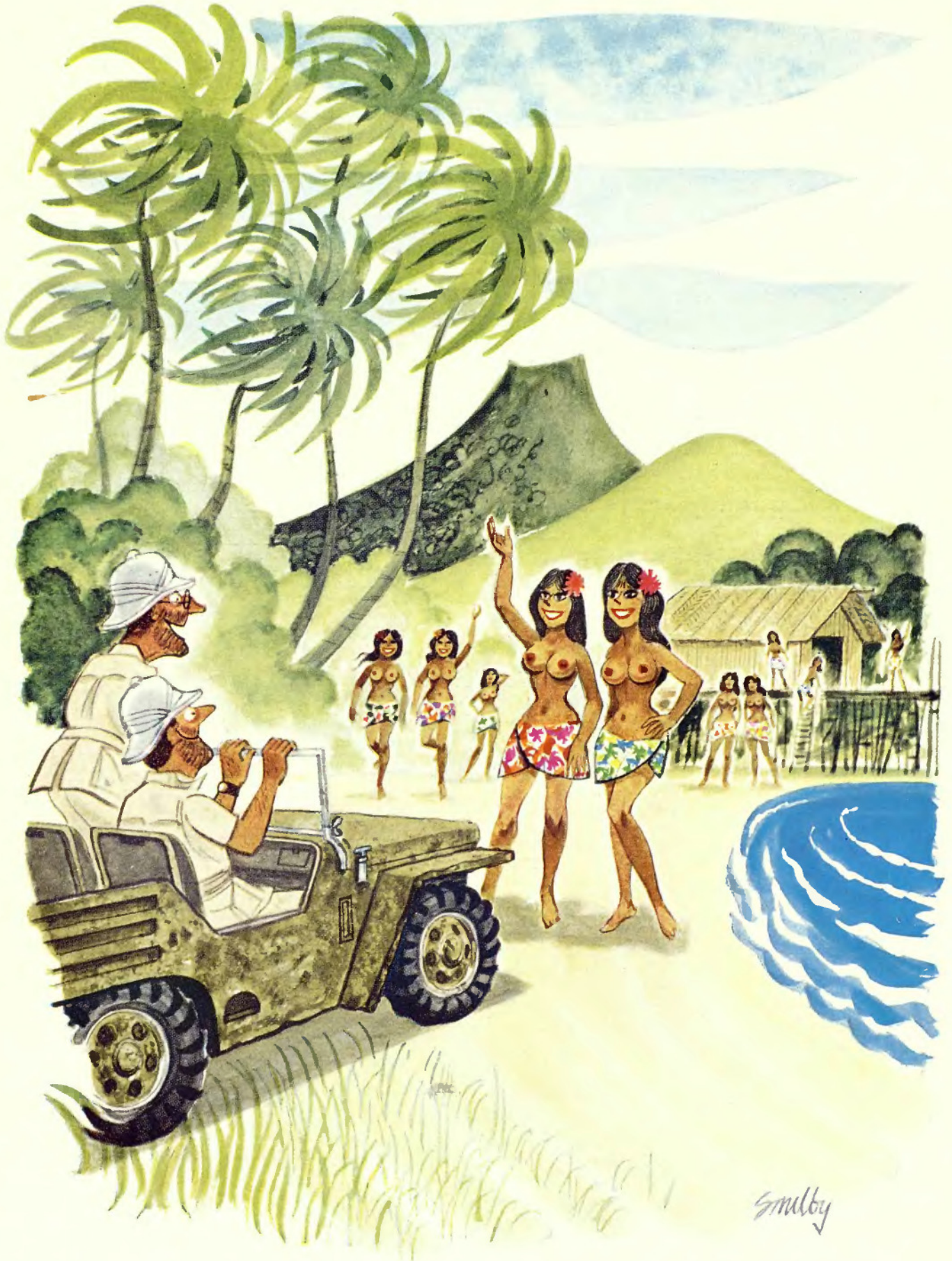
great white shark was at an end, but his search was not. I recalled a passage in the letter Peter had written after the 30-hour marathon off Durban, and when I got home, I dug it out:

"I felt none of the dazed sense of awe," he wrote, "that had filled me ten days before, during our first night dive. I remember wondering sadly how it could be that a sight this incredible could have lost its shattering impact so quickly for me—why it should be that the sights and sensations should have to accelerate so hellishly simply to hold their own with my adaptation to them. . . . Only a week or so after having come out of the water one night to say over and over, 'No four people in all the world have ever laid eyes on a scene so wild and infernal as that,' I wasn't even particularly excited. . . ."

And further on: "I was filled with a terrible sadness that we had indeed determined precisely the limits we sought, that the mystery was at least partly gone because we knew that we could get away with anything, that the story—and such a story!—had an end."



"Hell, do as I do, kid, pretend there's no one down there."



“Wow!—how’s this for a great ecology?”

AMSTERDAM

(continued from page 135)

fiend who floated up to an Amsterdam cop and beefed about the low grade of hash he had just picked up from some African dude on the street. The cop sniffed it, chewed a sample and told the Swede: "You're right; this shit is no good." Then he reached into a pocket, pulled out a half-kilo slab of greasy Red Lebanese and said: "This is what you should look for, friend. It'll wipe you out." Great fuzz in Amsterdam! Human-type people, said Slick. Far out, breathed his audience, hunched over the jukebox in the ferry's youth saloon. Unfucking-believable!

And now, here's Slick puffing his joint within a long arm's reach of the law on the platform and the cop is walking slowly in the direction of the blissful trio. He talks to them quietly, earnestly, with no sign of hostility. You have to move pretty close to pick up the words, because Amsterdam police are polite to foreigners, even to foreign freaks. Maybe he's asking for a taste. No. What he's saying is: "You're all under arrest."

Busted! In Amsterdam, youth mecca of the world? Where city-council members said dope should be legalized and had themselves photographed in front of city hall, zonked out and glassy-eyed, waving hash bombers at the cameras. Where they broadcast prices and availability of popular brands of hashish over the state-owned radio, and the Council for Youth Education submitted a plan calling for the establishment of drug-stores to sell Cannabis products at fixed prices. All those miracles, and then along comes a cop to recite the litany of the bust. It would appear that the third world's latest nirvana is just another plain, old-fashioned bummer.

But not for lucky Slick and his friends. They got off. In the police station, they were told their arrests were only technical. A warning. Nobody was fined, jailed or deported, though under Dutch law, they might have been. They were reminded that drugs are illegal in Holland—despite publicity to the contrary—and that if they were ever caught dealing, the law would jump on them. But there are places in Amsterdam, they were informed, where they could smoke all they wanted, and nobody would come to take them away. Finally, they were divested of their remaining joints and told they could leave. *This* time. So the pilgrims from the West, having walked through the valley of fear and disillusionment, vanished into the night, filled with a wondrous sense of relief. Slick, looking slightly uncomfortable, said good night to the others outside the police station.

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"In 1970," declared *Newsweek* last August. "Amsterdam has won youth's acco-

plade as the drug, sex and do-your-thing capital of the Western world." Scarcely two months later, in a report on the August riots that had convulsed the city, *Rolling Stone* magazine concluded that Amsterdam had fallen to the enemy. "This is the end of an era of tolerance," was the unlikely quote attributed to an unidentified Dutch writer. "Tolerance only goes so far, and I think Amsterdam has found its limit." All in all, it looked as though Amsterdam had been just another summer romance for the press. The young had tried to shaft the establishment and the establishment had kicked back, or so it seemed to the newspapers. But newsmen are rarely happier than when they're tearing down the myths created by other newsmen, and what had happened in Amsterdam suffered, to a certain extent, from this journalistic syndrome.

There were riots. They took place in the Dam, Amsterdam's main square and alfresco coed dormitory for migratory youth. By last August, up to 1000 kids were bedding down every night on the square, despite a ban against sleeping near public monuments that was introduced by the city—but never enforced—a year earlier. Merchants grumbled, tourists complained and the pimps in the adjacent red-light district whined about a decline in trade. On the night the police finally moved in to clear the square, they received unsolicited assistance from a bizarre force of Dutch sailors and marines, a troop of motorbike thugs and a contingent of pimps. There was also an Italian TV crew that, it was darkly suspected, whipped up the passion by renting a few psychopaths and shoving them into the crowd.

Amsterdammers were outraged by the violence, but the sleepers themselves, on the whole, escaped blame. If the police had left them alone for a couple of weeks, it was pointed out, the onset of autumnal rains and cold nights would, in any case, have forced them to sleep somewhere else. Afterward, it was rumored that the city fathers decided to clean up the Dam because of the impending visit of President Suharto of Indonesia, a detested figure among Indonesian exiles in the Netherlands. They accuse their former leader's regime of slaughtering 250,000 dissidents not too many years ago. Those who escaped—many of them live in Amsterdam—have not forgotten it. Inevitably, many young people in the capital viewed the Dam action as a dirty deed committed for unworthy causes, a battle fought to relieve the frustration of nautical red-necks, to make the city profitable for pimphood and to beautify the landscape for a visitor who carried a heavy responsibility for the execution of 250,000 human beings. The mayor, blaming "ex-

plosive groups" for the trouble, seemed unhappy. "It would be a terrible condemnation of myself and the citizens," he said after the event, "if it became impossible to carry on a tolerant policy in this city."

Ever since the Pilgrim Fathers decided to clear out of Amsterdam several centuries ago, because of "licentiousness among ye young folk" and their fear that it might contaminate Pilgrim youth, young people in the Dutch capital have set the style for international youth protest in their assaults on established political and religious orders. Last year, even Amsterdam bishops joined them by coming out against obligatory celibacy for priests, in direct contradiction of age-old Vatican policy. The young Catholic chaplain at the University of Amsterdam got married, and a political movement founded by young radicals campaigned for revolution and won 12 seats on city councils throughout Holland.

The members of this movement called themselves *Kabouters*—a Dutch word for gnomes or pixies; they came into being at the beginning of 1970, succeeding the street-fighting Provos, who disbanded voluntarily the previous year, because they felt they had become too institutionalized. Where the Provos had scared potential supporters with their toughness, the *Kabouters* enlisted them through a form of euphoric lunacy, backed up with a radical program of reform. At one of the first city-council meetings in Amsterdam, the *Kabouters* proposed that the Dutch army be disarmed and converted into a band of happy jesters, who would run around spreading universal merriment. They have urged drivers to install flower boxes on their car roofs, so that parking lots would look more beautiful. They campaign for the legalization of soft drugs, for the abolition of private automobiles from the center of Amsterdam and for the withdrawal of Holland from NATO. They seize warehouses and offices that have been abandoned by business and turn them over to the city's poor and homeless. They have also organized an old-age department that offers pensioners such free services as shopping or just conversation.

The *Kabouters'* most ambitious objective is the creation of "alternative communities" around the world that would be free of bureaucracy and commercial exploitation. Their inhabitants would be encouraged to assume responsibility for every phase of their environment, and personal initiative would replace dependence on elected politicians. These proposals may sound utopian, but in last year's municipal elections, the *Kabouters* got almost 38,000 votes in Amsterdam and emerged as the capital's fourth-strongest municipal party. In the course of all the recent agitation among Western youth, it was the first major victory for the young at the polls.

The center of all this ferment, which 189



"Could I interest you gentlemen in a package deal?"

has made Holland one of the most exciting countries in Europe today, is a metropolitan antique. Much of Amsterdam dates from the 17th Century and rests on wooden piles sunk deep into the queasy bog that constitutes the city's foundation. Houses lurch forward on their foundations like drunken aristocrats trying to maintain their dignity, propped with hefty beams and fitted with gables, whose ornate decorations were the pride of their merchant owners. It is a town built on some 70 islands, connected by more than 500 bridges and divided by miles of canals that radiate in a semi-circular pattern from the harbor. Seen from the air, with the sun gleaming on the waterways, the city looks like a spider's web with fresh morning dew on it.

Amsterdam lies just below the northwest upper shoulder of Continental Europe. Rome is less than two and a half hours away by plane, London and Paris an hour. Copenhagen less than an hour and a half. Thirty-seven international rail expresses arrive every day at Centraal Station. One might drive to Brussels or Cologne in the morning and return to Amsterdam for dinner.

It is an entrancing, restless city, small enough so that a stranger quickly feels at home, big enough to encompass a polyglot assortment of people and unexpected contrasts. European travelers go there because it's almost impossible to avoid it. Art lovers feast on Rembrandt in the Rijksmuseum, Van Gogh in the Muni-

pal. Shoppers look for bargains in rare stones at the diamond houses, for duty-free goods at Schiphol Airport. English-speaking tourists feel comfortable there because most of the 900,000 inhabitants speak their language. And others are drawn by the city's magnificent food and restaurants, by its nonstop night life and by the unconcealed temptations of the Amsterdam sex stores and the red-light district.

There are upwards of 80 sex shops in Amsterdam. They sell everything from mechanized dildos and fetishists' appliances to movies, slides and the Dutch translation of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Klacht*. The Netherlands Society for Sexual Reform, a state-subsidized organization, runs a highly successful mail-order business in sexual devices. Tourists flock to these stores, but the biggest attraction in the city is the *Walletjes*, a red-light district that is contained in an oblong slice of old canal houses in one of the most picturesque parts of town.

The girls of the *Walletjes* are black, white, brown, yellow, pink, tall, short, thin, fat, perfect, pregnant, wigged and unwigged. There are girls in kinky boots, girls in sandals, girls with bare feet. Some wear leather jackets and look tough; others dress in fur wraps, velvet suits or tweeds and pearls; and some wear almost nothing. They stand in doorways, against lampposts, in bars, on corners, in alleys that are wide enough for only one cus-

tomers at a time. Everywhere. Many sit behind windows under purple lights, looking like mermaids in a life-sized aquarium or a window display in an uptown store. A large percentage are young and pretty. Some could make a living as models. A few are dragons. One veteran, said to be in her 70s, charges five guilders—less than \$1.50; but the usual price for a quick fling in the *Walletjes* is 25 guilders—about seven dollars—and the fee increases in accordance with the client's special quirks. For flagging libidos, the girls supply vibrators, erotic movies, slides and books.

"It's the Germans I don't care for," an attractive 19-year-old brunette told a visitor. "They always want to come in three or four at a time and watch. The Americans? They want to know why I do it. Stupid question. I make good money, I pay taxes and it's legal. I wouldn't want any other job. Now fuck off, please."

In the *Walletjes*, one might observe, as the same visitor recently did, the extraordinary sight of an elderly customer, whose wheelchair had gotten jammed in a doorway of one of the houses. Two friends eventually pushed him through, with some help from a half-naked girl inside. A couple of minutes later, she reappeared at the window, closed the drapes and withdrew from sight.

The clientele of the *Walletjes* is comprised mostly of "respectable" tourists—everybody except that body of youthful visitors for whom Amsterdam has far greater attractions and to whom, as a rule, the idea of prostitution represents a kind of adult hang-up, in which they want no part. The kids have their own game to play and it centers around the Dutch capital's tolerance of soft drugs. They know that as long as they stick to the rules that were spelled out to Slick and his friends, they run little fear of arrest. The Amsterdam narc squad consists of eight men who usually concentrate on hard-stuff dealers and tend to ignore users of hash and grass.

The principal rule specifies that smokers restrict their habits to the premises of the Paradiso or Fantasia, two shabby old buildings that the city council subsidizes to the tune of \$50,000 a year. The patrons can drink beer or soda, watch avant-garde theatrical productions or nude ballets, listen to music, paint, sculpt, sing, shout, dance, make out and turn on. A large sign inside the doors of the Paradiso, the more popular of the two youth halls, states that dope trading on the premises is forbidden, but a few salesmen can always be found outside or across the street, keeping a wary eye open for the law, while unloading poor-quality consignments on unsuspecting buyers.

The Paradiso and Fantasia are open only on certain nights of the week. When

PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO AMSTERDAM

WHERE TO STAY	WHERE TO DINE	WHERE TO DRINK	WHERE TO PLAY	WHAT TO BUY
<p>Alexander: 25 rooms over canal-side Dikker en Thijs restaurant. Both hotel and dining spot offer fine management, flawless service, attention to details. \$30.*</p> <p>American: on the Leidseplein, glittering night-life hub. Large rooms, rear suites with balconies over canal; decor late Twenties (original); unregistered guests of opposite sex not popular. \$21.</p> <p>Amstel: white ties and tails on the lobby staff, an upholstered sofa-bench in the elevator accentuate this palatial hotel's readiness to receive royalty, which it often does. Genteel luxury and discreet elegance in a secluded residential quarter on the Amstel River. \$27.</p> <p>Doelen: an enclave of well-bred quietude in the heart of the city. Sophisticated service, chic clientele, terrace restaurant over the Amstel. \$27.</p> <p>Hotel de l'Europe: breakfast nooks and balconies in rooms overlooking river; impeccable manners at the desk, excellent address, home of the renowned Excelsior restaurant. \$22.</p> <p>Hans Brinker Stutel: strictly for youthful budgeters traveling with rucksacks; nonprofit, state-owned hostel with shared rooms and dormitories. Excellent bar, competent management, very informal. Minimum nightly rates start at \$2.80.</p> <p>Hilton: big, modern luxurious rooms with superb views; shopping arcade and some of the city's best bars, restaurants, plus top-notch disco. Our favorite European Hilton, despite inconvenient location. \$26.80.</p> <p>Howard Johnson: 14 canal-side houses have been rebuilt inside to produce one of the newest, most pleasant hotels in town, full of character, charm, comfort and comely chambermaids. Attractive views. \$25.</p> <p>Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky: The Kras to old-timers. Very convenient, determinedly aristocratic despite its proximity to red-light district. Large rooms, numerous restaurants, bars, banqueting salons. Dine at least once in the Palm Garden. \$20.</p> <p>Memphis: refinement in a tree-lined residential area; run by a staff of genteel young ladies, who seem to have graduated from Swiss finishing schools. \$25.</p> <p>Port Van Cleve: behind Royal Palace in central city. Comfortable suites, plush beds in curtained alcoves. \$23.</p> <p>Schiller: owned by a prolific painter of oils and water colors. Old-fashioned bohemian comforts, amiable service, a natural hangout for pros in the art world and prime location for night ramblers. \$17.</p> <p>*Prices quoted are minimum daily rates for double rooms, except where noted. They are approximate and do not reflect slight anticipated increases for 1971.</p>	<p>Adrian: six tables in dining room of a 17th Century house; gleaming linen and silverware; an <i>ambiance</i> surpassed only by the food, the finest in Amsterdam. French cuisine.</p> <p>Amstel: for special occasions, formal. Classic French dishes in surroundings of Empire opulence. Game of all varieties in season.</p> <p>Ball: the number-one Indonesian show place, according to tour planners, but not our favorite; often too crowded.</p> <p>Black Sheep: staggering choice of over 150 dishes, more than 500 wines. French-Continental. Decor is half Mother Goose, half Disney, all charming.</p> <p>Carthage: Tunisian specialties, with emphasis on spiced lamb, succulent pastries and other Middle Eastern delicacies.</p> <p>Chalet Suisse: international menu includes <i>Kikkerbilletjes</i> (frog's legs), jambalaya, cheese/beef fondues. Good edibles, rustic furnishings.</p> <p>Dikker en Thijs: food's not what it ought to be considering restaurant's world-wide reputation, but place is stylish and formal; French cuisine.</p> <p>Excelsior: river-front version of Dikker en Thijs, with a white grand piano tinkling softly at back of the room. French.</p> <p>Five Flies: five ancient houses forming one rambling restaurant presided over by Professor Nicolaas Kroese, vice-chairman of the World University and Amsterdam's most hospitable restaurateur. A tourist trap—but definitely worth a visit. French-Continental-Kroeseian.</p> <p>De Gravenmolen: French, fashionable, superb. (Try the clear fish soup with Pernod.)</p> <p>Green Lantern: located in a building only 50 inches wide at front. Dutch food (thick soups, hearty meat entrees) and a robust specialty called the Soldier's Meal, a platterful of chicken, fillet of beef, veal, mushrooms, baked potatoes and vegetables. Reserve the upstairs front table.</p> <p>Koffiehuys de Hoek: no guidebooks list this workingman's café, but it serves the city's heftiest helping of ham and eggs with French fries, fresh bread and coffee for a few pennies; 50 paces from Howard Johnson Hotel.</p> <p>Port Van Cleve: two steak restaurants; one room booted and tranquil, the other cacophonous. Waiters pass orders along by bellowing at one another until message reaches chef. First-class beef, every piece numbered—free wine if yours ends in three zeros.</p> <p>Posthoorn: alternative to the Ball; prodigious <i>rijsttafel</i> (Indonesian meal of nearly two dozen dishes) full of flavors that baffle and delight.</p> <p>Schiller: delicious smoked eels, fresh oysters, massive servings of grilled sole, extensive meat entrees, long wine list; comradely corps of waiters. Recommended for an unhurried, intimate lunch.</p> <p>Wim Wagenaar: this steak restaurant attracts some of the best-looking women in town plus visiting showbiz types. Good food and lots of it at very reasonable prices.</p>	<p>American: in American Hotel; bustling rendezvous, more like a railroad waiting room than a bar; outside tables in warm weather.</p> <p>Amstel: oldest bar in town, though extensive face lifting has eliminated the antiquity; popular for after-dinner drinks with a young, fashion-conscious crowd.</p> <p>Boogaloo: ideal for a refreshing pause between visits to nearby night clubs; music from a juke, youngish patrons.</p> <p>Britannia Pub: Amsterdam's first English pub; purveys yeasty Whitbread's beer on tap, Mackeson's Stout in the bottle, as well as excellent Dutch brews.</p> <p>Continental Bodega: sherrys and wines in huge wooden casks line the walls of this busy cellar. The Bodega is a "tasting house," vintages sold by glass or bottle, closes at 7:30. Arrive about four on a weekday afternoon to beat after-work rush.</p> <p>Hoppe: another old name, 300 last year, and showing its age. A no-nonsense stand-up bar with sawdust floors and a clientele drawn from every walk of Amsterdam life.</p> <p>The House of Cutty Sark: snuff and a free pipeful of Cutty Sark-flavored tobacco in a house whose principal offering is "America's Number One Scotch" with chasers of Watney's Red Barrel beer from Britain.</p> <p>Ognibeni: similar to the Continental Bodega but specializes in Italian vintages; an authentic taste of <i>il dolce vino</i> enhanced by romanticized murals of Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples. Musical entertainment Friday and Saturday, midnight closing.</p> <p>Saloon: muted replica of Western bar; friendly young crowd, good music on tape, fabulous blonde barmaid.</p> <p>Wynand Fockink: another early-closing "tasting house" that deals in cordials, genevers (gin drinks) and liqueurs produced by Wynand Fockink, one of the oldest names in the Dutch distilling industry.</p>	<p>Bamboo Bar: a big, boisterous crowd of young singles; live music every night until two.</p> <p>Birds Club: visitors need temporary membership for this slick go-go roost, where customers dance in bird cages; live band on occasional weekends.</p> <p>Blue Note: topless girl rock groups, torch singers, combos outfitted in vintage Bobby Darin gear.</p> <p>Candy Club: the owners publish a porno mag and have made such memorable hit records as <i>I'm So Sexy</i> and <i>Hot in My Mouth</i>; closed to nonmembers on weekends, when the patrons take it all off and exchange addresses. Weekdays, they sit under ultraviolet light at the bar and peruse "dirty" photos under the glass-topped counter. Don't expect much action.</p> <p>Fietsothèque: Hilton disco; live music, lively crowd of all ages.</p> <p>Lucky Star: two big bars in a barn; steady rock from juke, informal raffishness.</p> <p>Milkweg (Milky Way): youth refuge in an old dairy-products factory; dark passages tunnel through the ruins leading to meditation chambers, galleries, café, small auditorium.</p> <p>Napoleon: fashionable disco and bar; all three sexes represented.</p> <p>Paradiso: the place where the young of all nations turn on and tune in when in Amsterdam. Open three nights a week, sometimes less, for nude theatricals, psychedelic Happenings. No dope trading allowed on premises, warns a big sign, but there's rarely an eyebrow raised against consumption.</p> <p>Raspoetin, Revolution and Zazz: ultrasmart discos with doormen; strictly for dancing and romancing.</p> <p>Shaja: Freak City hangout, wildest sounds in town. Customers seldom dance, preferring to recline in shadows and see how high they can get just by breathing deeply.</p> <p>Voom-Voom: one of the city's most conventional discos, popular with young execs and dates.</p> <p>Plus: innumerable strip joints with familiar names (Moulin Rouge, Trocadero, etc.), where drinks are costly and entertainment so-so.</p> <p>Also: boat rides on the canals, Heineken's brewery tour, ending with free rounds of beer, Dutch symphonies, opera, ballet, rock concerts, jazz recitals. For art and history buffs: Rembrandt's home and the world-famed Rijksmuseum housing his <i>Night Watch</i>, the Royal Palace, Stedelijk Museum, famous for its Van Goghs, the Concertgebouw (concert hall) and numerous other historical buildings and museums.</p>	<p>Best duty-free buys in Europe can be found at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport—cameras retail at same prices (or close to them) as in country of origin; untaxed bargains on watches, electronic products, perfumes, liquor, tobacco and cars.</p> <p>In town, Kalverstraat's the main shopping street, closed to all vehicles; everything available, dozens of cafés and bars to rest weary feet. Also, try Leidsestraat, its entire length, for gifts, books, shoes, menswear; Oriental art works at number 47, an export packing service at 26. Try Vijzelstraat, north end, for pewterware, hi-fi, electronics; Nieuwendijk for records, books, souvenirs; Damrak (at Victoria Hotel end) for gifts, books, toys. Find the best antiques at 31 Nieuwe Spiegelstraat, others at 13 and 55, Dutch tiles at 64; diamonds and jewelry at Bonebakker, 88-90 Rokin, and Paola Rossi, 37 Kalverstraat; diamond-cutting factories at Coster, 2 Paulus Potterstraat, and Kars, 18-20 Staalstraat; maps, prints, ship models at Pfann, 112a Rokin; delftware at De Porceleyne Fles, 12 Muntplein; tobacco, pipes, cigars at Hajenius, 94 Rokin.</p> <p>Last stop, the flea markets—Albert Cuypstraat, daily except Sunday, and Waterlooplein, closed Saturday.</p>

they're closed, the crowd heads—along with the heads in the crowd—for the innumerable bars, cafés and *discothèques* on the side streets around the Leidseplein and Rembrandtsplein, the city's two biggest amusement areas. In many of these places, the freak show continues without benefit of civic subsidies. At about two, most of them close for the night and people who have somewhere to crash—usually a dormitory in a student hostel—can prolong the binge with, in most cases, minimal risk of harassment by management.

To find out the current prices of hash, they can tune in two weekly radio programs and listen to the dope-market stock-exchange reports that are carried on special youth programs. A recent edition of a Saturday-afternoon show called *This Is the Beginning* led off with the weekly quotations ("Afghanistan, 4.50 guilders a gram; Red Lebanese, 3.50; Moroccan, 2.50," etc.) and followed these with a warning about some bad acid that was making the rounds. After this came a solicitous word from a police official, who spoke about the hazards of switching from soft to hard drugs. VPRO radio, another youth-oriented station, has a five-hour program on Fridays, when it broadcasts the prices in English. There is

also a VPRO-TV affiliate that telecasts live three-and-a-half-hour shows every two weeks. The program, which usually consists of performances by top-name rock groups, is deliberately unstructured, so as to allow for maximum spontaneity. Anyone who wants to grab a mike and lay an inspiring word about anarchy on the viewing audience is free to do so.

The quality of freedom to say or do what you like in Amsterdam—providing it injures nobody else—is characteristic of the Dutch in general and of Amsterdamers in particular. It is inherited both from the freewheeling merchants of the 17th and 18th Centuries, who first made the city a great center of truly democratic institutions, and from the middle class, who succeeded them and who developed a sturdy sense of independent liberalism coupled with a lasting distaste for bureaucracy. Even today, Amsterdamers are suspicious of anything they consider undue meddling in civic affairs by the administrative capital in The Hague.

For many centuries, Amsterdam has given refuge to people whose religious and political ideals made them outcasts in their own countries. Unlike many similar emigrants to the New World (who sometimes found they were exchanging one form of exploitation for another), exiles

in Amsterdam found a community in which their racial origins or personal faiths did not stigmatize them. Indeed, nonbelievers sometimes came to their defense in fearless disregard of personal safety, as in 1941, when city workers walked off their jobs to protest against the persecution of Dutch Jews by the Nazi occupiers of Holland.

Until that year, the Jewish quarter had been one of the most popular strolling places for Jew and gentile alike, which was not true of most ghettos in other European cities. With the arrival of the Germans, however, what had formerly been a thriving, tumultuous community of 100,000 people simply ceased to exist. Among the 10,000 who came back to Amsterdam from Nazi death camps was Otto Frank. He, his 13-year-old daughter, Anne, and other members of the family hid with friends in a house at 263 Prinsengracht for two years, until the Gestapo caught up with them. Among the remnants that the surviving member of the Frank family discovered after the War was the diary written by his daughter. Her pitiful collection of faded newspaper clippings can still be seen on the wall of the secret apartment in which the Franks lived. Of all the world's memorials to victims of genocide, this modest house in Amsterdam—with its empty, silent rooms—is perhaps the most poignant.

It would not be too fanciful to draw a parallel between earlier refugees who fled to Amsterdam and those who now see the city as a haven for other, possibly less momentous causes. Among Western capitals today, Amsterdam is the most tolerant and progressive of them all, a city where people of all ages and tastes experience a life style and a venturesome sense of freedom they do not often find elsewhere. Some would characterize this freedom as a form of depravity, but they would be mistaken. Amsterdamers are not noticeably more dissolute than other city dwellers; they tend, on the contrary, to be a kindly, compassionate people with a keenly developed instinct for social justice and a genuine respect for the rights of others to go the way they wish. They might well have shown hostility and resentment to the thousands of young wanderers who have moved in among them in recent years, but they have, on the whole, shown them hospitality and generosity, instead. Perhaps the most significant clue of all to the personality of their city lies in the fact that the patron saint of Amsterdam—and of small children and young girls—is an old gentleman who is said to have been the bishop of Myra in Asia Minor during the Fourth Century. The Dutch call him *Sinterklaas*. We know him as Santa Claus.



"I think she's trying to kick the habit."

EXECUTIVE CHESS (continued from page 150)

Even the man who marries the major stockholder's daughter must worry about his father-in-law's selling the stock and running off to Hawaii with a girl from the stenographic pool—as happened several years ago to an acquaintance of mine. Executives today are more aware of the pitfalls—and pratfalls—along the time-honored paths. The result has been the rise of what Chicago executive recruiter Edwin C. Johnson calls the mobile opportunist. "This is a person," says Johnson, "whose loyalty is to himself and his career rather than to his company. As long as his company's interests coincide with his, he works like hell. But the minute he sees a better opportunity, he jumps."

Few executives attain success without making fairly frequent moves. Even the traditionalists, the insiders, those who remain with one organization, must move frequently within the framework of that organization to succeed. "Success is no longer a one-sided game," says Eugene E. Jennings, a business professor at Michigan State University. "The successful executive today plays the two-sided game. No more is he content to sit and watch as the corporation dictates all the moves."

Those who make it big in business today see their careers as a game similar in many respects to chess. Well-established rules dictate play—and logic prevails. Gambits may improve the player's position on the board. The laws of probability often govern decisions on whether to make one move or another. Success accrues particularly to the player who can think more than one move in advance. The ultimate champion is one who, with a sweep of his eye, visualizes the entire board before him and plans every move that might help him reach victory, taking into account at the same time the likely moves of his opponents.

Take, for example, the career progress of an executive whom we'll call Sherman, a typical mobile opportunist. He was graduated from college as an electrical engineer and, after several years as a naval officer in World War Two, became a salesman for a large electronics firm. In two years, he moved to corporate headquarters as an assistant product manager. Two years later, on the verge of a second promotion to product manager, Sherman sat back to consider his next move.

Analyzing the career patterns of the corporation's top executives, he saw that a steady string of promotions would boost him by the age of 40 to division general manager with a \$40,000 a year salary. But, he had lost career time in the Navy. Several of his peers had entered the organization at a younger age or had advanced degrees and, he suspected,

a few made slightly more money than he. Some might switch to other jobs and others might fail, but in all probability, two or three could stand in his way when it came time to make vice-president. This could slow him or even halt him. If one proved more capable or durable, he might block Sherman from the presidency, his ultimate goal. This would prove disastrous enough, but Sherman not only wanted to become president, he wanted that office by the age of 40, the same age his calculations indicated he would reach a general managership in his present corporation. So he abandoned his frontal assault and undertook a flanking maneuver. He left the electronics firm and joined Booz Allen & Hamilton as a marketing specialist.

Booz Allen is a management-consulting firm that specializes in giving advice to industry. It's similar, hierarchically speaking, to an accounting firm or a law firm.

Many consider two years in consulting the equivalent of a master's degree in business administration. After that period of time, most young consultants, unless they think they can make partner, return (or are returned) to industry. Sherman, however, remained a third year with Booz Allen, moving laterally into the firm's executive-search division. In dealing with the résumés of hundreds of highly paid executives, Sherman could perceive even more clearly the patterns that brought men to the top. At the age of 30, he left Booz Allen, switching to a job as marketing consultant on a large conglomerate's corporate staff.

Sherman's new job provided both exposure and visibility. (Exposure is where the right people can see you; visibility is where you can see them.) The conglomerate contained 30 divisions. Within a year, Sherman spotted an opening for himself as marketing director of one of the divisions that manufactured electronic equipment. With only 200 employees,



it ranked smallest in the organization.

A 64-year-old general manager headed the division. Moving just fast enough to maintain his balance, and trading on his consultant-bred experience, Sherman suggested within the next year that the general manager be retired and the division phased out. The conglomerate chiefs agreed and handed Sherman the assignment along with the impressive title of general manager. A year later, with the division liquidated as planned, no more general managerships beckoned. So Sherman job-hopped from the conglomerate to a manufacturing corporation in the electrical industry. He became assistant general manager, seemingly a demotion. But he had moved to a much larger corporation that grossed \$60,000,000 annually and had seven plants and 2200 employees. Therein lies an important rule of executive chess: You can move forward while appearing to move backward.

Before accepting his new job, Sherman had looked closely at the general manager under whom he would work. He recognized the man as being both extremely capable and ambitious: like himself, a mobile opportunist. Sherman reasoned that within a few years, this man would either move up within the corporation or move out to a better job. In two years, the latter happened. At 35, Sherman became vice-president and general manager of the division. Had he remained with his original company, he wouldn't have attained that rank before he turned 40. By deft maneuvering, he had saved

five years' career time, the most precious commodity in the game.

Most mobile opportunists who reach the top stay in one position a maximum of 36 to 40 months. Early in their careers, they shift even more often. They either move within their company or move outside. They understand that most managerial positions can be mastered within a few years and to stay any longer wastes career time. Another rule in the game: You can move backward by standing still. "Mobile executives have an 80-20 orientation toward most positions," says Eugene Jennings. "By this is meant that 20 percent of any job counts for 80 percent of the learning. If they can master the 20 percent and move on to another job, the learning curve is constantly rising. If they were to stay in the job longer, they would be completing the 80 percent of their time that counts for only 20 percent of the learning."

Sherman moved again, dropping somewhat in title to vice-president of marketing—but with an \$800,000,000 organization. The move resulted in his first serious career setback, however. Within a year, the board chairman responsible for hiring Sherman sold his stock in the corporation. The traditionalist might have remained in his position, content with his high salary and trusting to luck, but as a mobile opportunist, Sherman recognized the danger inherent in his position: His sponsor had left him stranded. He might click with the new ownership, but suppose they decided to sponsor their own group of managers? He could be sidelined or even fired. Rule: Move from the

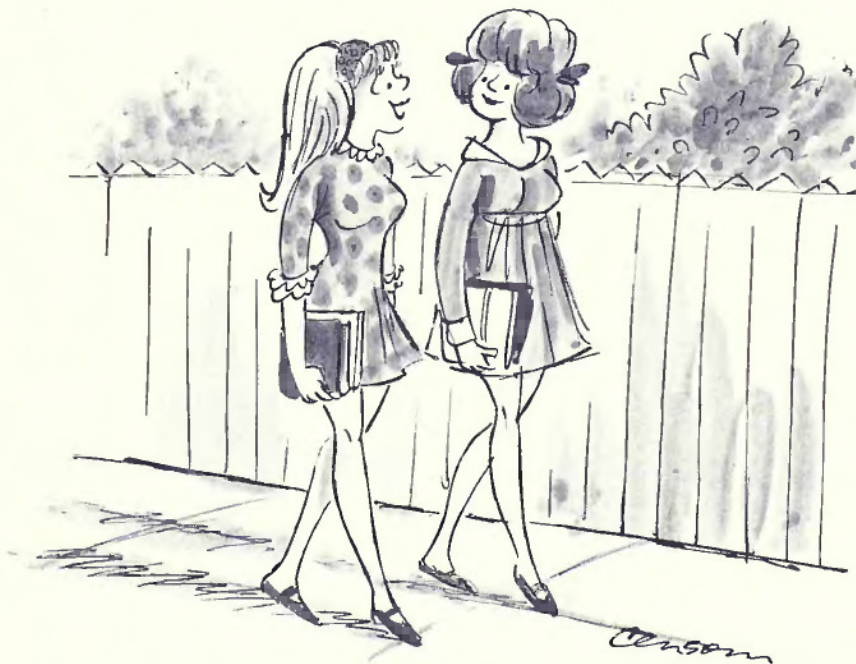
board at your convenience, not that of the other players.

As a former executive-search specialist, Sherman knew the secrets of running a job-hunting campaign. He began to drop hints of his availability to former Booz Allen friends. He circulated job résumés to the right employment agencies and search firms. The career record represented on his résumé glowed with an inner sheen, as though sculpted by a medieval craftsman: four years' training and development with a large electronics corporation; three years' consulting with Booz Allen; three years with a conglomerate, rising to division general manager; five years with another corporation, rising to vice-president and general manager of a larger division; and his current vice-presidency with an \$800,000,000 organization. A steady progression upward in size of job. Enough mobility to demonstrate breadth of experience yet without indicating promiscuity. The proper combination of brains, balls and track shoes. At 39, Sherman became president of a \$160,000,000 company.

The average executive, having risen to the pinnacle of power, might have relaxed, content to count his stock options and deferred income. Mobile opportunists, however, are not average executives. They reach the top by assuming risks. They resemble mountain climbers in that they don't look back; they blank from their minds the abyss below, the fear of what may happen if they slip. In Sherman's case, some risk still remains. Though he is now a president, his company is dominated by a 74-year-old chairman of the board whose family owns most of the stock. No eligible daughters are in sight. A 34-year-old grandson now runs the international division from an office in London but eventually can be expected to return and exercise his *droit du seigneur*. So, at 44, Sherman has his feelers out for a new position. Not just any new position. He plans to become president of a \$400,000,000 organization.

Sherman's rapid rise to the presidency can be attributed to his having viewed his career as a two-sided game. This is understood more readily by the current generation than by their parents. Hal Roberts, a counselor with the employment agency Cadillac Associates, notes that this generation gap is reflected in résumés submitted while seeking employment. "The old-timers pushing 50 state in their résumés: 'This is what I have done. This is what I can do for you.' The new breed wants to know what the company can do for them. Their approach is that their new employer should have something to offer. They're not coming hat in hand anymore. They'll write: 'I am looking for an aggressive, productive type of management, well organized, that will recognize the need for. . . .' Then they list their talents."

The new breed of executives tends to



"I'm going to stay a virgin until I get married or I'm fourteen—whichever comes first."

be better educated than its predecessors. Studies made between 1948 and 1953 indicated that eight percent of company presidents had master's degrees. By 1965, almost 40 percent had master's degrees and 21 percent had doctorates. Projections indicate that in the early 1970s, 60 percent of company presidents will have master's degrees and 30 percent, doctorates. But while intelligence as measured by degrees seems to be one prerequisite for business success, intelligence as measured by tests is not necessarily expected or required. According to Charles McDermid, president of Management Psychologists: "If you have an I.Q. of 110 to 115, which is below the average for college graduates, you have all the mental equipment you need to succeed in business, or in politics, or in almost anything except longhair activity such as nuclear physics." McDermid feels the ambitious turtle will reach the finish line faster than the poorly motivated hare.

The successful mobile opportunist boasts good health and stamina. Physical strength plays a more important part in the game of executive chess than many people suspect. "A businessman has to be very healthy to survive," says Pearl Meyers of the executive-recruiting firm Handy Associates. "We see executives walk in here having just stepped off a jet plane or having been in business meetings all day, and they're always carrying heavy cases, but they still look like Prince Charming."

The winners in executive chess also possess emotional stamina. But perhaps an even more important attribute, says McDermid, is that the successful businessman be career centered rather than family/personal centered. For example, a family/personal-centered individual who works in Denver may resist a promotion or a transfer if it means he no longer can ski on weekends. Or maybe he'll stay in his home town so his wife can visit her mother. A career-centered individual, by contrast, will rank success in his job ahead of weekend pleasure, and he will have selected a mate who isn't hung up with her mother. He may be psychologically imbalanced in the sense of having what McDermid calls an executive neurosis, but he also will tend to succeed. "He won't care whether he's working in ski country or in Siberia as long as it advances his career," he says.

But having intelligence, stamina and ambition may not be sufficient if the prospective corporation president fails to recognize career success as a game in which movement is governed by rational rather than random behavior. Good luck in business or in football comes from being in the right place at the right time, so that when the other team fumbles, you can pounce on the ball. Similarly, in poker, you won't be dealt aces every time, but when you get them, you

should know how to maximize your pot.

The ambitious young executive interested in pot maximization might study a perceptive book by Eugene Jennings titled *The Mobile Manager*. Jennings has populated his volume with such characters as the mobile hierarch, the crucial subordinate and the shelf sitter, but the vital section for the executive-chess player is a vastly complex appendix in which he outlines the science of mobilography. Promotions, transfers and demotions are reduced to a series of mathematical terms, complete with point values. Thus, the career path of a single man moving upward in industry might be converted into a symbology that resembles this: TULULUSLUS.

The key mobilographic symbols are: T, U, L and S. T stands for technical. This identifies a nonmanagerial position of any kind, such as salesman, engineer, scientist or accountant. U means up, a promotion to a position of higher authority or difficulty. L is lateral, a transfer to a job on the same level carrying the same degree of authority and responsibility. S means stay, remaining in one position and not receiving a promotion.

The four basic symbols have the following point values: T = 10; U = 5; L = 3; S = 2.

The person who moves from his technical (T) job to a managerial position, where he commands at least two other people, receives 10 points. It is a one-shot bonus, which, for example, the Procter & Gamble sales trainee receives when he leaves work in the field to become an assistant product manager for Lilt. From this point in his career, all promotions, such as the next move up (U) to product manager, earn 5 points apiece. If the executive transfers laterally (L) to another job—say, from the Lilt account to the Duz account—but doesn't move upward, he receives 3 points. A person who stays (S) in one position for longer than average time earns only 2 points. Should he remain two or three times the period it takes the average executive to move out and up, he becomes formulized as S_2 , S_3 , etc. Jennings refers to these arrested individuals as shelf sitters: They're waiting for the corporation to move them rather than moving themselves.

Consider how mobilography can be



"Dear diary: Today, Wendy returned my tie-dyed shirt and my Ché poster and told me to find someone else to repress and exploit."

utilized to analyze the career of Sherman, our original mobile opportunist. Sherman's shift from salesman to assistant product manager earned him a T (10). When he moved to product manager, he added U (5). He quit the company to join Booz Allen, a second consecutive U (5). His movement within Booz Allen to executive search rated L (3), as did his move to consultant on the conglomerate staff (3). His next two shifts within the conglomerate, resulting in a general managership, were both U (5 + 5 = 10). Moving from the conglomerate to the corporation, he dropped in title but rose in size of job, thus L (3). He next became vice-president and general manager, another U (5). His shift to vice-president of marketing with the \$800,000,000 organization rated L (3). He made his ultimate U (5) when he became president. The mobilographic chart of Sherman's career thus can be stated: TUULLU-ULULU. This translates to 52 points. In the 16 years it took him to reach the top, he averaged 3.25 points a year, a phenomenal rate. He moved so rapidly that he failed to accumulate a single S, or stay.

It would be wrong for anyone to plan his career with the single purpose of accumulating mobility points at the rate of three a year, or he might simply find himself sliding continuously sideways and never upward. Mobilography operates better as a retrospective science. You can more easily analyze your past patterns than predict your future ones. Moreover, you can more easily apply mobilography to the careers of others than to yourself. Should the young electronics executive analyze the careers of 20 presidents in his field and discover that, like Sherman, they had accumulated 52 points and a presidency by the time they were in their early 40s, he could assume that to be the pattern for success within his industry. Yet someone in banking or steel or food products might similarly audit the chief executives around him and discover that only 30 to 40 points were necessary for success, and at a different age. Patterns vary from industry to industry and from company to company. The person who is able to understand this and relate the mathematical probability of success to his own career movements becomes the one most likely to succeed in executive chess.

The executive-chess player, furthermore, can adapt the science of mobilography to aid him in deciding whether to job-hop or remain in place and wait for a promotion. Take as an example the career of Tom, an executive with a food company we'll call General Products. He joins the company at 22 and spends two years as a bakery-products engineer. Then top management invites him to shift to the corporate staff (T), where he becomes an assistant product manager for Quik-Rise Flour. Af-

ter six months, he moves up (U) to product manager on that account, and six months later becomes product manager on an account that produces three times the income of the earlier one and involves more responsibility (U). Two years later, he shifts laterally (L) to a similar position with Super Flakes, still within the General Products marketing group. The following year, however, he moves out of marketing (L) to work as assistant to the organizational general manager. (A second lateral move at this point might have indicated that Tom was being plateaued. Instead, his company merely wanted to groom him for a higher position by giving him more experience in a related field.) After one year, he receives a promotion (U) to marketing manager within the foods division. Tom stays in this new job three years, at which point he is 32, boasts a \$30,000 salary and is one of several candidates for the next upward position: director of marketing for foods.

Armed with a knowledge of mobilography, Tom analyzes the graph of his career as: TUULLU. He has accumulated 31 points, or an average of 3.1 points per year spent with his company. But this knowledge does him no good unless he also knows the track records of those who have preceded him in the position he covets. By some cautious snooping, he obtains the career records of the past 20 executives to have become directors of marketing within General Products. The typical director of marketing, he learns, had scored an average of 36 points in 12 years. Tom thus can make a numerical comparison with his predecessors, and he learns that they scored an average of 36 points in 12 years. He now can see that if he receives the promotion in two years, he will receive five points for the U and thus match the record of his predecessors. Should he receive the promotion sooner, say tomorrow, he will better their pace and thus be more likely to receive another promotion, to vice-president. Considering his mobilographic average (3.1 points per year), he can anticipate the promotion to director of marketing with some probability of success. Tom can wait two years for the promotion and still maintain pace.

But should he wait? Not necessarily. Rather than either job-hop or wait in his present position, he might consider a lateral move. He could, for instance, obtain two years of marketing experience with the company's international division. When, two years later, he receives the director-of-marketing job, he will have accumulated 39 points—3 points more than his predecessors. Thus he will jump ahead of their pace and more likely be first in line for the next promotion, to vice-president.

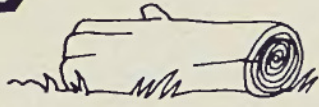
This assumes, however, that Tom's opponent across the executive chessboard

is not playing the same game. In reality, the corporation might be compared with the chess master who accepts simultaneous challenges from a number of novice players. Two dozen others may sit beside Tom, attempting to outmaneuver the master, and one of them may checkmate him. To avoid this, Tom also must analyze the career patterns of his peers. Should he uncover several or even one with a higher mobilographic average, he may assume that he's behind in the race to the top. Suppose his best friend, Fred, also entered the company ten years ago but, because of a different promotion pattern, has accumulated 34 points to Tom's 31. Fred's 3.4 average would rank him ahead of Tom and increase the likelihood of his receiving the next promotion. But suppose at the same time, Tom succeeds in moving laterally into the international division; those 3 points pull him even with Fred. On the other hand, Fred may anticipate Tom's move and ask for the international assignment himself. Since he already has the lead, he is more likely to get the assignment. Unless Tom can counter with another move, he may need to leave the company or else resign himself to traveling forever in Fred's shadow.

Mobilography, however, should be considered more compass than map. It tells you the direction in which you're going without necessarily indicating the direction in which you should go. A rising executive who becomes overly obsessed with numerical relationships may forget that, ultimately, performance determines success. "I'm very suspicious of the guy who sits down and says, 'Here's exactly where I'm going to be at 40,'" says executive recruiter Ward Howell. Moreover, the executive-chess player must not ignore intuition. Regardless of what the charts tell you about your relative position in the hierarchy, if you sense that position about to deteriorate, bet your hunch: Look for another job. As we have indicated, mobilography operates better in systematizing the past than in predicting the future.

In fact, the executive with the highest mobilographic rating midway through his career may not succeed at the end. Eugene Jennings feels the most vulnerable executive may be one with a pattern such as this: TUUUUU. This TU₅ individual has had a continuous series of upward promotions with no lateral moves allowing him time to consolidate his knowledge. He may propel himself continuously upward on the crest of success after success, following the 80-20 rule: that 80 percent of the job can be learned in 20 percent of the time. But this works only to a point. With each rapid promotion, he leaves another 20 percent of the job unlearned. At some critical point in his career, this accumulation of deficits may provide a gap in his

Jimmy the Log



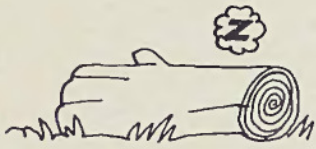
... ONCE THERE WAS A LOG NAMED JIMMY.



HE WAS NOT HOLLOW OR IN ANY WAY VERY OUTSTANDING OR INTERESTING.



SOMETIMES BIRDS WOULD SIT ON HIM, BUT HE WAS NOT FOND OF BIRDS AND THEY WOULD FEEL THIS AND GO AWAY.



ALL IN ALL, IT WAS NOT A VERY GRATIFYING EXISTENCE, SO HE DOZED MOST OF THE TIME.



ONE TUESDAY, A PRINCESS WHO HAD BEEN OUT LOOKING FOR FROGS TO KISS SAW JIMMY, AND, BEING TIRED....



... SHE HOISTED UP HER SKIRT AND SAT ON HIM.



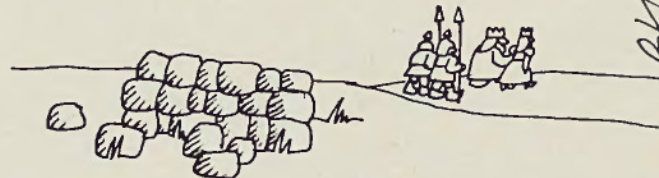
IT WAS SORT OF LIKE A MAGICAL KISS, SO IN A FEW MINUTES JIMMY TURNED INTO A HANDSOME BUT DULL YOUNG MAN!



JUST THEN THE KING AND HIS MEN CAME OVER THE HILL, SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, AND MISINTERPRETED EVERYTHING.



JIMMY WAS THROWN INTO A BOTTOMLESS WELL AND THE KING THOUGHT SERIOUSLY ABOUT PUTTING HIS DAUGHTER IN A CONVENT.



MORAL: IT IS BETTER TO SLEEP LIKE A LOG THAN TO HAVE A BAD SEX LIFE.

B. Kibean

executive knowledge into which he may plunge to ultimate oblivion. As a consultant for such corporations as IBM, Jennings recommends that TU₅s be "outsponsored" to lateral or less critical positions for a year or two as a sort of sabbatical after rising too fast.

The TU₅ who scrambles rapidly up the executive ladder may think that he's playing a winning game by continuously asking for promotions, but he's actually endangering his position on the board. In rushing forward with his queen and knights, he may leave his king defenseless. When the next promotion beckons, instead of grasping it, he should sit back, light his pipe and consider the consequences. Are there other moves on the board? The best one for him may actually be lateral rather than upward. Take as an example a young chemist we'll call Chuck. After receiving his Ph.D. in chemical engineering at 27, he becomes a research assistant with a large pharmaceutical corporation. Within a year, the lab director assigns him four research assistants and the task of finding a better birth-control pill. Chuck displays great ability in managing his assistants. Thus, the following year, when the assistant director of the laboratory leaves, Chuck gets his job. Two years later, he becomes director of a similar-sized laboratory whose main function centers on aspirin.

As laboratory director, Chuck has risen as high as he can go in the pharmaceutical corporation while wearing his long white coat. Two years later, at 33, he moves to the corporate staff as assistant manager of the pill division. The next step upward will be to division manager. Within two years, he spots an opening at that level in the mouthwash division. He knows that if he pushes for that job, he'll probably get it. But he begins to

feel uneasy about the speed of his ascent. Rather than rising too slowly, he's been rising too fast. In addition, a shift to mouthwash would mean learning a new product line. If he fails to succeed in mouthwash, he may ruin his career. At the same time, Chuck doesn't want to remain in his present spot much longer, for fear of losing momentum. Examining all openings in the pharmaceutical corporation, Chuck sees a second possibility: He could become assistant manager in the tooth-paste division. This would constitute a lateral move. Should he move up to mouthwash, laterally to tooth paste or stay in pills? He decides to establish a set of point values for each of his three choices and determine his fate mathematically.

Chuck assigns mobilographic values to his choices: 2 points if he stays (S) in pills; 3 points if he moves laterally (L) to tooth paste; 5 points if he moves upward (U) to mouthwash. He then sits down and figures the possibilities for success in each of these three areas. He already knows how to function as an assistant manager in pills, so his chance of success there is 100 percent. If he moves to tooth paste, he already knows 80 percent of the job from having functioned at that level, so he judges that to be his probability of success. If he jumps to mouthwash, however, he must cope with not only new functions but a strange product line. He rates his chances 30 percent. If he multiplies the mobilographic number by the percentage number, he thus obtains a point index for the value of each job:

Pills	2 x 100 =	200
Tooth paste	3 x 80 =	240
Mouthwash	5 x 30 =	150

The choice becomes obvious. The later-

al move offers him the highest point value, so he will ask for the job in tooth paste. Since an executive can promote himself sideways more easily than upward, he most likely will get the job.

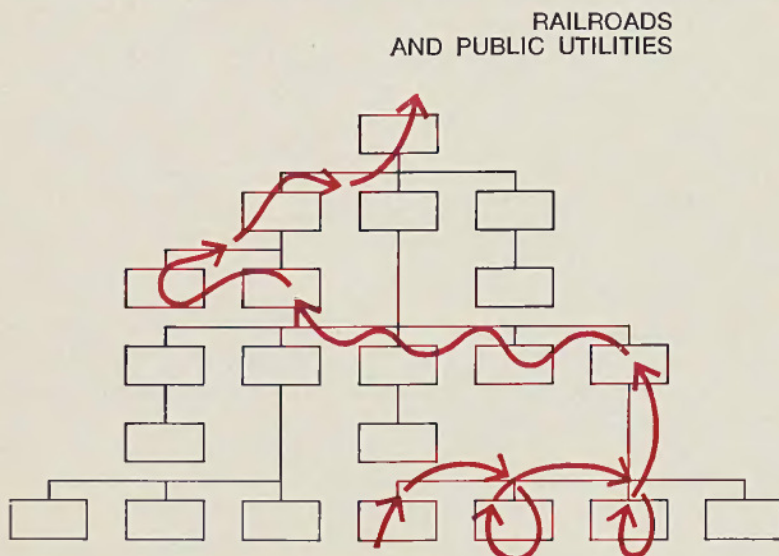
Chuck based his decision on the assumption that pills, tooth paste and mouthwash exist as equal entities within the pharmaceutical corporation. In actuality, though, this rarely occurs, which brings us to another rule: Each company has a favorite function.

The favorite function usually is the division generating the greatest profits or the biggest challenges. Thus, in the past, most top General Foods executives have come up the Maxwell House Coffee route. "If you're in Procter & Gamble," comments one executive recruiter, "and each of the four group managers has brand experience in Duz and none with Jiffy peanut butter, consider it a hint. That doesn't mean you can't make it from Jiffy, but it will enhance your chances if you can get Duz brand experience."

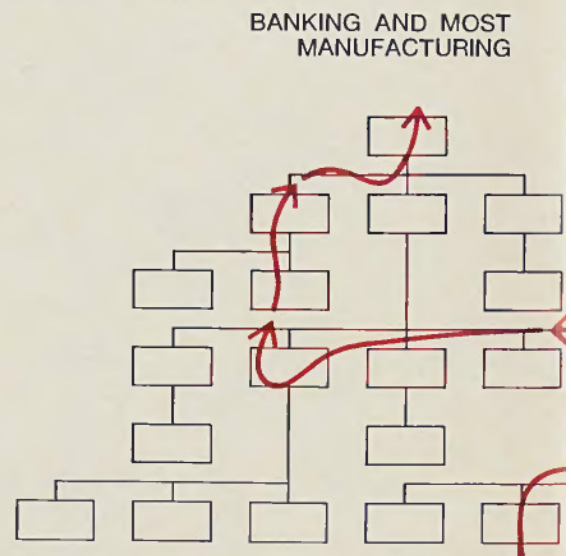
Aside from favorite functions, most corporations have favorite disciplines. Thus, at Procter & Gamble and General Mills, marketing men rise to the top, and financial analysts succeed at I. T. & T. They also rise fast at Ford, though the top job frequently goes to an engineer. At General Electric, men rise through the marketing area but usually go further if they have an engineering background. In Chuck's pharmaceutical corporation, the men who sell the pills may ascend over the chemists who devise them. Thus, Chuck's best route may be through neither tooth paste nor mouthwash but out to a different organization where chemists reach the top.

American business has gone through

UP THE ORGANIZATION CHART: how quickly you rise to the top depends on the inner rhythms of your industry



You can expect to work your way up slowly. Youth is suspect. After two or three decades, upper management will feel a little more comfortable about having you around.



The move is quick up to the middle-management spots, then slower as you slog your way up through acres of assistantships to the presidential suite.

cycles in which differently skilled men have tended to land the high-level positions. These cycles coincide roughly with the decades and relate to the problems of the period. In the Forties, businessmen worried mostly about producing sufficient goods to satisfy demand, so production men rose most rapidly. In the Fifties, with an abundance of goods, the problem was how to sell them; marketing men took charge. In the Sixties, as more and more companies merged with or acquired other firms, financial men came to the fore. Ideally, a corporation president today should, in addition to having general business experience, have worked for a C. P. A. firm and also have a law degree. Some observers feel that manpower problems will become critical in the Seventies, thus look for personnel types to shine. Data-processing men may own the decade of the Eighties, though today a data-processing specialist tops out at \$30,000 a year as a systems manager. He fails to ascend higher because he works with machines, not men. It does little good, however, to know that this is the decade of your specialty if you are a financial analyst working for a company whose presidents have majored in business administration and law. The skilled executive-chess player, of course, would never find himself in this position—or, if he did, at least would know the exact moment to move to another job.

And he would follow the earlier rule: Move from the board at your convenience, not that of the other players. "It has to be before it becomes an obvious decision," says Tom Ledbetter of Cadillac Associates. "The next employer needs to feel he is seducing the man he hires. So many people wait until the ax falls or they're at an impasse before putting their talents on the market. They spend irre-

trievable time getting relocated. The minute they're not up to their progress chart, they should make their availability known."

An astute executive recognizes the signs indicating either progress or stagnancy. At any point, he can examine the indexes and monitor his upward speed. Suppose you decide to become president of a manufacturing company and, having read that this is the decade for financial acumen, select finance as your route to the top. At the University of Illinois, you major in accounting, then enter the Harvard Business School for a master's degree. You become an auditor with the accounting firm Price Waterhouse (carefully steering clear of tax work in that firm, because that would brand you as a technician). After 30 months, one of the senior partners at Price Waterhouse invites you to remain permanently with the firm, but you want to pursue your career in industry. "One of our clients, the XYZ Company, needs an accounting manager," says the senior partner. "I'll see if I can get you the job." You get the job. In two years, XYZ promotes you to assistant comptroller. Two and a half years pass and you know that, according to your progress chart, within the next six months you must either become comptroller with XYZ Company or leave. You can stay and try to become comptroller, but if you fail, you will lose career time and may even have to exit abruptly. You can move to another company, but for the rest of your career, you may wonder whether or not the job would have been yours. Should you stay or leave? Mobilography functions as an effective science for systematizing mobility patterns, but it necessarily ignores the realities of company politics. Consider how you might con-

struct a political chart to guide you in your movements.

First, call your secretary and have her cancel your appointment for lunch with the other executives. Next, reach into the first drawer of your desk and select one sheet of blue-lined accounting paper. Write the number 100 at the top. That represents the bonus award for just being you. You figure yourself worth at least that many points. [100]

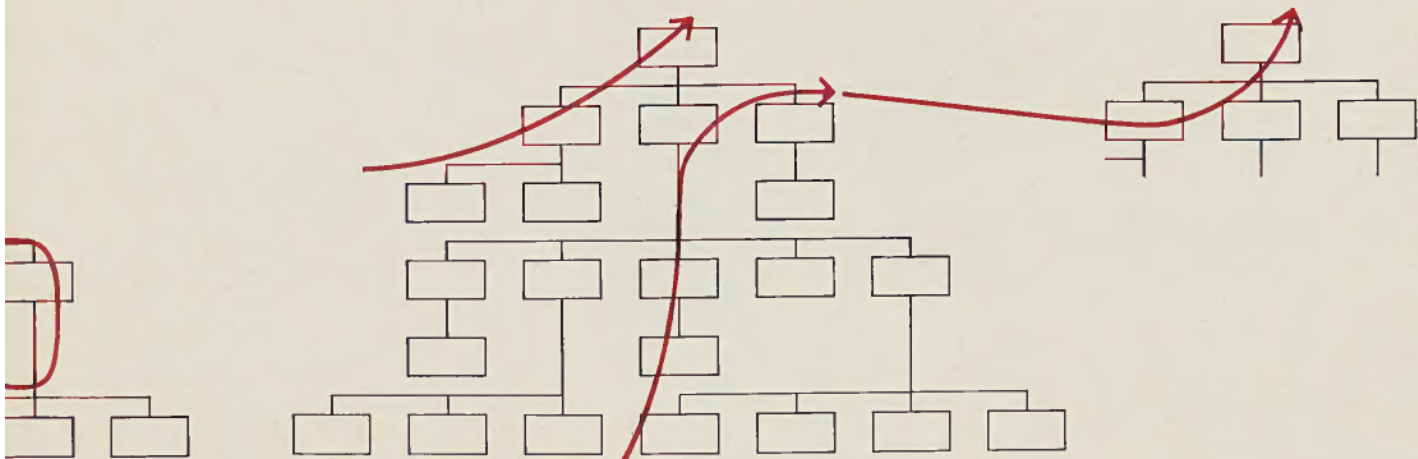
The first index you need to consider is money: how much you earn compared with others at your level. Since you work in the financial department, you will have easy access to such figures, but you should know anyway approximately what others around you make. For every \$1000 a year you make above the average, add one point. For every \$1000 below, subtract one point. (Let's assume you make \$23,000, compared with the \$20,000 average for others at lateral positions within XYZ Company, thus three points.) [103]

You also need to consider your salary relative to those in other companies. As it happens, you've just received Harvard Business School's five-year review of graduates' salaries. Add or subtract one point for each \$1000 increment above or below average. (The average 1963 H. B. S. graduate earns \$18,000 in finance, so you get five more points.) [108]

List on the left side of the paper the names of the executives with whom you would have lunched today if you hadn't stayed in to plot your career. For every person on that list above you in rank, add one point. For every person below, subtract one point. (Ralph, Jim and Bill match your level in seniority, but Ted and Bob have vice-presidential rank: two points.) [110]

For the past 24 hours, you have logged

ADVERTISING, PUBLIC RELATIONS AND PUBLISHING



The youth professions: If you're not at or near the top by your late 30s, you're in trouble. Motion, any motion, is essential and the most likely president will be a bright light now in a neighboring company.

every visitor through your office door. Score one point for every executive of higher rank who crossed your threshold. If he sat down to talk, you earn an additional point for every five minutes he remained in your office up to a maximum of five points. Assess no penalty points for visits from lower-level executives; but, if one sat down to talk, subtract a point for every five additional minutes you let him stay. Maximum penalty: five points. (Ted and Bob each visited you yesterday and Bob remained an hour to discuss an important stockholder presentation: seven points.) [117]

Consult your chart of phone calls made within the past 24 hours to higher-level executives. Subtract one point for every time the secretary said you would be called back. Add two points for each time you received a direct connection. If the executive you called was the president, add two points if he calls you back. If your call goes through to him, award yourself five bonus points. (You placed five calls and got through each time, except to the president, who called you back: 12 points.) [129]

Reach into your desk for the company house organ and check the box score of the executive softball game played at last summer's picnic. What happened when the president came to bat while you were pitching? Subtract one point if he struck out. Score no points if you walked him. If he hit the ball, score one point for

each base he reached. If you hit him with a pitched ball, subtract five points. (The president made second base on an error, but you have to share credit with the shortstop who committed it: one point.) [130]

You scored 130 points—about what it will take to assure your eligibility for the comptroller's job. Merely breaking even in penalty vs. award points may not suffice, since the job should be *obviously* yours to justify endangering career time waiting for it. "If in every advance you make you have to compete with two or more others, you are on the point of leveling off," claims one Cadillac Associates counselor. "A man should be of such caliber that his suitability for the next job is unquestioned."

Of course, an executive may be perfectly eligible for the next position, yet never attain it. If the comptroller of XYZ Company has 15 years' service and ten more until he retires, tear up your score sheet and phone an employment agency. The executive who plays the game well should seek openings at two- and three-year intervals, either within his present company or without. Moreover, he needs to take advantage of these openings as they occur, since the ultimate rule of executive chess is: When a player fails to move, he forfeits the game.



MINI REVOLUTION

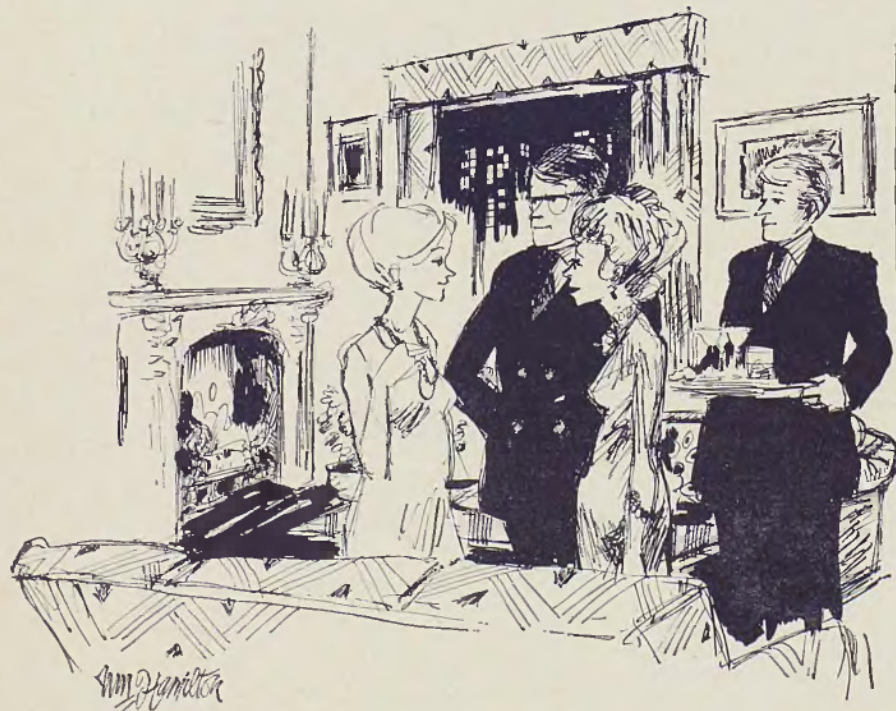
(continued from page 130)

than the Volkswagen. Jim Hall thought the ride spongy—which may reflect the race driver's preference for fairly taut springing—and objected to the car's tendency to "hook in"; that is, go to oversteer when the throttle was lifted in a corner. The Austin was not really stable on a straightaway. I thought the amount of engine noise and vibration excessive, and final data did show that only three of the cars were louder at low speed. For urban use, these flaws are not critical and will, for some, be outweighed by the excellent boulevard ride, good mileage, ample load space and low price. I liked the car well enough, driving it around Midland streets, but I didn't enjoy pushing it hard on Rattlesnake, because performance was inadequate for that kind of work. The test car had a manual transmission. If I were buying, I would take the automatic, simply on the principle that in anything but a genuine high-performance motorcar, manual is a bore.

CAPRI SPORT COUPE. A heavy swath through the European market has been cut by the Capri and it will do well on this side of the water. For some tastes, the Capri has a flamboyant air: fat bulge on the engine-compartment lid, thick crease along the sides, simulated brake-cooling scoops aft the doors, high-mounted race-type gas-filler cap. However, our consensus was that it's a sharp, good-looking motorcar. It was one of two fastest of the lot at 99 miles per hour and in the top group in acceleration: 15.8 seconds to 60 mph. Only one car, the Vega, outstopped it, and only two, the Opel and VW, equaled it at .91 g and 132 feet from 60 mph to standstill. This was an automatic, working off a well-placed T-bar lever, and if handled with reasonable regard for the workings of the device, it offered the sought-after turbinelike gear progression. The Capri had a number of insignificant but beguiling details—clock mounted conveniently on the shift console, for example, and a genuine, made-in-England gooseneck Butler map lamp. Performance considered, 27.4 miles to the gallon of gasoline is commendable.

We all liked the Capri and no one entered a heavy criticism of it. The 2000-c.c. engine would be my choice, and the automatic, but Jim Hall opted for the 4-speed. He particularly liked the handling, flat ride, competent suspension and good straight-line stopping, and was not put off by the slightly excessive understeer that we all noticed.

DODGE COLT. Mitsubishi has been selling the Colt in the home islands for a while



"Everything about your life seems so wonderful: great apartment, great clothes, sun trips, sun friends—tell me, Jane—what's Tyler like in bed?"

and began peeling off 3000 to 4000 units a month for us at the first of the year. Good things are made by Mitsubishi, the Nikon camera for one, and the house is the biggest corporate entity in Japan, where anti-monopoly regulations are not very anti: Mitsubishi is in ships, oil, airplanes, financing, insurance. One would expect the Colt to be a good, well-worked-out kind of automobile, and it is. Two of the figures we charted on it were exemplary—it squeezed the Volkswagen hard on mileage, at 32, and only the bigger-engined Vega could outaccelerate it, and that not by much.

There are four body styles: 2-door hardtop and 4-door sedan, station wagon and 2-door coupe, all running a 1600-c.c. engine, small but strong, single overhead cam, hemispheric combustion chambers and 5-bearing crankshaft. Devices usually thought of as optional are standard here: adjustable steering wheel, tilt-back seats (except in the coupe), 2-speed windshield wipers, a good closed-window ventilation system. There are extras: air conditioning and automatic transmission. The interior is remarkably handsome, except for the trunk, and doesn't look at all "economy."

The Colt is fast all the way through the range—too fast, I felt, for its handling traits. Braking was poor, with front-wheel lockup and rear-axle hop easy to come by, plus oversteer in hard corners. The variable-ratio steering is pleasant for ordinary use. The Colt is a handsome little motorcar and I'd have liked it a good deal had it given me more of a sense of security.

PLYMOUTH CRICKET. At first sight, the name plate and flower identifier on the side of the Cricket strike one as the cheapest-looking notion since fake-wood station wagons, but, bearing in mind the number of flower-power VWs cruising around, Plymouth may know something we don't. At any rate, here we have the Avenger, a brisk mover on the British market, its 70-horsepower four-cylinder engine pushing one body style, the 4-door sedan. Detroit publicists are seasoned experts in double-think semantics and a fine example of the art comes with the Cricket press material: "Designers attribute the distinctive styling of the Cricket to the fact that the car was conceived solely as a 4-door sedan, not as an adaptation of a design for a hardtop. Thus, the styling is free of the compromises that are necessary when the same basic body shell is used for different configurations." Well, one body style anyway, pleasing to the eye and capable of transporting four humans in reasonable comfort.

The interior is not an unalloyed delight; there is a good deal of molded



"Miss Barth, I've just gone through an agonizing reappraisal of our relationship!"

plastic and rubber matting in view. Controls are handy, except for what Plymouth calls "distinctively designed pods on the sides of the steering column" for lights, washers and wipers and so on. These, and the ignition-steering lock, are perhaps not really bafflers, they just take a few hours of learning with the owner's manual on your lap. Getting in and out of strange automobiles all day does tend to build an understanding of the short fuse that is the outstanding characteristic of parking-lot attendants. Not being mnemonists, none of us even tried to remember on which car the transmission had to be in reverse before the key would stop squealing or which one mandated the key out, not in, to unlock the steering. As for safety-harness fastening methods—no hope. A logical mind new to the problem might wonder why we cannot have standardization of these gimmicks, plus uniform dashboard instrumentation and shift patterns, but you and I know that permanent world peace will be easier to come by.

The Cricket's braking power impressed all of us as extraordinary. Jim Hall remarked it first, with the caveat that the fronts (power disks) were a bit *too* strong. I was surprised, when we had the data, to see that the Capri, VW and Opel were better, if only by a little, at .91 g, and the Vega considerably better at .95—the Cricket had somehow felt stronger. Our car had a banshee howl in the differential, which I choose to believe was atypical, and a most alarming groan, with accompanying stiffness in the steering column, plus a reluctance to find center and stay there. Otherwise, the handling was exemplary and we all en-

joyed driving it. I thought the Cricket's roadability fabulous when I noticed that I was going into the Mexican at 86 mph. Disillusionment came later, when the speedometer proved to be the wildest of all: it showed 87 for a true 80. Still, if that's the worst thing that can be said about the car. . . .

DATSUN 510. The Japanese automobile industry is the youngest in the world, and, next to the American, the strongest: Since 1956, production has doubled every three years! The Datsun is produced by the Nissan Motor Company, part of a huge complex of vehicle makers.

Nissan turned out 1,375,000 Datsuns last year, so the make, while fairly new to us, has been thoroughly de-bugged. In 1969, the Japanese exported only 14 percent of production and they are turning cars out so fast, to meet a steadily increasing home demand, that their own doom criers point to 1974, when they'll be putting 3,300,000 cars a year on a wholly inadequate road network, as the year of saturation. Thus, as in so many other things, the Japanese will get there—in this case, a nationwide bumper-to-bumper traffic jam—before anyone else. (Presumably, Tokyo will have before that time made a new breakthrough in pollution control: Even now, city traffic policemen take pure oxygen at regular intervals.) This farsighted view, plus the work obsession of the average Japanese, who makes even Germans look like dedicated loafers, accounts for the Japanese export drive, so formidable that it has struck fear into as sturdy a type as Henry Ford II. Incidentally, Nissan has been reported as intending to build a passenger

car using the steam-powered engine—it cooks Freon instead of water—developed by Wallace Minto of Sarasota.

The sophistication of the Datsun 510 is reflected in items such as its expensive double-universal independent rear suspension that, unlike the basic swing-axle layout, keeps both wheels vertical relative to the ground over any road surface, and in interior noise level: In the low-speed range, it was the quietest car we had, only 4 points louder than the comparison Cadillac. It has a really working flow-through ventilation system and three adults can ride in back without unseemly intimacy. Handling is good if not extraordinary under stress and the normal ride is excellent.

FIAT 850 SPORT COUPE. If this motorcar had a Made-in-Patagonia plate screwed to the fire wall, you would still know instantly that it's Italian. Perhaps not from the outside, but once the door is shut and you're looking through the pierced-spoke steering wheel at the saucer-sized tachometer and speedometer dials, once you hear the four-cylinder engine, all 903 c.c.s of it, muttering away behind you, then it has to be. The body is deceptive; there's nothing extraordinary-looking about it, save the extreme rear chop, but, as the chart clearly shows, a lot of wind-tunnel hours have gone into it. The Fiat is a rarity: You can put your foot flat on the floor, and leave it there all day, without feeling you're throwing away gasoline. (When you do fill it, eight gallons is overflow.) The seats are comfortable and bucketed, but it's tight behind the wheel for a big man: Jim Hall, considerably over six feet, couldn't really find the combination. There's a lot of pedal offset to the right, which takes getting used to, so much so that several times, going into a corner, I caught myself looking down to be sure I wouldn't put both feet on the clutch and nothing on the brake. Like most rear-engined cars, it will show straight-line instability in a cross wind, but not enough to be a nuisance, and final oversteer if it's really pushed in a corner. The car is low enough to suggest, for the first 50 miles or so, that you're sitting on the road, but after that, you forget about it, probably because you're marveling at the amount of push coming out of 58 horsepower. Italian engineers have never worried a lot about noise, and the Fiat was one of the three loudest, level with the Pinto at 15 mph and only a couple of points quieter than the Vega.

In a sense, the vehicle was outside our pattern, being oriented more toward touring than urban use. When I had a chance to run on the open road for fun, with 14 cars to choose from, I usually

took the Fiat, but when I went home at night, I drove something else.

GREMLIN. On first sight, I liked the Gremlin better than anything else. I was in good company: the Gremlin was Don Gates's favorite, too. Cameron Argetsinger, who had said from the beginning that the Vega was number one, called us both daft. I still think the Gremlin a splendid-looking car; the rear-end treatment, I insist, is stunning; and I will not back off on dandy little touches such as the inset steps that make the roof rack an easy reach and the big dash-mounted lock for the glove compartment. (The test car carried every option but radar.) Once it's under way, however, the Gremlin is less enchanting. For example, the power steering is pure overkill, all power and no feel whatsoever. At Midland, we had the 3-speed manual transmission, an archaic arrangement without synchromesh on first or reverse. To say the Gremlin won't stop is an exaggeration, but 183 feet from 60 mph is a long time to wait and wonder if you're going to hit the wall or not. In right-hand corners, the engine invariably cut out, presumably due to fuel starvation. Pulling 135 horsepower out of its six cylinders, it took the Gremlin pretty quickly out of the hole—14.3 seconds to 60 mph—and it was faster on top than anything save the Capri. The inevitable trade-off for this performance was in fuel consumption, 25.6 miles to the gallon, not really bad in the over-all scheme of things, but lowest of the cars we had on hand.

I still like the way the rear window opens to take luggage. Granted, I might not enjoy that long lift over the sill, but it certainly does look dandy, rising lightly on its countersprings.

OPEL 1900 SPORT COUPE. Opel is one of the monument names. There've been Opels on the road since 1898 and, by 1912, the firm had made 10,000 cars; in 1935, it was the biggest producer in Europe. It's in the General Motors family now. The make has for years been thought rather staid and stodgy, but Opel used to swing, and when Gary Gabelich did 622 mph in a natural-gas rocket car last autumn, long memories recalled Fritz von Opel, who pushed a rocket car to 125 mph in the late Twenties. The "doctor's-car" image is changing now: The Opel GT has had good acceptance here.

The Opel 1900 was one of my Midland favorites. I liked it so much that I drove it more than I should have. It had a solid, well-built feeling and it conveyed the impression that it would last. Oddly, though the body looks aerodynamically right, the sloping roof line being particularly attractive, it churned up quite a lot of wind noise, 79 decibels at 60 mph, ranking it even with Vega and Volkswa-

gen. The engine, not itself notably quiet, was well insulated. Braking was superior, at 132 feet and .91 g, and it stopped dead straight. Extremely sensitive in the seat of his pants, like all race drivers, Jim Hall was more or less critical of the ride quality on 13 of the 14 cars, the Opel being the only one he would say was "very good." It was quick—13.8 seconds to 60 and a top speed of 97—but still gave 29.1 miles to the gallon. All around, a good car.

PINTO. The automotive-mechanic population of the United States is about 40,000 short. In some communities, it's almost impossible to find a mechanic who'll come to start a stalled car: like doctors, auto mechanics don't make many house calls anymore. The "do-it-yourself" alternative collapses when you first look seriously under the hood of a standard V8. Change the sparkplugs? On some engines, you can barely see them, and only a special jointed wrench, rubber-collared to hold the plug tight when it's loose, will bring it to daylight. Ford has a better idea: The Pinto is about as simple a vehicle as the market will accept and, with it, you get a 129-page illustrated home-service manual. It's loaded with labeled drawings and photographs and it starts at ground level: Figure 241, for instance, is captioned "Adjustable Wrench" and the one working part is clearly labeled "Adjustable Screw." Figure 243 is captioned "Hand Cleaner." (The stuff is called "GOOP"; it contains lanolin and other good things.) If your capacities are overtaxed by doing two things at once, such as reading and using a screw driver, you can get a recording. The Model T is back and there is hope for all of us.

Pinto, son of Maverick, is the line that leaps to mind—it has the same long hood and short deck. The car looks bigger than it is, and with reason: In one dimension, width, it's almost 9 inches past the VW, a statistic reflected in interior room and not much roll in corners. The engine is the Capri's, with the usual transmission choices on the 2000-c.c. engine only. The smaller engine is available only with the manual. It's noisy—82 decibels at 60 mph, the highest figure we recorded—and a lot of vibrations come through. Road shock also is heavy through the body and particularly the steering wheel, a big one by today's standard. In braking—all drums—the Pinto compares badly with its primary rival, the Vega: 162 feet against 127, and .74 g against .95. It was almost uncontrollable in panic stops from maximum speed. I thought it very good in corners and reasonably stable on the straights. The test car, running the small engine, did 81 mph; the 2000-c.c. version should add ten to that. There's a surprising amount of room in back—

limited travel on the driver's seat and none at all on the front passenger's—but you wouldn't want to live there. There is an extended option list and you can build a deluxe version of the Pinto if you like. But it still is going to be difficult to stop.

This observation suggests that the self-appointed car tester takes rather a lot upon himself—maybe too much. Usually, he's assaying only a single example, and the danger of condemning 50,000 automobiles for the flaws of one is ever-present. There are, however, two safeguards: If the car is bought anonymously off the dealership floor, that's one thing, but when the maker knows in advance, and can select the vehicle, one must assume it's a good one. Second, it's often possible to consult other testers. In the matter of the brakes on the basic Pinto, not many huzzahs are heard in the land.

RENAULT R10. Renault has been selling automobiles to Americans for 65 years, and the subcompact model R10 is, from a moneysaving point of view, king of the castle. Low in initial cost, at \$1799, it's also a super gas miser: The test car did 36.2 miles to the gallon at a steady 60 mph, a reading not seriously threatened by any of the other cars and exceeded only by the phenomenal Fiat 850. It was by no means the slowest on pickup at 17.6 seconds and the actual top speed, 83 mph, was close enough to the maker's 85 mph claimed. It has disk brakes on all four wheels, good rack-and-pinion steering (the most positive system, a gear wheel on the end of the steering column meshes with mating teeth on a straight bar that turns the front wheels) and it can be stuffed into minimum parking space. In other words, good for city use. But for long over-the-road trips, not so good.

The R10 uses swing axles in the rear: two drive shafts universally jointed to the differential. The swing axle was one of the early solutions to the independent-rear-suspension problem, and it works: the bump the right-hand wheel hits has no effect on the left-hand wheel. This system has been used by some notably good automobiles, Porsche and Mercedes-Benz among them. Swing axles have a compensatory disadvantage, however, which is that the combination of short wheelbase, rear-engine weight and swing axle makes a car relatively unstable in side winds and tricky in hard corners and sudden severe direction changing. If a swing-axle car is pushed hard enough, the outside rear wheel, which is taking most of the side force, will tuck under and begin to move the rear of the car independently of the front, setting up a violent oversteer. A driver who knows the phenomenon can cope with it if he's sharp, but he must be quick, because it's a right-now kind of happening. Sometimes, even an expert, like the Chaparral

technician who was driving the Renault on the Rattlesnake skid pad when it dumped, will miss—even though he knows he's asking for it by pushing the car hard.

The Renault was not everybody's darling at Midland, the objections most often cited being the offset pedals and the odd gearshift positioning, the lever having to be stuffed into the seat cushion to get reverse, bringing it just about under your leg. The brakes were good, as would be expected of four-wheel disks on such a light automobile. But it was rough in side winds. In the Fiat, I followed Harold Gafford along Route 349 when he was running the Renault's mileage tests. A strong wind, gusting to 25 mph, was blowing across the road and Gafford had to work hard to hold the car dead straight and maintain a precise 60 miles per hour. I had gone for miles at rates up to 90 and, while the Fiat let me know it was windy out there, I wasn't in anything like Gafford's trouble. Jim Hall's reaction to the Renault's road

behavior was definitive if brutal: He said that taking it hard into corners gave him the positive conviction that he was going to come out facing the other way. I can't believe that the good old swing axle will show up on many Renaults in the future.

SAAB 99E. I've been a Saab admirer since 1959, when a factory-team driver took me for a flat-out ride on the gravel roads around Linköping in Sweden, and a week with the new fuel-injection 99E model did nothing to diminish my regard for the make. Beautiful it's not. The shape is chunky and boxy to the point of being positively anti-aesthetic. (But you can see the ground 11 feet ahead of the bumper.) Still, looks and heavy steering at slow speeds are all I can cite against the automobile. This is a vehicle that has been screwed together to stay. To peer into the engine compartment is a pleasure; it looks as if it had been put together by aircraft mechanics. The Saab see-through headrests are the most sensible



"Excuse me. Which have you been playing—red or black?"

made. The interior is luxurious and the high-speed sound level was the lowest of the 14. The Opel had better acceleration and top speed, but I was faster around Rattlesnake in the Saab—attributable, perhaps, to front-wheel drive or, more likely, absolute confidence. But, as I said earlier, the 99E was running out of its class and it would have been surprising if it had not looked good. Still, it did do well, and it should have—price does matter.

TOYOTA CORONA. The Toyota Motor Company is the 15th-largest corporation in the world outside the United States, has been making cars since 1936, reached an output rate of 100,000 cars a month two years ago and is now the world's number-five producer. With little advertising and an exploitation budget that Detroit would be ashamed to allocate to a new horn button, Toyota sold 208,112 cars here last year, second only to honorable number-one import. If you think all this happened by chance, return to square one. It was brought about by bright people, who had the inestimable advantage of knowing that they didn't have all the answers, or even all the questions. So they boarded JAL jets in large numbers, tried out cars all over the world, found out and went back to tell the folks manning the drawing boards. The Toyota Corona isn't the most exciting thing on wheels since the Curved-Dash Oldsmobile, but it is a good automobile homing in tightly on its target.

The Corona 4-door sedan has disk/drum brakes, a comfortable ride—which would be improved by bigger tires—and a well-thought-out, well-put-together interior of practically solid plastic that is so good you may not notice it. As with other industrial materials, the Japanese have certainly found out about synthetics in the past couple of decades. My notes on the Toyota begin with a remark about value for money: It carries as standard a lot of other makers' options—power brakes, adjustable seat backs, tinted glass and whitewalls, for openers. And 30 miles to the gallon from a solid new engine taking 108 hp out of an overhead-cam, 5-main-bearing configuration. Since the engine is 1860 c.c., or 116 cubic inches, that's almost one hp to the inch. Another edge the Corona has is the 4-door setup. Nobody really likes to climb into a car, particularly a small one, over a bent front-seat back, and Toyota proved the point by selling over 80,000 4-doors here in 1970.

VEGA GT. The Vega was, overall, the best in the corral at Midland, reflecting a clean success, one might almost say a triumph, in meeting conflicting objectives. For example, the Vega is certainly a subcompact—our test car, running the big engine and optioned to the roof, pumped out almost 31 miles to the gallon—but it looked and

felt bigger than any of the others, a circumstance that endeared it to some of the testers on sight. Fear not, the long-conditioned American love for the big barge is not going to disappear overnight. The Vega outaccelerated everything else, outbraked all the others with room to spare and even showed an almost-honest odometer, at 9.95 miles for 10 true. Negatively, it had the highest interior low-speed noise level, and the brakes, while they would put out .95 g, needed a lot of leg. When I first took it fast into a corner, I had a second or so of deep thought, and even Hall, used to standing on brake pedals, complained about the effort required. Handling seemed to be just about impeccable, the car completely controllable at all speeds and in all attitudes. The Vega was designed for an objective rarely achieved: absolute neutral steer with no loss of straight-line stability, even in wind. Theoretically, a perfectly neutral car, pushed past the limit, will go off the road all in one piece; in fact, when given enough throttle, the Vega will finally go to oversteer, but it will stick for a long time first.

The 2300-c.c. engine is unique. It has a die-cast aluminum block—the dies weigh 75,000 pounds—a high silicon content in the alloy making the usual inset iron cylinder liners unnecessary. The valves move on a single overhead camshaft driven by a cog belt that runs the fan and water pump as well. The engine is a strange-looking device, but accessible it certainly is—indeed, it looks lost in the space one usually expects to find crammed to the top with wires and plumbing. Like the Pinto, the Vega comes with owner's fix-it book, not as detailed and explicit, but adequate. Visibility is good, four people can be packaged in reasonable contentment and the seats, while much too soft for my taste, will please short-trip riders.

The enthusiasm I'm reflecting for the Vega GT must be tempered by the observation that this was a top-line model, the second-heaviest-optioned car we had. It was the only one of the 14 running on wide rims and fat tires, for example, and, while its handling was obviously inherently superior, the amount of rubber it was putting on the road had to be an advantage. It was a splendid motorcar, but it carried a \$2944.75 sticker. The basic \$2091 Vega 2-door sedan, with the 90-horsepower engine instead of the 110, cannot be expected to run with it or feel like it. This may be why Chevrolet has allocated only 20 percent of production to the sedan, while the coupe is down for 50 percent.

VOLKSWAGEN SUPER BEETLE. In line with carefully maintained tradition, the new Volks looks much like the old one on the road, except for a noticeably bulgier trunk

lid. Inside, it's different: 89 ways different, the factory says. The new engine delivers 60 horsepower and much of the suspension and chassis system, front and rear, is new—diagonal trailing arms in back and MacPherson struts in front, working on a track three inches wider. This change has finally fixed the handling problem that gave the old Bugs a deserved reputation as lethal oversteerers. (I once saw one spin across a four-lane freeway coming out of an underpass into a cross wind.) Front-strut suspension takes less room, so a great deal more can be piled into the trunk. The heating system now delivers through seven outlets and there's a 2-speed blower on the flow through. The floor is fully carpeted and, all in all, there's not much left of the old bare-bones look. The interior detail is superb, with first-cabin German-quality workmanship showing everywhere. I suspect the Super Bug will be in heavy demand. The Midland test car certainly was: We took it off a dealer's floor, it was the only one he had, and, as it went out the door, an irate customer was still waving a wet check over his head and demanding that we bring it back.

The VW stopped inside everything but the Vega, Capri and Opel, and it was surprisingly quiet once you'd slammed the doors. And with the windows closed, they take slamming, because the Bug is still all but airtight. What surprised us was the handling: The Super Bug really sticks in there, it was a revelation on the skid pad and you can belt it into a corner now without any of the old "oh-oh, here it goes" sensation. The VW, they say, is about to be shot down. I'll wait until I see the flames.

The subcompact is, perhaps, the wavelet of the future. An eminence of Detroit has suggested that when our children come of age, anything bigger than today's intermediates will be tagged deluxe. Possibly. If that's the case, the assaying we have attempted here may have some significance.

None of the 14 Midland cars perfectly mated with the mold into which we were trying to fit it: a motorcar exactly suited to urban use, quick and sure-footed on the highway, aesthetically delightful in form and sophisticated in accommodation. Some cars were well sized for the city but aesthetically unsatisfying. Others were fast over the road but flawed for urban use by individual traits such as high fuel consumption or heavy steering. The ideal doesn't exist. We must hope that it, or a reasonable facsimile, is on a drawing board somewhere.

And so, as the setting sun reddens the plains of Texas, we leave old Rattlesnake Raceway, slightly saddlesore and, maybe, a little wiser.





"Actually, I never intended to go this steady."

RADICALISM/BETTELHEIM

(continued from page 121)

In the reformist and revolutionary activities of middle-class American college men, I see a repetition of the behavior patterns of their socially conscious mothers. These boys work for a cause with emotional fervor, rather than with the approach that business or technical activities require. Accomplishment in business—indeed, in politics—demands devotion to logic, long-range planning, practicality, willingness to compromise, acceptance of routine and drudgery. These qualities, indispensable to productive work, are repellent to many young radicals. They engage passionately in a controversy but are ready to withdraw from it the moment it becomes boring or tedious. Ralph Nader has commented bitterly on the waning of student enthusiasm for the ecology movement after the initial hoopla of Earth Day 1970. During the student strike after the Kent State calamity, it was only *work* that stopped in many colleges, while fun—in the form of

movies, rock concerts and the like—went right on. And, of course, immediately after Cambodia and Kent State thousands of young men and women vowed that they would be out the following November to work for peace candidates. A little over six months later, however, the number of students actively working during the 1970 elections was insignificant when compared with those who had claimed they would.

Marx never said that revolution would be fun. The New Left speaks of "revolution for the hell of it" and its values are theatrical. The melodrama becomes tragedy when some young people begin to see themselves as romantic bomb throwers. They shirk the task of educating the people and building a mass movement, those long-established practical strategies of the left. They think they can do their teaching by breaking plate-glass windows, by setting fire to buildings that could be used to educate the people.

The student revolutionary's lack of realism is an important reason for which he is frequently rejected by members of the working class. Typically, he tries to get close to the workers through his dress; he wears blue jeans and a work shirt. Trying to get to people by dressing in a certain way is a feminine, consumer approach, focusing on external attire rather than on basic function. It is the mother who tells a boy he can't go to church without a jacket and tie; he learns the lesson so well that ten years later, he still feels that there is a correct uniform for every occasion and he wouldn't be caught dead in the streets without blue jeans and a work shirt. I remember that in the early days of the Communist Party in Austria, members were taught that you couldn't reach the workers merely by dressing like them; you had to live like them and work like them; you had to learn from them long before you dared to try to teach them. Today, a left-wing student thinks he can walk into a factory wearing the appropriate garb and start lecturing the workers on the way our fascist-pig establishment oppresses the struggling third-world peoples. This is exactly the attitude of the Victorian Lady Bountiful, who feels herself above the men who do dirty work and who don't know about the really important things in life. American workingmen sense that they are being patronized and want to kick the snobbish young sermonizer right out the plant gate.

Such aberrant behavior as this feminized approach to politics does not take place when children are able to identify with the parent of the same sex and to love the parent of the opposite sex. To make such healthy identification possible, it is not important whether the father has all the authority or whether the mother and the father share it; it is important simply that there be specific male authority and specific female authority. It is the attractiveness of each role that makes the child want to identify with it and decide which parent he will want to choose for the object of his love. Hardly a culture in the world does not provide in some way for distinct male and female roles; only in the affluent sector of our own society does the blurring of distinctions make it difficult for the son to identify with his father.

Psychoanalysis has derived its notions of the proper role a male parent should play in his children's lives from the observations Freud made in Vienna in the late 19th Century. His studies, of course, were limited to authoritarian, Victorian families. He learned that psychological problems stemmed from the faults of this type of family. But when the Victorian family worked well, mental health, as Freud understood it, resulted. Today, we



*"James Buchanan was our most intelligent President.
He never got married."*

are so used to hearing about the oppressive horrors of Victorian life that we forget that many of these families were happy and produced healthy children. The popular idea that the family in the 19th Century was a dreadful institution and the psychoanalytical idea that all families resemble it are both wrong.

In Freud's day, the male personality still developed as Goethe, both statesman and poet, had described his own: "From father is my stately gait, / My sober way of conduct, / From mother is my sunny mind, / My zeal for spinning tales." As Freud saw it, the paternal influence created the superego—that element in a person's character that laymen call the conscience. The mother, on the other hand, gave the child unconditional love and satisfied his needs, thus teaching him how to gratify those bodily drives and emotional needs that psychoanalysts describe as belonging to the id. A child carries images of his parents in his mind, or, as psychoanalysts say, he internalizes them. If all goes well, the boy acts as he thinks his father would want him to and he tries to be the kind of person his mother would love. The ego, which is the conscious self, is formed, according to Freud, to mediate between the conflicting images of the judging father and the loving mother.

For a child to form his personality out of interacting masculine and feminine images, the two must be truly different. Today, the mother is both nurturing and demanding, while the father often is neither. The child is not offered the example of one person representing the principle of pleasure and the other person the principle of duty. Out of this confusion, the child develops a conscience, which tells him, "You have a duty to enjoy life." Thus, there are young people who feel that work ought to be all fun and who look on nine-to-five drudgery as somehow immoral. They often try to drop out of the world of work and careers. Other people turn the fun of life into grueling labor: zealous tourists, dogged golf-swing improvers, fanatic car bulls, people who worry that they're not getting as much pleasure as they ought to out of sex. How impossible the pursuit of pleasure becomes, even in sex, when it assumes the character of a moral duty!

In old Vienna, the male parent unquestionably represented the principle of duty, and sons felt respect, awe, even fear, toward their fathers. And the boys had something to look forward to: the idea of having similar authority and commanding similar respect when they grew up. In adolescence, through revolt against paternal authority, one gained further strength and masculine pride. But how can one revolt against the weak fathers of today? They often do not seem worth the trouble. Instead, the children revolt against the establishment. But this does not work out for them,



"We create it, we clean it up—business couldn't be better."

either. After a successful adolescent revolt, the boy may reidentify with the best in the father. But how can our student revolutionaries reidentify with a distant and anonymous establishment? Either they get stuck in their adolescent revolt or the establishment defeats them. In either case, they can't reach maturity and deep down they despise themselves for a failure that is not of their own making.

Freud's teachings have generally been taken as the last word on psychodynamics, but he made scientific observations, he did not formulate laws. Freud would never have made the mistake of declaring that people in a different society, such as our own, could follow the Victorian pattern for effective child rearing without appropriate modifications. Families can take many forms as long as they serve the needs of children. A few years ago, I studied the Israeli *kibbutzim*, the collective communities, for a short time. Here children do not live with their parents; they are raised in groups. One of the most important factors in the lives of the children, though, is that they constantly visit both parents at work. And when the children come, everybody stops working and explains to the children what they're doing and why it is important to them and to the community. Through that experience, the child

gains respect for the work of the parents. People have wondered how *kibbutz* children grow up so well when their parents are distant figures. The answer is that, while there are only a few basic needs, there are many ways to satisfy them.

A child need not be raised by his biological parents. Freud made so much of the Oedipus complex or Oedipal situation that many people believe a male child *must* have a jealous desire for his mother and an envious hatred for his father in order to grow up normally. But there has been much argument among anthropologists about whether or not this Oedipal relationship really exists in all societies. As I see it, the chief thing is to understand the basic principle underlying the Oedipus phenomenon, which is applicable to any family structure: The human infant for many years is entirely dependent upon and in the power of some individual or individuals. If you're in someone's power, for better or worse you have to come to terms with that person. If the person doesn't abuse his power, you come to love him. But in whose power the child is, and with whom he has to come to terms, can vary greatly.

Consider my own history. Today, I teach psychoanalysis at the University of Chicago and, of course, my students read Freud on the subject of how all-important

a child's mother is. After I've let them expound on the subject, I try to open their minds a bit more by telling them some of my personal story. During my early childhood, the person who fed me, took care of me and was with me most of the time was not my mother but a wet nurse. This was a custom among the upper-middle classes in Vienna at the time. The nurse was a peasant girl in her late teens, who had just had a baby out of wedlock. She left the baby with relatives and hired herself out to suckle the child of a well-to-do family. To make sure she gave a lot of milk, she followed the folklore formula of drinking a lot of beer. So my entire care as an infant was entrusted to a girl who had little education, was by our standards a sex delinquent, was a little high on beer most of the time and was so devoid of maternal instinct that she left her own child. I am the deplorable result.

The reasons why a relationship that, according to theory, should have been unpromising worked so well were that the girl had no interest other than me; she took good physical care of me and, being a peasant, was without undue fastidiousness about diapering and toilet training; the beer kept her relaxed and happy; she didn't discipline me excessively and didn't overawe me intellectually. It was not an idyllic upbringing but it certainly was adequate. And because my nurse was awed by my father, I learned to look up to him by observing her. Thus, I acquired respect for him without his having to discipline me directly. My father was a very gentle man, very secure in himself, so convinced of his inner authority that he never needed to make a show of it. I didn't have continual fights with my parents, because the dos and don'ts came from the nurse, somebody who wasn't much of an authority. An infant learns very early what the power relations are in his family and these hold the key to his development.

My father was a good model for me. As a child, I visited him at his place of work. I spent many hours there, watching him, more often just playing. The pace of life was still leisurely enough to permit my father to drop what he was doing and explain things to me. I saw other strong men work hard. Their respect for my father and his for them, without my being aware of it, made a deep impression on me. Such experiences make identification with his father seem worth while for a boy.

Besides respecting the roles of the two sexes, people should be able to clearly differentiate between them. Dichotomy, duality, is one of the most fundamental characteristics of both nature and philosophy. As Buckminster Fuller says, "Unity is plural and at minimum two." The oracular Chinese book, the *I Ching*, presents 64 figures made up of six lines. This large number of figures is made

of different combinations of just two kinds of lines, solid and broken. The solid lines represent the masculine yang principle and the broken lines, the feminine yin principle. The child selects the characteristics he prefers, inventing his own individual mix. There are many more than six characteristics in the human personality, each of which has its feminine or masculine version; thus, the possible kinds of human personality are infinite.

The trend I've described in today's middle-class family is that the loss of attractiveness and distinctness in the father's role impedes the satisfactory working out of this process. What can be done about this situation? Obviously, we can't turn back the economic or technological clocks. But ideas as much as tangible necessities have caused the decline of the father. We must renew our appreciation of the polarity of the sexes and be enriched by the inner tensions it creates. While I do sympathize with liberated women to a degree, I don't think they should make it their goal to become as much like men as possible or to change the image of men. They should concentrate on finding themselves as women.

We males cannot expect women to find roles for us that are suitably masculine; we have to do this ourselves. The new masculine, heroic ideal may possibly focus on discovery. All through recorded history, the discoverer has been a man, even the discoverer of the pill, which may solve the most pressing problem of mankind: overpopulation. The astronauts who set foot on the moon, and also those who managed to return their crippled spaceship, fired the imagination of the entire world. A new masculine pride can come from discoveries of the mind, from the brain, not from brawn. Our cities need to be rethought and rebuilt, the very pattern of our lives will have to be reshaped so that men will again be able to derive pride from what they are doing on this earth, maybe even beyond it. The problems and possibilities are immense.

The task is not one that can be mastered in comfortable leisure. But leisure, the absence of struggle, order, harmony were the ideals the GIs of World War Two adopted, a natural but mistaken reaction to a horribly destructive conflict. The absence of tension is just as deadly as too much of it. This is one meaning of the Zen question "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" One hand alone strikes empty air and makes no sound at all. This is why the young crave confrontations. The college administrators who face student dissenters are too often men who are lacking in masculine security and have based their careers on the principle of harmony at all costs. So, instead of meeting questions and openly recognizing that unavoidable conflict exists, they try to evade it. One reason Dr. Hayakawa has succeeded in restoring some order at San Francisco

State College is that he was not afraid of real confrontation in place of academic soothing syrup. He stood up to the demonstrators in a manly way, instead of pretending to be on their side while actually trying to undermine them. One of the most compelling testimonies to the life-giving properties of conflict is Sartre's description of how it felt to be in the French Resistance from 1940 to 1945: "We were never more free than during the German occupation. . . . Because the Nazi venom seeped even into our thoughts, every accurate thought was a conquest. Because an all-powerful police tried to force us to hold our tongues, every word took on the value of a declaration of principles. Because we were hunted down, every one of our gestures had the weight of a solemn commitment."

Freud said that life results from an imbalance and the effort to re-establish balance. If a new imbalance is not created, however, there will be death. Hegel and Marx both summed up life as the conflict between thesis and antithesis, which is resolved in synthesis, which in turn generates a new antithesis for a new conflict. Without this process, life would come to a stop.

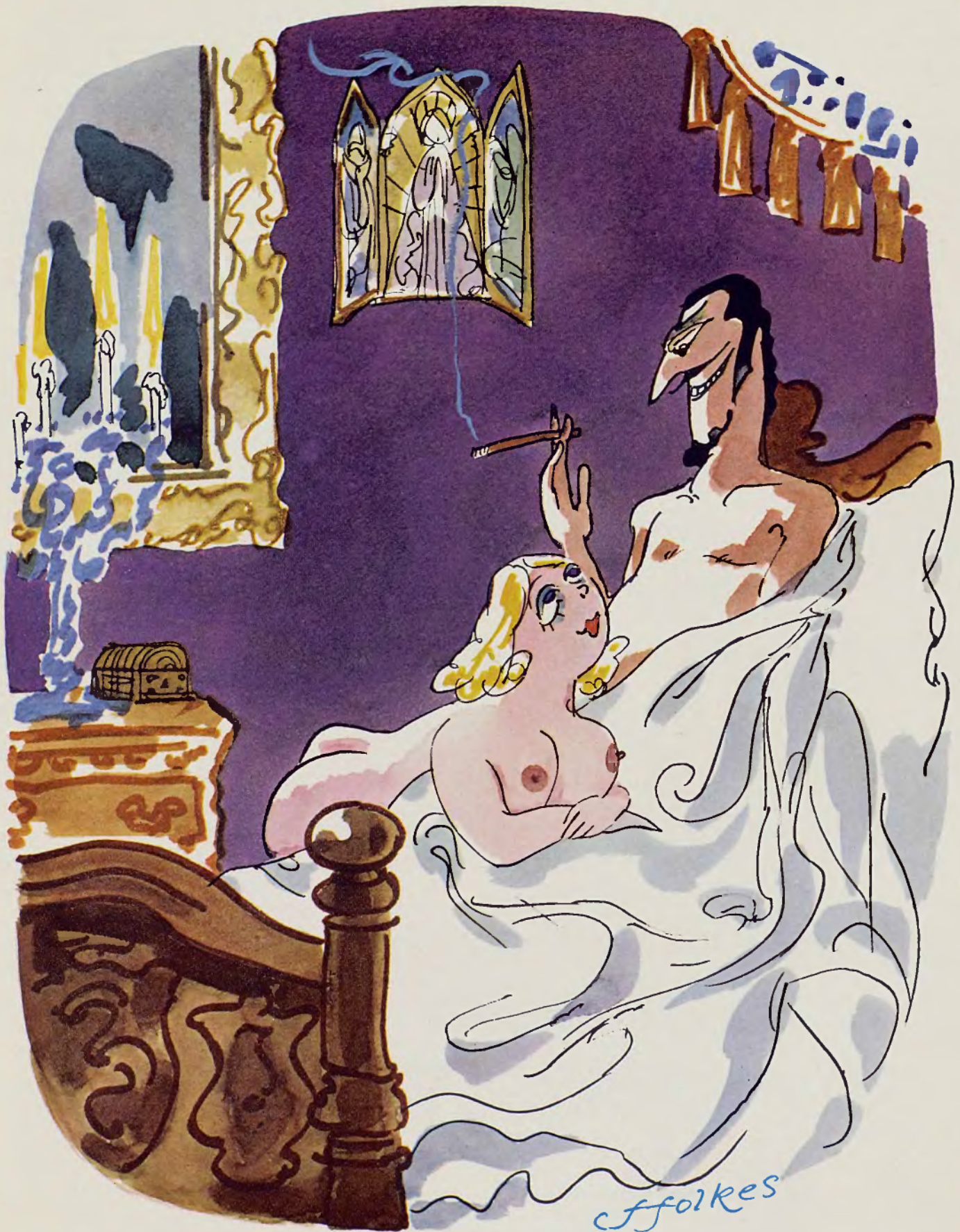
Next to sexual pleasure, one of the great experiences of life is climbing a mountain and growing hot and sweaty in the process, then coming upon a cold lake and jumping in. You may be shivering and have to jump out again in a minute, but what delight there is in the sudden change from hot to cool! Compare this with swimming in a tepid pool. Where there is no tension created, none is relieved. The affluent middle-class American wants life to run smoothly, doesn't want any difficulties. He wants the mountain to be level and the pool to be tepid. And then he wonders why his children reject him.

Kant said that aesthetic pleasure of the highest order comes from the fact that the artist creates a unity out of a variety of elements. One of the oldest images of the human soul is this metaphor from Plato's *Phaedrus*:

Let the figure be composite—a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now the winged horses and the charioteers of the gods are all of them noble and of noble descent, but those of other races are mixed; the human charioteer drives his in a pair; and one of them is noble and of noble breed, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble breed; and the driving of them of necessity gives a great deal of trouble to him.

At this point, the naïve utopian asks, "If both horses were alike, wouldn't they pull together better?"

Yes, they might. But how empty, how boring!



"Now you know why we're called grandees, my dear."

THE BOX (continued from page 123)

There's no reason for this; I'm dying for no reason.

Someone dropped some letters into the chute and he yelled after him, but he only seemed to leave faster.

He started fanning himself with an envelope, noticed the return address on it: the Sexual Freedom League. He debated for half an hour whether to open it, finally decided he'd be dead by morning, anyway, and tore it open. It was an announcement of an orgy the next night on the South Side, all friends welcome, and included was a picture of a naked boy and girl. He put the address in his pocket and hung the picture from a convenient rivet, trying to make the best of his situation, creating a little homeyness out of the austere new surroundings. With sudden realization, he saw that this was to be his new home; it was the same kind of epiphany he had reached as a youngster when he had discovered that when the letters of the lines and spaces of the treble staff were synthesized they formed the alphabet. He smiled with new satisfaction and riffled through the letters he'd been sitting on, opening first the ones with interesting handwriting. Most were so superhumanly pedestrian it was boring, then depressing. He opened an Army envelope. The letter went:

Dear Ed,

I've applied for another tour of duty here in Vietnam, I like it so much. You begin to hate these little yellow slopes. I just want to kill them all. I found this girl and her little sister and xxxx x xxx xxxxxx xxx xxxx x xx xxxxxxx x xxxx xx xxx and I xxxxxx xxx her xxxx xxx little rats. See you next year.

Ralph

Joke, thought Aaron. The next one he picked was a suicide note. It read:

Jonah,

I'll be dead when you get this. It wasn't your fault, honest. I don't know what I can do to make you believe that, but I just can't worry about that at this point.

All my love always,
Beth

This really shook Aaron and for some time he tried shouting again, but ended by feeling only very useless, helpless, totally constrained, prevented from any action whatever, no control, no possibility of implementation of his decisions, desires. He sat. He worked off his pants, sat still again. He feebly waved a letter through the opening but soon stopped; he took off his shirt and hung it out, but someone stuffed it back in about 15 minutes later.

If Grandpa were here, he'd know what to do, Aaron thought morosely. He had liked his grandfather a great deal. They lived at opposite ends of a century, touched lives only briefly, in the middle. And then, on his 80th birthday, Grandpa fell down the steps of his home and hit his head. After a few days in the hospital, he was fully recovered physically, being a lively old fellow, but he had total amnesia: he had forgotten the past 80 years. His entire life was nonexistent in his memory, as if it had never been; no jokes, no wars, no fallen comrades, no bullshit. In his 81st year, he had to begin from the start (except for language, which tool he had retained), and this seemed to Aaron a prospect so crippling as to want to kill yourself. But not to the old man. He made new friends, read new books, thought new thoughts. His goal in life, he used to chuckle, was to reach the age of 21, so he could legally drink before he died. Once, he told Aaron, "If you're ever someplace you don't want to be, then hit your head like I did and you'll be someplace else."

That's how Grandpa died—he hit his head with a hammer and died.

Someone mailed a letter and tried to close the mailbox flap, but Aaron's shoe was in the way; Aaron yelled up for help, but this scared the caller away and he was alone again.

Another letter dropped onto his head, the corner scratching close to his eye. He yelled and swore and embarked upon a long river of invective, lasting some minutes. To his amazement, a voice responded down the opening, very patiently:

"You should not hate so much, young man. Hate is not a satisfying emotion."

"I don't hate anybody and I don't hate you most of all," he replied sullenly, still unready to believe anyone was willing to recognize his existence.

"What have you to be so angry about?" came the voice, historical-sounding in the way it echoed in the small metal box.

"I'm locked in this box," Aaron said.

"So are we all, boy. It is a box of loneliness. God made Adam and then Eve because He knew Adam was lonely, and He knew this because Adam was made in His own image, and He knew that *He* was lonely. You don't want to get out; you only want a friend to get in there with you."

Aaron heard him walk away and became first very desperate and then very tired. There was a slow rumbling outside, amplified in his container, and finally it started to rain, a summer rain. The plinks made a nice sound on the steel and he welcomed the cool air that began to enter the box and surround him. A few drops even managed to bounce their way to his face and he relaxed a

little. He was comforted, too, by the thought that the rain was driving all the other people into their own little boxes; cars and houses and store lobbies and umbrellas, each fugitive creating his own distinctive patter in the storm. He heard footsteps approach quickly, slow down, and some letters were dropped onto his head.

More running steps.

The relieving cool changed his entire outlook. His future didn't matter too much, it was certainly out of his hands, so he decided to get some sleep. He felt a little guilty about the opened letters but was more concerned about his shoe, which was now stuck tight in the open flap. He soon gave up his exertions to listen to the rain. The patter reminded him of something from his early memories—rain on a red wagon, maybe. No, on a greasy stained-glass window on 53rd Street. But that's in another life, he thought, and don't ever look back.

The rain gushed now and changed direction for a moment, so it was blowing straight in through the slot, washing his bare skin with cold, wet strokes. Then the wind stopped, or shifted, and he sat still, dripping. He felt chill and a new sense of malaise touched him momentarily, then left. He maneuvered his shirt off the floor, to drape over his back, but the new disquiet came again and grew. He sneezed.

He heard people and shouted. He thought he could hear them stop and yelled again, but there was no response.

He grew colder.

His shirt was no help since it, too, was wet, as were the letters on which he sat. His teeth began to chatter. He could think of nothing but his misery, of how damp to the very soul he felt. He even cried, so much worse was the cold than the heat. He tried as hard as he could to imagine worse suffering but could not. He could not really think at all; he sat and cowered, occasionally whining.

The wind changed again, throwing in new gusts or half pailfuls of rain water. It ran down his hair continuously now, down the inside of his arms, his thighs, the walls of the mailbox. His legs started cramping; his skin took on the feel of dank basement concrete, long kept from the air. The paper photo on the wall of the box curled moistly on itself, producing a new sexual position as the colors on the six-inch nudes ran together. He shivered constantly, quite unable to conceive of such torment much less understand it. The cold sank deeper into his flesh, while the rain poured in harder and harder still. Whimpering, without thought or sight, he sat, until quite without warning, an unusually heavy box, wrapped in brown paper and tied with string, tumbled through the slot into the box and struck him on the side of the head, letting some blood; he swooned for a number of long and sinister minutes

through various stages of nausea and vertigo until, mercifully, he lost consciousness.

When he awoke, he was cold and cramped but dry. There was a dim morning light overhead, but he had no idea of the time. His head ached horribly, more when he realized, with excruciating slowness, where he was. He put his hand up and felt crusty flakes of dry blood peel off his temple in places; his throat was sanded thick. He remained in a semi-stupor for a long time, thinking dismal thoughts when he thought at all.

After several hours, he began to rouse himself. This is still absurd, he thought slowly; it's just gotten to be a bad joke. He put his forehead against the cold metal to wake up, adjusting his position somewhat, as if arranging his life, assuming a calm pose that would enable him to think coolly and come to a rational decision, a plan. He listed all the alternatives in his mind and then proceeded to pursue each one.

First, he could call for help. This he did, loudly and thoughtfully. No help came, but his head hurt a little more than it had; this he noted. The next proposal suggested that he try to pick the lock on the door. Failing this, he attempted to force the door open with brute muscle. He pushed against it with his knees, his shoulders pressed to the

back of the box, but all he succeeded in doing was dislodging his shoe, which fell against his head and started the bleeding again.

It occurred to him, some time after he had stopped screaming, to open the package that had hit him. Maybe it was a gun and he could shoot the lock off, or a drill, or a Bible. He hefted it, listened to it, wondered what it might be. Doubtless something unique and meaningful, something for his freedom. Just like his grandfather, he would be transported to someplace new. He tore off the wrapping with difficulty and looked.

It was a brick. Just a brick. A very nice brick, to be sure, but nothing near the category of windfall or revelation usually associated with seeing stars. In the end, just a brick.

He thought a good deal more in the growing afternoon heat; but the brick episode had finished him, really. Most of his spirit and all of his misdirected hopes had been dissipated. Wasted. Wasted, man, he thought.

Ultimately, he decided to die heroically, to pen something historic on the wall and then light a match to the letters, a smoke signal for posterity, a lesson. He scratched the message in the side with a key, STOP THE WAR ON ONE SIDE AND ZIPPY TAKES IT UP THE ASS ON THE OTHER. He put on his hat—dignity of the

ceremonial uniform—lit a match and touched it to one of his socks. And then, miraculously, the door opened. Outside stood a quaking, dumfounded old mailman, not comprehending the vision of a boy holding a burning sock, wearing little else but a gold-braided hat, sitting inside the mailbox.

"Better to light one sock than curse the darkness," said Aaron, stepping out gingerly, gathering his clothes. He dressed himself and, leaving the man still standing there, went off to the residence of the authoress of the suicide letter; maybe he'd ask her to the orgy.

He got to the building and rang her bell. She buzzed the inside door and he entered, walked down one flight; it was a basement apartment. The door was closed; he approached and waited. It was painted in bright-blue enamel with a red number one in its center; he knocked on it twice. There were scuffling, retarded footsteps inside. He looked up and noticed there was an open transom, with a black shoe jammed in it, apparently to keep it from slipping shut. The door opened and a girl stood there, dripping wet, with a towel around her, water collecting in a puddle at her feet.

"I just got out of the shower," she said. "Come in while I put something on."

He did.



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The advertisement features a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark top and several colorful, patterned bracelets on her right wrist. She is leaning her head on her hand and looking towards the camera. In front of her are three packs of ERIK cigars: a Burgundy pack, a Regular pack, and a Red pack. To her right is a model of a Viking longship with a red and white striped sail and a dragon-headed prow. The ship is carrying a pack of ERIK Menthol cigars. The background is a plain, light color.

ERIK...the most pleasurable idea from Scandinavia since the blonde.

Inspired smoking now in three spirited flavor companions.

- ERIK REGULAR. Mellow tobacco taste.
- ERIK THE RED. Smooth burgundy flavor.
- ERIK THE COOL. Menthol taste excitement.

All three in the bold sized cigar of Scandinavian descent.

WHERE AM I?

(continued from page 92)

moment. As the interior of the restaurant had been recently and expensively redecorated, admitting, without argument, a cheap, pants-suited hooker seemed very much the wisest course of action.

What neither Joanne nor Cathy knew was that when the movie star called for reservations the following night, he was politely but firmly told there was no table available. And that he would be told the same thing every time he called till his dying day or until his mania reached such a point that he decided to buy the place. It was incidents like this that had caused him to wind up owning half a dozen fashionable restaurants both here and abroad. Three of these were so ludicrously successful that they had very nicely offset some considerable oil losses sustained during the star's previous fiscal year. Which, in turn, had annoyed his accountants, whose tax plan it had been to use the oil losses to offset his company's unexpected surplus of nonrental income. Actually, it turned out to be just about a wash.

That particular discussion might have raged on forever, but it was time for the girls to dress and leave for the Americana Hotel, where two gentlemen with Greek shipping interests were even then awaiting them.

. . .

"In what way?" Cathy asked.

"In what way what?"

"In what way am I out of my mother-grabbing mind? Incidentally, did you know that mother-grabbing is a hyphenated compound adjective and about ten years out of date?"

Joanne looked blank. It was an expression that became her.

The rainy spell that had lasted through most of March and April had ended, giving way to unseasonable heat and leaden skies, sullen with humidity.

It was six o'clock in the evening.

Cathy was seated, naked, at a card table on which a portable typewriter had been placed. It was her decision to forgo an evening of fun and profit with a famous movie director and his producer who were in from the Coast to scout locations in Harlem for an updated version of *Anna Karenina*, which they planned to shoot with an all-black cast, that had prompted Joanne's original remark. She fluffed her hair now with the towel.

"All right, then, if you don't like 'out of your mother-grabbing mind,' how does 'I think you're absolutely bonkers' grab you?"

Joanne was inordinately pleased with bonkers, a word she had recently picked up from a visiting English jockey, who had paid her in American dollars from an illegal account kept here under his mother's (an American) name.

"I have work to do," Cathy said. "I'm

getting behind in my assignments again."

And she was. Those damned Greeks had been in town for over a week. They had been jolly, plumpish men. Demanding but generous.

Cathy rolled a new sheet of paper into the typewriter. She was anxious to get on with becoming a best-selling writer. But it was impossible to work while Joanne put clothes on and took them off again, dumping them on the floor and complaining about her weight.

Joanne's bosoms, while not misshapen, were enormous. At the moment, they were a great professional asset. But when they went, they would go fast.

A decision was finally made.

A green pants suit. Joanne had an extensive wardrobe of pants suits.

"What if they want to eat first? What if they want to go to a decent restaurant?"

"We can always go to the Colony," Joanne said haughtily.

The heat in the apartment was oppressive. They had talked about putting in air conditioning, but it meant running in a 220-volt line and they had never quite got around to it.

"This place is like a steam bath," Cathy said. She rose from her typist's chair (newly purchased from an office-supply firm on Lexington Avenue) and went to the window. It stuck a little, but she finally managed to force it open. She stood for a moment, leaning out over the sill, breathing in whatever there was to breathe and watching the lights flicker on in the hideous rabbit-warren apartment buildings that lined the boulevard.

"Are they sending a car or what?" she asked, not bothering to look back over her shoulder. At least the carbon monoxide billowing up from the street was fresh carbon monoxide.

"They said to take a cab. They're using the car. They're looking for locations. They're not here for pleasure!"

Joanne talked largely in italics, which was another thing Cathy found soothing.

Then Cathy noticed the man.

He was standing on the sidewalk directly across from the apartment. He was staring up at the window. The light was still good enough for her to see him clearly. He was 46 or 47 (she had become terribly good at guessing men's ages. It was a parlor trick she sometimes did for side bets. They, if they took the bet, would always have to show their driver's licenses. That was part of the deal. Sometimes, when they were lying about their names, they didn't want to show their driver's licenses. In those cases, she collected by default. She was, however, almost always right). He, the man on the sidewalk staring up, was neither good- nor bad-looking. In fact, he has no particular look at all. His eyes were hidden by huge glasses. For all she knew,



"Armed robbery, resisting arrest and contributing to the delinquency of a myna."

they were twin telescopes. One, she suddenly realized, trained directly at her left tit, the other at her right. That is, if they were twin telescopes. Maybe the poor bastard was blind as a bat and simply looking for an address or something.

He wore a tweed jacket and baggy gray trousers.

He seemed harmless enough.

He could, of course, be the person who would subsequently be known in the world press as the Astoria Strangler, just standing there, bracing himself for his first shot. But Cathy doubted it. She decided to play it another way.

She waved. Not a wave with any invitation even remotely implied. Just a simple "Hi, there" wave. Then she rubbed her hands slowly over her breasts, lingeringly jiggling her thumbs on each nipple.

On the street, the man turned and fled. Some strangler.

From behind her, Joanne said, "What are you *doing* standing in the window with your *knockers* hanging out? This whole *place* is absolutely *creeping* with *sex maniacs*! Didn't you see *The Boston Strangler*? Now, come on, get in here and pull the blind! *You* may want to be *murdered* and *raped* and *strangled* in your bed, but *I* certainly *don't*!"

"We ought to put in air conditioning," Cathy said, turning away from the window. "It's like a steam bath in here."

"There's air conditioning at the Plaza," Joanne said, slipping her blue-plastic diaphragm container into her purse. She had no faith in the pill as a method of contraception. In addition, she claimed that it caused her skin to break out.

"How do you know you won't be murdered, raped and strangled where you're going?" Cathy asked, reseating herself at the card table.

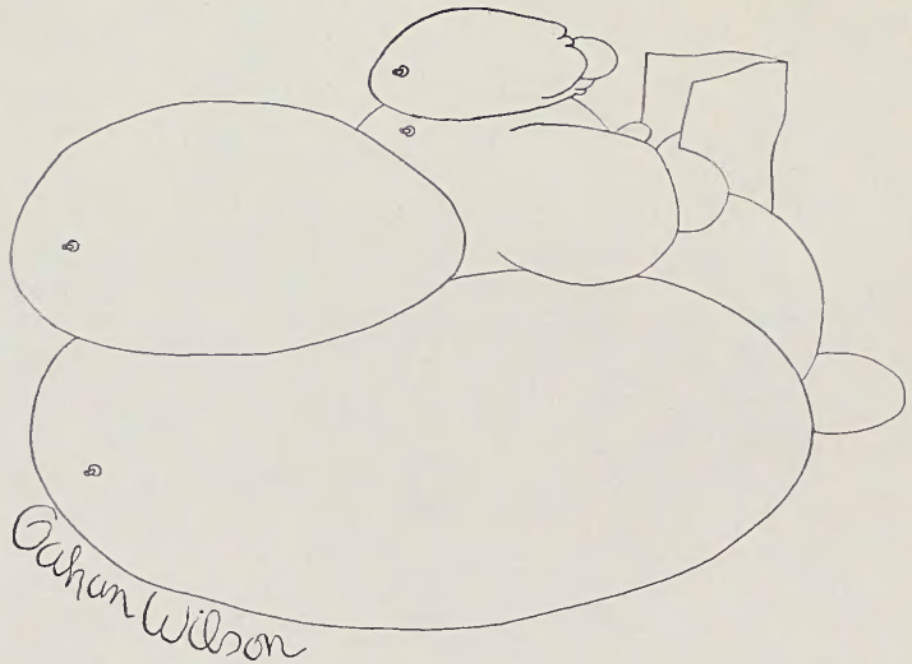
"At the Plaza Hotel? In *New York City*? With two gentlemen who are here from the *Coast* to look for *locations*? Are you out of your mother-grabbing *mind*?"

Pretty soon, she was gone. Cathy watched from the window until she was safely in a cab. There was no sign of the man with the twin-telescope spectacles.

The silence was refreshing. So was the lack of italics. Cathy picked up the latest communiqué from her instructor, H. B., if that's how he liked to refer to himself. Maybe that was one of the rules of the school or something. That the instructors be known to their students only by their initials. Bullshit.

Harvey Bernstein.

She knew his name as well as he did. Better, probably, judging from the hysterical nature of his more recent letters. The poor bastard seemed to be having a terrible identity problem. With no technical psychiatric background, Cathy understood the nature of the identity problem as well as anyone in the United States, with the possible exception of Lawrence S. Kubie, M. D. (*Neurotic Distortion of*



the Creative Process; Noonday, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1961).

After all, she was, as she had put it herself, a girl with no last name. Frequently, on tricks, she would even forget the first name she happened to be using. And she had made up so many different backgrounds and ages for herself that she was no longer able to distinguish between what had actually happened in her life and what she imagined had happened. Maybe there was very little difference, since imagining is also a form of happening. But Cathy was unconcerned with such high-level abstractions.

A drop of sweat, dripping from her chin to the upper portion of her left breast and then, still unnoticed, puddling down the soft pink-skin slope, leaped from her nipple and landed squarely in the middle of the typed page that she had prepared the night before as part of her new assignment for H. B.

It left a stain.

It (the stain) caused her no distress. Instead, she smiled. On Harvey's last letter, there had also been a stain. He had handled it brilliantly. He had simply ringed the stain with a pencil and written in his own hand: tear-drop from right eye. She now picked up a pencil, ringed *her* stain and wrote in her own hand: sweat-drop from left tit.

She only hoped that the mark of her tit-drop (she liked that better, but it was too late to rewrite it without messing up the page) would not turn the poor bugger on even more than he seemed to be already. Maybe she should never have sent him the photograph. But, knowing she was barely literate and wanting desperately to take the course, she had done what she had always done. Used what she had.

Two weeks before, he had sent her a paperbacked edition of one of his (it now turned out, non-best-selling) novels. He had been very careful, of course. He had torn off the cover and the title page, thereby hoping (or not hoping?) to keep his identity secret. What he had (or had not) forgotten was that the title of the non-best seller was printed on the top of each page.

It had been a simple matter to go to the public library, check the title in the card files, discover the author's name and, after obtaining a library card under a name she could no longer remember, take out his two other novels and his two volumes of poetry.

The novels seemed more or less to celebrate the use of the hyphen and the semicolon and had to do with rivalries among professors on various college campuses. Bullshit.

But the poetry was something else. She had never encountered blank verse before. Between it and his letters, he had managed somehow to touch her.

The truth of the matter was that Cathy had developed a kind of long-distance crush on him. She had always been a sucker for losers. Especially born losers.

The prose passage she was working on now was a description of her life as a performer in blue movies. Most of it was nonsense, of course, but she *had* done a lot of nude posing and had made a couple of stag reels in California when she first got there.

The stag reels were no big deal.

She had been living with the boy she screwed on film, anyway. And she'd banged the director-cameraman a couple of times before she'd even met the leading man. But, for Harvey's benefit, she

was making it sound as glamorous as possible.

A small but beautifully equipped studio hidden away in the Hollywood hills. Dressing rooms with the performers' names on the doors.

"At that time," she was writing when the phone rang. "Jigger and I were at the peak of our success. We were considered by many to be the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy of the stag-film industry."

She was trying to turn the poor bastard on. No question. Then the bloody telephone. How can a writer really create when the bloody phone keeps ringing all the time?

Naturally, it was Joanne.

Naturally, it was a crisis.

Naturally, she had taken the wrong diaphragm case. The empty one. Could Cathy please just jump into a cab and bring the right one, on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet, to suite 1846-7 at the Plaza Hotel? The pants suit had been just fine. They had had dinner in the room. Is a pants suit all right?, she had asked. No pants would be even better, had been the reply. And that was how it had gone. Until the blue-plastic case proved to be empty. Terribly sorry. Just jump in a cab. The boys from the Coast were absolutely charming. One (the director) was even kind of good-looking. Very young and groovy. In addition to which (the director was on the bedroom extension himself by now), the film they were seeking locations for was a very important film, indeed, and would very probably make an important statement about the Negro condition. From a White Russian's point of view, of course. But then, Pushkin, a very important Russian writer, had been a boogie himself, and on and on like that. Anyway, they'd love to have her come up, if only just for a drink, as one of the girls they'd asked was having her period or something and had dropped out.

What the hell. It was hot in the apartment. The suite in the Plaza was air conditioned. She was getting bored sitting here alone, writing lies about the blue-movie business.

And Harvey Bernstein was such a chicken shit that he wouldn't even tell her his real name.

She was getting dressed when the phone rang again.

Could she also bring the stuff? Not the whole jar or anything like that, just enough for maybe half a dozen joints. OK. Why not?

I tried, she thought, I tried.

She looked at her tit-drop-stained page and figured, as so many best-selling writers had before her, why not have a little fun tonight? There's always tomorrow to get it written. In a curious way, she was on the right track.

Harvey Bernstein, lurking in the shad-

ows across from her apartment, watched her get into the cab. Since taking flight, he had drunk five martinis in a bar up the street. It was only after her cab had turned the corner that he got the idea of breaking into her apartment.

. . .

The younger one, the director, was kind of groovy and the producer, while less attractive, had a wang the size of Nashua's (winner in 1955 of the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Swaps copped the Kentucky Derby that year). By the time Cathy arrived, the three of them were seated, stark-naked, on the floor amid the remains of an expensive room-service dinner, playing spin the bottle.

The air conditioner was going full blast.

Cathy insisted on turning it off before she undressed. An orgy, she said, was one thing, but catching double pneumonia in the process was another.

Joanne told about how she had been admitted to the Colony in her pants suit. The producer suggested that next time, she try being admitted without her pants suit. That, he suggested, would be the acid test.

The three of them laughed uproariously. They had been eating and drinking and screwing for several hours and were feeling just great. Cathy rolled the joints herself. The producer spoke admiringly of the color of Cathy's nipples. Cathy spoke admiringly of the size of the producer's wang. He said that when it was fully distended, he could place ten silver quarters along its length. Cathy said that they did not make silver quarters anymore. The producer said they did not make wangs like that anymore, either. They all laughed immoderately. Cathy told about the days in California when she made blue movies. The director suggested that he had always wanted to direct one. Joanne was enthusiastic but reminded them that they had no camera. The producer said he carried a miniaturized, Japanese-made version of a B. N. C. with a 20mm lens concealed in his wang at all times. Joanne said 69mm. They all laughed immoderately. Pot on top of a lot of booze makes the dopiest things seem funny.

So they made the movie.

Then it was light-up time again.

Through the haze, Cathy became aware of the pounding on the door.

"Have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?" the groovy director said.

"No," Cathy said, "but it must hurt a lot."

Everyone laughed immoderately, although it was an old joke. The producer (he had had a picture nominated for an Academy Award two years before) walked naked to the door with a joint in his mouth, opened it and admitted Joanne's friend the movie star.

They greeted each other warmly, em-

bracing and exchanging darlings and babys. Not faggot darlings and babys. Hollywood darlings and babys.

"Baby, I knew it had to be you," the movie star said to the producer. "I mean, I knew you were in town and I could smell the stuff all the way from the Oak Room."

"Nobody busts the Plaza Hotel," the director said.

"Nobody dies on *Dawn Patrol*," the movie star said. He took the joint from the producer's lips and inhaled deeply, sucking in air at the same time. When he finally exhaled, about eight years later, he smiled and joined the group. He did not recognize Joanne without her pants suit. But he covered nicely. He was, in spite of all his actor crap, a kind man and never, intentionally, hurt anyone's feelings.

The producer told him they had been making a movie.

The director suggested they make a second feature.

The movie star said his agents would not let him play in second features.

The producer told him he could have top billing and also get to screw the leading lady.

The movie star said he always screwed his leading ladies.

Cathy said he could also screw the girl who played his leading lady's best friend.

The movie star said, well, in that case, OK.

They all laughed immoderately.

At two o'clock, Cathy quietly slipped back into her clothes, selected a clean \$100 bill from the wad on the dresser and tiptoed out of the suite, leaving the producer asleep in a chair, his huge wang hanging limply between his knees. Joanne, the director and the movie star were laughing and playing in the bathtub.

In the corridor, which did actually reek of marijuana, Cathy suddenly remembered that, what with one thing and another, she had never got around to giving Joanne her diaphragm.

Not a plot point, she thought, just an oversight. Without knowing it, she was beginning to think like a best-selling writer.

"Jacqueline Susann did not get where she is today," she said to the sleepy-eyed elevator man, "by having one of her characters forget to give another one of her characters her goddamn diaphragm."

"Jesus," said the sleepy-eyed elevator man.

But without interest or emotion.

. . .

Getting into the apartment could not have been easier. The latch on the front door was broken and, as Cathy and Joanne between them had lost somewhere in the neighborhood of 650 keys in the nine months they had been in residence, they no longer bothered to lock the door



"It's not really as bad as it looks, dear—one of them is a Lesbian."

of apartment 4D unless they were at home. As it was Joanne's conviction that the area was teeming with sex maniacs, she had caused a police lock to be installed that would have been adequate to keep the crown jewels in reasonable safety.

But it worked only if someone was inside to work it.

"If neither of us are here," Joanne had said in a blinding flash of logic, "the sex maniacs can screw *themselves*, right?"

Harvey Bernstein was crazed.

He had had his first official drink (as usual) at lunch. He had, of course, been nipping away unofficially since the stab in his instant coffee at 9:37 that morning. Then he had drunk throughout the afternoon. Then he had read over (a number of times) Cathy's detailed accounts (seven installments by now) of her first few months of kinky sex in the Hollywood hills. The erotic uses of the electric toothbrush, for instance, were no longer a mystery to him. In fact, it all sounded like kind of fun.

At 5:35, filled with passion, resolve and 86-proof courage, he called his wife, ready with an elaborate story of why he would have to spend the night in New York. He did not reach his wife, which he decided was just as well, as she had absolute pitch, even on the phone, for the number of drinks, official and un-

official, that her husband had consumed during the business day. Instead, he was told by the cleaning woman (Mrs. Edwards) that his wife had been called to the city to deal with some unnamed crisis having to do with their daughter, Linda.

As Mrs. Edwards, who should have gone home at four, had been into the bourbon herself, she failed to detect the more-than-faint slur in the speech of the master of the house.

"Sure and it'll do you good," she said heartily. "Every man needs a night out on the town from time to time. Especially if he has to put up day after day with a miserable cunt like your wife, if you'll excuse my language."

It was a barometer of Harvey's condition that he had noticed nothing untoward in Mrs. Edwards' language. They were both, if truth be known, smashed out of their minds.

He did find it interesting that Mrs. Edwards' brogue had become more pronounced in recent months. Particularly since she had been born in Florence, Alabama, and was black as the ace of spades. It came, he imagined, from seeing too many late-night movies on television where all the really high-class help were Irish. Who wanted to be Hattie McDaniel in this day and age?

"Who dat who say who dat when I say

who dat?" Harvey said with what seemed to him enormous wit.

"Fuck you, Whitey," Mrs. Edwards said.

"Fuck you, too, Mrs. Edwards," Harvey said. "You'll be sure and leave a note for my wife?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bernstein."

"Good night, Mrs. Edwards."

"Good night, Mr. Bernstein."

It seemed to both of them that they had had an amusing, informative and perfectly plausible conversation.

All this was some time before Harvey had seen Cathy stroking her nipples in the window and had beat it up the street for five ("bar-sized," so they really didn't count as five) martinis.

Alone in the self-service elevator, Harvey felt in many ways like an astronaut. In the first place, he was weightless. In the second, there was a complex array of buttons to push. UP. DOWN. G. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX. ALARM. He tried to make contact with Mission Control in Houston, but the bastards were all out to lunch or something. He considered pushing ALARM, which is what he felt, but remembering his position as housebreaker, he decided that it might not be wise.

Your mission, he told himself sternly, is to effect a landing, reconnoiter, bring back a sample of dirt and be on the Johnny Carson show.

A penciled graffito on the elevator door brought him back to earth with no particular re-entry problem.

"Lillian," someone had written in a semiliterate hand, "takes it up the ass."

Lillian. It reminded him of Gish. Which reminded him of the old South. Which reminded him of Mrs. Edwards. "Who dat who say who dat when I say who dat?" he said aloud to Mission Control and pushed the button marked FOUR.

Once on the fourth floor, it was remarkably easy. There were only four apartments; curiously enough, clearly marked A, B, C and D.

For the hell of it, he tried the three other doors first. Knowing that his one-and-only love was out for the moment, screwing somebody somewhere, he wondered if perhaps Lillian of the elevator might possibly be home. A, B and C were locked tighter than three chastity belts. D opened to his touch.

There was a card table with a typewriter upon it set up in the middle of the living room. Two of his novels and his two volumes of poetry, in their severe public-library bindings, were on the floor beside the card table. On the table itself was a sheet of yellow paper. He gradually brought his eyes into focus. He saw Cathy's tit-drop. Tears spilled from his eyes. His glasses, like manhole covers, contained the flood. He took them off and shook them over her page, spraying



"Beats me—she's not my mother."

it with tears. He wanted to circle each spot, but he could not find a pencil.

The floor around the card table was littered with rejected pants suits.

It was unspeakably hot in the apartment.

Not bothering to check with Houston, he took the suicide weapon, his beloved P-38, from his hip pocket and craftily hid it beneath a cushion, removed his clothes and passed out on the couch.

If either Cathy or Harvey had read his horoscope that morning, neither of them would have got out of bed.

Cathy tipped the doorman a dollar and asked for the producer's limousine. It was, as she had assumed it would be, standing by. It was, she knew, a matter of principle for personalities in from the Coast to have chauffeur-driven limousines standing by 24 hours a day. Larry Harvey, she remembered, had once insisted on a chauffeur-driven *Rolls-Royce*. But things were tighter in Hollywood now. Probably due to all these conglomerate take-overs. Good managers, maybe. But they just didn't understand show business.

She awakened the driver and gave him her address.

As they drove across the 59th Street bridge, Cathy was feeling groovy. "I'm dappled and drowsy and ready for sleep," she told the driver, who was, she had noticed, very young and really quite good-looking.

The driver apparently could think of no suitable response. That's the difference between chauffeurs and cab drivers. Chauffeurs keep their yaps shut.

At her front door, Cathy reached into her purse and handed the driver Joanne's diaphragm. "Take this up to suite 1846-7," she said. "It contains the microfilm."

It must be remembered that she was still fairly high on pot and had had no dinner.

Once inside the apartment door, Cathy briefly considered bolting the police lock. With the groovy director, the movie star and now, possibly, the rather good-looking chauffeur, who would be arriving presently with her diaphragm, Joanne appeared to be set for the rest of the night. On the other hand, if she did decide to come home, it would mean waking up, getting out of bed and unlocking the door. Which was all right. It was the nightmare of being trapped by a now totally stoned Joanne, who would insist on recounting in appalling detail all the fun and games that Cathy had missed by leaving so early. The lost soap in the tub. What happened when the room-service waiter came to clear away dinner and found them all . . . and on and on and on. In the end, Cathy decided to leave the door unlocked. She did not share Joanne's



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conviction about a prevalence of sex maniacs. In fact, she realized, the only honest-to-God sex maniac she'd ever met in her life was Joanne herself.

This interior dialog, while tedious to describe, took, in actual time, something less than a 20th of a second.

She had closed the door, without locking it, kicked off her shoes and begun to unzip her dress (Courrèges) when she noticed the naked man asleep on the couch. Harvey was, to be accurate, not completely naked. He was still wearing his eyeglasses and one sock.

She recognized him immediately as the man on the sidewalk. She studied him for what might or might not have been a considerable length of time. (Her time sense was still somewhat distorted by the pot.)

Harvey was a mess. There was no doubt about that.

She reached down and gently plucked his glasses from his nose. Then she slipped them on herself. The lenses were about five feet thick but definitely non-telescopic. She took them off and placed them out of reach on the card table. If he did turn out to be a sex maniac, he would obviously be easier to handle if his vision was slightly impaired.

Gingerly grasping the only nonnaked portion of his body (his left foot), she began to shake him. Presently, he opened his eyes. He blinked several times. "Where am I?" he said. "Now, when I need me," he added. It seemed to Cathy to be a rather impressive thing for a man in his condition to say. It had a faintly literary ring that appealed to her.

"You're not, by any chance, the Astoria Strangler?" Cathy said.

"What?"

"I mean, if you've come here with the idea of raping, strangling and murdering anybody, you can just put it right out of your mind. Dismiss the entire notion. Immediately."

"I love you," Harvey said.

Then he closed his eyes again and appeared to drift off into sleep once more.

There followed a series of "if onlys."

If only she had had the sense not to go to the Plaza and to lock the door after Joanne had gone.

If only she had had enough sense to remain at the Plaza, laughing, splashing and frolicking with the others in the air-conditioned bathroom.

If only she had had the sense to ask the good-looking chauffeur up for a drink. Together, they could have got the body on the couch into its clothes, down the stairs, into the limousine and out of her life.

If only. . . .

She seemed to have run out of them.

Halfheartedly, she shook his foot once more. Then she stopped. Actually, there was no point in awakening him until she

figured out what she was going to do with him once he was awake.

It was stifling in the apartment.

Sweat caused Harvey's body to glisten. It was rather hairy in an unattractive way, which made him seem even more pathetic. There were tiny tufts of damp fur on each of his shoulders. Cathy found them curiously touching.

She wondered whom he had thought he was talking to when he had said I love you.

It was a phrase that she had not heard issue from a man's lips in years. I want you—yes. You have a beautiful behind—yes. I'll give you \$1000 to go to Vegas with me for the weekend—yes. But, I love you—not in a very long time.

Jigger was the last, she guessed. And he *had* loved her, in his fashion. At least he had actually said the words. It was the sentence that had immediately followed his declaration that had dimmed its romantic flavor just a little. "Listen," Jigger had said, "Gersten says he'll give us five hundred apiece to make a stag reel for him."

It was like the old Dan Dailey—Betty Grable musical. She knew damn well Gersten didn't want the team, honey, he just wanted her. But she didn't have the heart to break it to Jigger. His ego was in a very delicate condition at that time, anyway. The faggot who had been keeping him had cut him off with nothing but the Thunderbird and a further rejection by her or Gersten might just have been enough to send him off the deep end.

So she and Jigger had made the film. In a motel suite two blocks south of Ventura Boulevard. Once in front of a camera, Jigger had suddenly turned ham. He continuously hogged the key light. He had also insisted on the final close-up. A tight shot of his face as he simulated orgasm. They'd asked her to squat down under the camera and out of the picture and give him a helping hand, but she'd said screw that, it's his close-up, let him come any way he can. Then, for a topper, Gersten insisted he'd meant \$500 for the team. Not apiece.

So much for I love you.

Cathy had a sudden impulse to cover Harvey with a blanket, tuck him in tenderly, kiss him on the brow and let him sleep it off. But as the temperature in the apartment was at least 90 degrees, covering him with a blanket would not have been the act of kindness that it might have been on a different occasion.

Instead, Cathy went into the bedroom and carefully took off and hung up the Courrèges. Then, really without thinking about it, she stepped into the shower. The cool water was both soothing and refreshing. It seemed to wash away the last of the pot. It was only as she was beginning to relax that she remembered the movie *Psycho*. The stabbing-in-the-shower scene came to mind with remark-

able vividness. Maybe the sad, wet, hairy thing on her couch *was* a sex maniac. Maybe he was only pretending to be asleep. Maybe at this very moment, he, now fully alert, 20-20 vision restored by the easily found glasses, was rummaging wildly around the kitchen in search of the bread knife.

Without bothering to turn off the water, she dashed out of the shower, blindly grabbing for a towel as she went. In the living room, his glasses were still on the card table. His clothes were still on the floor (mingled, as they had been, with Joanne's pants suits). But the door was now open and he was gone.

Holding the towel in front of her (in her haste, she had taken a small face towel, not a large bath towel), she went to the door and peered down the corridor. Harvey, naked except for his left sock (black), was lurching toward the elevator, ringing bells at each of the three other apartments as he went.

"Now, you come back here!" Cathy shouted after him. "I'm really *vexed* with you!"

Vexed? She had not heard nor used that word since she left Webb City God knows how many years ago. It had been one of Grandpa's favorites, though.

The elevator doors closed behind Harvey.

If there had ever been a moment to use the police lock, this was it.

"Jesus-fucking-shit-ass-Christ!" Cathy said aloud as she strode down the corridor toward the elevator, not even bothering to hold the towel up in front of her. Two of the other apartments on the floor were occupied by hookers and the other one by a pair of really very sweet faggots, who loved to cook and occasionally asked Cathy and Joanne in for Sunday brunch. Bloody marys, baked ham and wonderful homemade bread.

"You know what you are?" Cathy said aloud as she jammed her thumb against the elevator button and held it there. "You are that greatest of all literary clichés"—she was quoting verbatim from one of her instructor's, H. B.'s, critiques—"the prostitute with a heart of gold."

"And what a dumb fucking thing *that* is to be," she added, as somewhere deep in the intestines of the building the elevator rumbled, farted and changed direction.

When the elevator doors opened, Harvey was seated on the floor in a corner, crying.

"Now, really," Cathy said, "I am *terribly* vexed with you!"

Harvey tried, manfully, to rise. He sank back, however, almost at once. She entered the elevator and attempted to pull him to his feet. The elevator doors closed behind her.

Someone, somewhere in the building, had pushed a button.

In her mind, Cathy rapidly improvised a series of possible costumes that would



"I said, 'How come there aren't any soul brothers on the ark?'"

adequately cover both of them, giving, in addition, perhaps, the illusion of Fun City summer chic. Two of the Beautiful People returning from a costume ball at Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper's, for example. Having little to work with but one black sock and one wet face towel, it did not seem promising.

Cathy draped the towel over Harvey's lap.

The elevator doors opened.

The couple in the lobby stood there beaming foolishly. She was a professional acquaintance who lived in 3D. He was wearing a white dinner jacket. One of her false eyelashes had come loose and was dangling precariously. Harvey moaned.

"Twenty-two dollars, please," Cathy said without hesitation. "Unless, of course, you already have the tickets."

The gentleman in the white dinner jacket reached automatically for his wallet. Gentlemen in white dinner jackets always reach automatically for their wallets. This was one of the few observable absolutes in Cathy's life.

"This is the *Elevator Theater*," Cathy said, "the smallest, dirtiest, most uncomfortable, most expensive off-off-off-Broadway entertainment in town."

"Remember, darling," White Dinner Jacket's companion said, instantly picking up the cue, "we tried to get tickets from the captain at '21,' but he said there was no chance at any price?"

"Suicide to Mission Control," Harvey said, lying now on the floor, the towel for some reason over his face. "Mission Control, this is Suicide. Do you read me? Over and out."

"Grand," White Dinner Jacket said. "I only come to New York once a year. I like to catch as many shows as I can."

He took a \$50 bill from his wallet and handed it to Cathy. "Keep the change," he said.

Cathy handed the \$50 bill to the girl. The girl pushed THREE. The elevator doors closed.

"Profusely illustrated souvenir programs are on sale inside," Cathy said, to keep the ball rolling till the elevator reached the third floor. On the third floor, White Dinner Jacket made a friendly but ineffective grab for Cathy's left breast. His companion slapped his wrist. "Naughty, naughty!" she said. "You don't want to leave it all in the gym."

Harvey moaned something incomprehensible through his towel.

The elevator doors opened and eventually closed behind White Dinner Jacket and his companion.

Cathy pushed FOUR.

"You are a disgrace," Cathy said to Harvey. "A public disgrace."

"I love you," Harvey said and attempted, unsuccessfully, to pass out again.

. . .

As the late Humphrey Bogart once said, "At four o'clock in the morning, you got to figure everybody's drunk."

It was and is a sound observation.

God knows, Harvey was drunk. And the couple now safely landed on the third floor was certainly drunk. By this time, however, Cathy was off her mary-jane high and was beginning to feel ever so slightly depressed.

She had hauled Harvey out of the elevator, down the corridor and back into the apartment.

The telephone was ringing.

It was Joanne. The chauffeur was on the bedroom extension. The party was just getting good. Why didn't Cathy come on back in? And bring their piggy bank. The chauffeur's had proved to be equal to if not larger than the producer's. Eleven silver quarters were urgently needed for a test match. But they had run out of change. And the cashier's desk was closed for the night. They were all also pretty hungry and could Cathy just stop at Reubens on the way in and pick up . . . she was still getting the orders organized—which kinds of sandwiches on what kinds of bread, some with mustard and some without—when Cathy hung up the phone.

Like Cathy, Harvey Bernstein had suddenly become more alert.

"You do not have, by any chance, something to drink on the premises? If not, and I wish to put you to no inconvenience, I am sure there is an all-night—it is curious that the word night is frequently spelled N-I-T-E at establishments that are open all night, an unforgivable corruption—liquor store open somewhere in the neighborhood. I think frozen daiquiris would be nice. If you have a fresh lime or two, I shall go out and get the rum." He started for the door.

Cathy, seizing him by his shoulder tufts, pushed him onto the couch.

"For God's sake, put on your glasses," Cathy said. He did so.

"And either get dressed or take off that one sock. You look ridiculous."

Obediently, Harvey removed his sock.

He observed her carefully through his glasses for a moment or two, then rose and moved toward the telephone, careening off the furniture as he went.

Cathy stopped him just in time.

"Who do you want to call?"

"Whom do I want to call. Not *who* do I want to call. I want to call Max Wilk, Ed Hotchner and Max Shulman and beg their forgiveness. You *are* real!"

"My God," Cathy said, "you're Harvey-fucking-Bernstein!"

Harvey Bernstein burst into tears.

"I have been in love with but three women in my forty-six years of life," he said between sobs. "And you are the only one of them I have been privileged to meet in person."

Cathy said nothing. There seemed to be little to say.

Harvey found a pair of trousers on the floor, picked them up and attempted to

put them on. They were Joanne's and he could not get them over his kneecaps. Cathy knelt down and helped him disentangle himself, lifting first one of his feet and then the other.

"I cried myself to sleep the night my first love, Alice Faye, married Phil Harris," he continued, reaching into a nonexistent pocket for a nonexistent handkerchief. He finally settled the problem by removing his glasses and wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I have, over the years, published a series of critical essays attacking Arthur Miller in such periodicals as the *Diner's Club* magazine. Not because I did not admire his work but because of my second love, Marilyn. You, Cathy Lewis Lovibond Lombard Lamont," he added, "are all that is left to me now. Cathy, I love you!"

He was sweaty and naked and drunk and his nose was running. He had lost his glasses again. He was covered with hair in all the wrong places. He was just awful. But he loved her. He did not say he wanted her. He did not say she had a beautiful behind. He did not offer her \$1000 to go to Vegas with him for the weekend. He said: *I love you*.

Tears welled up in Cathy's eyes.

"Darling," Cathy said, "what can I do? Just tell me what I can do."

"I love you," Harvey said. He stood, swaying gently, by the couch.

Cathy was still kneeling in front of him, holding the trousers of Joanne's pants suit in her hand. They were plum-colored, slashed deeply at the sides and vaguely held together by what seemed to be white shoelaces. Gene must have been really desperate, letting her into the Colony in *that* getup.

"I love you," Harvey said.

Cathy tried. But at that moment and in his condition, it turned out not to be an intensely practical proposition.

"Later, darling," Cathy said. "I promise! I promise!"

"I love you," Harvey said.

She got up, took him by the hand and led him to the bathroom. The shower, naturally, was still running.

Gracefully leading the way, she escorted him under it. Somehow, en route, he had found his glasses again and put them on. This caused a minor problem under the cold cascading water. She took them off his nose and placed them carefully in the soap dish, removing the soap.

For a while, they stood together without touching. Then she opened her arms to him. He moved toward her, slipped on the soap, bounced off the tile wall and landed on his head.

Cathy managed to get his inert body out of the shower before he actually drowned.

. . .

Harvey Bernstein's first thought when consciousness finally returned was that

he had gone blind. As far as he could tell, his eyes were open. He fluttered the lids a few times experimentally, but the view remained the same. Total blackness.

For a moment or two, the idea of blindness did seem to have its brighter side. He would not have to read the conclusion of Mrs. Edna Mortimer's (housewife) novel nor the further non-adventures of Harrison Bradley, probably the world's dullest and most illiterate general since the late Dwight D. Eisenhower. Charles Douglas Potter's Albert's bulging crotch would be out of his life forever. People would be kind to him. Old ladies would help him across streets. He could spend his days listening to recordings of Orson Welles reading from the Bible. He wondered if his major medical covered loss of sight.

Tentatively, he raised his head a few inches from what seemed to be a pillow. A crack of light coming from under a door struck his line of vision. For a moment, he felt almost wistful. So he was not blind, after all. He was just lying in a strange room with blackout curtains drawn. He had a bone-crushing hangover. Certain highlights of the preceding 24 hours slowly returned to him.

He began to tremble.

Icy sweat broke out, drenching his entire body.

Then he remembered Cathy leading him gently to the shower and tears filled his eyes. He had been crying and sweating almost incessantly for the past two days. All in all, he must have exuded several gallons of fluid. Of course, he had replaced at least that much by his intake of neutral-grain spirits.

Beside him in the bed, someone stirred. Cathy! Cathy! Cathy!

Experimentally, he reached out an exploring hand. What it encountered was a breast.

She stirred a little but did not waken.

Suddenly, he was no longer trembling, crying or sweating. As he tenderly caressed her sleeping body, the panic drained from him. She moaned a little happy moan as her nipples stiffened to his touch. Gently, she took his hand and guided it downward between her legs. Then she herself reached downward.

When someone is especially skilled and practiced at a given action, it is often colloquially said that he or she can do it in his sleep.

No word was spoken as, in her sleep, she deftly moved him into herself. It was mad, trancelike and extremely pleasant. They came together and at the ultimate moment, Harvey, not wanting to break the dream, refrained from whispering ointment into her ear. Contented, she guided him out of herself, rolled onto her side and moved happily off into deeper sleep.

Harvey rose from the bed and, on tiptoe, trying in equal parts not to awaken her and not to trip over something and break his neck, groped his way toward the crack of light under the door. He finally made it.

In the living room, he was temporarily blinded by the blazing afternoon sunlight. He staggered to the kitchen.

"Good morning, darling," Cathy said. She was seated naked at the table, studying *The Wall Street Journal*, a cup of coffee in her hand. "I was beginning to wonder if you were still alive."

Harvey Bernstein did the only sensible thing a man could do at such a moment. He turned and ran into the bathroom, locking the door behind him.

Any American male who has survived for 46 years has, at least once, experienced the sensation of knowing that he is at that moment stark-raving mad but still sane enough to be aware of the fact.

With the sane part of his mind, Harvey watched his insane self calmly shower, shave (there was a razor in the medicine cabinet but no shaving cream; he simply lathered his face with a cake of Yardley's

soap), comb his hair, wrap a bath towel around his waist and return to the living room. Cathy, still naked, was stretched out on the couch, reading a copy of *U. S. News & World Report*.

His sane self heard the insane part of him say, "Do you mind if I use the telephone? I think I'd better call my wife."

. . .

Margery and Max had returned from the motel at 11:30 the night before. They were prepared for the confrontation scene with Harvey. Mrs. Edwards had finished the bourbon and left the house, forgetting entirely Harvey's request that she leave a note. Harvey was not there. They had waited until two o'clock. Finally, Max had said, "Why don't we just leave him a note, pack your stuff and get out of here? The wedding's at eleven and our plane's at two. If we leave pretty soon, we can drive to town and get some sleep."

Margery was disappointed. She had been spoiling for a really good confrontation scene for 22 years.

"I wouldn't know how to tell him in a note."

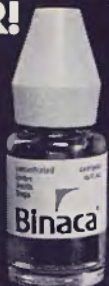
"Let's divide the labor. I'm the writer,



"Ronnie, come and watch this program about the dangers of marijuana."

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you're the housewife. You pack and I'll write the note. Does the silly bastard have a typewriter around here someplace?"

"You are a very beautiful man," Margery had said. "I think there's an Olivetti portable in the hall closet."

"What will you tell her?" Cathy asked as the Insane Harvey dialed the number.

"I shall tell her that I was called to New York to meet with a publisher who wishes to reprint my three novels and two volumes of poetry in paperback. I will tell her that we wined and dined, not wisely but too well, at Le Pavillon and then repaired to the Oak Room Bar and, when that at last closed, moved on to an after-hours bottle club of which he is an old and valued member. I will explain that it was all a matter of business."

The Sane Harvey listened to this nonsense, aghast.

At the other end, the phone was ringing.

Presently, Mrs. Edwards picked up the receiver. She had arrived at work with a hangover down to her toenails. But, glass in hand, she was making a nice recovery.

"Top o' the morning to you, Mr. Bernstein," Mrs. Edwards said.

"How are you, Mrs. Edwards?" Harvey asked.

"The better for hearing the sound of your voice, lad," Mrs. Edwards said between sips.

"Listen, Mrs. Edwards, will you please knock off the Gaelic charm and put Mrs. Bernstein on the phone!"

"Fuck you, Whitey," Mrs. Edwards said.

"Fuck you, Mrs. Edwards," Harvey said. "Would you please get Mrs. Bernstein."

Mrs. Edwards, reduced by drink to an uncommonly low threshold of sentimentality, burst into tears. "Missus Bernstein done gone," she said. "She done gone and run off with that no-count white trash Max Wilk. She done left, bag and baggage. She done left you a note."

"Who dat?" Harvey said.

"Who dat who say who dat?" Mrs. Edwards said.

"Who dat who say who dat when I say who dat?" the Insane Harvey said.

Cathy, who could hear only one end of it, thought it the most mysterious and, in some ways, most glorious conversation she had ever listened to.

"Mrs. Bernstein done gone off with Max Wilk?" Harvey asked.

"Sure and she is after leaving me a note and also one for yourself. In my note, she says for me to give you your note 'if and when that drunken son of a bitch shows up.' Her very words, Mr. Bernstein. On my children's heads."

"You are, Mrs. Edwards, to the best of my knowledge, childless," Harvey said.

"'Tis the Good Lord's will," said Mrs.

Edwards. "But it sure ain't for lack of trying."

"Would you be good enough, Mrs. Edwards, to open Mrs. Bernstein's note to me and read it aloud over the phone?"

"Of course, Mr. Bernstein. Just let me freshen my drink."

"What in God's name is going on?" Cathy asked.

"Apparently, my wife, Margery, has run off with a best-selling writer named Max Wilk. She has left me a note. Mrs. Edwards, our cleaning woman, will read it to me. As soon as she freshens her drink."

"Would you like some coffee?" Cathy said.

"I would like a drink," Harvey said. The Sane and Insane were beginning to merge. Harvey was fighting his way back to what, in his case, passed for normalcy.

"Very sound," Cathy said. She went to the kitchen and fixed two vodka and Frescas.

Mrs. Edwards returned to the phone. "No goddamned cigarettes in the house," she said. "But I found some of Miss Linda's pot. She keeps a stash in an envelope in the family Bible. II Samuel 19:16. There's a nice little bit right here. 'And Shimei the son of Gera, a Benjamite, which was of Bahurim, made haste to come down with the men of Judah to meet king David.' You wouldn't know, would you, where she keeps the cigarette papers?"

"Will you please just read me the note."

"Certainly."

Then she read the note.

"Dear Harvey,

"It is now two o'clock in the morning. Margery is upstairs packing. I am truly sorry to tell you this, but Margery and I have been in love since April, when we worked together on the Westport unwed-mothers thing—a project in which you, callous to the plight of innumerable unfortunate young girls, evinced no interest whatever. Indeed, as I recall, even declaring, drunkenly one evening, that you were in favor of unwed mothers. In any case, we have been conducting an affair for the past two months. We are leaving for Paris this afternoon. My new novel has been accepted by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Phil Roth will review it for *The New York Review of Books*. I've seen the galleys, of which he was kind enough to send me an advance copy. Sensational! But I digress. Margery asked me to tell you that your daughter, Linda, and her fiancé, Lester, are to be married at 11 this morning at the Abyssinian Baptist Church by the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell himself. If you sober

up sufficiently, you are most certainly invited to attend. (Perhaps it is important interracial efforts such as this one that cause the Reverend Powell to be so often absent from Washington. Only history will tell us if his was not, in the end, the wiser course.) In the matter of Linda, I congratulate you. You have not failed her. In the matter of Margery, I express regrets. You are failed. I am successful. You drink. I no longer do so (gout). Do whatever you see fit in the matter of a divorce. Your children are grown. Margery is liberated. We are in no haste to marry, so you can take your time and think it over.

"Margery asks me to add (she has just come down with the suitcases) that she is writing a \$5000 check on your joint account at City National as a wedding present to your daughter. The house is yours. You have your job. You should be, she feels, OK. She wants, of course, no alimony. As a gesture of good will, I shall undertake to finance Bruce through Berkeley. He is a beautiful boy and I can see no reason for your frequent and clearly uncalled-for remarks about his appearance. Personally, I am proud to have a semi-stepson with the moral fiber to take the action he did against the dean of admissions. I shall also be proud to handle the bail money. Goodbye, for now. And good luck. Believe me, Harvey, old buddy, I'll take good care of her.

Fondly,
Max

P. S. I hear you're reviewing my new book for the Diner's Club magazine; I hope you like it. I think it's the most important thing I've done so far. Phil thinks so, too, apparently."

"Mrs. Edwards," Harvey said, "listen to me carefully. I want you to go to my desk in the study and, in the top drawer, you will find my checkbook. I want you to get it and bring it back to the phone with you."

Mrs. Edwards, who was seated with her feet propped up on Harvey's desk, put down her glass, opened the drawer and took out the checkbook.

"Done and done, me bucko."

"All right, now. Turn to the page with the last balance on it and tell me what the figure is."

"Before the check for five big ones for Miss Linda," Mrs. Edwards said after a moment, "you had five thousand, one hundred and eighty dollars and seventy-two cents. Now you got one hundred and eighty dollars and seventy-two cents."

"My God!"

"By the bye," Mrs. Edwards said. "You owe me for two days this week and two



"They're not up there anymore, Samuel. . . ."

days last week. That's eighty dollars."

"I'll send you a check."

"Your credit is good with me any time," Mrs. Edwards said, making a face. She disliked vodka but had, unfortunately, finished the bourbon yesterday. "I don't suppose you'll be after wanting me to come in tomorrow?"

"I don't think I can afford you."

There was a pause.

"Well, have a nice day, Mr. Bernstein."

"You, too, Mrs. Edwards."

Harvey slowly hung up the phone.

"My God," Cathy said, "what was *that* all about?"

He told her.

In detail.

About halfway through, she began to giggle. By the end, she was laughing so hard that tears were rolling down her cheeks. She undid the towel he was wearing around his waist and used it to wipe her eyes.

Then she kissed him. Gently at first. Then harder. After a while, she withdrew her tongue from his mouth and whispered, "Come on, darling, let's go to bed."

Then Harvey remembered.

"I . . . I . . . can't," he said.

"Why not, darling?"

"I've just *been* to bed."

"I mean to make love."

"I just *made* love. A few minutes ago. With someone in there. It was dark. I thought it was you."

Then Cathy started to laugh again.

"How was it?" she asked through her giggles.

"Very nice, I guess," Harvey said. "Except she never really woke up."

"Joanne's good, darling. But I'm better. You'll see."

"I'm forty-six years old," Harvey said. "I want to. Oh, God, how I want to. But I don't think I can."

"Let that be my problem. I know the magic words."

She said them and meant them.

"I love you."

They never made it to the bedroom. The kitchen floor was just fine.

"Ointment!"

"Ointment!"

"Ointment!"

For a man who was, indeed, 46, and who had in his time consumed the equivalent of three railroad tank cars full of alcohol, it really was an extraordinary performance.

But then, Cathy was an extraordinary girl.

After the second one, he had said, "My God, it's not possible. I'm an old man."

"That's right, darling," Cathy had said, "you're the Warren Beatty of Senior City."

That had turned him on for the third one. That and a couple of little things that Cathy herself hadn't even known she knew. Love, not necessity, is often the mother of invention.

. . .

They were lying tangled in each other's arms, asleep on the floor, when, some time later, Joanne, still drunk, stoned and screwed silly, wandered into the kitchen, thinking it was the bathroom, in search of an Alka-Seltzer.

One glance was enough for her to know that her deepest fears had finally been realized. She instantly dashed to

the phone in the living room and dialed 911, the emergency number.

"Police!" she said. "A sex maniac has broken into our apartment and raped my roommate!"

Then she gave the address and apartment number.

Then, realizing that there was probably more than one sex maniac running around loose in the borough of Queens, she carefully fastened the police lock.

Sensing with pride that she had done something resourceful and possibly even heroic (she could no longer remember what it was), she drifted back to her bedroom, played with herself for a while and was sleeping peacefully long before the emergency squad arrived 40 minutes later.

. . .

About ten minutes after Joanne's phone call, Cathy and Harvey awoke simultaneously. They both felt marvelous. And they were both starving.

"Steak," Cathy said.

"Very rare," Harvey said.

"Blood rare," Cathy said. "Warm on the inside it must be. But just barely."

"Charred, however, on the outside."

"Exactly. With thick slices of tomato and raw onion, lightly garnished with a happy mixture of imported olive oil, red-wine vinegar and a dash of English mustard, salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste."

They were under the shower again, passing the soap back and forth, caressing each other with warm suds.

"Golden-brown French fries with plenty of catsup to glunk them in," Cathy said.

"Or maybe baked, with sour cream and chives," Harvey said.

"Or you know what's great?" Cathy said, gently soaping his far-more-vital-than-he-had-ever-imagined-it-could-be organ. "We could have them scoop out baked potatoes and put the skins back into a hot oven for a couple of minutes and then eat them with our fingers, all glopped in butter."

In real life, if not in literature, the conversation after three really sensational screws (four, in Harvey's case) generally turns into a sensually detailed discussion of food.

Cathy's face, framed, as it was, by her plastic shower cap and devoid of makeup, did not look in the least childlike and innocent. It looked depraved, lascivious and totally wanton. Which is exactly how it should have looked.

They dried each other.

They organized their hair.

Cathy put on slacks and a shirt.

Harvey put on yesterday's clothes. Then he remembered the gun. "You'd better keep this," he said. "I was planning to commit suicide."

Cathy put the gun into her oversized handbag.

"I don't think that will be necessary," she said.

"Neither do I."

"I love you."

"I love you."

Cathy unfastened the police lock and closed the door behind them.

They took a cab to a place in Brooklyn called Peter Luger's Steak House, where they understand about steak blood rare but still warm on the inside. They also know about hot, crisp baked-potato skins and plenty of butter. The draught beer is served in huge beady-cold glass steins.

The martinis are automatically served double in chilled wineglasses. The lemon peels are sliced paper thin and throw a fine spray of oil over the surface when properly twisted. All of which tends to keep things going till the steaks arrive.

The white-linen tablecloths are long enough so you can mingle legs under the table.

"Enjoy your dinner," the waiter said.

They did.

. . .

Officers Bertolotti and Steinkamp burst through the unlocked door of apartment 4D with guns drawn. It had been a quiet afternoon. Hot and boring. Finally, they had parked their vehicle at the shady end of a deserted alley. Bertolotti had fallen asleep immediately. Eventually, he had awakened and after enjoying the silence for a while, switched the radio back on in time to pick up the third call for the rape at 2931 Northern Boulevard.

There were, naturally, pants suits scattered all over the living-room floor.

"My God!" Bertolotti said.

"Don't touch anything," Steinkamp said. He had six months' seniority on Bertolotti and was, therefore, technically in charge.

They were 23 and 24 and had both joined the police force in the hope of beating the draft.

"If this thing is big enough," Steinkamp said, "I mean, like, if it's murder and rape and there's drugs involved, maybe we'll both make sergeant."

"They don't draft sergeants, do they?" Bertolotti said.

"God, I hope not," Steinkamp said just before he sneezed, accidentally discharging his revolver through the closed bathroom door, the bullet lodging in the tiled wall.

"Jesus! Watch yourself!" Bertolotti said.

"Just trying to flush the bastard out," Steinkamp said with no particular conviction.

At the sound of the shot, Joanne leaped from her bed and staggered into the living room. The light was blinding.

"You're safe now, ma'am," Steinkamp said. "We're here!"

Bertolotti's jaw dropped. He had always been a tit man.

"We are police officers," Steinkamp said. "Emergency squad."

Joanne yawned.

The last thing she could remember with any clarity was being in the bathtub with the movie star and the groovy director.

"Listen," Joanne said. "Why don't you mad characters fix yourself a drink? I'll roll us all another joint."

Steinkamp and Bertolotti looked at each other. Then they looked at Joanne.

"What about the rapist?" Steinkamp said.

Oddly enough, *The Rapist* had been the title of the imaginary movie Joanne had made back at the hotel suite. The second one. The one with the movie star.

"Cut and print," Joanne said. "Unless, maybe, you think we need some retakes."

The younger one, Bertolotti, was kind of groovy-looking. Joanne decided to fix the drinks herself.

"Vodka and Fresca?"

There was a long pause.

Bertolotti looked at Steinkamp.

"Well, maybe just one," Steinkamp said, "while we interrogate the witness."

"Maybe we ought to lock the door," Bertolotti said.

"It's a police lock," Joanne said.

"What the hell," Steinkamp said, "we're the police."

They all laughed immoderately.

They divided the labor. Steinkamp locked the door. Bertolotti fixed the drinks. Joanne rolled the joints.

It was terribly hot in the apartment.

After a while, Joanne suggested to her guests that they take off their clothes.

"Absolutely right," Steinkamp said, loosening his tie. "Do nothing to disgrace the uniform."

They all laughed immoderately.

On the street below, the radio in the abandoned police car continued to crackle.

Ominously.

. . .

When the cab turned the corner, there were five squad cars and a paddy wagon parked in front of the building.

"Gracious," Cathy said.

They stopped the cab and got out across the street. They joined the crowd and watched as Bertolotti, his shirttails out, Steinkamp, his hands above his head, and Joanne, wearing the bottom half of a pants suit and a policeman's cap, were hustled into the wagon. They were followed by the two nice faggots who lived in 4B (they had been cooking dinner when the cops broke into 4D and had come out into the corridor to see what was going on; the *filet de boeuf Wellington* was still in the oven; the crust would be burned to a crisp) and the man in the white dinner jacket, who had been going down in the elevator. The man in the white dinner jacket was reaching

Crisson



*"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who's the kinkiest little housewife
in Hendersonville, Kansas?"*

automatically for his wallet as the paddy wagon door closed behind them.

"Darling," Cathy said, "I think it's time we were moving on."

They got back into the cab.

"Kennedy Airport," Cathy said to the driver.

"Where are we going?" Harvey could feel the feeling of being insane and knowing it starting to creep over him again.

"The Coast, I think," Cathy said.

"But how *can* I?" the Sane Harvey said. "I have my job."

"You hate your job."

"What about my house?"

"Wire a real-estate man and tell him to sell it."

"How will we live?"

"You'll teach me to be a best-selling writer."

"I am forty-six years old. I have responsibilities."

"To who?"

"To *whom*," Harvey said automatically.

"To whom?"

Harvey thought a minute.

Max was taking care of Margery and Bruce. He himself had apparently taken care of Linda and Lester.

"Mrs. Mortimer, the general and Charles Douglas Potter," was the best he could come up with.

"Whom are they?"

"*Who* are they."

"I'll never get it straight."

"Of course you will. Who is the subject. Whom is the object. They are my students."

"I can't bear the thought of you teaching anyone but me. Promise you'll never

explain the difference between who and whom to anyone else as long as we're together. I would consider it an act of infidelity."

"How about the difference between further and farther?" the Insane Harvey said. "You've never been able to get that straight, either."

"What about the correct usage of that and which?" Cathy said. She knew she had him there. In one of his more drunken letters, he had explained that only a man named Fowler and a man named Harold Ross, who had been editor of *The New Yorker* magazine, really understood the difference between that and which and, since they were both dead, he didn't think it actually mattered.

His inability to understand the basic usage of that and which had always haunted him. He had once asked Max Wilk and Max hadn't known, either. Oh, he'd bullshitted a little, but in the end, he really didn't know. It was like knowing how they figure what day Easter is going to be each year. Everyone *thinks* he knows, but he doesn't. Think about it sometime.

"I have no toothbrush," the Insane Harvey said, changing the subject.

"They have toothbrushes in California," Cathy said. "They also have them in the can on the plane. With itty-bitty tubes of tooth paste. I will steal you half a dozen. They also have itty-bitty combs and itty-bitty Wash 'N Dris and itty-bitty samples of after-shave lotion and itty-bitty bottles of men's cologne. I favor Russian Leather myself."

"I also have no money," the Sane Harvey said.

"TWA looks askance at money," Cathy said, producing an Air Travel Card from her handbag. "As does the Beverly Hills Hotel," she said, producing an American Express card, a Carte Blanche card and a Diner's Club card. "Besides, you have one hundred and eighty dollars and seventy-two cents at the City National and I have twenty-five thousand at the Chase Manhattan."

"I must remember to send Mrs. Edwards a check."

"Besides," Cathy said thoughtfully, "I can always get a job with Gersten."

"*Making dirty movies?*"

Cathy shook her head. "Writing them. If you can teach me to be a best-selling writer, you can certainly teach me how to write dirty movies!"

"The last movie I saw was *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, with Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Faye. I could never bring myself to see a film of Marilyn's. The sight of those ravishing lips, seventy feet wide on the giant screen, would have been more than I could bear."

Cathy patted his hand and hoped that he would not begin to cry again.

He didn't.

Instead, he began to sing, in a deep emotion-filled baritone, *These Foolish Things Remind Me of You*, a song from his youth.

Aesthetically, it would have been better if he *had* cried, as he was tone-deaf and could not carry a tune.

The last Royal Ambassador flight nonstop to L.A. was at ten o'clock, boarding at 8:45. It was then eight o'clock. Cathy flashed her Ambassador card and had them juggle the seat assignments around so they had two together in the fourth row, which, she said, was best for seeing the movie.

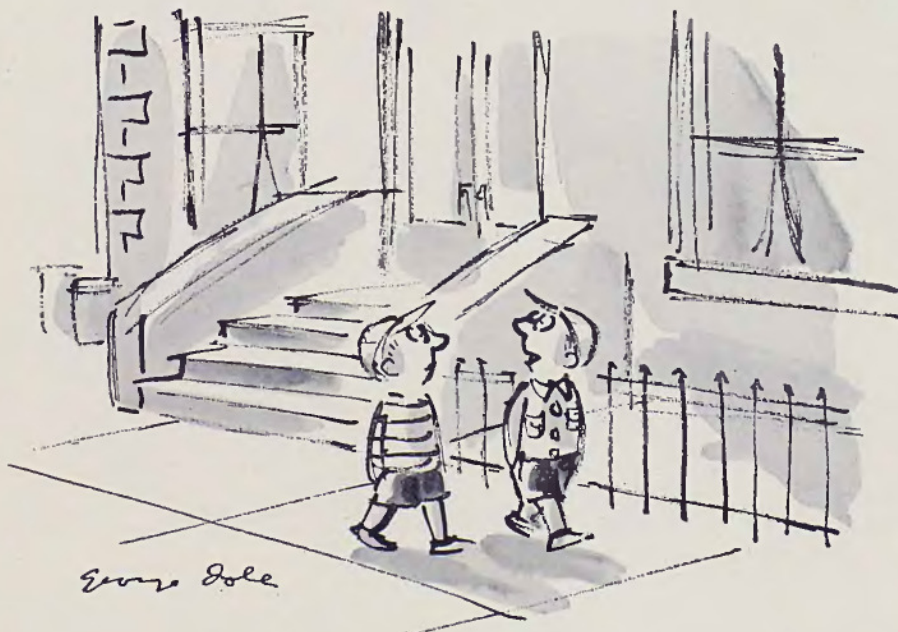
On the way upstairs to the Ambassador Club, she stopped at the newsstand and bought a number of paperbacks. The ones with the sexiest covers.

"Homework," she said.

Inside the Ambassador Club, they sat in the lounge, holding hands and sipping brandy, until it was time to board.

...

Tracy Steele was (quite literally) scared shitless of flying. That was why he always took the night flight to the Coast. He felt safer, somehow, if it was dark and he couldn't see the ground. He was also frightened of being alone. That's why he had it in his contract that Tiger Wilson, his stunt double, bodyguard, trainer, chauffeur (Tracy was also terrified of driving), procurer, social secretary and nominal vice-president of several of his less important corporations (the one that owned the restaurants that he occasionally found it necessary to buy, for example), was available to him 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. Tiger's official title, as far as the studio was concerned, was dialog



Steve Jole

"He believes in the stork, the tooth fairy, Santa Claus and President Nixon's Vietnam policy."

director. That way, he could be paid a grand a week, plus expenses, and still be written off against whatever picture Tracy was preparing or making at the moment.

At the moment, Tracy was seated, pants down, in a booth in the gentlemen's room, located behind the bar, through the cloakroom, in the Ambassador Club.

Tiger, a double vodka stinger in his hand, knocked on the door. "You OK, Trace?"

Tracy Steele groaned.

"Pass it under the door, will you, baby?"

Tiger passed the stinger under the door.

"Thanks, sweetheart," Tracy said.

Vodka stingers helped settle Tracy's stomach before a flight.

"Take it easy," Tiger said. "In six hours, we'll be back in Beverly Hills."

These comforting words caused Tracy's sphincter muscles to relax.

"Atta baby," Tiger said.

"Sorry about that."

"Music to my ears," Tiger said.

There was a moment or two of silence.

"What's the movie?" Tracy said.

Tiger told him.

"Shit," Tracy said. It was one of his own pictures. "You should have checked it out." Unlike most actors, the sight of himself on the screen caused him to throw up uncontrollably.

"I got it all organized," Tiger said. "They put us on board first. We sit up in the lounge, play gin and horse around with the stewardesses."

Somewhat mollified, Tracy said, "Anybody else on the plane?"

"Nope," Tiger said. "I checked the manifest."

It was a well-known fact that Tracy Steele refused to fly if there was someone more important than himself on the plane. It was a matter of who would get top billing in case of a crash. TRACY STEELE AND 67 KILLED IN AIR DISASTER was one thing. But being one of the 67 was another. A lifelong Republican, he had once fled a plane when the senior Senator from New York had, at the last moment, boarded the Washington-New York shuttle.

The Senator, a friend of many years' standing, had been deeply offended. Tracy had contributed heavily to the Senator's next campaign fund, but things had never really been the same between them since.

Tracy handed the empty glass out under the door of the booth. "One more, sweetheart," he said, "and old Dad will be just fine."

• • •

Harvey Bernstein collapsed in the window seat and was asleep by the time they were airborne.

The stewardess, rolling the drink table down the aisle, appeared to be close to

orgasm. "Guess who's on board?" she said to Cathy.

"Tracy Steele," Cathy said.

"Tracy Steele!" the stewardess said.

"Vodka and ice," Cathy said.

"What about *him*?" The stewardess indicated with some revulsion the sleeping Harvey.

"The same."

"Tracy Steele!" the stewardess said again and closed her eyes in ecstasy.

Cathy took the four itty-bitty bottles of vodka and slipped them into her bag. "You forgot the vodka," she said.

"Sorry," the stewardess said and passed her four more itty-bitty bottles.

You never knew when a plane was going to be grounded in Kansas City in the wee hours of the morning. Everybody, no matter how well adjusted, has his or her own superstitious fears about air travel. And takes the necessary precautions.

"If I were you, son," the Technicolor Tracy said on the itty-bitty Technicolor screen, "I'd just drop that gun and come along nice and quiet."

Cathy yawned.

She disliked Westerns. Harvey was asleep. And there was work to be done. Quietly, she picked up her bag and, ducking under the flickering image, moved up the aisle and into the lounge.

Tracy and Tiger were seated across from each other, playing gin. The stewardess was seated next to Tracy, leaning over him, studying his hand and breathing heavily. Tiger drew a jack and discarded the gin card he'd been sitting with for the past two minutes. Losing even one hand at gin made old Tracy break out in a nasty rash.

"What the hell," Tracy said. "Live dangerously. I'll go down with nine."

"Son of a bitch," Tiger said, "got me again!"

"Is this seat taken?" Cathy said to the stewardess.

The stewardess looked up and glared.

Cathy smiled.

Tracy looked up, vaguely recognized Cathy and grinned. "Well, sweetheart," he said. "Long time no see."

"We made a movie together once," Cathy said.

"So we did," Tracy said. "So we did. I almost didn't recognize you with your clothes on." It was one of the regular jokes he made when he couldn't remember a young lady's name or where or when they had met.

Cathy knew he didn't recognize her and was delighted.

The stewardess rose. Tracy caught her arm. "Sweetheart," he said, "how about bringing us three vodka stingers?"

"Sorry, Mr. Steele," she said coldly. "Two drinks to a customer. C. A. B. regulations." She flounced off to the lavatory and closed the door behind her. It wasn't much of an exit, but it was the best she could manage without actually opening

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the cabin door and throwing herself out onto Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 35,000 feet below.

Cathy slid into her seat, opened her bag and took out four of the itty-bitty vodka bottles, placing two in front of Tracy and two in front of Tiger.

"We aim to please," Cathy said.

"Baby," Tracy said, "you are a beautiful thing."

Tiger opened the bottles and poured the vodka over the melting ice in their two empty glasses.

"Your deal, Trace," Tiger said.

Cathy opened her bag again and took out one of the paperback books she had bought at the newsstand. It happened to be *Justine; Philosophy in the Bedroom* by the Marquis de Sade. It was in dialog and easy to read. She had just reached the part where Dolmance and Madame De Saint-Ange were explaining the various erogenous zones when the impeccably dressed young man with the Afro hairdo and the Colt .45 ducked politely under the movie screen and entered the lounge.

"Good evening," the young man said. "This is your new captain speaking. Our flying time to Havana will be six hours and twenty-two minutes. If we all remain calm and love each other, no one will be hurt." He bowed politely to Tracy. "A pleasure to have you on board, Mr. Steele. I've admired you on the screen ever since I was a little boy. More recently, I've seen a number of your older films on television. They stand up very nicely."

"Well, gee, thanks," Tracy said.

"Now, if you sit quietly and continue your game, all will be well." He glanced briefly at Tiger's cards.

"You dumb Whitey bastard," he said not unkindly. He reached into Tiger's hand and discarded the eight Tiger had just drawn. "Gin," the young man said, then turned, walked to the cockpit and opened the door.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," he said, holding the gun at the pilot's head. "They tell me Cuba is especially lovely this time of year." Then he closed the door.

Tracy Steele's face was ashen.

He felt his stomach lurch.

"How can I go to Cuba?" he said. "I got a meeting with Dickie Zanuck at 10:30 in the morning."

Cathy got out the other four itty-bitty vodka bottles, opened them herself and passed them one at a time to Tracy. He drank them in eight easy gulps.

Then she reached into the bag and produced Harvey's gun.

"Why don't you just go up there and take him?" she said.

"What?" Tracy said.

"Me?" Tracy said.

"Why?" Tracy said.

"You have a meeting with Dickie Zanuck tomorrow morning," Cathy said.

"Besides, think of the publicity. 'MOVIE STAR TRACY STEELE SAVES HIJACKED PLANE.'"

"The kid's right," Tiger said. "It's a hell of a gimmick."

"They wouldn't say 'MOVIE STAR TRACY STEELE.' They'd just say 'TRACY STEELE.' Everybody knows I'm a movie star. I'm a household word. They only put 'movie star' in front of somebody's name with kids you never heard of. Real movie stars, all they need is the name itself. Why don't you take him, Tiger?"

Tiger was beginning to enjoy himself for the first time in 11 years.

"Jeez, Trace," he said, "I'd love to. But, I mean, how would it look, 'TRACY STEELE'S DIALOG DIRECTOR SAVES HIJACKED PLANE'? What kind of shit is that?"

"We could tell the papers I did it."

"Witnesses. The pilots and everybody. I don't think we could make it stick," Tiger said.

Tracy looked at Cathy.

She shook her head.

Tracy shrugged. The last four itty-bitty bottles of vodka had just hit bottom.

"Well, maybe you're right," he said. "What do you think I should do?"

"Go up there," Tiger said, "open the door and stick the lady's gun up against the back of that hijacker's head."

"Then what? I got to say something. I got to have some kind of dialog."

Cathy said: "Why don't you try, 'If I were you, son, I'd just drop that gun and come along nice and quiet?'"

"Sure, Trace," Tiger said. "You can remember that. You said it in your last picture."

Tracy considered the matter carefully.

"What time is it in California?" he said. "I mean, there's no point in getting my ass shot off if we miss the early edition of the *L.A. Times*."

"This is not just L.A., Trace," Tiger said. "This is big. Every wire service in the world will be waiting when we hit the airport. TV cameras. Telstar. Think of Dickie Zanuck's face when you walk into his office tomorrow morning."

"OK," Tracy said. "I'll do it. I just have to take a crap first."

"Oh, for God's sake," Cathy said. "Come on!" She pulled Tracy to his feet, led him to the cockpit door and put the gun in his hand.

"OK, action!" she said, yanking the cockpit door open with one hand and shoving Tracy forward with the other.

"If I were you, son," the internationally famous voice droned, "I'd just drop that gun and come along nice and quiet."

The flight engineer, against whose head Tracy had pressed the P-38, dropped the revolver he was holding against the young hijacker's head and slowly raised his hands.

"My God," the pilot said wearily, without taking his eyes from the con-

trols, "where do you want to go?"

"L.A.," Tracy said. "I have a meeting with Dickie Zanuck in the morning."

Even the young hijacker was impressed.

"If my Cuban plans have been foiled," he said, "could I at least have your autograph?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Tracy said. That was another of his standard jokes. One he used to demonstrate humility in the presence of his fans.

"Would you mind making it out to my wife? She's back in tourist."

Tracy grinned his \$1,000,000-against-ten-percent-of-the-gross grin, handed the P-38 to the flight engineer and reached for his fountain pen.

Cathy mixed herself a double vodka and ice from the unguarded drink table, waved a polite good night to Tiger, who, for reasons of his own, appeared to be convulsed with laughter, and made her way back to her seat. Harvey was still sleeping. She kissed him gently on the brow and sat there in the darkness, sipping her drink and making plans for their future.

• • •

The Los Angeles International Airport, which is usually quiet at midnight, was jammed. Two press conferences (separate but equal) were being held simultaneously. At one, Tracy was explaining how he had singlehandedly disarmed the crazed hijacker. At the other, Lester sat silently while Linda, his wife of one day, held forth on the subject of her husband's martyrdom. While her husband was in jail, she explained, she would occupy her time by writing a book on the black-power movement and the joys of interracial marriage.

Had she ever written anything before? a reporter asked.

No, she said, but her father, a famous teacher of creative writing at the Best-Selling Writers' School in Stratford, Connecticut, would certainly help her.

Cathy led the still-dazed Harvey through the crowds. There were no taxis to be had, but, naturally, since Tracy was on the plane, there was a limousine standing by.

"Mr. Steele's car?"

The driver nodded.

"The Beverly Hills Hotel," Cathy said. The driver stared at her.

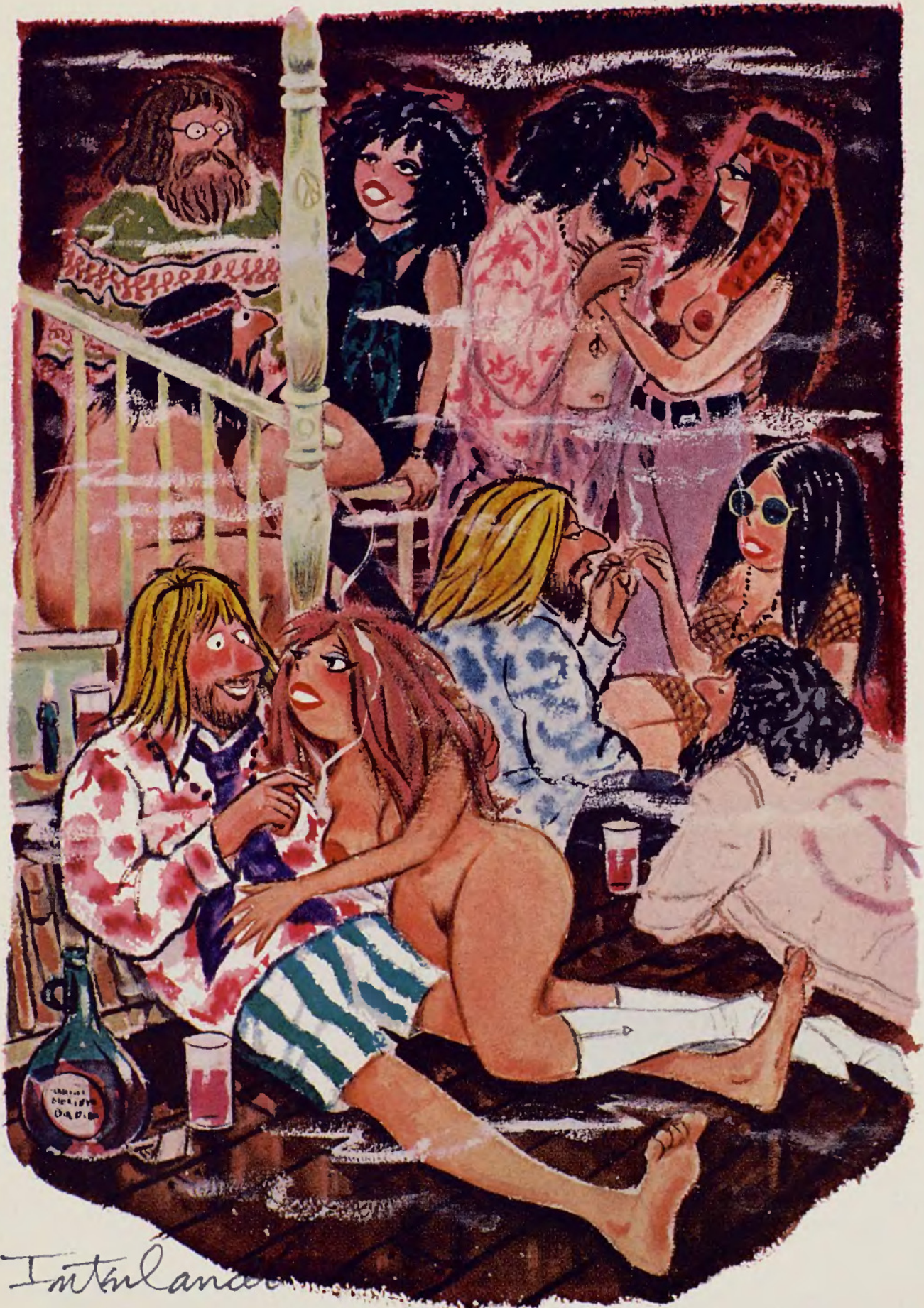
Cathy stared back.

She had been hijacking limousines longer than the driver (a temporarily unemployed actor) had been driving them.

"Yes, ma'am," he finally said.

Harvey was asleep once more, with his head in Cathy's lap, as the limousine drove off into the black Los Angeles night.





Intolerance

"Say, this being an undercover agent is a gas!"

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