ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

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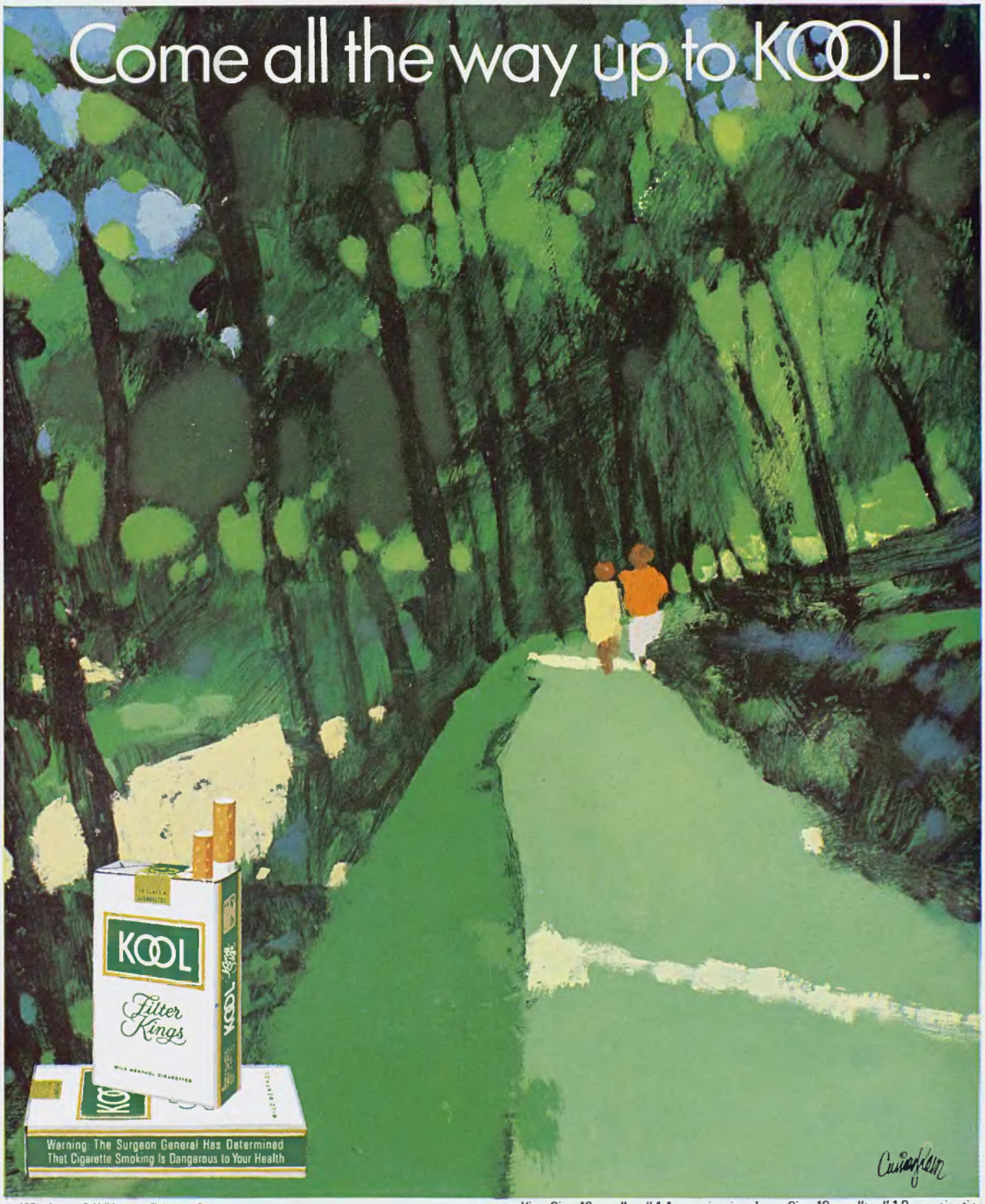

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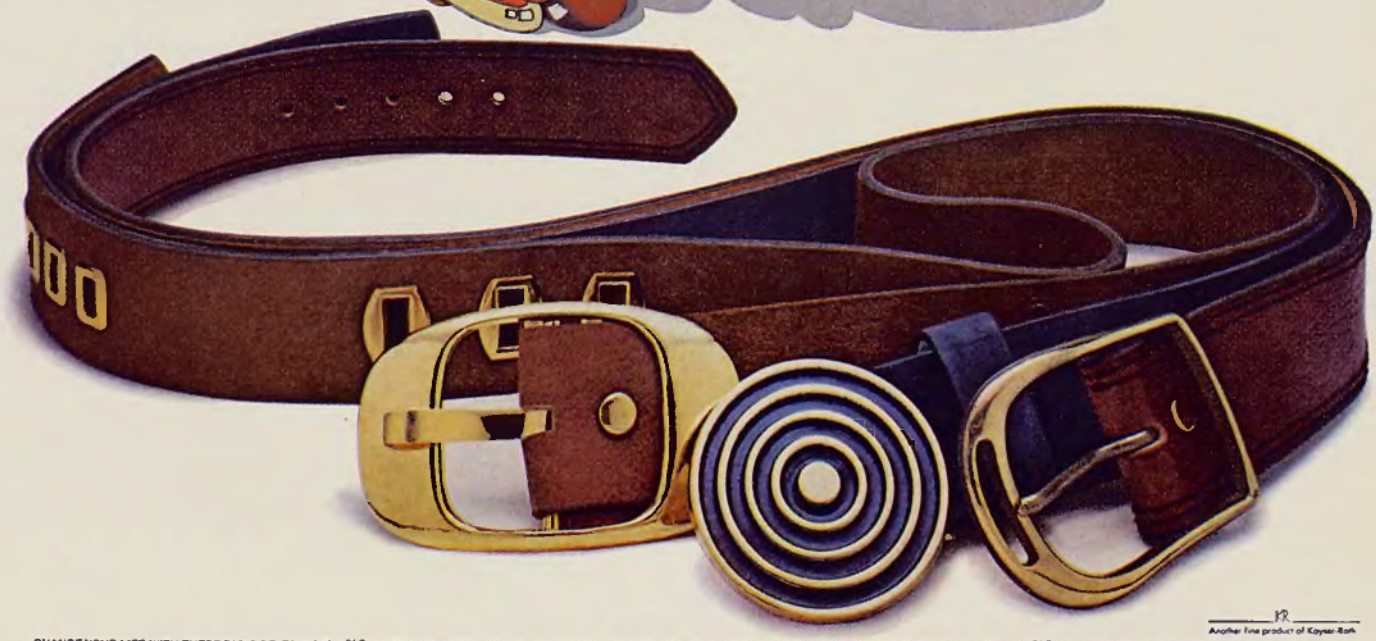

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 75.

PLAYBILL There was a time, not too many years ago, when "student apathy" was an evil that college editors regularly denounced in their campus papers. Then, almost as if students decided to take those stern lectures seriously—even to excess—"campus unrest" became part of the nation's jargon, with student militancy reaching a peak after the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State killings. Now there is evidence that things have changed again—or at least significantly cooled—on campus, and that students in the Seventies may be more like the Silent Generation of the Fifties than the crusaders of the Sixties: PLAYBOY's second annual *Student Survey* points to a turning away from social concerns toward more personal pursuits. The poll is the work of many people and organizations enlisted by PLAYBOY. Nearly 3000 students at 60 colleges and universities were questioned and their answers were fed into our computer. The programmers then delivered a few miles of print-outs to Staff Writer Craig Vetter, who has been involved in the project as an advisor and coordinator since its beginning. Vetter studied the breakdown and—with a little help from his friend Richard Kolf, our Editorial Administrator and the only member of our staff who can use a slide rule—wrote the text that accompanies the survey.

The poll indicates that one thing hasn't changed on campus: The kids still smoke pot. And since the stuff is as illegal as ever, the subterfuge, paranoia, cons and hassles that go along with grass and its procurement still flourish. Underground cartoonist Gilbert Shelton's *Feds 'n' Heads* is an entertaining board version of the deadly serious games the narcs and the freaks play with one another. Shelton reports that art and reality came uncomfortably close when he and some friends returned from Mexico not long ago. In the course of a routine search at the border, a Customs official discovered a stack of the game's cards. The top card read, "The Feds have closed down the border. You shall score no grass this turn." Shelton's party was detained for an hour while unamused guards studied the game.

Another cartoonist, Jules Feiffer—who has contributed heavily to PLAYBOY over the years—makes a different sort of appearance in this issue, as the subject of a *Playboy Interview*. We originally wanted an article on the satirist and assigned Larry DuBois to visit the set of *Carnal Knowledge*, which Feiffer wrote and Mike Nichols directed. Outwardly, at least, Feiffer turned out to be one of his own characters—bewildered, middle-class and just not someone you go on about for 5000 or 6000 words. But he has a lot to *say*—about himself and the disjointed times. So DuBois suggested an interview with Feiffer and we agreed. Borrowing a cocktail-party line, the acerbic results are "right out of a Feiffer cartoon."

September's fiction features two frequent PLAYBOY contributors and one newcomer. Irwin Shaw's *Small Saturday* is the story of a man who likes his women tall and gets into trouble for it (the illustration is by Kim Whitesides), and Michael (*The Andromeda Strain*) Crichton discovers *The Most Powerful Tailor in the World*, an unlikely threat to national security. In *I'm Not Sure G*O*L*F Is Therapy*, Richard Hooker, author of *M*A*S*H*, debuts in our pages with the story of Hawkeye's troubles in civilian practice.

Bureaucrats: Ralph Nader says they don't do their jobs. Richard Nixon suspects that they don't know who's really the President and George Wallace thinks they all have pointy heads and carry briefcases that should be thrown into the Potomac. Robert Semple, *The New York Times* White House correspondent, makes a number of disturbing observations on this subject in *Who Runs the Government?* On the lighter side, this issue offers *The Creation*, J. B. Handelsman's version of *Genesis*, and *I Want a Ghoul*, Jack Sharkey's parody of horror classics.

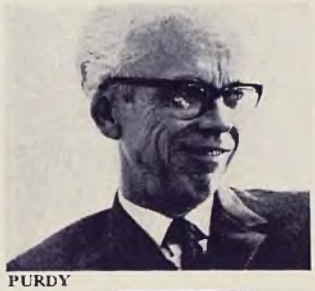
Premiering this September is *Playboy Potpourri*, a selective miscellany of new and eccentric products, ideas and events we think will help you stay half a step ahead (or at least even) in these quickly changing times. The jigsaw girl on our cover is Crystal Smith, and you can see more of her—very together—on the inside: She's Miss September. *Girls of the Golden West* are also on hand, photographed by Don Ornitz against spectacular landscapes. Beauty in yet another mood is portrayed by photographer Shig Ikeda in his portfolio of *Surreal Ladies*.

Three of our long-standing contributors make appearances in this issue. Anson Mount, Public Affairs Manager, offers his 15th annual *Pigskin Preview*. Mount's past previews of the season's All-Americas and top teams have been remarkably successful. Last month, he tried his hand with the pros for the first time. We'll see how his record for prescience holds up. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy road-tests a sensational new Citroën, this one a joint Franco-Italian effort. And Michael Laurence, whose previous articles on economics and finance have won several awards, explores the offbeat-investment market in *Collecting for Fun and (Maybe) Profit*. Playboy Press will publish a collection of Mike's earlier efforts this fall. In the meantime, Laurence—something of a collector himself—is unaccountably interested in any information readers may have on the U. S. ten-cent stamp of 1869. If you can afford the current postal rates, write Laurence in care of PLAYBOY. Then enjoy our September issue—a bargain at the price.

SHAW

CRICHTON

SHELTON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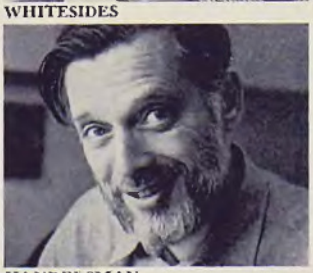
HANDELSMAN

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vol. 18, no. 9—september, 1971

PLAYBOY

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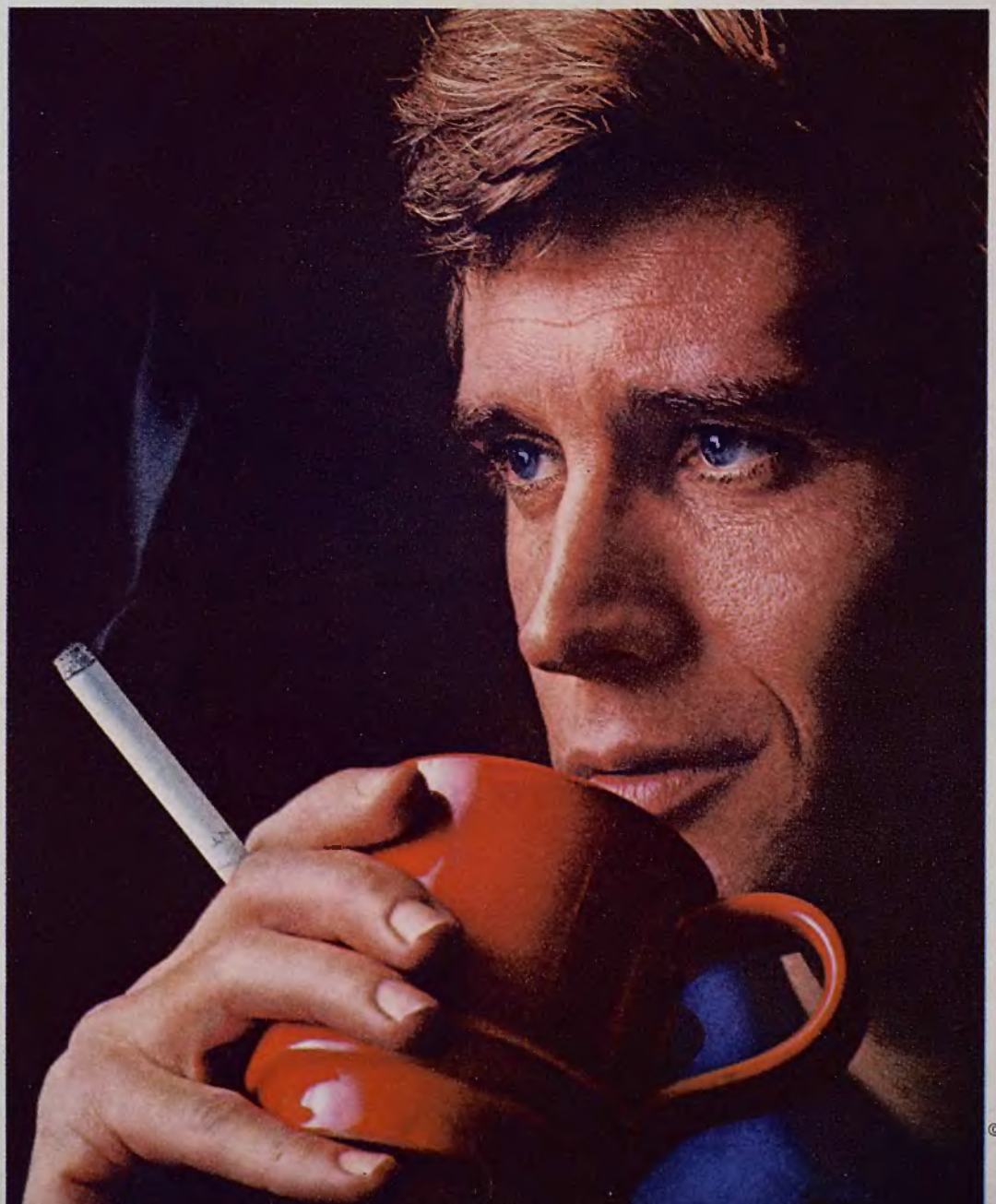

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SPEER'S *KAMPF*

The Albert Speer interview (PLAYBOY, June) is the most significant one you have ever published. Though Speer admits contrition, he also conveys the dynamic upsweep and pride that engulfed Germany in the late Twenties and Thirties. This interview should be required reading in all colleges. It shows how rational men can be caught up in a national movement that soon devastates the entire civilized world. By interviewing Speer late in his life, you point out the futility of executing the former Nazi leaders when so much could have been learned from them. Speer is our most direct contact with that turbulent period, and his book and PLAYBOY's interview will be studied for years to come.

Jerome G. Trojanowski
Detroit, Michigan

The *Playboy Interview* with Albert Speer is easily the most outstanding offering ever made in the magazine's pages and certainly the most penetrating in the history of the feature. It is a cogent contribution to an understanding of what went on in Nazi Germany.

Roy Traband
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Thanks for an excellent interview with Albert Speer. One may, indeed, draw a conclusion from this dialog that perhaps the most frightening thing about all people is that we never recognize our own evil, nor want to.

Peter Sarachman
DeKalb, Illinois

Speer's desire to write off the atrocities of the German war machine and his part in them is not the work of a cowardly man. Speer sacrificed his anonymity so that we could know the dangers that result when hate, fear and greed depersonalize a society. His closing statements in the interview stand as a warning to beware of the short-term "victory."

Carole LaFollette
San Rafael, California

I found myself detesting Speer as he talked about his past ambitions, then pitying him because of his blindness. But as I read on, I realized that this man worked for something that he believed in and that he has accepted responsibility for its consequences—something few of us could do. And through those events has come a tremendous insight into the world in which we live. Speer now says about our technological world that there needs to be "more demand for individual freedom and the self-awareness of the human being." If such understanding can be gained after 20 years in prison, cannot others reach the same conclusion during their lifetimes of freedom? Thank you for the best and most compelling interview you've published to date.

Dennis R. O'Connell
Carbondale, Illinois

Speer has made the same error the enemies of capitalism are making today; that is, maintaining that technology per se, divorced from any political or philosophical ideology, is destroying the world. It makes little difference (especially to the victims) whether one is murdered with a bow and arrow or by a V-2 rocket. The Jews could have been systematically drowned instead of being gassed by "technology"—death was still inevitable. On the contrary; technology has saved more lives than it has destroyed. The day it dies will be the day humanity dies as well.

Eddie Seamon
De Land, Florida

I was surprised to see the June issue of PLAYBOY infected with an interview with Albert Speer. Why should the doings of this person (who obviously is not normal, as exhibited by his nonapologetic statements) be brought to light and published in your magazine? This seems to make a hero of him or some kind of controversial person. There's nothing controversial about this man, who is probably nothing but an organism of psychopathic tendencies with a paranoid overlay, as revealed between the lines of your interview. His constant self-accusation is his use of reverse psychology, for in reality he feels no guilt. Being Jewish and having relatives murdered in concentration camps, it

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made me vomit to read the thoughts of this beast. Speer claimed that no one knew of the atrocities. I challenge that, citing Arthur D. Morse's book *While 6,000,000 Died*. I am not so narrow that I don't realize you try to interview interesting and controversial personalities, but I do feel that interviewing that wasted protoplasm was a waste of decent paper.

Robert Cohen
Asbury Park, New Jersey

I suppose it is particularly galling to many people that Albert Speer is today a free man, except in conscience. However, if his Creator can find room in his heart to forgive Speer's atrocities, then I guess the least the rest of us can do is the same. For a man who would like to rid himself of his past, he certainly has a fine memory. It's as though he were somehow smugly proud that he is one of the few men around today who can tell it like it really was; if, indeed, he is telling the whole truth.

Richard Smail
Library, Pennsylvania

Shortly, I will go before a hearing officer who will interview me on my stand as a conscientious objector. After reading what Speer, a realistic and honest man, has to say to us in America, I can only hope that more people will realize that if we are to exist in the 20th Century and beyond, we are going to have to re-examine our basic ideals. We need to concentrate all our efforts on helping our fellow man and stop threatening to annihilate him. Congratulations on a very thought-provoking interview.

A/1C Michael W. Mosiman
Sawyer AFB, Michigan

I object vehemently to the biased, discourteous approach of interviewer Eric Norden. There was no need to dwell on guilt and self-recrimination. Speer was a great man devoted to serving his country and no more guilty nor in need of recrimination than the devoted leaders of this country. Why couldn't the interview have been more positive and objective, without the prejudices and anti-German opinions of Norden? You should have sent someone who could have been neutral.

Bradford Bovert
Concord, New Hampshire

Under Eric Norden's laconic questioning, Albert Speer seems repentant and contrite—although, as Norden notes, still boastful about some of his revolting accomplishments. There's one thing that would prove his attitude one way or the other: What is he doing with the massive royalties from his best seller? If he's sincere, he will keep only enough to support himself decently and give the rest to some fund connected with the victims of his astute and massive aid to Adolf Hitler.

Paul A. Gardner
Ottawa, Ontario

A special clause included in Albert Speer's publishing contract at his request states that a percentage of his royalties will go to a variety of charities in Israel.

Albert Speer was not Hitler's closest confidant and second-in-command, as Norden insists throughout the interview. Speer joined the Nazi Party in 1931, at the tail end of the *Führer*'s struggle for political power in Germany. Like millions of his fellow countrymen, Speer was captivated by the glowing genius of Hitler's oratory. But he was a National Socialist in name only. As he admits in his book, he never even read *Mein Kampf* and he never understood our philosophy beyond its most external, obvious manifestations. Hitler admired Speer's technical skills, which he used in much the same way an architect employs his mechanical subordinate: Hitler executed the design and left it for Speer to materialize in stone and cement. That was the extent of the simple relationship between the genius and his willing hand. Speer has a clerk's character—educated but not intelligent, steady but humorless, efficient but morally weak, the obedient bureaucrat of whoever happens to be his superior. Yesterday his leader was Adolf Hitler. Today it is world Jewry. Speer is no representative of National Socialism. For we are seldom allowed to voice our true nature and purposes, as the recent court decision against our right to free speech proves. Instead, clowns like Speer are paraded before the half-informed public as "the real examples of Nazism," while we National Socialist fighters must labor silently for the victory of white mankind. Thinking of the interview, a line from Spengler comes to mind that puts Speer's place in history into a nutshell: "Even a blockhead can misrepresent a noble idea." Down with Speer! *Heil* Hitler!

Frank Collin, Party Leader
The National Socialist
Party of America
Chicago, Illinois

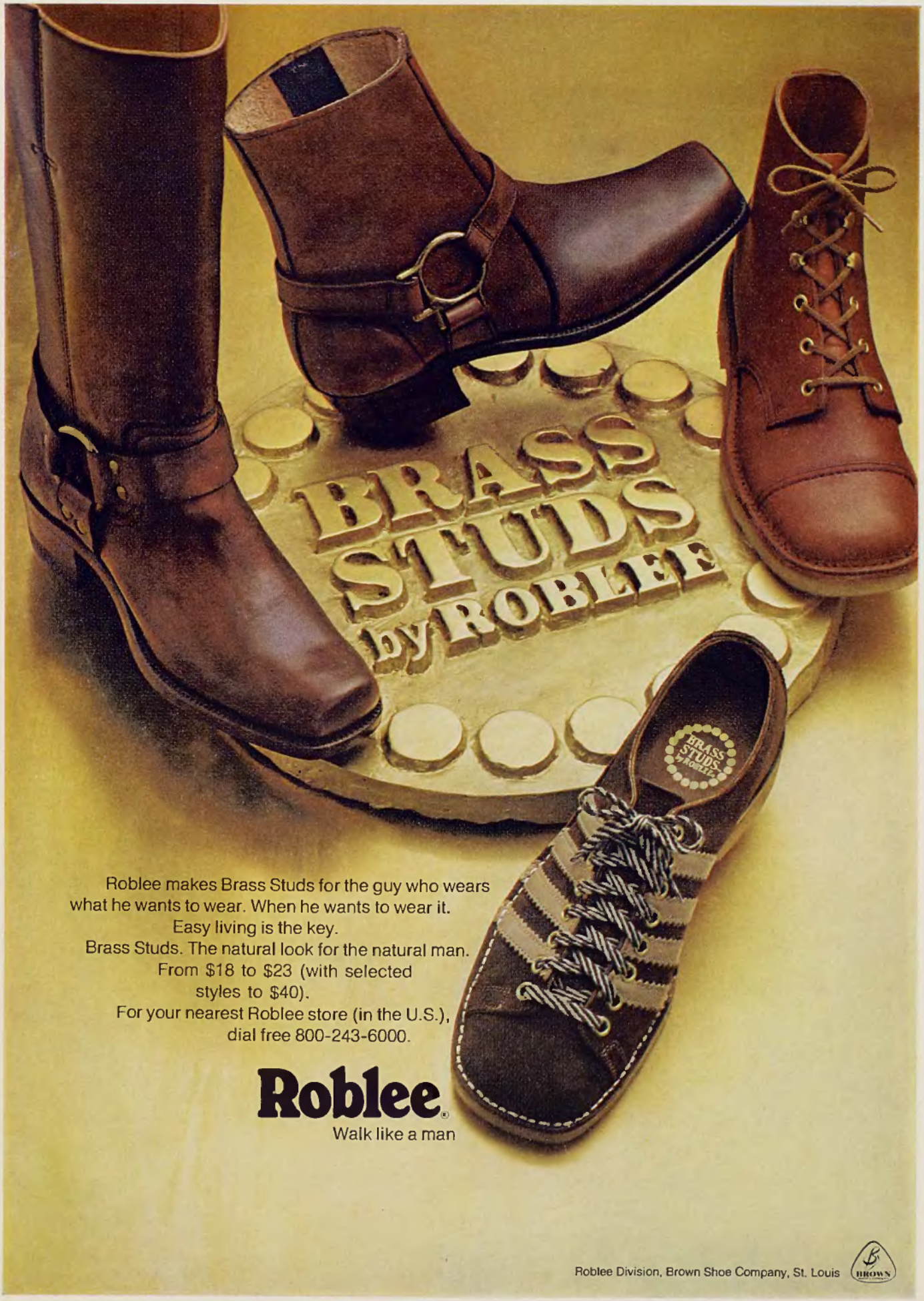
Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to Eric Norden for not only an excellent choice of subjects but also a superb interview. I have read Speer's memoirs, but even those fail to give some of the insight into the Nazi era, or into the man himself, that was achieved in this dialog. It seems amazing that a man with Speer's background, who has been removed from society for 20 years, comments on depersonalizing of the enemy, technocracy and individual freedom and self-awareness. This describes so many of our modern ills in Vietnam, the cities and society in general. It would appear that the world could have benefited more from the intelligence and insight of this man by using his many talents than by removing him from society for 20 years.

Capt. Dieter P. Wirtzfeld
APO San Francisco, California

I am very grateful to you for mentioning that Rudolf Hess remains the sole prisoner in Spandau and has been since October 1, 1966, almost five years ago. This comes at a significant time, since May 10 of this year was the 30th anniversary of Hess's flight to Scotland and subsequent imprisonment, which has lasted to this day. It isn't generally known that Hess's continued imprisonment isn't so much a question of punishment as a matter of political strategy. Though the three Western powers have repeatedly expressed their consent, if not desire, for the release of Hess, the Soviet Union has consistently vetoed the proposition, because, once there is no one left to guard in Spandau prison, the U. S. S. R. forfeits its right to move troops through, and maintain a staff in, West Berlin. This letter is not written with the intention of diverting the spotlight away from Speer but with the conviction that the release of Hess is somewhat more important than an interview with a man who has already regained his freedom and has been reunited with his family. There remains a human being behind walls who may see his wife and son only one half hour every month, and even then, he may not touch them, not even to shake hands, and their topics of conversation are restricted. I hope your readers will investigate this matter and let their views be known by writing to the Soviet embassy.

James C. Anderson, Chairman
The Freedom for Rudolf Hess
Association
Rosemont, Illinois

Your Speer interview is timely by way of making the public conscious of the Americans involved in the My Lai massacre. Although the crimes committed by the Nazis probably exceed in magnitude those of any nation in history, the Germans simply illustrated the ultimate depravity of which all people are capable when moral accountability is made subordinate to a national ideology. The question of a possible parallel in the My Lai incident needs to be asked at both the personal and the national level. There is no question of the guilt of Lieutenant Calley. Any effort to convert him into a hero is a shocking revelation of the capacity of Americans, in the name of anticommunism, to adopt an amoral, Nazilike stance, which cannot distinguish captured, submissive civilians from soldiers and civilians engaged in active combat. If, as many allege, crimes against humanity by Americans in Vietnam are more pervasive than that one incident, then we must seek out and



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punish all those responsible. The longer a war lasts, the more brutal it tends to become and men are prone to forget the idealism for which it is being fought. However, this isn't sufficient reason to excuse the condemned. We must begin a self-examination as to whether we have lost our purpose in Vietnam and are in the process of losing our souls. As long as we can try to condemn all persons responsible, it is clear that we have some vestige of conscience left and are not utterly beyond hope.

William H. Brownlee
Professor of Religion
Claremont Graduate School
Claremont, California

PLAYBOY asked Speer whether he agrees that U. S. involvement in Indochina is a war crime against humanity and a crime of aggressive warfare. Speer replied that he wouldn't comment directly on the rights and wrongs of Vietnam, giving his reasons, but that the lessons of Nazi Germany and World War Two apply to all nations and all wars. In the prosecution of World War Two crimes, we convicted and punished killers of captured and unarmed American soldiers. It follows that Calley, who admittedly killed unarmed women and children, committed war crimes. In 1946, when I prosecuted German, Hungarian and Austrian nationals, I contended that they were guilty of war crimes. The U. S. military commission agreed with me and found all of the defendants guilty, 100 percent of the convictions were later upheld. If we were to contend today that any of our soldiers who kill unarmed civilians are not guilty of war crimes, our hypocrisy would invite enemy soldiers to kill unarmed women and children and U. S. prisoners of war.

Col. D. George Paston (Ret.)
Brooklyn, New York

I have recommended to my class that they read your Speer interview carefully. From a historical point of view, his *mea culpas* are not really very important, but what *are* important are the insights he gives into the mythmaking of the Third Reich. There is no reason to doubt that these are authentic, because there is a great deal of corroborative evidence for what he says. You mention in the introduction Barraclough's critique from *The New York Review of Books*. It certainly wasn't a critique from a historical standpoint. Speer has no reason to lie now about matters that he witnessed. It isn't very important whether or not he actually knew about the "final solution" of the Jewish question. The truth about that will never be known. But what is valuable is his description of Hitler's inner circle. Everyone who tries to give a historical picture of the Third Reich is open to attack if he does not moralize at the same time. But I would think that what Speer says judges itself.

George L. Mosse
Bascom Professor of History
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Mosse wrote "The Crisis of German Ideology," "Nazi Culture" and "Germans and Jews."

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER

I found the June article *The Sounds of Silence*, by Edward and Mildred Hall, most interesting and informative. It is amazing that with all our advances in technology, it has taken us this long to try to understand the most basic form of communication—the language of the body. Kudos to PLAYBOY for passing this information on to your many readers.

George Starr
Washington, D. C.

Along with a great deal of valuable information, *The Sounds of Silence* contained a large amount of generalization. It is important to stress that body language, like symbolic meaning, changes with every situation/contest and that generalized surface analysis can often lead a layman to excessive and erroneous interpretation. As Father Sigmund himself stated, "There are times when a good cigar is more than a smoke."

Bernie Gunther
Esalen Institute
Big Sur, California

Author of "What to Do Till the Messiah Comes," Gunther is a leading guru of the sense-awareness movement.

SOLVING A MYSTERY

Although I don't consider myself a mystery buff, I couldn't help but feel dismayed over the fact that master sleuth Ellery Queen overlooked an obvious solution to the puzzle of *The Odd Man* (PLAYBOY, June). Because each suspect lived on a different floor of a three-story house, it necessarily follows that two of them lived on odd-numbered floors (one and three). Therefore, the "odd man" of the three, Kerry, was the one living on the even-numbered floor. Granted, this solution is not as glamorous as Queen's, but I believe it is equally plausible.

Gary Stephan
Omaha, Nebraska

MOVING WITH MCQUEEN

John Skow did a magnificent job of capturing the day-to-day life of Steve McQueen in his June article, *The 24 Hours of Steve McQueen*. The approach Skow took—showing us McQueen as he was on location for a racing movie, where he risked not only his life but $7,000,000 of backers' money—was the only approach that could have worked. Thank you, John Skow.

Richard Ferris
Los Angeles, California

See our review of McQueen's movie "Le Mans," on page 50 of this issue.

MISSISSIPPI MOURNING

Craig Vetter's article *Funeral in Jackson* (PLAYBOY, June), though a bit subtle, gave a very good picture of the lack of change in Jackson since the shooting incidents on May 14, 1970. Those who did the murdering are acting like they were the ones murdered. Governor John Bell Williams is hardly trying to introduce productive and fair policies that will apply to all citizens in his state. Instead, he builds a fortress manned by armed imbeciles to keep the black man at bay. Even more troubling is the fact that none of the recommendations made by the President's Commission on Campus Unrest regarding the shootings was acted upon. Shooting blacks in Mississippi has long been considered a sport. Do you suppose one can purchase a hunting license?

Bentley Seaman
Seattle, Washington

What has PLAYBOY got against the state of Mississippi? I have never read so many lies or as much bullshit in one magazine article. Young James Green was not gunned down; he was shot while police were defending themselves under circumstances they didn't ask for. Police also have families and I'm sure they would rather have been with their loved ones instead of out shooting colored people. Vetter mentioned the city's largest shanty ghetto: The seven years I lived in Jackson, I saw no ghettos in the sense that the word applies to Chicago, Detroit or New York. It might surprise Vetter to know that all black men in Jackson do not fear the police and all Jackson police do not fear black men. As for the governor of Mississippi, the Honorable John Bell Williams is a World War Two veteran who sacrificed one of his limbs for his country. But as for that jerk Muskie from Maine, he would do better solving his own state's problems. If you have ever lived in Jackson or elsewhere in the state of Mississippi, you would understand Vetter's article as a piece of trash written to please some people who he hoped would pay him to write it. If the people in this country would solve their own problems in their own communities, towns, cities or states, there would be no problems.

Thomas H. Malouf
Miami, Florida

I am a white middle-class Mississippian who read Craig Vetter's *Funeral in Jackson* and felt compelled to write and tell you what I thought of it. Fantastic! When Vetter earlier wrote *Underground*

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YES
YES
A THOUSAND TIMES YES

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

at the "Daily Planet," he made his name known in the field of humor. With *Funeral in Jackson*, he displayed versatility and wrote what I feel is the most honest and fair article about Mississippi in years. I related to his vivid descriptions of Lynch Street, Jackson State College, the governor's wall, our people and, most of all, the feeling between the two races. I loved the description of Senator Muskie, who appeared as most Northern visitors do here—nervous, frightened and jittery.

Bill Gardner
Mississippi Teenage Republican Federation
Magnolia, Mississippi

FILMING THE PRESIDENT

I thoroughly enjoyed the humorous, quasi-Arthur Hailey treatment of the current Administration in *White House!* (PLAYBOY, June), by Larry Siegel. I can't wait to see the movie version; I'll bet it outdraws *Airport*.

Richard Burlington
Miami Beach, Florida

White House! was a desperate and really sophomoric attempt to wring a few more tasteless laughs out of an already tasteless subject. Presidents and White House personnel have always been obvious targets for humor and they have almost always accepted the gibes with good grace. But I really don't think they are meant to be splattered with bilge for the sake of a few laughs. Many responsible people in both parties have long stressed the need for respect for the office of the Presidency, if not for the man who occupies that office. Articles like Siegel's hack away devastatingly, not just at the people in the White House but at the office of the Presidency and the very structures of Government themselves. To me, literary bombs smuggled into American homes between the covers of national magazines are every bit as damaging to our strength as senseless violence and obscenity in the street. All these things are really abuses of the democratic processes and, in the long run, threaten their very existence.

Pat Boone
Los Angeles, California

Boone, named a Top Ten Record Artist in 1955, is director of the Northeastern Institute for Christian Education.

TENNIS, EVERYONE?

John McPhee has written a brilliant, detailed analysis of the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament, *Centre Court*, in the June issue of PLAYBOY. He has thoroughly captured that intangible quality of the tournament called atmosphere, which is the unique characteristic of Wimbledon. McPhee certainly does elevate sportswriting to an art form. Moreover, his description of the myriad facts surrounding the event makes the pages come alive for any tennis player who has ever participated at Wimbledon. My heartiest congratulations for a fine job.

Donald L. Dell
Washington, D. C.

Dell is a former United States Davis Cup captain.

McPhee's article possessed such interest and depth that it is hard for me to believe he is not one of the players. He characterized Dell, Ashe and Ralston so accurately that he left me in fits of laughter. He also caught the *ambiance* of Wimbledon and had the ability to mix this with humor and interesting facts. The assumption that the readers knew nothing of the subject made it easy to understand and enjoy, even for those who do not play tennis. I know McPhee's talents as a writer from having read his book *Levels of the Game*, but it is still not easy to write on such a complex subject as Wimbledon. I must congratulate PLAYBOY for its interest in the great sport of tennis.

Erik van Dillen
Los Angeles, California

SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP

For me, great science fiction has always been the most mind-boggling trip one can take without drugs. Please allow me to thank you for William Hjortsberg's fantastic story, *Gray Matters*, in the June issue. It is, unquestionably, the finest story I have ever read in your magazine and one of the greatest I have *ever* read, period. In his "first venture into science fiction," Hjortsberg has demonstrated the ability to rise to the top of this category of writing, equaling Arthur C. Clarke at his best. It is this quality of writing that makes PLAYBOY the fine magazine that it is.

T. D. Fiske
Panorama City, California

Gray Matters, by William Hjortsberg, is, without a doubt, the best piece of science fiction I have read in the seven years I have been reading your publication. Bravo!

Anthony W. Richardson
Buffalo, New York

Congratulations on your decision to publish Hjortsberg's *Gray Matters*. It alone was worth the price of the magazine.

Earl L. Robertson
Kentfield, California

Earl L. Robertson's "Sorry I Had to Leave You at the Nile" appeared in our July issue.

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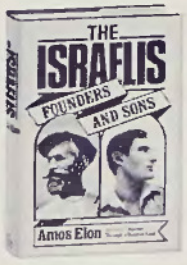

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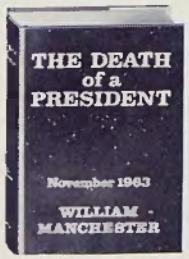

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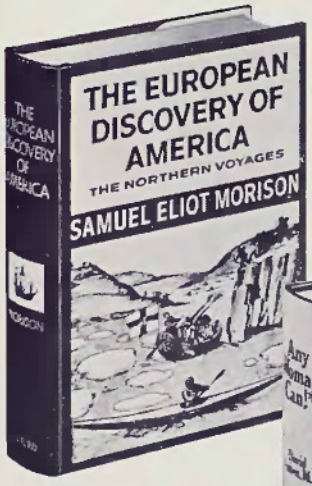

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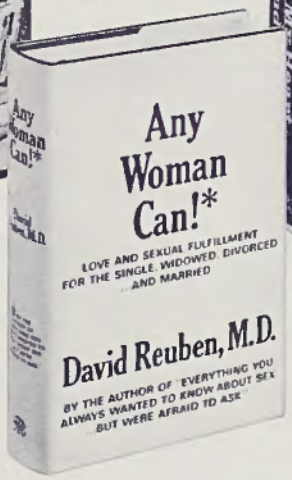

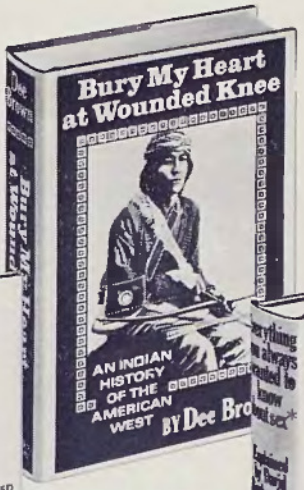

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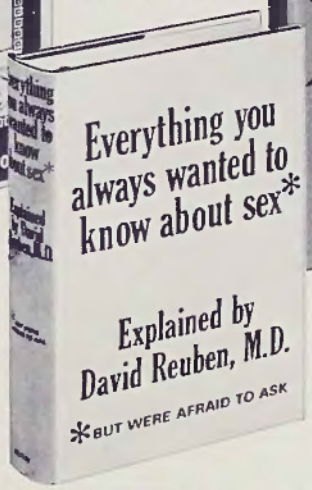

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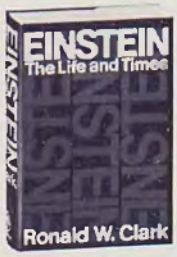

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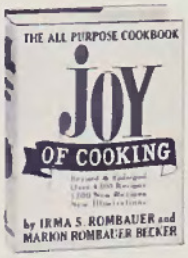

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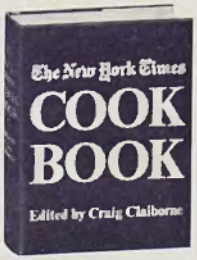

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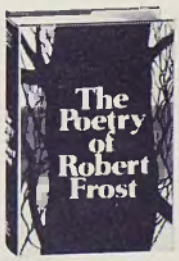

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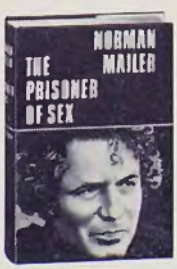

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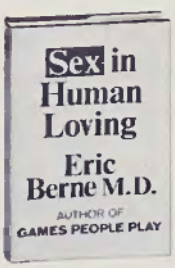

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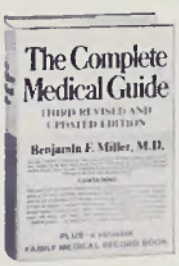

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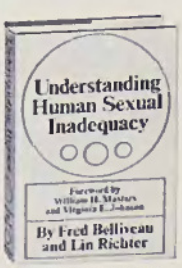

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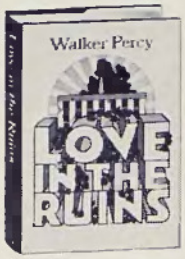

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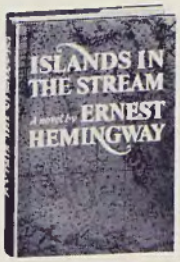

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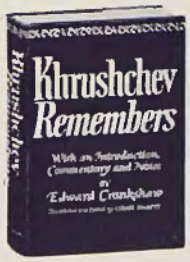

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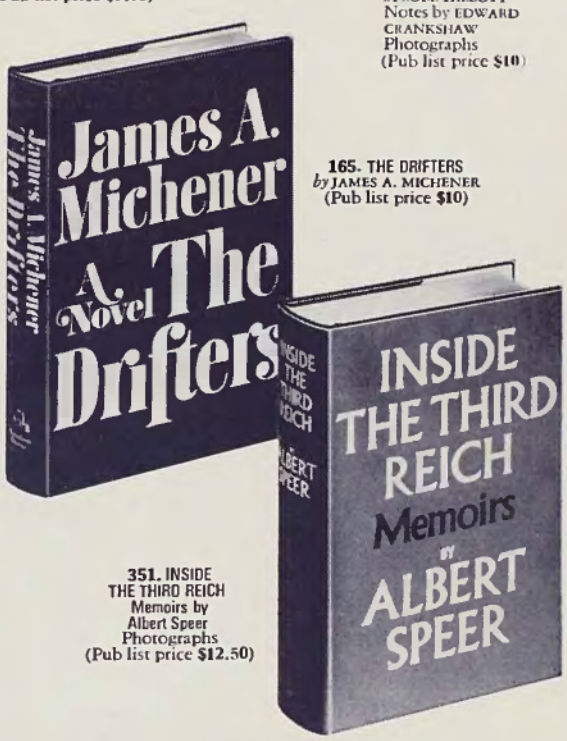

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351. INSIDE THE THIRD REICH Memoirs by Albert Speer Photographs (Pub list price $12.50)

A library-building plan every reading family should know about

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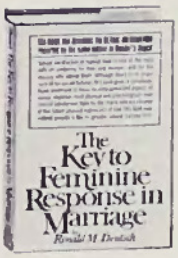
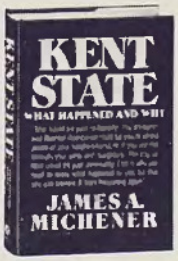
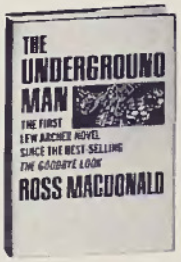


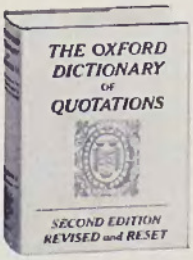
450. THE KEY TO FEMININE RESPONSE IN MARRIAGE *by* RONALD DEUTSCH. Illustrated (Pub list price $6.95)



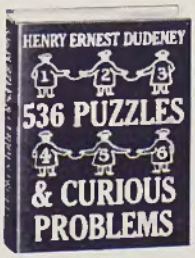
162. KENT STATE What Happened and Why *by* JAMES A. MICHENER Photographs (Pub list price $10)



129. THE UNDERGROUND MAN *by* ROSS MACDONALD (Pub list price $5.95)



260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Pub list price $12.50)



390. 536 PUZZLES & CURIOUS PROBLEMS *by* HENRY ERNEST DUDENEY. Illustrated (Pub list price $9.95)

520. BODY LANGUAGE *by* JULIUS FAST (Pub list price $4.95)

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If this were the only bottle left in the whole world and you had it, who would you share it with?

Johnnie Walker Red. The world's largest selling Scotch.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

The gymnasium lobby is filled with long-haired college students waiting to see the show, and hundreds more are on the way. Led Zeppelin is here to play? Wrong. Paul McCloskey's about to sock it to Nixon (equally sweet music to young ears)? Wrong again. Ho, ho, golly gee, it's none other than Buffalo Bob Smith, Howdy Doody's pal (Older brother? Guardian? Their relationship was never made clear and, frankly, we have always wondered about it). He's here tonight, ten years after *Howdy Doody* left the air, and hundreds of peanut-gallery graduates are girding themselves for a nostalgia trip. It all began again for Buffalo Bob after University of Pennsylvania students wrote to him, asking to borrow a *Howdy Doody* kinescope. When other schools made the same request, 53-year-old Smith, who was semiretired in Fort Lauderdale, began delivering the show in person. Now, campuses from Berkeley to West Point are clamoring for him.

The door opens and into the dingy gym pour 750 kids sucking the Tootsie Roll Pops that have been handed out at the door. They sit down on the hardwood floor and soon grow restive. Protruding sucker stems flick nervously from 750 mouths. It's 20 minutes past starting time. "Hurry up, Buffalo Bob," complains a girl. "I've got philosophy to read tonight."

Buffalo Bob's road manager, a young guy named Burt, finally comes out to explain the evening. "First, we're going to run a film of Howdy's tenth-anniversary show. You'll see all your favorite Doodyville characters. Phineas T. Bluster is in the film!"

"Yay!" the students yell.

"Clarabell the Clown is in the film!"

"Yay!"

"Chief Thunderthud is——"

"Yay!!!" Chief Thunderthud is so popular that the rest of the sentence is lost in cheering.

"And *Howdy Doody* is in the film!"

"Yay." A tepid cheer for Howdy. It's not hip to dig the star.

Lights dim, the projector rolls and there's Buffalo Bob. The students go wild. He tells us we're going to see a special *This Is Your Life* version of the *Howdy Doody* show. He will play the Ralph Edwards role. Sure enough, all the Doodyville gang shows up, and there's also a chat with the first winner of the Howdy Doody Look-Alike Contest, who seems to bear no psychological scars as a result of his uncanny resemblance to a 27-inch-tall marionette with elephant ears, mole-sized freckles and a gross overbite.

The best-written parts of the script are the cunning commercial lead-ins, disguised as innocent transitional scenes. Halfway into a 30-second commercial, we realize it's not merely idle banter between Corny Cobb and Howdy that we're watching. Unlike the show itself, the commercials also give Howdy a chance to say more than "Oh, gosh, Buffalo Bob," "Golly gee, Buffalo Bob," or, occasionally, "Oh, right you are." On the subject of Wonder Bread, he's positively expansive, and this eloquent monolog gets the loudest applause of the night. The episode closes (as the program always did) with church bells clanging and Buffalo Bob urging us to go to Sunday school; the audience of 750 long-hairs answers, *"Boooo!!"* Wonder Bread, 1; God, 0.

Now Burt comes out to introduce "every little boy's hero and the man every little girl wanted to marry—Buffalo Bob Smith!" And he comes bounding onto the stage, having sucked himself into that very same red-and-yellow fringed cowboy suit, dancing to the frantic applause, flashing the peace sign, spinning around to wiggle the red buffalo on his back. Buffalo Bob, junked and forgotten, has been dusted off and wound up again. Ol' Buff, as he calls himself, begins with a piano riff and asks the audience, "Who's the funniest clown you know?," and they sing back, "Clarabell!" Then he tells a few vintage *Howdy Doody* stories and waxes absolutely rhapsodic. There's the one about the evolution of Clarabell from stagehand to star. "And you know what, kids? Clarabell was played by Bobby Keeshan, who is now *Captain Kangaroo*!" We imagine Buffalo Bob has often cursed the fate that allowed Keeshan to achieve immortality while he languished in Lauderdale. One kid, Ol' Buff goes on to tell us, left his peanut-gallery chair to pee in a Thanksgiving pumpkin decorating the set. Another was asked about the worst thing he'd ever done and said, "Once, I farted."

After more uproarious stories, a few riddles and a session of *Howdy Doody* trivia, there are probing questions from the students. "Why did you go off the air, Buffalo Bob?" He shrugs and speaks indignantly about being replaced by *I Married Joan* reruns. "Will you ever be back on the air?" We see sweet revenge in his wink when he tells us that things are looking good for a return next year.

"Hurray!!" roar the college kids.

More than two hours have passed and although the Ol' Buff is showing no inclination to sign off, it's late and time for beddybye. Next morning, the alarm interrupts a very real dream: The *Howdy Doody* show has returned for 13 more years, is canceled and then, a decade later, some students send a letter to this 76-year-old duffer in Fort Lauderdale. . . .

•

The Long Beach, California, *Press-Telegram* received the following letter to the editor: "Concerning your article 'Sex After Fifty Can Be Nifty—If You Practice,' could you please tell me where the practice sessions are being held?"

•

Britain's Air Ministry has been inundated with improbable insurance claims because of sonic booms produced by the 1450-mile-per-hour Concorde: A Welsh farmer complained that the plane's boom caused his cow to have a miscarriage; a Scotsman got 60 cents for a pot of glue to restick ceiling tiles loosened by the sound; a homeowner painting his living room received a new sweater when he convinced a claims inspector that the boom startled him into upsetting a can of paint over himself; and an angler sought

$50 for a salmon he said he had just hooked when the plane's breaking of the sound barrier caused him to jerk his rod prematurely. But perhaps the most original claim was one for an unwanted pregnancy. "After all, a boom could surprise a couple at a highly critical moment," wrote a young woman seeking compensation. That one was turned down.

•

A Chicago judge ordered the film *101 Ways of Love* impounded because he found it "definitely and utterly obscene." Besides, he lamented after viewing it, "I only counted seven ways."

•

In the olden days of American folk and protest music, Woody Guthrie acquired a measure of fame by decorating his guitar with the slogan THIS MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS. Perhaps it's a sign of our times that one of Guthrie's successors, Pete Seeger, has now inscribed his banjo with the message THIS MACHINE SURROUNDS HATE AND FORCES IT TO SURRENDER.

•

As promised in the advance advertising, all mothers present at a recent Cleveland Indians–California Angels game were given "a beautifully decorated spray can of Right Guard." We trust that gave attendance figures a shot under the arm.

•

The Golden Age of the Motorcar may well have died with Ettore Bugatti, but the spectacular creations of that gilded era seem destined to run on forever. One such vintage land yacht came to our attention not long ago, when we chanced to glance at the "Imported and Sports Cars" classified column of *The New York Times*. There, nestled next to some parvenu's ad for a King Midget racer, was a four-inch block of copy describing a vehicle to rival even the late Lucius Beebe's private railway coach: a Croall-of-Edinburgh-bodied 1929 P-II Rolls-Royce Royal Hearse bearing the hand-painted crested coat of arms of the Earl of Macclesfield on three doors.

The Phantom, read the ad, had never been driven over 35 mph as it carried the greatest Scottish noblemen to their final repose from 1929 to 1965, when it was "brought to this country and meticulously restored by one of America's noted antique collectors . . . from its custom-designed needle-point carpet to its 18th Century red-leather library chair; from its solid-Honduras-mahogany interior paneling . . . [to] its crystal candelabra, antique liquor cabinet and sterling-silver lamps. . . . The Phantom is said to be the most extraordinary motorcar in the world. . . . No man can drive this magnificent monster down the turnpike at night—with guests in the drawing room sipping champagne by candlelight, watching the parade of lesser mortals through huge beveled plate-glass windows—no man can do this and be bored with life. . . . Inspection by appointment only, personally, with Mr. Peter Zage, the Motorcar Salon, New York, New York."

We almost spilled our champagne getting to the phone. Mr. Zage wasn't in but his secretary was.

"How much is the hearse?" we asked with ill-concealed eagerness.

"The Phantom," she replied in a voice that had all the warmth of a bank-vault door closing on a child's thumb, "is fifty thousand dollars."

"Delivered?"

"No, F. O. B. our showroom."

It probably had termites, anyway.

•

The Portland *Oregonian* recently carried an ad for this apt double feature at the Star Theater: *Candy* and *Thar She Blows.*

•

An angry fellow in San Francisco made out his state-tax payment to "Reagan's Thieves and Looters," and the California Tax Board accepted it without comment.

•

Something sartorial seems to have been lost in translation by Canadian Pacific Airways in its new French-language brochure promoting European tourism in the New World: "While you jet across Canada . . . the Executive Jet has financial magazines, dictating machines, and puzzles to fill your mind . . . and stewardesses without uniforms to fill your eyes."

•

Our Headline of the Month Award goes to the *Philadelphia Daily News* for this entry: "HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGES RAISE QUERIES."

•

Another gem from Herb Caen's *San Francisco Chronicle* column: "There has been a news blackout on this, but it's still true that a girl student at a local college was raped in her dormitory. . . . When a police officer asked her if she would recognize her assailant, she replied, 'Oh, sure—he did it once before!' "

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

It was Armed Forces Day in San Diego. Much of the population in that geriatric Southern California city observed the event by cheering thousands of precision-marching soldiers and sailors parading down Broadway. That same night, an alternative but barely ballyhooed observance was celebrated in San Diego High School's Russ Auditorium by 2400 Servicemen, PEACE-buttoned civilians and hirsute college students wearing clenched-fist T-shirts. For them, it was Armed Farces Day, as the printed program proclaimed. They were there to watch the ***Free the Army Show,*** an itinerant New Left vaudeville troupe—led by the Martha Raye of the antiwar movement, Jane Fonda—which had already appeared near Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Fort Ord, California. Earlier in the week, the show's sponsors had requested permission to perform aboard the U. S. S. Constellation, an aircraft carrier anchored in San Diego Bay that had previously played host to a U. S. O. show emceed by Bob Hope. Their request had been denied, just as it had been at Bragg and Ord. They were told that their antiwar point of view might demoralize the troops.

Ironically, the three-hour revue turned out to be a kind of counterculture Ed Sullivan show, with soul. Headlining the troupe was a traditional stand-up comedy routine by Dick Gregory, most of whose politically and racially oriented anecdotes were no more daring—for his intended audience—than a Bob Hope monolog. "Have you ever taken a good look at Nixon?" said Gregory. "There's something about his jaw. You can't trust a man whose jaw is movin' and he ain't talkin'." On David Eisenhower: "There's a weird-looking freak. He reminds you of the cat on the cover of *Mad* magazine." Gregory, who had been fasting in support of the protesters arrested during the May Day demonstration in Washington, also offered familiar food for thought, just as Hope does at the end of his TV specials. "If democracy was what it should be," he said, "we wouldn't have to go all around the world ramming it down people's throats with a gun."

While the Sullivan show typically offered a scene from a hit Broadway show, the New Left Follies presented a taste of guerrilla theater—a vignette based on the life of Sergeant Ricardo Campos, a martyred *chicano* killed in Vietnam by rifle fire from one of his fellow soldiers. The musical spot was filled by black singer-guitarist Len Chandler, who followed *Tidal Waves of Violence* with a sing-along to his own composition *The Architects of Slaughter*. "Move on over, or we'll move on over you," the recurring verse of his revamped version of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, prompted the highly partisan audience to echo each chorus at the top of its lungs.

The anticipated climax, *Free the Army*, was a 50-minute pastiche of black-out sketches and soft-sell propaganda performed on a bare stage, with a minimum of props, by Fonda, Donald Sutherland, Peter (*Joe*) Boyle and a couple of recruits from San Francisco's satirical troupe, The Committee; all worked without salary. The requested one-dollar (for military) and two-dollar (for civilians) donations helped defray expenses. Some of the highlights:

• Two announcers, peering through field glasses, are broadcasting a play-by-play

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account of a skirmish in the Mekong Delta as if it were the Colts *vs.* the Raiders. They vividly describe dead and wounded being removed from the field, mortar-shell hits, Phantom-jet flyovers, 50mm cannon fire and a dramatic American napalm drop—which mistakenly broils members of the 101st Airborne. "There's some penalty flags out on this play," says one of the announcers. Both of them lament the absence of Nixon, the most appropriate celebrity to throw out the first grenade.

• Boyle, as President of the United States, proposes a voice-vote audience referendum on removal of troops from Vietnam. "All those in favor of withdrawal?" The response is deafening. "All those opposed to withdrawal?" A solitary assent is heard from the back of the auditorium. Chirps the President: "*Carried*, by the Silent Majority."

• Fonda, portraying Mrs. Nixon wrapped in a bathrobe, reports to the President on an ugly, out-of-control demonstration outside the White House. "Maybe I ought to call the Marines from Pendleton," says the President. "You can't, Richard," says Fonda. "It *is* the Marines."

• Five members of the company stand at attention, hands over hearts, singing the national anthem. A sixth member—Sutherland—remains seated, refusing to sing. Near the end of the anthem, he is kicked and beaten to the floor by the singers, who conclude—"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave"—while standing on his lifeless form.

It was polemic theater at its most provocative and the best moment of an evening that had turned out to be anything but the mildly satiric antiwar entertainment billed by its promoters. But neither was it the subversive dialectic the military establishment had led us to expect. To judge by the enthusiastic reception the GIs accorded it, the show was at least as morale-building—and, above all, as entertaining—for those in attendance as any establishment troupe. And audience reaction promises to be the same on the outskirts of the military installations—yet to be announced—it intends to visit throughout the rest of the year. Whatever opposition they may encounter from the authorities en route, Fonda and Co. vow to continue their tour of duty until the day the last American soldier is withdrawn from Vietnam. This is one hit show we devoutly hope will have a short run.

ART

Following its debut at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, a multiple-art show titled ***Technics and Creativity: Selections from Gemini G. E. L.*** will be touring the nation until late 1972, with stops scheduled in Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Richmond, Houston and Portland, Oregon. New York critics were stingy with their praise and several rued the blatant commercialism of the show, which was put together by Gemini G. E. L. (Graphics Editions Limited), a Los Angeles firm that produces multiples, which it calls "works of art not meant to be unique." If one ignores certain pretensions about art adapting to our technological era, *Technics and Creativity* is a colorful display of lithography and pop sculpture put together by a company of superstars. The 12 artists who have joined with printers and technicians to produce multiples include Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Josef Albers, Claes Oldenburg and Frank Stella. Johns's *Color Numeral Series*, ten electrically vivid, varicolored lithographs numbered zero to nine (with the face of *Mona Lisa* peeking enigmatically through number seven) command attention. So do Lichtenstein's resonant *Peace Through Chemistry*, a theme executed both in lithographs and in gleaming bronze, and Rauschenberg's *Stoned Moon Series*, a mélange of birds and blueprints and rocket gantries and human skeletons sharing space in a group of 33 lithographs inspired by the artist's firsthand observation of a NASA moon shot. The show's chief conversation piece is Claes Oldenburg's *Ice Bag—Scale C*, a kinetic sculpture that writhes, rises, inflates and deflates as if in response to some huge 20th Century headache. The prototype of this *Ice Bag*, which measures 12 feet in diameter, was an 18-foot model made for Expo '70 in Osaka, Japan; and Oldenburg himself says all there is to say about the project in an accompanying short film, *Sort of a Commercial for an Ice Bag*, by Michel Hugo. Sketching and chatting away like a medicine-show spieler, Oldenburg describes the ice bag as a basic form related to stomachs, cupolas and beanbag ashtrays and asserts that he would like to litter the globe with his living *objets d'art*. "In winter, when you get snow on the top, it would probably look like that mountain in Japan—Fujiyama. Or you could put wheels under it." In any case, the movie and the *Ice Bag* are the showstoppers of a venturesome exhibit well calculated to send at least half the public home happy.

BOOKS

In an absorbing combination of journalism and cultural analysis, Bruce Cook has provided the most illuminating guide so far to ***The Beat Generation*** (Scribner's). They're all here—Kerouac, Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Gregory Corso, Neil Cassady, William Burroughs and other precursors of the hippies (themselves already part of the past). With affection but without sentimentality, Cook assesses the Beat Generation's life styles and work: Gary Snyder's links to Thoreau, to American Indian values and to Far Eastern religious philosophy, and the force of Walt Whitman on Allen Ginsberg as well as the mutually instructive relationship between Ginsberg and William Carlos Williams. Cook interweaves interviews with most of the key figures of the movement as he traces the effect of much of what they did on the counterculture that followed in the Sixties—the easy-riding roaming, the use of drugs to expand consciousness. The personal histories within this larger design are sometimes poignant, as in the cyclical odyssey of Jack Kerouac, the long-distance loneliness of Gregory Corso and the driven, high-energy legend that was Neil Cassady, a link between Kerouac and Ken Kesey. The most impressive figure in this gallery—the one who grew most and who also found a measure of peace in the process—is Allen Ginsberg. But it is William Burroughs who tells the best literary joke in the book. He and Jean Genet had been commissioned by *Esquire* to write about the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago: "I had agreed to do 1500 words for them, and I got wound up and gave them 3000, and they refused to give me a penny more. So I decided to take it out on them in room service when Kerouac came up with all those Greeks. By the way, Jean Genet was in on the same deal and did the same thing, but he had a real flair for it, and after he had taken *Esquire* for a few bills, Harold Hayes, the editor, called him a thief. Imagine calling *Genet* a thief!"

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With Tom Robbins' ***Another Roadside Attraction*** (Doubleday), the hippie nonmovement has produced its first great non-rip-off novel, a literary achievement of diverse merits, all deserving gold stars—more than black humor, more than Pacific Northwest lyricism, more than literary parody, more than Neo-Catholic-Brautigan-acid picaresque and much more than your promising first novel by your talented young writer. It's a book that smells of future honors and a distinguished career. What's the plot? Well, a far-out band of strung-out swingers gets involved in Christnaping the body of the savior from the basement of the Vatican, with the possible intention of displaying it as a drawing card at their roadside zoo and hot-dog hacienda not far from Seattle. In hot pursuit are maddened military monks, the FBI, the CIA, aging beatniks and mind-blown scholars. Somehow all this improbability adds up to originality. For one thing, the prose has an elegance and precision that recall Nabokov and Borges, and the spirit is one of generous humor and lust. At times, as

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SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

THE NEW JEANS JOINT IN

Sears The Men's Store KINGS ROAD

the hilarious sexual-political-sociofantastic action proceeds, the story is suspended while brilliant poetic passages tell us as much as a reader could want to know about rain in the Northwest, about hemorrhoids on an otherwise healthy man, about running a roadside tavern, about painting and prose—and about some very elegant lovemaking with a lovely dope goddess named Amanda. Somebody, maybe the publisher, has subtitled the book "An Apocalyptic Entertainment, a Metaphysical Suspense." For once, somebody is right. There are also flowers on the book jacket; may they be strewn in the author's path.

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Larry L. King, the primal Texan who has become recognized as one of the more honest talents in the world of magazine journalism, has now turned on himself. ***Confessions of a White Racist*** (Viking) is a soul-baring self-confrontation that tries to show the development of racial attitudes in one average middle-aged white man. King, though a sensitive and fair-minded liberal by any standard, knows that racism is a sin that pervades all of white America, himself not excluded. He experienced nigger-hating racism growing up among the peckerwoods of small-town west Texas; he found more polite racism in the newly integrated postwar Army; he discovered some-of-my-best-friends racism in Washington while working as a Congressional assistant during the civil rights days; and he encountered liberal aren't-they-satisfied-*now*? racism at Harvard during a year there as a Nieman Fellow at the start of the black-power era. None of this is comforting—but there is even less comfort in King's bedrock pessimism about it all. He offers no solutions nor easy analyses of the whys and wherefores of American racism; nor is he sanguine about ever finding them: "Logic dictates," he concludes, "that a racial Armageddon awaits the American future."

•

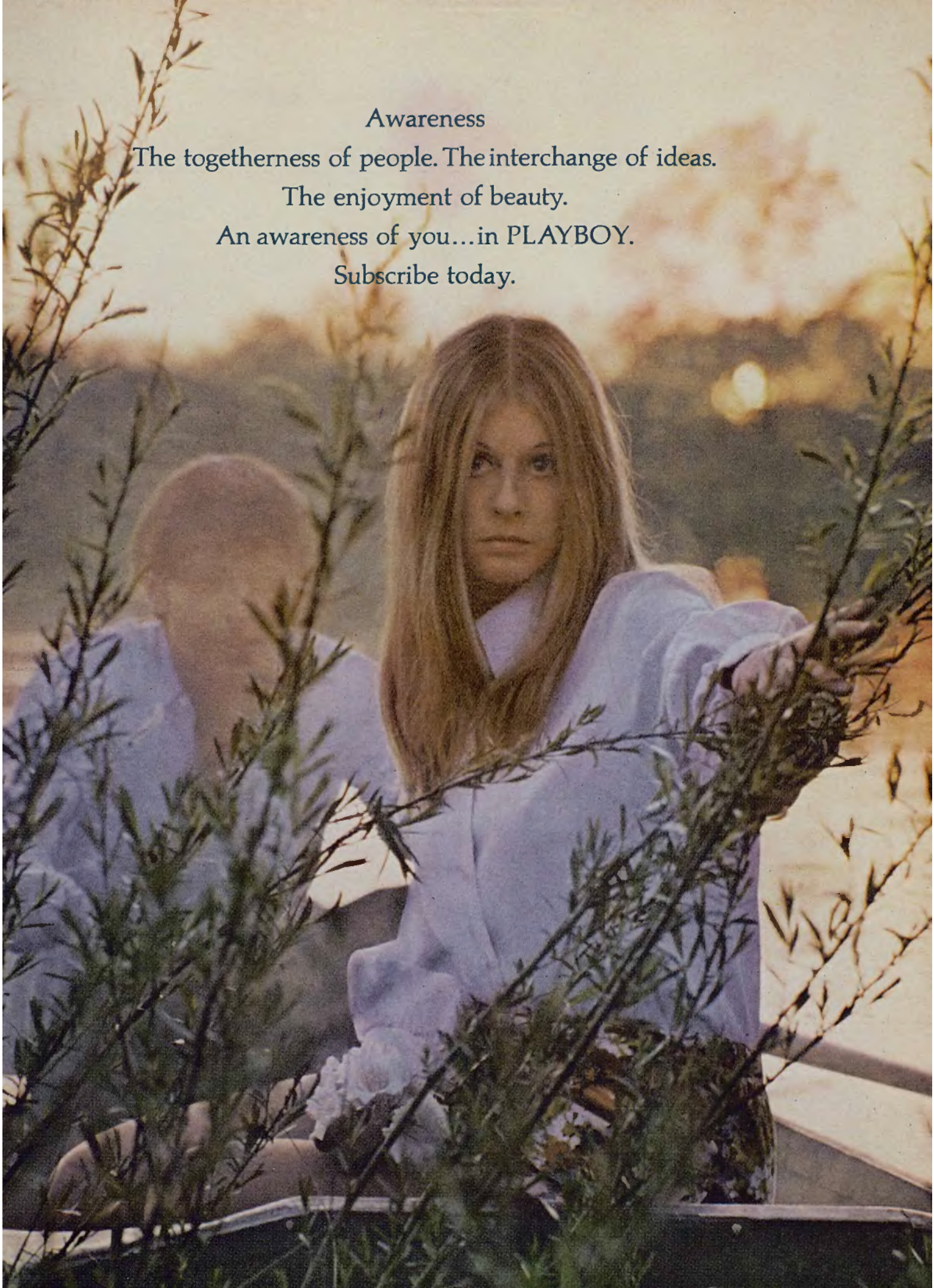
In ***Maps of Consciousness*** (Macmillan), Ralph Metzner, a student of Eastern mysticism, attempts to correct Western man's alleged spiritual astigmatism by explaining what he calls the "esoteric science" of the East. Toward that end, he has charted six "maps of evolutionary development" through which man can follow the path to spiritual self-fulfillment. His first map, the *I Ching*, is revered by Chinese scholars—and the American underground—as "the oldest and wisest book in the world." By casting yarrow stalks or coins in specified sequences in conjunction with passages in an ancient text, symbolically coded readings are obtained that Metzner believes represent the tapping of a cosmic source of wisdom. Some readings from the *I Ching* seem remarkably pertinent, but others are so ambiguous as to lend themselves to virtually any interpretation. But to Metzner, the *I Ching* provides a "structured system of practical divination or psychic programing." A similar function of divination is supposedly performed by another consciousness map, the tarot, that mysterious deck of cards introduced to Europe in the 14th Century by gypsy fortunetellers. Metzner views the tarot as a form of psychic Rorschach test, an external catalyst for inner revelations of the most profound nature. He makes equally high claims for a third map, alchemy, long in disrepute as little more than a philosophical con game. Metzner holds that the creation of gold was the alchemist's philosophical metaphor for the spiritual gold that is within us. He writes that "genuine alchemy is to chemistry what genuine astrology is to astronomy"—and astrology is the next map. While debunking commercialized astrology, he nevertheless holds that the planets and stars do influence man, although they do not *compel* him. Yet another map of consciousness, the Hindu and Buddhist tantras of medieval India, is a spiritual discipline that "rescued the body from the asceticism of the yoga tradition and celebrated the union of male and female energies through the exaltation of sensation perception, transmuting ordinary sense experience into ecstatic ritual worship." Closely related is Metzner's sixth and final map, the philosophical school of actualism, founded by Russell Paul Schofield, which Metzner describes as a teaching that "enables one to experience the fact that man has divine potentials" that can be realized through a form of yoga he calls a "union of fire." This is heady stuff—abstruse but absorbing. Ultimately, however, it is unconvincing, because, for all his perception, sensitivity and scholarship, Metzner comes on as a man who *wants* to believe. He, too, is a seeker rather than a guru, and the truth remains uncharted territory.

•

Two other seekers, one in a primitive village in India, the other in the lush sophistication of California's Esalen, have written narratives of their personal quests. ***Baba*** (Viking) is a Hindu holy man who may be a superyogi, a master charlatan or a true incarnation of God. Arnold Schulman, a screenwriter (*Goodbye, Columbus*) who combines skepticism with an interest in Zen Buddhism, met Sai Baba—a combination of Persian and Hindi words meaning "saint" and "little father"—on a trip to India and was compelled to return to write about him. Baba is a worker of what the West would call miracles. He claims he can travel astrally in time and space; that he can materialize objects of all kinds out of thin air, including surgical tools with which he can painlessly remove inoperable cancers; and that from his palms pour *vibhuthi*—holy ashes—whose touch can supposedly cure any ill. Baba's ashram is in the mud-hut village of Puttaparthi. There, interviewing the hundreds of people gathered to see, touch, hear and be helped by Baba, Schulman attempts a journey into Hindu mysticism. One is transported to the red dust of Puttaparthi, where clamoring devotees wait for their daily miracles. Like Schulman, one is left with signs and portents, not knowing if one has been in the presence of a master magician or a true manifestation of spiritual power. Meanwhile, back at the ***Hot Springs*** (Viking) of Esalen, quite another sort of spiritual journey is under way. Autobiographer Stuart Miller, who describes himself as the "first New York Jewish literary intellectual in the human-potential movement," cavorts, cries, sulks, fucks and introspects his way through Esalen's encounter-group and sensitivity mystiques searching for The Answer. Keyed up, apocalyptic, self-derisive, Miller meets Esalen head on. From his early concern with which girl will be available for the evening's screwing, Miller moves to deep disillusionment with the Esalen curriculum, and thence to an understanding that "love" is the only answer to the "tragedy of our lost humanity." In this welter of rather adolescent discoveries, Miller finds his version of spiritual meaning, too. (Indeed, he seems to have ended up as head of the Esalen Publishing Program, of which this book is part.) For all its pretentiousness, *Hot Springs* is often a funny, funky book.

•

Philippa Pullar's ***Consuming Passions*** (Little, Brown) might strike the casual browser as little more than a minutiae-filled rehash of England's eating habits, beginning at the dawn of the nation's culinary history, under Roman rule, and closing with a lament on the decline and fall of the British palate as evidenced by the mass-produced, artificially flavored frozen fare that the majority of the populace eats circa 1971. The book is crammed with abstruse gastronomic intelligence, to be sure (did you know that Clodius Albinus "could swallow of a morning 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 pounds of grapes, 100 figpeckers and 400 oysters"?), but the subtitle, "Being an Historic Inquiry into Certain English Appetites," hints that the author hasn't limited her research to edibles. With style and wit, Mrs. Pullar reconstructs the nation's history through the eyes of a sensualist, describing in evocative prose the experiences of the five senses: the orgies of the Hell-Fire Club, Dr. Johnson's table manners, the hazards of 15th Century highway travel and the radiance of a dying Edwardian era of leisure for the rich; "spring picnics . . . in glades carpeted—as they never are now—with flowers, the dappled sunlight, the hundreds of velvety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butterflies . . . the sooty, sour London soil sprouting little but spiders and cobwebs . . . the silence broken only by the clopping rhythm of horses' hooves drawing the broughams through the night." *Consuming Passions* is a marvelous book to read by a crackling fire on a cold winter's night with a glass of Château d'Yquem close at hand—and it is every bit as heady as the wine.

•

In ***Roots of Involvement*** (Norton), two seasoned diplomatic correspondents, Marvin Kalb and Elie Abel, try to explain how the United States got bogged down in Vietnam and why it is having so much trouble getting out. The disaster, they suggest, was predicated on "the misguided belief that when things go wrong anywhere in the world the commitment of sufficient American dollars and—if need be—of American soldiers, must surely put them right." They tell a discouraging tale, stretching from McKinley's turn-of-the-century take-over of the Philippines to Nixon's forays into Laos and Cambodia. If, after one year of the Kennedy Administration, the U. S. "stood ankle-deep in the Vietnam swamp," as the authors assert, it was Johnson who got in over his head. "Ever since the early days of containment," they note, "the United States had been helping small countries to resist Communist inroads. That policy had been successful in Europe, so it was being applied in Asia." Given that Cold War climate, it was easy for Johnson to declare in 1963 that he was not going to be the President "who saw Southeast Asia go the way China went." From that pledge flowed the procession of horrors.

•

While the Vietnam war has prompted some critics to play up disturbing similarities between present-day America and Nazi Germany, there's at least one important fact that cautions against pushing such comparisons too far. During World War Two, there were no German books accusing that nation of war crimes. Here, by contrast, such books are promising to become a new American genre. Already a great deal of healthy controversy has been raised by *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy*, by Telford Taylor, and *War Crimes and the American Conscience*, edited by Erwin Knoll and Judith Nies McFadden. The latest entry, but almost certainly not the last, is ***Crimes of War*** (Random House), edited by Richard Falk, Gabriel Kolko and Robert J. Lifton. Although the publishers' accountants may see these books as competitors, clearly the authors and editors do not. Their common goal is to exert cumulative influence on the American public that will eventually pressure President Nixon into getting the United States out of Indochina. *Crimes of War* is the most comprehensive work yet, presenting

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such pertinent documents as the Hague Convention on Land Warfare, the Geneva Protocol on Poison Gas and Bacteriological Warfare, the Genocide Convention and Provisions from the U.S. Army Field Manual, *The Law of Land Warfare*. It examines the war-crimes trials of World War Two and the court cases involving Vietnam, brings together a collection of tough essays on the war (including one by PLAYBOY contributor Eric Norden) and offers a final section called "The Psychological and Ethical Context" that includes a chilling piece by Jean-Paul Sartre, "On Genocide." It's a big book, basic and compelling—but not one for bedtime reading, unless nightmares are your thing.

•

Sam V. Hood, ambassador to the Latin-American republic of Santa Clara, is one of those tremendously smooth, tremendously capable, tremendously right-thinking fellows who often forward the plots of political thrillers like Pierre Salinger's ***On Instructions of My Government*** (Doubleday). There are no rough edges about him; he is simply Mr. Right; and when, at the book's close, he staunchly declares before a televised Senate hearing, "The considerations of politics and of economic self-interest are and have been the tragic guidelines of our foreign policy for far too long," one is perfectly willing to clap one's hands—but afterward it's necessary to take a refreshing nap. The plot has to do with whether the Administration should support the sagging Santa Claran government and, if not, whether the Red Chinese will build missile sites there, à la Cuba 1962. Salinger's characters spend most of their time posturing—every other line of dialog seems to start with "Gentlemen. . . ." The main entertainment the novel provides is the occasional glimpse into White House machinations, culled during Salinger's years with Kennedy and Johnson. (Those seemingly individualized letters that big contributors receive from the President but that, we learn, all come out of the same White House computer.) *On Instructions* may serve for an afternoon on the beach, when the last thing you want to do is think.

•

Herder & Herder is an old-line, independent Roman Catholic publishing firm of German lineage and impeccable reputation. From such auspices comes ***The Sex Book***, one of the most explicit volumes ever offered the American public. Adapted from the best-selling book originally published in Germany, it calls itself "a modern pictorial encyclopedia," but it's more like an illustrated dictionary. Written by Martin Goldstein, M.D., and Erwin J. Haeberle, a research fellow at Yale University, the text is admirably clear, reassuringly scientific and startlingly nonjudgmental. The entry under "anal intercourse," for example,

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notes that many people enjoy it, that others "vehemently reject it," that its appropriateness depends on the judgment and understanding of the partners and that it "is not a *perversion*." *The Sex Book* is certain to arouse cyclones of conflict as library boards debate whether to place the volume on the shelf. Triggering the conflicts may be Will McBride's choice of photographs. Certainly the erect penis, for example, should have been included, but why so many? There is a two-page spread of an adolescent squeezing a pimple (to illustrate "acne") and a worm's-eye view of copulation that's as ugly as it is ludicrous. Such insensitive lapses in taste are all the more striking because most of the photographs are both straightforwardly honest and aesthetically pleasing, and the text is happily unblemished by vulgarity. Critics may object that the book fails to suggest the emotional nuances of sexual intercourse—but a dictionary, after all, is intended to supply only words and meanings. It is up to the reader to put them to use.

•

Mordecai Richler is a Canadian-born, Jewish-bred, London-based writer who qualifies for peerage among American Jewish novelists. Richler dwells on all the familiar themes: overbearing mothers *vs.* down-to-earth bourgeois acquisitiveness—but always with an original and somewhat savage gleam. ***St. Urbain's Horseman*** (Knopf), his best novel to date, chronicles the rise and almost pratfall of a Montreal ghetto son who becomes a film director in England. The horseman of the title refers to a cousin who rides his conscience as a mythic moral mentor, and the main dramatic event is the director's arraignment and trial at the Old Bailey on a morals charge. But the chief pleasures of this novel derive neither from the symbolic figure of the horseman nor from its stretches of plotted drama but, rather, from its satiric set pieces. Consider, for example, this account of a baseball game played by the Canadians in London's filmland community: "Manny, hunched over the plate catlike, trying to look menacing, was knotted with more than his usual fill of anxiety. If he struck out, his own team would not be too upset because it was early in the game, but Lou Caplan, pitching for the first time since his Mexican divorce, would be grateful, and flattering Lou was a good idea because he was rumored to be ready to go with a three-picture deal for 20th; and Manny had not been asked to direct a big-budget film since *Chase, Ball one, inside*. If, Manny thought, I hit a single I will be obliged to pass the time of day with that stomach-turning queen Jason Storm, I b., who was in London to make a TV pilot film for Ziggy Alter. *Strike one, called*. He had never hit a homer, so that was out but, if come a

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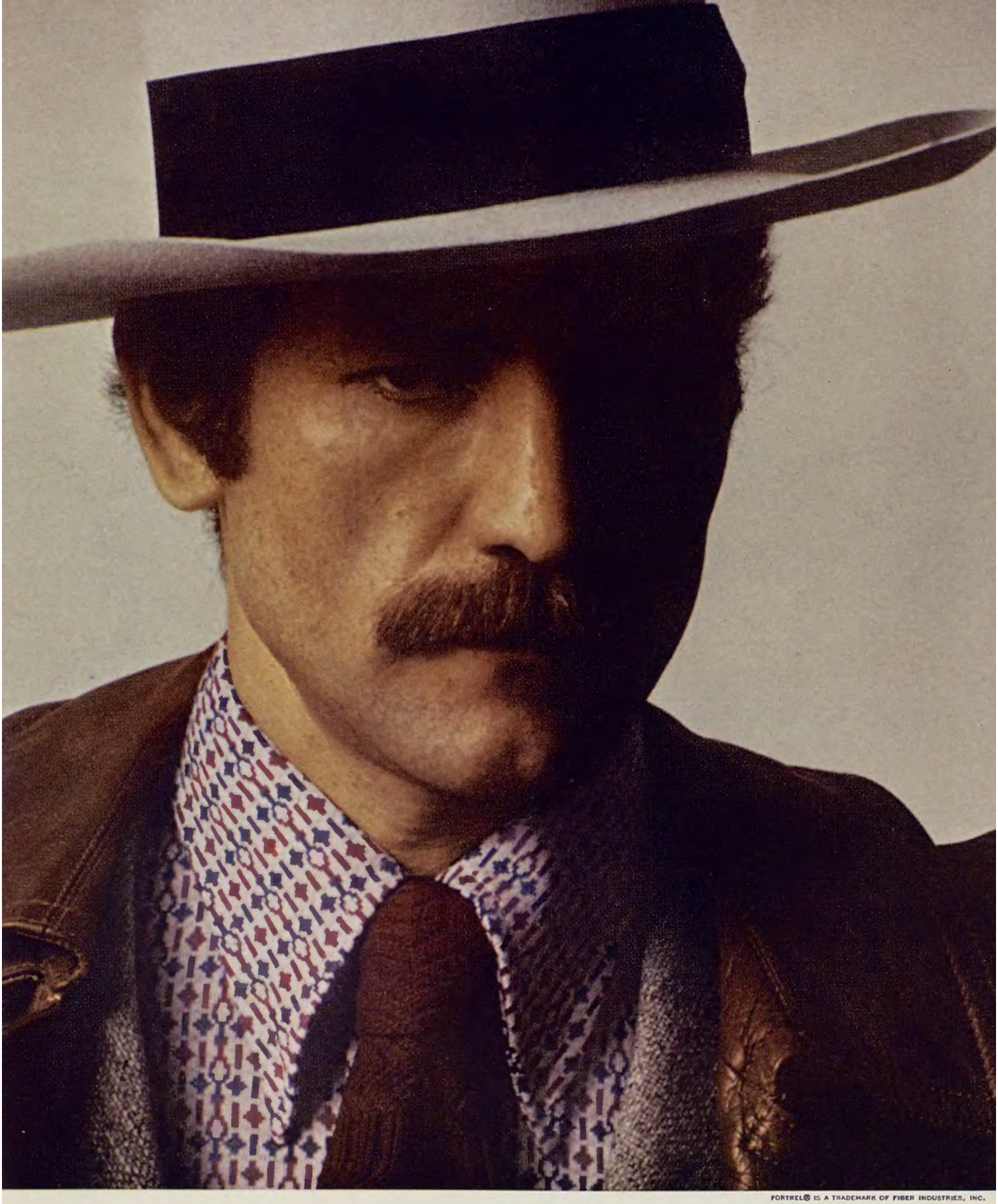

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miracle, he connected for a triple, what then? He would be stuck on third sack with Bob Cohen, strictly Second Featuresville, a born loser, and Manny didn't want to be seen with Bob, even for an inning, especially with so many producers and agents about. 'K-NACK! *Goddammit, it's a hit! A double, for Chrissake!*' " Richler is a funny writer.

•

Whenever movie buffs gather to indict Hollywood's traditional scorn for men of genius, the first names mentioned are apt to be those of D. W. Griffith and Orson Welles. Next in rank among illustrious victims of ingratitude is Erich von Stroheim, the late Viennese virtuoso whose career as a director began with *Blind Husbands* in 1919 and ended soon after the advent of talkies. Only his *Greed* (1923) holds an assured place among the screen's classics; otherwise, Von Stroheim is remembered chiefly as a scar-faced movie villain who threw babies out of windows and threatened heroines with a fate worse than death, for which he won top billing in the silents as The Man You Love to Hate. *La Grande Illusion* and *Sunset Boulevard* lent distinction to Von Stroheim's frequent appearances as an actor. As a director, he was finished in the early Thirties. How the end came is the sad, colorful substance of ***Von Stroheim*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a sympathetic rather than definitive biography by Thomas Quinn Curtiss, longtime drama critic of the Paris *Herald Tribune*. A close friend of Von Stroheim, who died in 1957, Curtiss writes the kind of book his subject might have endorsed heartily. Von Stroheim's disputed account of his early years abroad as a dashing young cavalry officer is taken for fact—and rings true enough in the context of a life that consistently surpassed mere fiction. Gossipy personal details are kept out of it (to such an extent that the director's last wife disappears from the narrative after a cruelly disfiguring accident, to be quietly replaced some pages later by a vibrant female companion in Paris). Von Stroheim's career is crowded with vivid anecdotes about Garbo, Gloria Swanson, the Gish sisters and Griffith—who gave the young Austrian his first taste of moviemaking as an extra, in blackface, in *The Birth of a Nation*. A fascinating chronicle in itself, *Von Stroheim* not only charts the rapid rise and decline of a great director but also casts a cold eye upon that canonized studio superchief, Irving Thalberg, who made his reputation in Hollywood by bringing such unique talents to heel.

•

Man's World, Woman's Place (Morrow), Elizabeth Janeway's "study in social mythology," is illuminated by an intelligence that is both logical and well informed—and by that rare quality in the

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Holland — Lokker-Rutgers
Ironwood — Mrofchak's Men's Shop
Kalamazoo — Lew Hubbard — All Stores
Lansing — Small's
Mt. Clemens — The Barn
Muskegon — Friend's Friendly Clothiers
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Ridgewood — Franks of Ridgewood
Rocky Hill — Jack's Custom Shop
Sommerville — Soriano's Toggery
Summit — McElgunn's
Toms River — Feldman's Inc.
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop — All Stores
Vineland — Dom Michael's Men's & Boys' Wear
Wanamassa — Frank's Big & Tall Men's Shop — All Stores
Wayne — Wallachs
West Caldwell — The Male Shop
Westfield — John Frank's
Willingboro — Stanford Reed
Woodbridge — Field Brothers

NEW YORK
Albany — Dan A. Donahue
Albany — McManus & Riley
Astoria — Croydon Clothes
Auburn — Homick's Men's Shop
Boonville — Hall's Clothing Store
Bronx — B & G Clothing
Bronx — Fox Menswear
Brooklyn — Bensonhurst Outfitters
Brooklyn — Cobneys
Brooklyn — Field Brothers
Brooklyn — Obie's
Brooklyn — Richfield Clothes — All Stores
Buffalo — Martin Jacobi, Inc.
Buffalo — The Kleinhans Co. — All Stores
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Clinton — Robert L. Kinne, Ltd.
Cortland — Latimer's
Delmar — Paul Mitchell's Men's Wear
Dewitt — The Mr. Shop
Dunkirk — Town-N-Country by Walt's
Endicott — Schapiro's Men's Shop
Flushing — Nibs Men's Shop
Garden City — Donnelly's
Garden City — Field Brothers
Garden City — Gimbels
Garden City — Wallachs
Glens Falls — The Outlet
Hornell — The Men's Shop
Huntington — Wallachs
Ilion — Warner's Men's Shop
Jackson Heights — Harvey's
Kingston — Flanagan's
Latham — Dan A. Donahue
Lockport — Clarke H. Glover
Long Beach — Weinberg's
Mahopac — Jacques Jodino
New York City — Gimbels — All Stores
New York City — Lever & Greenberg
New York City — Mr. Ceaser Ltd.
New York City — Shapiro's
New York City — Wallachs — All Stores
Norwich — Winans Mens Shop
Ogdensburg — Joseph Fisher & Son
Oneonta — Hendersons Clothing
Ossining — Ross Men's Wear
Plattsburgh — Austin's
Rego Park — Field Brothers
Riverhead, L.I. — Edward Archer
Rochester — Cornwall Clothes Shop
Rochester — E. W. Edwards & Son — All Stores
Rochester — National Clothing Co. — All Stores
Rome — Sam Simpkins, Inc.
Saranac Lake — Wilson Clothing Co.
Spring Valley — Nat Kaplan
Staten Island — Archie Jacobson — All Stores
Syracuse — E. W. Edwards & Son — All Stores
Syracuse — Gary Clothes
Troy — Nachman's Men's Wear
Utica — Gerald's

NEW YORK (Cont.)
Utica — Wicks & Greenman
Valley Stream — Gimbels
Vernon — Sansone's By The Hitching Post
Watertown — Boys' & Men's Specialty Shop
White Plains — Wallachs
Yonkers — Gimbels
Yonkers — Wallace-Corning
Yonkers — Wallachs

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Asheville — J. Pressley, Ltd.
Charlotte — Harris-Hart Clo. Co.
Charlotte — J. O. Jones, Inc.
Garner — The Gentry
Hickory — West-Deal Co.
Lenoir — Triplett's of Lenior
Louisburg — Town 'N Campus
Lumberton — A. Weinstein & Sons
Raleigh — Hudson-Belk Co.
Rockingham — Bill Wallace Inc.
Salisbury — Goodnight's
Sanford — Morgan's Ltd.
Southern Pines — Sir Richard's, Ltd.
Wilson — The Country Squire
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Co.

OHIO
Akron — Koch's — All Stores
Barberton — Fred Kormanik Clothier
Bucyrus — Jays Toggery
Canton — The Harvard — All Stores
Canton — Lamplighter Men's Shop
Canton — Vicary's — All Stores
Cincinnati — Pogue's — All Stores
Dayton — Elder-Beerman
Euclid — Gornik's
Fairview Park — Shuttler's Men's Wear
Findlay — Findlay Toggery
Fremont — Lytle's
Lima — Nofeller Hiatt & Clark
Lima — The Squire Shop
Mansfield — Komito's
Marion — Walter Axtheim's
Marion — The Toggery
Massillon — Kanner's
Napoleon — Denny's Clothing
Newark — Mitchell's Men's Wear
Sandusky — The Manhattan Clothing Co.
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Tiffin — Tiffin Toggary
Wooster — Nick Amster's

OKLAHOMA
Altus — The Surrey Shop
Enid — Richard's Ltd.
Lawton — Fieldson's
Norman — S. K. McCall & Co.
Oklahoma City — The Crickett Shop
Oklahoma City — Parks Apparel — All Stores
Okmulgee — Toppers Menswear
Shawnee — Moe's
Tulsa — Toppers Menswear

OREGON
Eugene — Rosenblatts
Portland — Rosenblatts — Both Stores

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Bohlen Gross & Moyer
Altoona — Gable's
Ambridge — Terner's
Ardmore — Spritzler's
Beaver Falls — Lisle T. Miller
Bethlehem — Orr's of Bethlehem
Bradford — James R. Evans Co.
Bridgeville — Carlton Men's Shops
Butler — McCarren's
Camp Hill — Sterk Bros
Charleroi — Frank's Men's Shop
Chester — Murray's — All Stores
Clairton — Cmarada's
Clearfield — Jacobson & Etzweiler
Easton — Judson-Bricker
Elizabethtown — Robert Lowman
Emporium — Morris Clothes
Erie — P. A. Meyer & Son
Gettysburg — The Village Shop
Glenside — Prince Tailors
Greensburg — Gongaware & Long
Hanover — Trone & Weikert
Harrisburg — Feller's
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Hollidaysburg — T. H. Suckling & Son
Huntington — English's Store For Men
Irwin — Berks
Johnstown — Miller's
Kittanning — Moesta & Son
Lancaster — DeVono's Mens Wear
Lancaster — Stark Bros
Latrobe — Mike Hughes
Lebanon — DeVono's Mens Wear
Lebanon — Lawn's, Inc.
Lewistown — Bob Davis
Lock Haven — Hoy's Men's Shop
Mohessen — Gaudio's Store For Men
Mt. Union — Saxe's Men's Store
Nanticoke — Al's Mens Shop
New Castle — The Winter Company
New Kensington — Perr Bros.
Oil City — Ray L. Way
Palmyra — Hostetter's
Philadelphia — J. R. Benjamin Inc.
Plymouth Meeting — Regal Slacks
Punxsutawney — Albert's
Reading — Croll & Keck

PENNSYLVANIA (Cont.)
St. Marys — Ivan's Men's Shop
Scranton — Si Ferber
Scranton — Schreiber's
Somerset — George Schenck
State College — Kalin's Men's Shop
Stroudsburg — Devivo-Quaresimo & Son
Titusville — Robbins Carlson
Uniontown — Kaufman's
Washington — The Hub
Wyomissing — Croll & Keck
York — DeVono's Mens Wear
York — Feller's
York — Flinchbaugh Bros.

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington — Nanson's
East Providence — Donnelly's
Providence — Donnelly's
Warwick — Donnelly's
Warwick — Executive, Ltd.
Warwick — Wallachs

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia — Grayson's
Columbia — Lourie's
Florence — Rice's Men's Shop
Gaffney — Hallman's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon Co.
Hartsville — Buyck-Coward
Sumter — The Capitol Dept. Store

TENNESSEE
Bristol — The Courthouse Ltd. — All Stores
Chattanooga — Ira Trivers
Elizabethton — The Courthouse Ltd.
Greeneville — The Courthouse Ltd.
Kingsport — The Courthouse Ltd.
Martin — Round Table
Nashville — Belmont Men's Shop

TEXAS
Amarillo — Blackburn Mens Store
Arlington — Jas. K. Wilson
Austin — Merritt Schaefer & Brown
Dallas — Irby-Mayes
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson
El Paso — Al's Shop For Men
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Coronado's
Garland — Ken's Man's Shop
Houston — Naroids
Houston — Leopold Price & Rolle — All Stores
Houston — Rodney's — All Stores
Houston — Zindler's — All Stores
Pasadena — Bernard's Men's World
Temple — Johnson's
Waco — David Shellenberger's

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

VIRGINIA
Abingdon — The Courthouse Ltd.
Alexandria — Man's World
Annandale — The Quality Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Arlington — Stratford on Avon
Bristol — The Courthouse Ltd. — All Stores
Charlottesville — The Young Men's Shop
Chesapeake — The Hub of Virginia
Danville — J. Berman
Danville — Sater's For Men
Hampton — The Hub of Virginia
Jonesville — Farid Dept. Store
McLean — Embassy Father & Son
Newport News — Clayton's
Newport News — The Hub of Virginia
Norfolk — The Hub of Virginia — All Stores
Portsmouth — The Hub of Virginia
Richmond — Bart-Garland, Ltd.
Springfield — Wolff's For Men & Boys
Virginia Beach — Clayton's
Virginia Beach — The Hub of Virginia
Wytheville — The Courthouse Ltd.

WASHINGTON
Seattle — Klopfensteins
Tacoma — Klopfensteins
Yakima — Rainford Ltd.

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley — Lilly's Men's Shop
Charleston — Frankenberger's
Logan — Logan Mercantile Co.
Nitro — The Stag Shop
South Charelston — Salamies'
Wheeling — Bernhardt's
Wheeling — L. S. Good & Co.

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close, Inc.
Appleton — Gimbels
Beloit — George Bros. — All Stores
De Pere — White Store
Green Bay — White Store
Kaukauna — S. J. Berens
Kenosha — Chiappetta
Madison — Clarks
Madison — Gimbels
Milwaukee — Gieringer's — Both Stores
Milwaukee — Gimbels
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs — All Stores
Neenah — Nardt's Menswear
Oshkosh — W. A. Close, Inc.
Sheboygan — S. J. Berens
Waukesha — Sullivan's Men's Shop

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social sciences, felicity of language. In her analysis of the social and psychological forces underlying today's feminist movement, Mrs. Janeway does not engage in an adversary proceeding; she is neither a mouthpiece for militant women's lib nor an apologist for those who cling to the K. K. K. (*Kinder-Küche-Kirche*). From the cliché "Woman's place is in the home," she draws the essential questions: Which women? What home? Her answers are woven into a brilliant exposition of why men and women alike believe in the kind of mythology that says women are passive and intuitive, men active and rational. Not only are myths an attempt to explain the world to ourselves, she writes, "but they are also an attempt to manipulate the world so that what is happening can be changed or held at bay." But since the world cannot be manipulated by mythful thinking, what then? Dispel the myths? No such simple answer is permitted by the author, who reminds us that myths express genuine feelings and that unless these feelings are perceived and dealt with constructively, crisis and change will be resisted by the very men and women who stand most to benefit from new alternatives. Among these new alternatives, according to Herbert W. Richardson, professor of theology at the University of Toronto, is a step forward in the evolution of sexual relationships. In ***Nun, Witch, Playmate*** (Harper & Row), Richardson argues that an increasing consciousness of self is the true source of all evolution, since man must first imagine what is possible before he can transform the possibility into actuality. Thus, with increased self-awareness, he conjures up "ever-new imaginations of what is sexually 'natural' and possible" and expands the nature of his sexual response. The electricity that crackles in this idea, however, is soon dampened. Richardson, a Presbyterian, is concerned with sex on the spiritual plane. Consequently, he winds up saying, among other things, that a monastic group like the Shakers may have, by virtue of their celibacy, "found their way into a higher, more complex, more satisfying form of sex." If this be evolution, we'll stick with fundamentalism.

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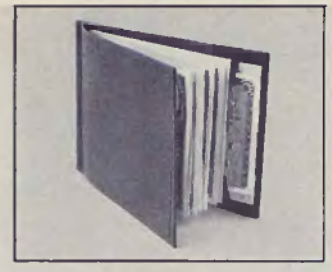

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menu with daily specialties, and even bakes his own bread. The restaurant's popularity has not affected its prices, which are still reasonable for the sumptuous fare that's offered. Dinner costs from $7.95 to $9.50 and, save for such froufrou as Beluga caviar and showbiz flaming desserts, there are no extras. *Escargot* is the best of a fine array of appetizers, with Crab Meat St. Francis running a meritorious second. For the soup course, you should opt for the *Potage Le Ruth*, a succulent blend of oysters and artichoke hearts, rather than the Baked Onion, which is quite ordinary. Availability of ingredients, as well as the whim of the chef, determines the daily specialties; *L'Ecuelle pour Gourmet* is frequently the best entree. One visit, you may be offered Frogs Legs Meunière (without garlic), the next time soft-shell crab lightly sautéed and topped with sautéed lump crab meat (a dish that brings the delicacy of French cooking to New Orleans' incomparable seafood). But if the daily special isn't to your liking, try the Noisette of Lamb for two with French fried parsley (order a day in advance), the *Truite du Lac Oliva* (trout in a seafood sauce) or the steak in a spicy Béarnaise sauce. Sautéed bananas and Le Ruth's French bread accompany all entrees. For dessert, skip the flammable fare and sample instead the superb rum savarin or the simple and delicious homemade mandarin or pear ice. Forget the highly touted chocolate sundae; it's a mediocrity. Le Ruth's taste in wines rivals his expertise with food. For casual occasions, have the Pinot Chardonnay Latour ($6.50) or the Puligny Montrachet ($7.50). (Both also come in half bottles.) If expense is no object, there's also a white Corton-Charlemagne 1966 at $15 and the great red Château Latour 1959 for $38. At peak hours, the noise level in the remodeled old house tends to rise, but tables are never as crowded as in New York or Paris restaurants of comparable stature. Call as early as possible for reservations —362-4914. Le Ruth's is open from 5:45 P.M. to midnight, Tuesday through Saturday. Besides cash, only Bank Americard is accepted.

MOVIES

Two all-American boys meet from time to time to swap stories about their love lives, or at least their sex lives. The traded confidences begin at Amherst, where both are making out with the same Smith girl, though only one of them knows it. The other one marries her and the boys keep getting together as young professional men in New York. By the time they hit their 30s, the happily married man has taken his first mistress. By the time they are 40ish, his friend

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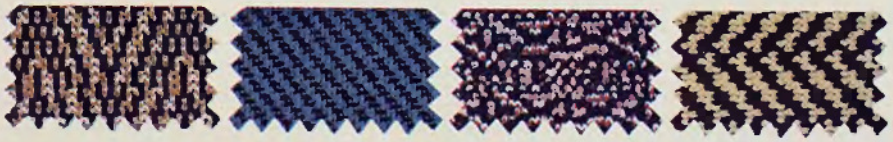

the swinger has become semi-impotent and can't get it up at all unless he pays a $100 whore to accompany him in fetishistic rituals supporting his fantasies of male supremacy. This unpleasant saga, appropriately titled ***Carnal Knowledge,*** is the substance of an amazing, brutally honest film produced and directed by Mike Nichols. Working from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer (see *Playboy Interview*, page 81), with Italian cameraman Giuseppe Rotunno as an important collaborator, Nichols somehow finds a perfect cinematic treatment for the harsh truths that underlie Feiffer's deceptively simple thesis. He uses frequent close-ups surrounded by eloquent blank space and distills the action of virtually every scene into a frame as pure and clean as the satirical cartoons that made Feiffer famous. Nichols also lets us in on the fact—which sharp observers have been aware of all along—that the world of Feiffer is far more sad than funny. Behind the syllogistic tone of Feiffer's dialog, *Carnal Knowledge* discovers a real sickness in the American way of sex—the sniggering talk of tits and ass that many a schoolboy learns by rote to mask his shame, his fears of inadequacy or his inbred hatred for women. Nichols, whose handling of actors is unsurpassed among American directors, works a few more quiet miracles here. No one will be surprised by Jack Nicholson's performance as the cold, noncommittal cocksman who seems to spend half his life washing his sins away in the shower, because Nicholson has established his own high standard of excellence. But it's a flash that Art Garfunkel (of Simon and) follows up his good work in *Catch-22* with a laudable encore as the nice married guy who finds other women (svelte Cynthia O'Neal, for one) a kind of bandage for his psychic wounds. And cool Candice Bergen is unexpectedly warm as the Smith girl from way back when. Nichols can also take a deep bow behind sex kitten Ann-Margret, ideally cast as the busty model-mistress who satisfies Nicholson's emptiest dreams and who is finally very poignant as the unhappy, aging, desperately marriage-minded girl behind the come-and-get-it façade. Without music except for popular recordings of *Moonlight Serenade* and other Forties and Fifties favorites, *Carnal Knowledge* rings lots of bells for any practicing heterosexual who has played musical beds prior to 1971.

•

Nearly everyone connected with the film version of Lawrence Sanders' best seller ***The Anderson Tapes*** seems to have misunderstood the appeal of the book—a mosaic portrait of criminals, cops, perverts and sundry urban outcasts, assembled piecemeal by the latest devices for electronic surveillance. Except for brief sequences at the beginning and

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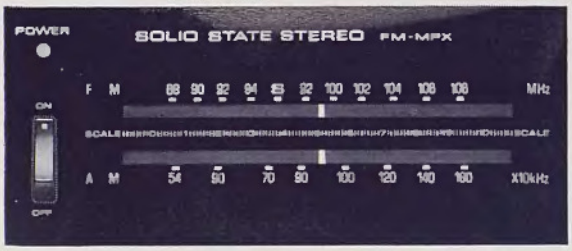

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end, the tapes are irrelevant—and, what is worse, confusing—to the film's bumpy narrative about an ex-con named Anderson (Sean Connery), who gathers a band of privateers to sack a luxury apartment house in Manhattan. Neither Frank Pierson's scenario nor Sidney Lumet's flaccid direction provides much of a guideline for a moviegoer unfamiliar with the novel. Sans his toupee and his 007 suavity, Connery is one-dimensional as mastermind of a caper that appears engineered to fail. Half the time, Lumet treats the movie as outright comedy; he sacrifices suspense while reaching for laughs, then shifts gears again and ends up in a stylistic cul-de-sac involving farce, action melodrama and chaos. Dyan Cannon does her executive-class-whore bit; comedian Alan King contributes a stock turn as a latter-day *mafioso*; and Martin Balsam camps outrageously as the fag accomplice whose swishing is just a tired joke. Their efforts are wasted.

•

The mischief practiced by English schoolboys takes a macabre twist in ***Unman, Wittering and Zigo,*** a suspense thriller with something on its mind about the dangers of a society operating under authoritarian rules. A new master (David Hemmings) arrives at Chantry school and has scarcely finished the roll call in class Lower Five B (in which the last three names are Unman, Wittering and Zigo) when his lads inform him that the death of his predecessor, Mr. Pelham, was anything but accidental. Matter of fact, they pushed him off a cliff. Better shape up, sir, if you know what's best for you. What sounds like a cruel joke starts to look fairly serious when the lads lure the master's pretty young wife (boyishly bobbed Carolyn Seymour) to the squash court one night, thinking a gang rape may wipe the smile off her husband's face. Even though Hemmings and his boys make the most of John Mackenzie's smooth direction, which produces goose pimples of a high order, the script by Simon Raven gets low marks for logic—and everyone has to behave very erratically in order to tie up loose threads of plot as the end approaches.

•

Two former gunslingers—one settled and raising a family, the other still on the trail striving to earn an honest dollar—come face to face in a bloodthirsty prairie town. The local folk, wanting action, lay bets on which is the better man. Thus, ***A Gunfight*** implies harsh criticism of precisely the sort of people who might attend a violence-prone Western starring Kirk Douglas as the homebody and troubadour Johnny Cash as his reluctant adversary. If audiences react coolly to the theme, they may warm up to Cash, who plays his

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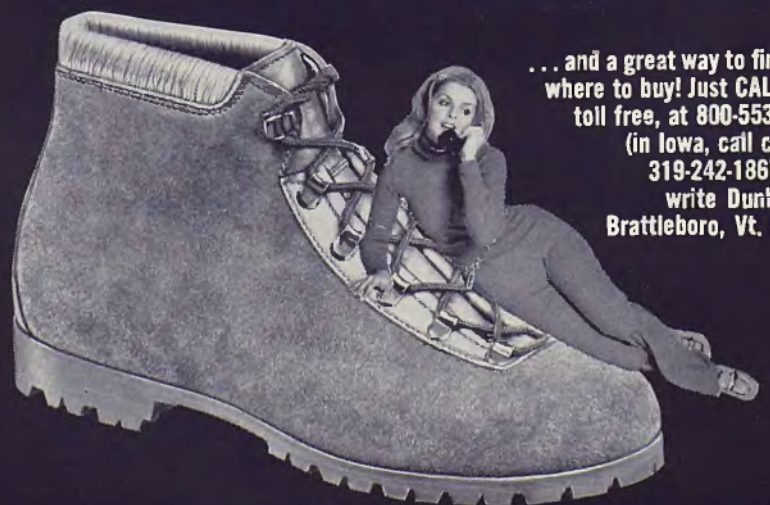

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first major movie role like the thorough professional he is—confident, laconic, virile and not the least intimidated by Douglas' steam-shovel presence. Another standout is Jane Alexander, whose homespun beauty and elemental passion as Douglas' wife suggest that her Oscar nomination for *The Great White Hope* was more than a fluke; Jane, if she wants it, will have a big future resettling the West. This movie about the white man's violence and corruption was financed by Apache Indians, the well-heeled Jicarilla tribe of New Mexico. Those cunning Apaches must have seen a good chance to protect their investment, with Cash on the line.

•

Broadway at 72nd Street is one of Manhattan's freakier scenes, where pushers, hookers and users congregate in a dismal square the size of a traffic island. The next worst thing to being there is unquestionably ***The Panic in Needle Park,*** an honest but depressing film by director Jerry Schatzberg, adapted from James Mills's book by a husband-and-wife writing team, novelist Joan Didion (*Play It as It Lays*) and John Gregory Dunne (author of *The Studio*, a wry inside view of 20th Century-Fox, the company distributing *Needle Park*—but that's showbiz). The movie all but aches with authenticity—and has the additional asset of cinematography by Adam Holender, who catches glimpses of Fun City with its sick and swollen underbelly hanging all the way out. Al Pacino, an off-Broadway star with a Dustin Hoffman air about him, manages an impressive movie debut as Bobby, the amoral junkie and hustler-hero. Opposite Pacino, Kitty Winn of San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater contributes some effectively wistful moments as Helen, the Midwestern little-girl-lost whose search for self brings her an abortion, a career as a prostitute and a hard-to-kick drug habit that finally causes her to turn informer. In a supporting cast of unfamiliar faces, Richard Bright sets the pace as Bobby's brother Hank, a smug burglar who takes evangelistic pride in his profession. *Needle Park*'s unblinking view of the drug culture covers everything down to the last sordid close-up of a hypodermic spike jabbed into a vein, yet it says nothing new nor deeper than the plain truth that drugs are dangerous. The movie simply observes two young people hell-bent for destruction; who they really are and why they do it are questions neither asked nor answered.

•

Serious as it is in striving to create art from human misery, *Needle Park* can't touch the vibrations set off by a bona fide addict named Nancy, one of the Los Angeles street people who talk about themselves with unsettling candor

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 75.

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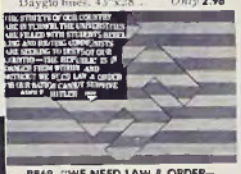

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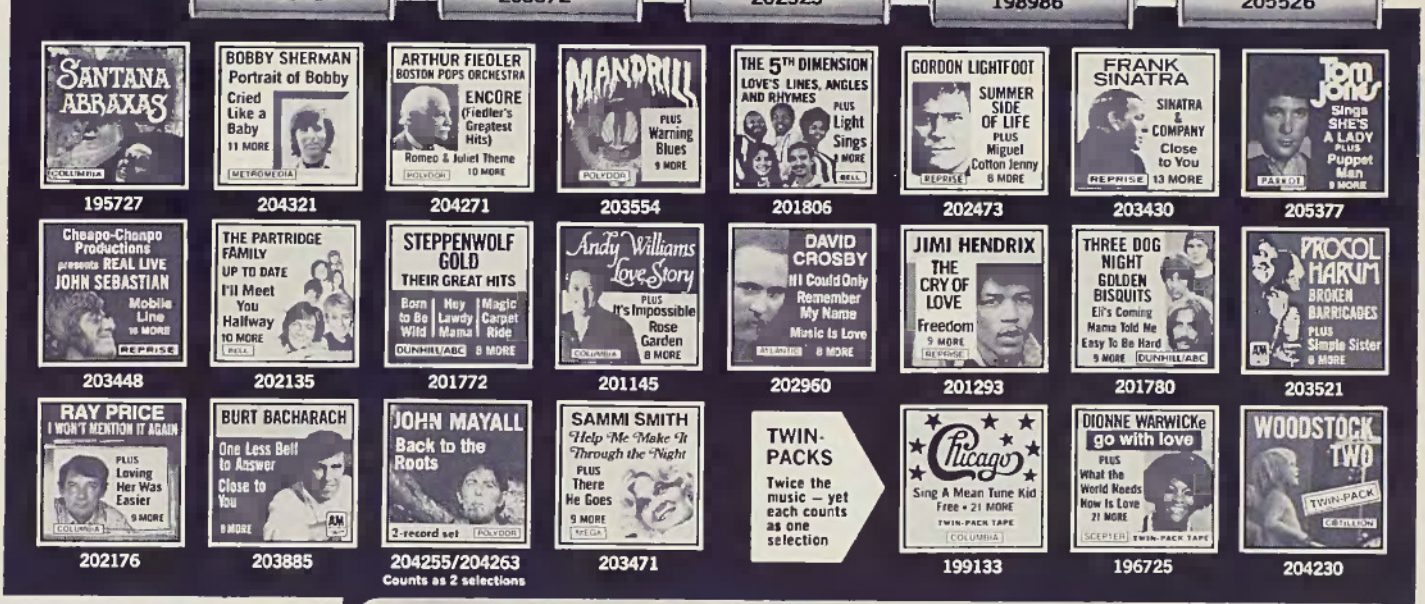

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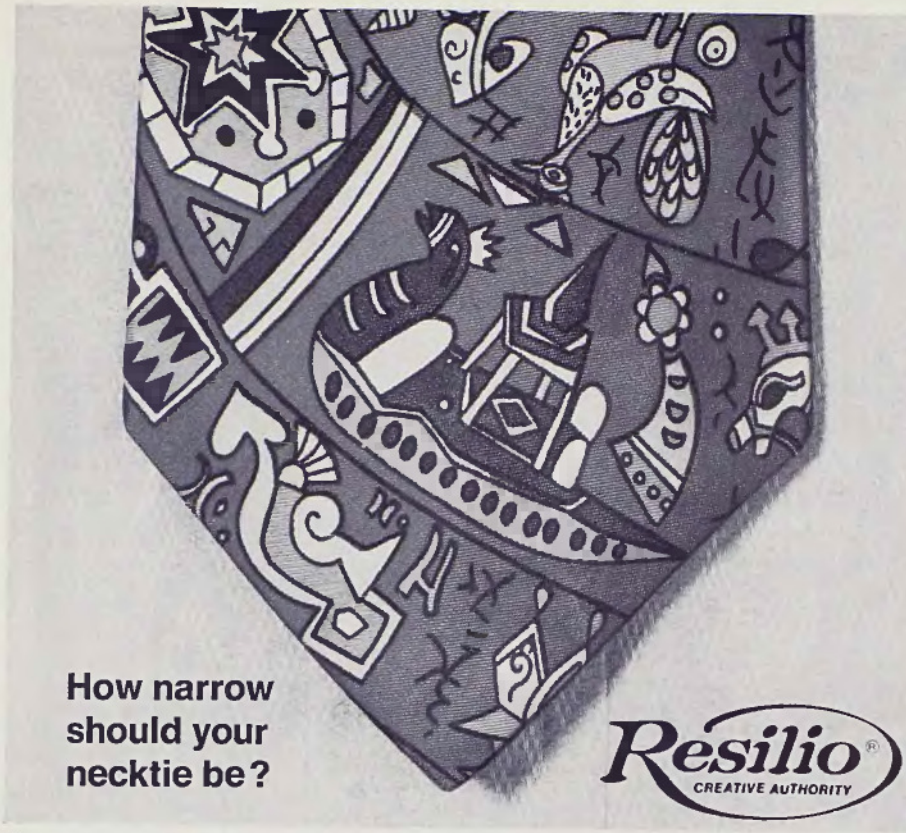

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in ***Dusty and Sweets McGee***, written and directed by Floyd Mutrux. A physician's daughter, Nancy is a dark beauty whose eyes are deep, quiet pools in which the taint of pollution hasn't quite begun to show, though she relates a wretched saga of how she supported her expensive habit as a pusher and con artist—and rather enjoyed it. Within a loose structure, set to Top 40–type tunes that seem blasted out of a passing car radio, Mutrux weaves a collage of sight and sound around the arrivals and departures of a male hustler, cops, dealers and two very young couples (besides the Dusty and Sweets of the title, there's 16-year-old Larry and 14-year-old Pam, looking like a wasted Romeo and Juliet), plus Tip, a disarming jailbird-junkie who knows rugged East Los Angeles as well as he knows the needle tracks on his arms and legs. Though marred by some staged sequences and an occasional flight into quasi-fiction, this film is socked across by people whose private melodramas carry the punch of truth.

•

A souped-up 1955 Chevrolet and a 1970 Pontiac co-star with singer James Taylor (as The Driver), Dennis Wilson (as The Mechanic), Laurie Bird (as The Girl) and Warren Oates (as a colorful road hog called simply G. T. O.) in ***Two-Lane Blacktop***. To throw men and machines together with each component thus plainly labeled is a clue to the movie's purpose as a statement about modern man enslaved by his own technology. The characters in *Two-Lane Blacktop* don't really connect with one another, nor with anything, even when they complacently link bodies in a motel bedroom. Six feet away from their cars, they almost cease to exist. Although the film, directed by Monte Hellman, offers less depth and clarity, after cuts, than the Rudolph Wurlitzer–Will Corry script originally published in *Esquire*, it's still a compelling slice of American life. G. T. O., the drifter and congenital liar played to perfection by Oates, might be compared to the Jack Nicholson character in *Easy Rider*, yet the two films are worlds apart. There's no sense of soulful searching or chasing rainbows here. Taylor and Wilson play two rootless car hustlers in transit, earning a bit of bread by racing as the need arises. They pick up a girl and ball her but don't talk to her much, because they prefer talking about the car. They meet G. T. O. and challenge him to a race across country, betting the pink registration slip for their Chevy against his supercharged Pontiac. Somewhere along the way, The Girl climbs onto the back of a stranger's motorcycle and rides off. Time is called for another race. Then the film starts turning black, as if scorched in

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 75.

the projector, and *Blacktop*'s already fragmentary plot just burns away like a spurt of tail-pipe exhaust. Hellman isn't telling a story, he's using actors as props to create a kind of primitive social poetry—uniquely American and uncannily persuasive—in which the automobile becomes a potent substitute for power, sex, home and even mother.

•

The primitive outback country of Australia proves the stellar attraction of ***Walkabout,*** a novel yarn about a very proper teenaged girl and her little brother, who are lost in the wilderness and manage to stay alive with the help of a black aborigine youth. Based on a semiclassic Australian novel by James Vance Marshall, the movie was directed and photographed by top cinematographer Nicolas Roeg. Though he frequently overdoes the lyrical views of nature's awesome majesty—all those rising, setting, burning suns—he avoids sentimentality. Edward Bond's scenario leaves many obvious questions unanswered—such as why the two children, whose deranged father takes them out for a drive in the desert and tries to kill them, don't just follow the road back to Sydney. If they behaved logically, of course, there would be no movie—and this movie has some stunning assets. The lizards, birds, kangaroos, stone, sand and rare quandong trees are wonders nearly comparable to the performance of David Gumpilil, the teenaged aborigine whose vigor and innocence bring *Walkabout* to life. His world offers a glimpse of Eden likely to appeal to disenchanted contemporary folk wondering where one might go to really get away from it all. Though the film romanticizes the hardships of survival, its youthful trio (rounded out by Jenny Agutter as the girl and director Roeg's son, Lucien John, as the plucky tagalong) is apt to stick in your memory for a while. The nude bathing scene is totally unself-conscious and their awakened desires underlie a remarkable sequence in which the aborigine boy, bedizened with paint and feathers, begins the fierce ritual wooing of his female companion. Disney's Adventureland, which *Walkabout* superficially resembles, was never like this.

•

Having suffered many delays when the 1968 Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia interrupted filming along the shores of the Danube, Jan Kadar's ***Adrift*** emerges as pure and timeless as a fable. This unique romantic drama marks a striking departure for Kadar, whose fame in the West heretofore rested chiefly on his Oscar-winning *The Shop on Main Street*. Based on a novel by Lajos Zilahy and set to a haunting score by Zdenek Liska, *Adrift* is as beautiful to behold as *Elvira Madigan* and projects considerably greater depth in spelling out the moral tale of a simple fisherman who rescues a lovely, enigmatic nude woman from the river one day and soon finds his safe provincial world a shambles. The hero tries to stifle lustful impulses by carrying himself like a clenched fist—and ends up with a deviously rationalized decision to poison his wife as an act of mercy. The mechanisms of sexual obsession are made both moving and graphic by Kadar's sensitive work with Yugoslav star Rade Markovic, an eastern European favorite whose passing resemblance to Marcello Mastroianni is complemented by an undercurrent of rugged vitality more reminiscent of Gable. Milena Dravic, superb without a trace of conventional drabness as the steadfast wife, and Josef Kroner (star of *The Shop on Main Street*) as one of three fishermen—a kind of earthy Greek chorus in whose skeptical eyes the hero seeks to justify himself—head a generally splendid cast adorned by the bewitching presence of U. S. actress-model Paula Pritchett. (For other glimpses of Paula at work and at leisure, see PLAYBOY's December 1970 issue.) Acting inexperience proves no handicap here, for Kadar uses Paula as raw material from which to create a sublimely erotic work of art, complex in its structure of time dissolves and flashbacks but relatively simple in human terms. Whether the girl Anada is real flesh and blood or merely the substance of a nightmare fantasy in which a man confronts his own potential for evil is just one of the questions that *Adrift* opens for second thoughts.

•

The 24-hour automobile race contested annually in Le Mans, France, is unique in that flamboyant sport. It's run over an eight-and-a-half-mile course that's mostly two-lane public highway, at speeds varying, each time around, from 35 to 230 miles an hour; the winning car may cover 3300 miles and the race will not be stopped for anything, not a crash that kills close to 100 spectators, as in 1955, nor torrential rain, dense fog—nothing stops it. A spectator count around 250,000 is usual. Against this background, which would appear to be sufficiently promising dramatically, Steve McQueen's Solar Productions and Cinema Center have erected a long (106 minutes), expensive ($7,500,000) and visually exciting film, ***Le Mans.*** The racing sequences, which are certainly complete, if not interminable, make those in comparable films look like the output of 16mm novices. McQueen, who dominated the making of the film in every particular and did all his own driving—as John Skow reported in the June PLAYBOY's *The 24 Hours of Steve McQueen*—allowed no faking, no undercranking: If a Porsche 917 appears to be doing 200 miles an hour through sheeted rain, that's what it's doing. The photography is superb, the audacity of the cameramen and the drivers amazing. Hard-core motor-racing maniacs will know ecstasy. Long before the end of the first hour, however, the less dedicated will find themselves restive, for the story, if it can be so called, is thin to the point of invisibility. Inspector Maigret himself would be hard pressed to follow it and one is depressed, when the last engine scream has died away, by the feeling that it doesn't matter what has happened to these people. One doesn't know who they are or what makes them run, and the fractional story is studded with ancient clichés. No one else in the cast approaches McQueen's box-office eminence, but there are many attractive players—people of the competence of Siegfried Rauch, Jean-Claude Bercq, Hal Hamilton, Angelo Infanti and Louise Edlind—and it's a pity that they are for the most part held mute. The heaviest burden in the film was carried by the 45 professional drivers who did the racing sequences, among them Europe's best: Richard Attwood, Derek Bell, Vic Elford, Masten Gregory, Jackie Ickx, Herbert Linge, Michael Parkes, Jo Siffert and Jonathan Williams. *Le Mans* is a technical triumph, a brilliant documentary but, as drama, almost a total wipe-out.

•

Stealing a movie from Dustin Hoffman must be a next-to-impossible feat, but Barbara Harris performs grand larceny in a scene midway through ***Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?*** Just before Barbara appears, the movie has begun to dissipate its initial comic thrust; the delicate balance between laughter and tears has started to slide out of control. Then director Ulu Grosbard, a Broadway recruit overzealously trying to prove himself a man of cinema, lets his busy camera settle down to watch Barbara, playing a 34-year-old girl at an audition for a "now" musical. She looks all wrong for it—hair, make-up, dress, everything. She freezes, her right hand glued to a piece of stage furniture in a kind of paralysis because they won't let her stay on long enough to sing her best three notes. As she explains her predicament, the hero, of course, falls instantly in love with her, and *Harry Kellerman* hops right back on the track. When the going is good, Dustin Hoffman has a fine time delivering some of playwright Herb Gardner's crispest lines. Dusty plays Georgie, a bushy-haired Brooklynese writer of folk-rock songs (words and music are by our own Shel Silverstein) who lives in a penthouse and phones his analyst to talk about suicide in the middle of the night. He's terrifically funny in flashback-to-boyhood scenes (with the late David Burns contributing delightful bits as Dad) or on playback—when he's gripped by mad fantasies in which his shrink (Jack Warden) starts

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shouting raucous rock ballads at him. Problems develop when Gardner and Grosbard get into a semiserious exploration of Georgie's climb to success and of all the people he trampled en route to the top, including some nut named Harry Kellerman, who keeps telephoning every chick Georgie knows to say what a louse he is. Since the hero is quite obviously his own worst enemy, it requires little imagination to figure out Kellerman's true identity. Though *Kellerman* falters, all the girls on call are dandy. Besides Barbara, note Rose Gregorio as the cast-off wife and Regina Baff as a marvelously mousy little bed partner whose seduction scene with Hoffman—in a furnished room endangered by falling plaster—is a pip.

RECORDINGS

It's good to know that in the bleak wilds of southern Ontario, six madmen calling themselves Crowbar are living, presumably, in a house named Bad Manors and performing some of the nuttiest and best rock music ever heard in that region or any other. They have titled their Paramount album ***Bad Manors (Crowbar's Golden Hits, Volume 1)***, and it's an incredible amalgam of country, r&b, hard rock, boogie, you name it. There are songs about funky cheating ladies, a romping tale of feminine entrapment (*Murder in the First Degree*), a vivid rendering of the effects of mountain booze, a brief Cherokee Indian boogie version of *Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop*, a hip remake of Freddie Slack's *The House of Blue Lights* and much more. Horns, voices and various fillers are added from time to time; everything drives and the playing is more than competent. The capper is *Prince of Peace*, a kind of Gospel dead march with loud bass drum, cymbal, tenor sax and clapping. If they hear this, the revivalists and the Jesus freaks will never be the same.

•

All things come to those who wait. And for those of us who have been waiting patiently for the comeback of the big-band sound, those things are here. In keeping with the current resurgence of interest in the Thirties and Forties, RCA has reissued in two-LP sets the music of ***Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington*** and a grab bag titled ***This Is the Big Band Era***—which ranges from Benny Moten to Glenn Miller. The albums provide a beautiful slice of musical life of an age that is rapidly turning utopian in the minds of those who never experienced it.

•

Even if the image of Jim Morrison as a brooding Byronic genius *manqué* is wearing a little thin with you, the Doors' latest album, ***L.A. Woman*** (Elektra), is worth a listen. Morrison is still hung up on snakes and blood and other

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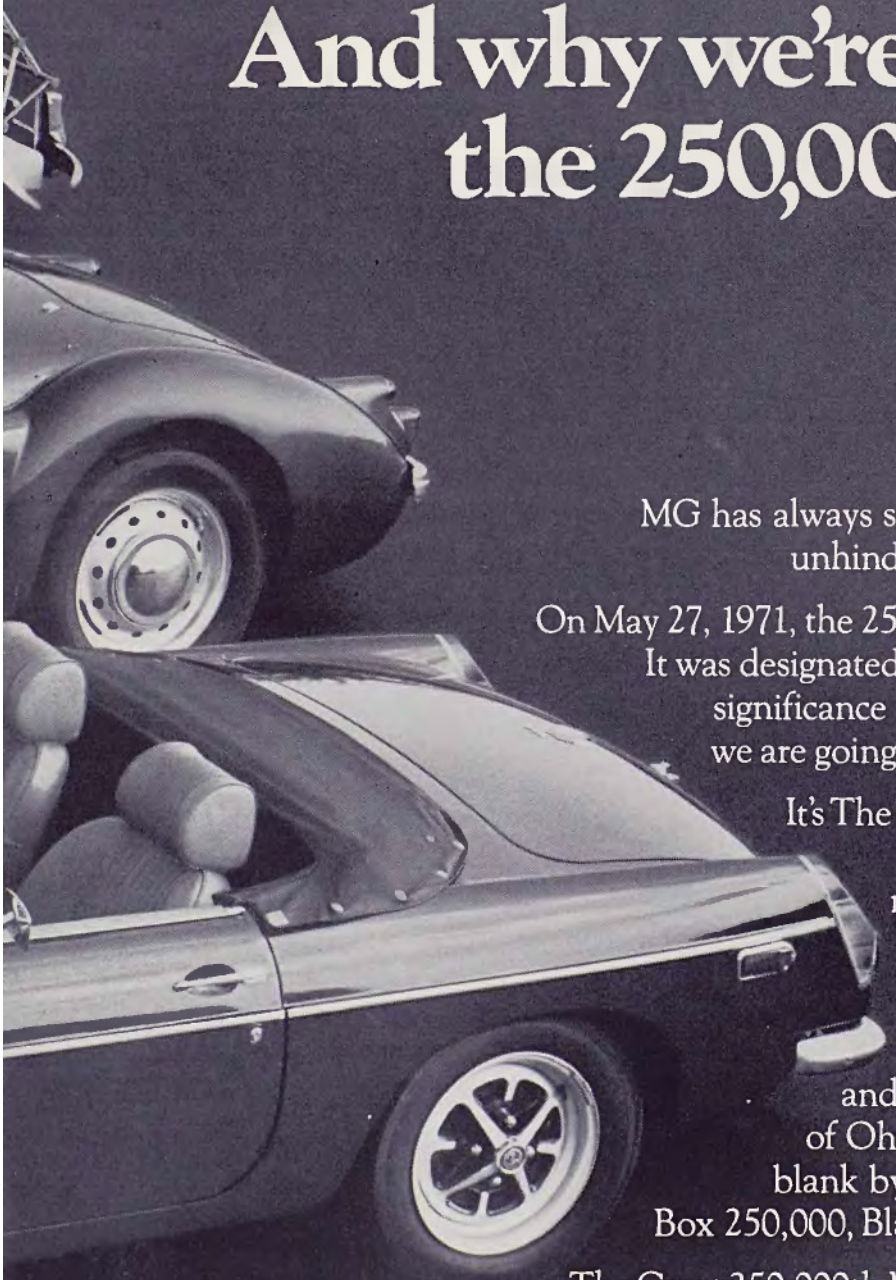

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things symbolically creepy, but the usual irritating pretentiousness that's part of any Doors album is kept to a minimum here, as bassist Jerry Scheff and rhythm guitar Marc Benno are added to the group. The eight-minute title track is one of their best hard pieces of poetic sociology yet; and it, along with *Riders on the Storm*—featuring a tasty flutelike electric piano—proves that the Doors *can* handle long songs if they want to. They also dip into tough soul on *The Changeling* and into low-down blues on *Cars Hiss by My Window*—which the band manages to save in spite of some silly lyrics. If there's one clunker, it's *L'America*, an unsuccessful apocalyptic mélange of Thirties German mock opera, Fifties rock and Seventies doom—but then, Jim has to keep up his image.

•

With ***Old Socks, New Shoes / New Socks, Old Shoes*** (Chisa), The Jazz Crusaders, augmented by guitarists Arthur Adams and Freddie Robinson, have come up with some of the movingest, funkiest sounds to have pleasured us in a long while. The numbers are originals for the most part, and the playing is so spirited and smoothly meshed (by this time, trombonist Wayne Henderson, tenor man Wilton Felder, pianist Joe Sample and drummer "Stix" Hooper practically think as one) that there isn't a soft spot from beginning to end. The Crusaders—plus guitarists Adams and Wayne West and conga drummer Francisco Aguabella—lend their considerable talents to provide back-up music for an amazing African vocalist, ***Letta*** (Chisa). Most of the lyrics are in her native tongue, but don't let that daunt you; one needn't know the language to dig the excitement generated by the lady from Johannesburg.

•

Despite all the tricky redundancy and careful mimicry in so much pop music, individual voices and styles do appear that project the kind of integrity you hear in ***Bobby Gosh*** (Polydor). The music in these grooves sounds like a very personal composite of Richie Havens, James Taylor and Elton John. Gosh, who wrote much of it and orchestrated the whole of it, plays piano and sings in a rough but winning voice. His backings are beautifully done by a variety of New York studio musicians, including Gene Orloff's strings, and a number of composers and lyricists (Rudyard Kipling, yet) get into the act. One or two weak tunes aside, the album does sustain the promise of its opening track, *As Long as She Will Stay* (with its suggestions of *Something in the Way She Moves*), right through to a final statement of self-assertion, *I'm Gonna Be Somebody*.

•

Pianist-composer Joe Zawinul offers up an extraordinary tour de force on ***Zawinul*** (Atlantic). His compositions—highly personal statements keyed for the most part to events in his life—are performed by two electric pianos (his and Herbie Hancock's), flute (George Davis), trumpet (Woody Shaw), soprano sax (Earl Turbinton), two basses (Miroslav Vitous and Walter Booker) and percussion (Joe Chambers, Billy Hart and David Lee). Jack De Johnette is added on two numbers; Jimmy Owens, Hubert Laws and Wayne Shorter are one-track replacements. The sound is hypnotic and totally unclichéed and the LP is the best showcase of Zawinul's talents to date.

•

Paul McCartney may have found love, but judging from ***Ram*** (Apple), his second solo LP, he hasn't found out where his head is musically. The album consists of several dozen bits and pieces, covering most of the known pop world, spliced often uncomfortably into 12 cuts. Typical is *The Back Seat of My Car*, which shifts from hard Fifties rock to syrupy Hugo Winterhalter violins to Mel Tormé crooning (complete with cocktail piano) and back to Fifties rock again—all without much success. And the inventory for *Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey* includes a wiggly Biff Rose vocal, strings, French horns, bird whistles, a Beach Boys imitation, changing tempos and a thunderstorm. There *are* some nice moments, especially on a fundamental rocker called *Smile Away*, but it mostly seems to amount to Paul's substituting facility for any real substance. It's like watching someone juggle five guitars: It's fairly impressive, but you keep wondering why he bothers.

•

In an amiable compendium titled ***The Biggs Bach Book*** (Columbia), veteran organist E. Power Biggs works his way through a selection of familiar and not-so-familiar pieces evoking joyful exultation or serene contentment. One side is devoted to excerpts from the *Little Music Book for Anna Magdalena Bach*, performed on a small and appropriately merry-sounding tracker organ in Cambridge, Massachusetts. For the more sonorous chorales on side two, Biggs switches to a magnificent 18th Century instrument in Arlesheim, Switzerland. On either side of the record and the ocean, his nimble fingerwork and ingenious registrations remain beyond compare.

•

Leon Russell didn't get to be the World's Champion Hip Okie by accident. He earned it on Stones sessions, by writing *Give Peace a Chance*, by teaming up with Joe Cocker—and he's just paid more dues with ***Leon Russell and the Shelter People*** (Shelter), one of the best rock albums so far this year. Russell practically invented what might as well be called Okie rock—with that shit-kicker Gospel sound, heavy on Baptist-revival piano and chorus—and it gets as good on this album as you'll ever hear. He works wonders on Dylan's *It's a Hard Rain Gonna Fall*, wails through a lovingly ironic piano-pounding tribute to Little Richard on *Crystal Closet Queen* and lopes through *She Smiles like a River*, a rolling hill-folky ballad apparently inspired by *Life Is like a Mountain Railway*. And there's more—much more.

•

Guitarist Gabor Szabo's latest LP, ***High Contrast*** (Blue Thumb)—which finds him backed by a splendid rhythm section and unobtrusive strings—is especially noteworthy for a four-tune display of Bobby Womack compositions. Womack, who accompanies Szabo on rhythm guitar, has created simple but compelling melodic lines that Gabor treats with respect and performs with obvious relish. The three other tunes in the album are by Szabo himself and are commendable, but Womack supplies the meat for the aural feast.

•

Aretha Franklin has enough soul for any three people, and on ***Aretha Live at Fillmore West*** (Atlantic), it just spills over and engulfs everyone within earshot. She's got the whole audience in the palm of her hand as she lays into Otis Redding's *Respect*, the Lennon-McCartney *Eleanor Rigby*, her own *Dr. Feelgood* (a real roof raiser) and *Spirit in the Dark*, which she shares with guest star Ray Charles. The Franklin-Charles combination has got to get together more often. The sound reproduction is below par, but that's the only thing that is on this knockout of an album.

•

Last year, Grand Funk Railroad earned over $5,000,000. This year, manager-producer Terry Knight predicts they may earn two to three times that amount. And the rock critics, record execs and disc jockeys have never been able to stand them for their loud, banal music and frantic stage act. ***Survival*** (Capitol), their fifth album, may change all that. Beyond the fact that it became a 1,000,000 seller the day it was released, the disc demonstrates a far greater concern for musical values than the group has shown in the past. And, as some reviewers have already noted, the basis for Grand Funk's deep appeal to their massive teenage audience is easier to see. Songs such as *Comfort Me, Country Road* and *Gimme Shelter* are saying, as Knight puts it, "We are part of you. We are your voice." Yes, the new album is saying that loud and clear—and, for a change, musically.

•

The Johnny Otis Show Live at Monterey! (Epic) is two great discs of Forties- and Fifties-style rhythm-and-blues, jazz and urban blues. The Otis troupe set the 1970

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Monterey Jazz Festival on its ear, and the testimony is offered by performers ranging from 16-year-old Shuggie Otis to old-timers such as Big Joe Turner and Roy Milton. The timelessness of the blues was never better displayed. Some of the highlights: Johnny Otis' own 1958 hit *Willie and the Hand Jive*; Esther Phillips' brassy, bluesy vocals; Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson's pungent alto sax; Big Joe Turner—one of the greatest of all blues singers—on *I Got a Gal* and *Plastic Man*; Ivory Joe Hunter's happy resurrection of *Since I Met You Baby*; and Roy Brown's *Good Rockin' Tonight*. These records are an education in a vital, ongoing musical style.

THEATER

Long Day's Journey into Night is one of the masterworks of the 20th Century, the most deeply personal and moving play of Eugene O'Neill. Torn from his own life, it wrenchingly reveals the author and his family in psychological close-up—the failed father, tightfisted James Tyrone; the drug-ridden mother, Mary; the wastrel older brother, Jamie; and the consumptive younger son, Edmund (O'Neill himself). During the play's long, erosive day and night, the Tyrones gnaw at one another, hating, then retreating to love, irrevocably binding themselves together. Any production of *Long Day's Journey*, such as the current New York revival, must stand scrutiny beside the original production in 1956—and perhaps must fall short. For one thing, Fredric March in the earlier cast may have been an unmatchable James Tyrone. In any case, Robert Ryan doesn't match him. He is suitably stern but somehow more sympathetic, which takes some of the blood out of the role. Ryan catches the father side of Tyrone, but he is less successful with his titanic ham-actor side. As the mother, Geraldine Fitzgerald appears to be frayed in the mind a bit too early in the play, so that her character doesn't seem to grow. But James Naughton is a fine Edmund and Stacy Keach is a superlative Jamie. The play turns to the younger actors. Keach becomes the mainstay —rascally, charming and, by his own drunken confession, full of malice. And Edmund, even though his part is the shortest, becomes the focus. The play is somewhat cramped by a small stage and there is little feeling of the fog-ridden seaside, but Arvin Brown's direction is confident and the players work together as a family. O'Neill's ghosts are all here and they are still haunting. At the Promenade, 2162 Broadway.

•

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BILL DRAKE

HOME: Bel Air, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Designs the format for pop music programs on radio stations around the country.

HOBBIES: Pool. Monitoring his radio stations.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Godfather."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created "Solid Gold Rock and Roll" and "Hit Parade 71," two of the most successful musical formats on radio today.

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named Bunny Flingus. A wigged-out son, an Army recruit who wants to murder the Pope (who will, in a minute, be seen on Queens Boulevard). Playwright John Guare has an ear for the absurd, an eye for farce and a fascination with fantasy. He can dream up insane situations and make them seem reasonable—and very funny. ***The House of Blue Leaves*** has moments of hilarity, but it's also an awkward play. Quite often reality and pathos undercut the ridiculous. The show lurches when it should be soaring into comic outer space. In the end, Guare stoops to melodrama. But though the play is in and out, the humor up and down, the cast is right on target, particularly Harold Gould as the song-writing hero (whose wife informs him that his best composition sounds just like *White Christmas*—and it does). At the Truck and Warehouse, 79 East Fourth Street.

•

Lenny is a chaotic, disturbing show, like the man it celebrates—the great language liberator, Lenny Bruce. The show occasionally sentimentalizes and glosses: It de-emphasizes Lenny's bouts with drugs, makes his home life seem like a grade-B movie. Yet it's true to his tragicomic image. Busted, brutalized and black-listed for saying words like motherfucker and cocksucker in public, he didn't live long enough to hear his heresy become an everyday thing. Well, almost an everyday thing. His raw cracks about Jackie Kennedy "hauling ass" out of the assassination car in Dallas are still going to steam many theatergoers. This show is erratic, but what makes it potent theater is not only its subject but its director and its star. Tom O'Horgan is the director and also the composer of the music (this is not a musical but a play with some music); and although his direction fluctuates rather than flows as it did in *Hair*, he stages—in the second act, with the assistance of Robin Wagner's monumental scenery—some monumental theatrical moments. Facing a court, Lenny fantasizes what he would have liked to have taken place: the judge and the defendant seated on a towering pedestal, confronting phantoms from Lenny jokes such as Hitler and Eichmann. Bruce's material is well used in Julian Barry's book, which quotes voluminously from his monologs. Clean or dirty, Lenny was a very funny man. In the title role, Cliff Gorman, who before *Lenny* was best known as the high-flying fag Emory in *The Boys in the Band*, does not attempt to imitate Lenny; he brilliantly incarnates him. It is a compassionate portrait of a desperately comic, hopelessly tragic character. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

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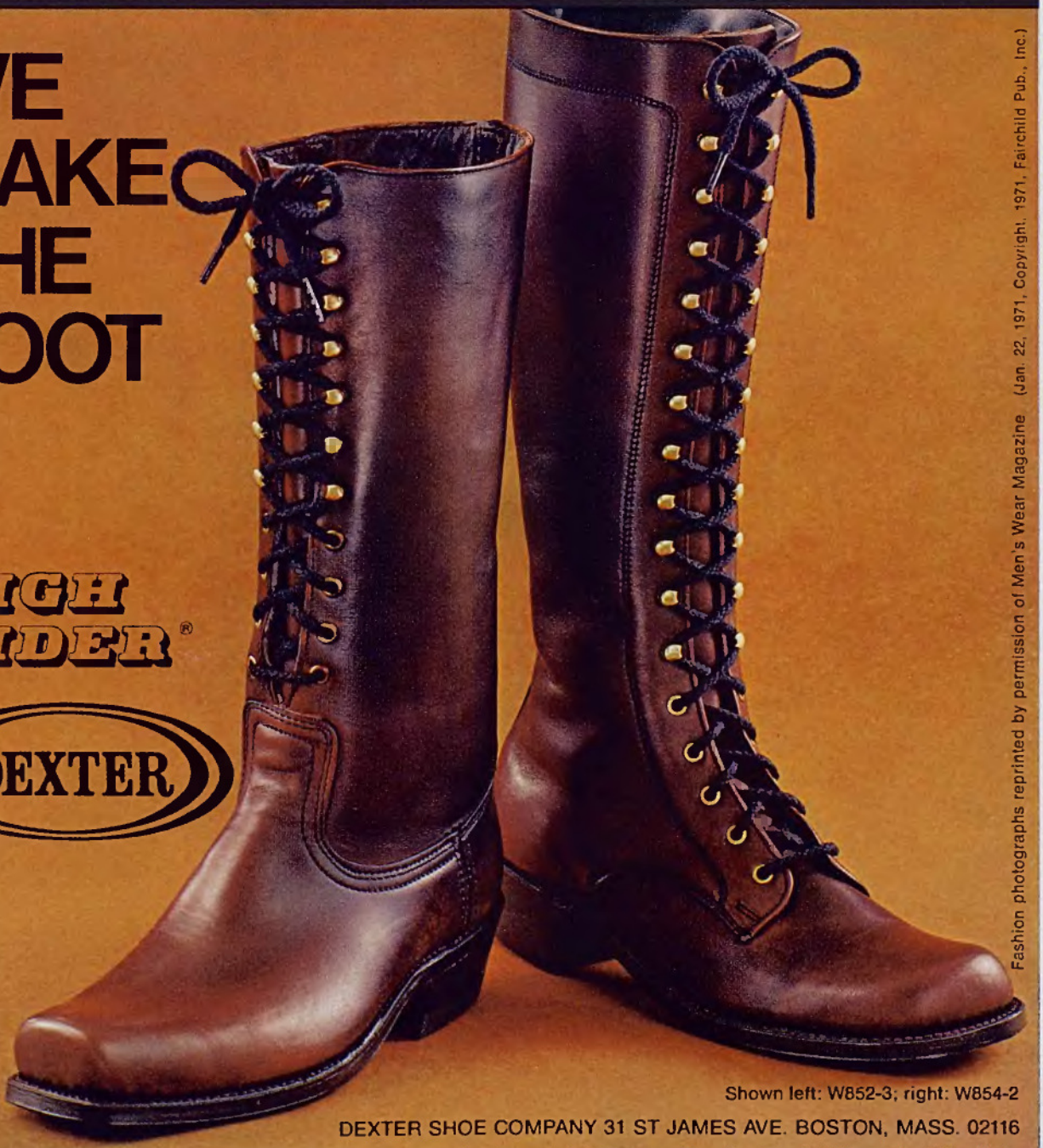

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

At the age of 20, I have finally realized that it was my own conceit that always prevented my caring for any one girl. I kept the last girl I liked guessing and never called her nor went to see her—I always waited for her to call or come to see me. Then she met another guy and, after a week of waiting by the telephone, it finally occurred to me that she wasn't going to chase me and that I missed her. I'm afraid that now it's too late. I've tried hard to make up for my uncommunicative past; but though she is seeing me again occasionally, it's only when her other guy is away at school. I think she'd be just as glad if I left her alone, but I'm really crazy about her. What do I do now—continue to play ball with her?—K. C., Amarillo, Texas.

Only if chasing flies is your idea of playing ball. Concentrate on next season —with a new teammate.

I'm planning to stock a liquor cabinet in my apartment, but circumstances limit the number of bottles I can store to one in each category. When it comes to the Scotches, I am undecided between a light Scotch and a regular. Can you tell me what the difference is?—L. N., Chicago, Illinois.

The difference between a light and a regular Scotch is primarily one of flavor and has little to do with quality. A Scotch is made light by distilling the malt distillate at a high proof or by adding a larger proportion of grain spirits to the mixture of malt distillates. Twenty-five years ago, all Scotches had a characteristic peaty flavor and heavy taste, but the trend in the U. S. currently is to a lighter taste. Most of the lighter Scotches, incidentally, are shipped in bulk and bottled in the U. S., resulting in a slightly lower price, which may have helped boost their popularity. They are also frequently bottled at about 80 proof, as opposed to 86 proof for Scotches bottled in the United Kingdom.

My boyfriend and I, both recently graduated from the same college, are very much in love. He's been urging me to go to bed with him and I want to, very much, but am holding back in the belief that most men prefer their future wives to be virgins. I would really like to know how chastity is considered by young men nowadays—not your opinion (after all, you *are* the Playboy Advisor) but just the facts, sir.—Miss F. W., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The simple facts, ma'am, are that chastity has never ranked very high as a marital virtue in the minds of college-educated men and it's getting increasingly lower. In a 1967 study, it was listed 15th among characteristics considered important by college men in their future wives. The four most important were (in order): dependable character, mutual attraction, emotional stability and pleasing disposition. (Women also rated these characteristics as the top four, though not in the same order.) In a 1939 study, chastity was tenth on the list, and in 1956, it ranked 13th. You can tell which way the trend is going. (See this month's campus survey, page 118, for some up-to-the-minute information about college sex.)

A friend of mine is thinking about re-upping in the Army, much against my advice, saying he can't afford not to, since the re-enlistment bonus is enough for a high-priced sports car. I warned him that the Army was probably handing him a line and that this would turn out to be a lie once they got his name on the dotted line. On second thought, considering the increasing scarcity of civilian jobs, I began to wonder just how generous the Army is with its bread. Can you give me the word? —T. F., Birmingham, Alabama.

The Services can be surprisingly generous when it comes to pay and bonuses. The regular re-enlistment bonus, payable in a lump sum, can run to a maximum of $2000, depending on length of service, rank, etc. In addition, there is a Variable Re-enlistment Bonus that can amount to four times the regular one; this is available for needed specialists who are in short supply. In brief, the total re-enlistment bonus can run as high as—hold your hat—$10,000. The V. R. B. is usually spread over the term of re-enlistment, but under special circumstances it, too, can be paid in a lump sum. Pay inducements don't stop there, however. In addition to hostile-fire pay, hazardous-duty pay other than in combat zones and diving pay (for frogmen), etc., there is also proficiency pay for those who have a much-needed specialty and are good at it. Whatever else it may be, a tour of duty in the Armed Forces can be a well-paying job, a fact many career officers noted long ago.

I am single and deeply involved with a young, very attractive married woman. Her husband, a successful businessman and loving father to their child, has been a disappointment to her as a sexual partner. She is convinced his sexual hang-ups are too deeply rooted to be corrected. Even so, she adores her child and will not endanger his happiness by any disruption of her marriage. I need her and want her but cannot justify placing myself above her own welfare and

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security. What do I do now?—W. B., Los Angeles, California.

Were your girlfriend writing to us for advice, we would counsel her to steer clear of a potentially messy situation. We suggest that you do the same. Granting the sincerity of both your feelings and hers, the situation she is struggling with is so volatile and contradictory that it must eventually blow up. At such a time, you might be able to pick up the pieces, but your presence now is more likely to help set off the explosion—and no one would thank you if you were the one who pushed the detonator.

The other day, my girl and I got into an argument and I made a bet with her, which I won. It was for a minor amount—only one dollar—and I promptly demanded payment, duly given me with the understanding that I would spend it during a date with her. Afterward, however, I began to feel guilty. Was I right in accepting cold cash from her, however small the sum?—R. S., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

In this, as in all manners of etiquette these days, you've got to gauge the temperament of the lady you're dealing with. If she's at all into women's lib, she'll be downright insulted if you imply that she should receive special favors when it comes to paying her debts. So why be condescending and paternalistic? Keep the money. With more traditional females, it's advisable not to bet amounts that they can't conveniently handle (don't worry about the dollar, of course, since it's only a token sum). A more interesting kind of wager would be tailored to the participants—for example, a meal in a restaurant against a home-cooked repast. (If you mistakenly get into one of these with a feminist, you'd better win, or you may wind up doing the kitchen chores.)

My husband and I are in our late 20s and love each other very much. But though our two-year marriage has been a happy one, my sexual needs are apparently much greater than his. As a result, I find myself seeking sexual relations with other men. Currently, I'm involved with a married man on a purely sexual basis and though I naturally fear discovery, I feel little guilt. In the past, you have advised against extramarital affairs; but when a person's needs and frustrations become too great, what alternatives are there?—Mrs. A. M., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

We don't flatly oppose extramarital sex, although we are strongly opposed to the deception that usually accompanies it. We simply don't think a marriage that is valued—as yours appears to be—is bolstered by lying and sneaking. We congratulate you on feeling little guilt—that's not easy in this society—but you yourself raise the question of discovery. What, indeed, will happen if your husband finds out? His jealousy and his anger may impel him to break up the marriage you describe as happy. The alternative to this is simply to be open and honest with your husband, so that you try to resolve your needs and frustrations together, bearing in mind that unequal sexual levels often can be accommodated. If you can't manage it yourselves, your problem may be responsive to professional help.

Recently, I read in a newspaper that a first-time drug offender's record was ordered "sealed" by the judge. Can you tell me what sealed means in this case and how such an act might benefit the offender?—F. L., Lincoln, Nebraska.

An offender's criminal record is customarily public knowledge and, as such, may be examined by those willing to go through channels. When a judge orders a record sealed, it means it can be examined only by someone with a court order, thus protecting the offender from credit checks, prospective employers, etc. Sealing, incidentally, is a matter of state law and may vary from one to another; it's usually done only in the case of juvenile offenders. A record is normally unsealed only in the event of a second conviction. Bear in mind, however, that there are many records connected with arrest and imprisonment that may remain public knowledge.

I am 19 and have been going steady with a girl my age. We have sex regularly and I like her a lot; we intend to get married when I complete two years of college. I'm beginning to wonder, however, if the real reason I want to get married is mere sexual attraction. How do you tell if it's a matter of love or of sex?—H. S., Tacoma, Washington.

Love is an active commitment made over a period of time, similar to the type of decision one makes in regard to his lifework. With the passage of months, you gradually make the decision to love a certain woman. On the other hand, time works against sexual attraction; as the months pass, it tends to become less intense. In short, if you're undecided whether it's love or sex—wait and see. If it's only sexual attraction, it may not last. Considering your age, it's unlikely that you've waited long enough. When you're older, you'll be able to distinguish between the two by their omission: The lack of sex is an inconvenience; the lack of love is a tragedy.

A friend maintains that *The Jazz Singer* with Al Jolson was not the first sound picture; I claim that it was. Who's right?—N. B., Las Vegas, Nevada.

It depends on what you mean by sound. The first motion picture with sound accompaniment was "Don Juan," released by Warner Bros. on August 26, 1926. Also on the sound track was an address by Will Hays, czar of the motion-picture industry at the time. This was followed by several other Warner releases with musical scores and a number of shorts devoted, for the most part, to opera singers. However, the first film that featured synchronized speech and other sound was, indeed, "The Jazz Singer."

How did the word salary originate?—P. G., Atlanta, Georgia.

Soldiers in ancient Rome received part of their pay in salt, which was later changed to a monetary allowance for the purchase of salt. This was called their salt money or salarium, *which gradually evolved to salary.*

Some years ago, I believe I read in *The Playboy Advisor* about a male contraceptive pill that you asserted did not yet exist. Can you tell me if any progress has been made since then?—C. N., New York, New York.

Since "The Playboy Advisor" first reported on the male pill (in April 1965), there has been much research but there is still no commercially available pill. One of the first attempts to develop such a contraceptive was made by researchers at Cornell University Medical College in New York, using a compound chemically related to antabus, a drug used to treat alcoholism. It succeeded in lowering the sperm count to a nonfertile level but, unfortunately, the user's eyes would turn red and he would get violently ill if he drank any alcohol. An antifertility vaccine investigated at Rockefeller University also kept the sperm count at acceptably low levels, but it had the unfortunate side effect of shrinking the user's testicles to about two thirds their normal size. Testosterone, the male sex hormone, can keep a man's sperm count below the fertility level, but it has to be injected every three or four weeks and doctors have to follow the sperm count carefully until all sperm has disappeared from the ejaculate. Silastic plugs in the sperm ducts also have been tried, but occasionally a plug slips out of place and allows sperm cells to pass. However, scientists are still optimistic about the possible development of a male pill and predictions are that the first one may be on the market by 1975.

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

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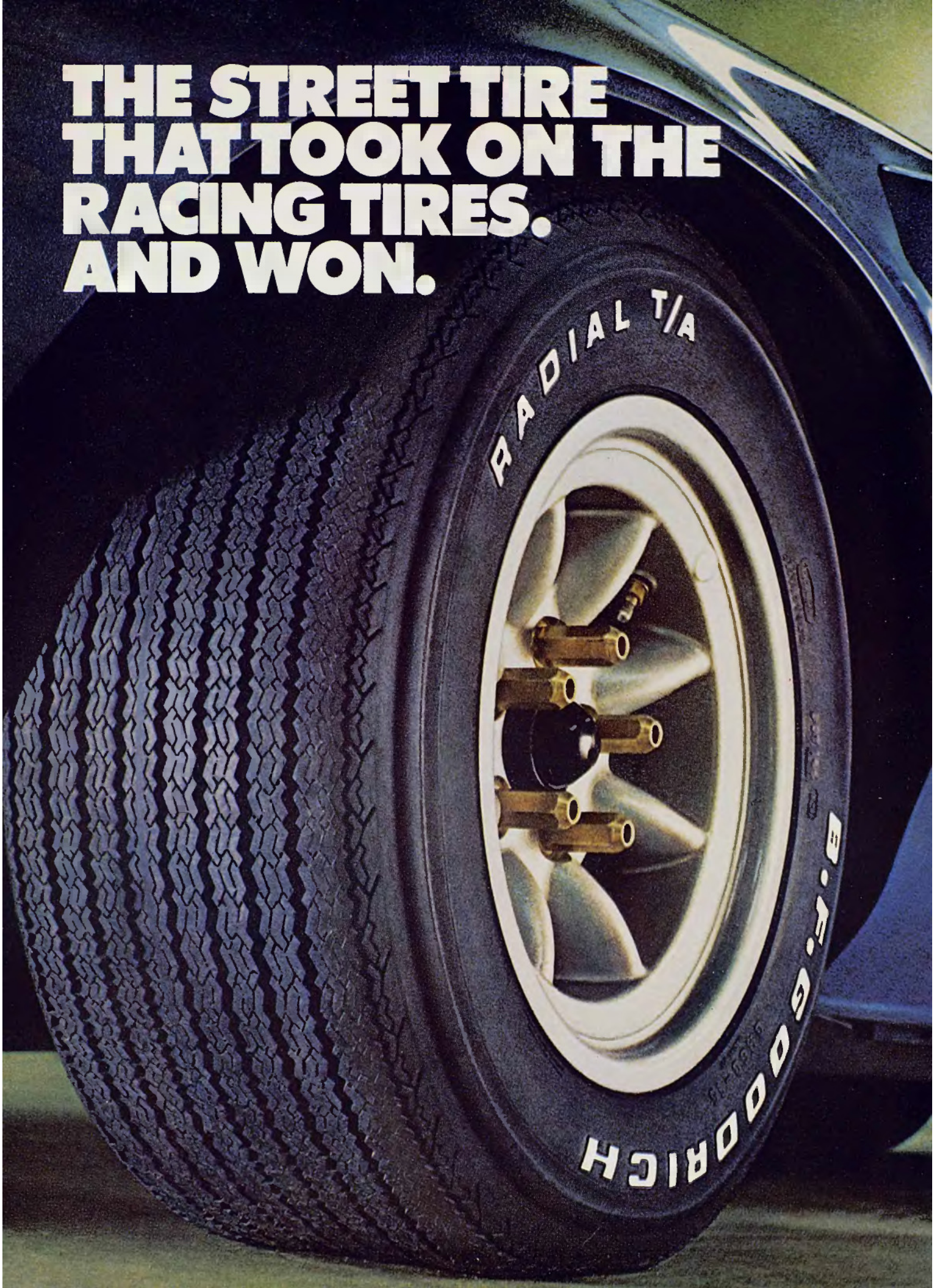
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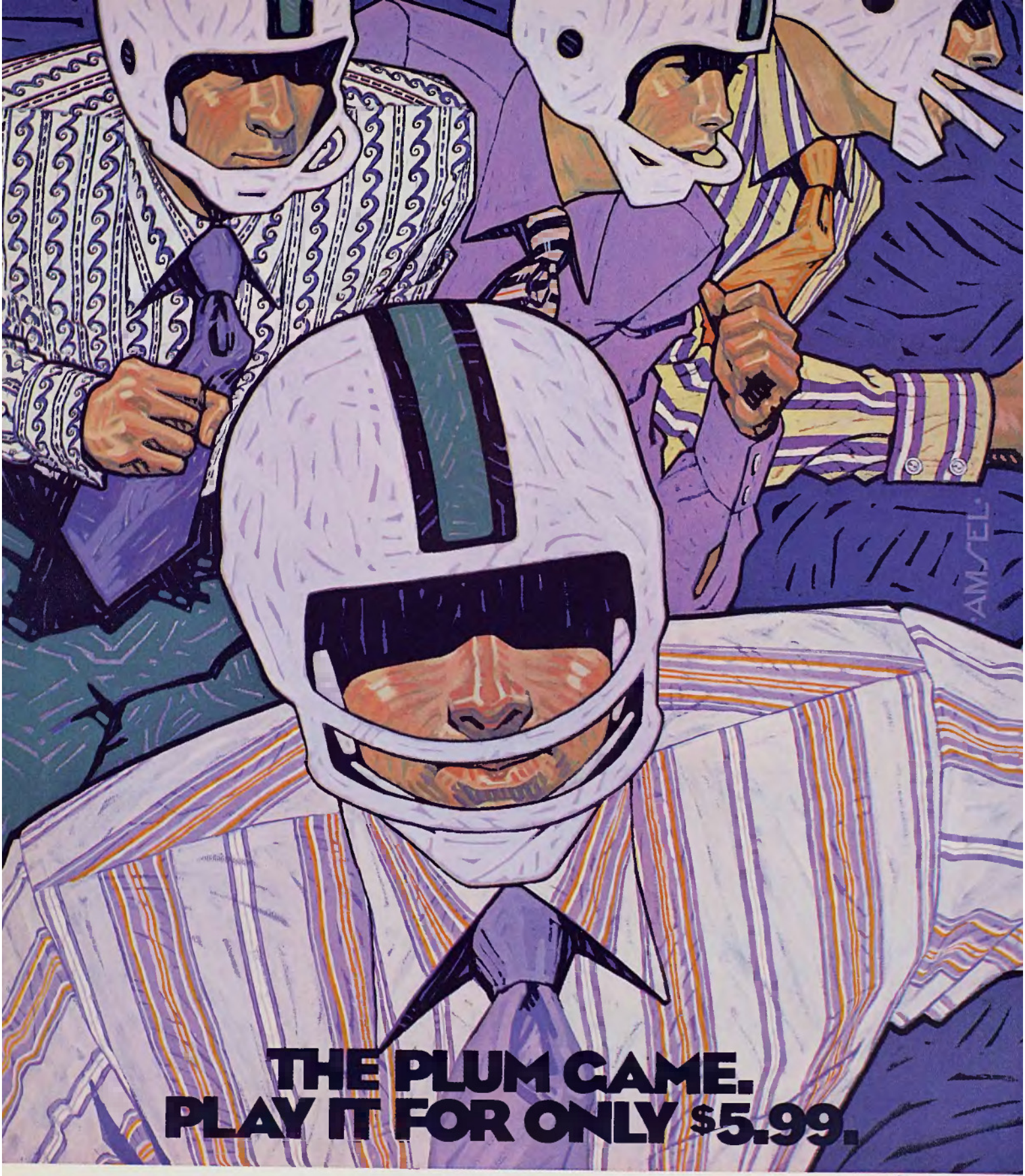

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

MARIJUANA VICTORY

I am pleased to inform you that *Commonwealth vs. Johnson*, one of the marijuana cases handled by the American Civil Liberties Union of Virginia and supported by the Playboy Foundation, resulted in a significant victory in the Virginia supreme court of appeals.

Jimmy Johnson, 17 at the time of the offense, was charged with selling marijuana to an undercover agent in Prince George County, Virginia. Although the police had no firm grounds to suspect the high school student of criminal behavior, they hired a young man to entrap him. After many requests by the agent, Johnson eventually secured marijuana and transferred it to the agent. He was promptly arrested.

The A. C. L. U. entered the case subsequent to conviction and sentencing. Johnson received 20 years, ten suspended. The trial judge focused attention on the case by declaring he would make sure Prince George did not have a drug problem by making an example of Johnson. The dealer from whom Johnson obtained the marijuana received a three- to five-year sentence.

The Union appeal essentially argued three points. First, that criminal sanctions against marijuana possession and/or use violate the Constitution's guarantee of privacy and due process, and that the Virginia statute making possession/use a 20–40 year offense violated the Eighth Amendment's prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. In addition, the Union asserted that Johnson had been entrapped, that contrary to Virginia law, the prosecution must establish that the criminal conduct would have occurred even had the authorities not been a party to the action. Finally, the Union argued that the Virginia sentencing statute was incorrectly interpreted by the trial judge. Since nowhere but in the sentencing provisions of the narcotics law is marijuana classified with hard narcotics, the legislature could not have intended to lump marijuana with the hard substances punishable by a mandatory minimum of 20 years.

The court, of course, rejected the first two contentions, but accepted our construction of the sentencing statute. At this time, we are not certain how the court will resentence Johnson.

The old statute has been repealed, but *Johnson* affects four other cases where courts imposed 20-year sentences for possession. (Most first-offense possession is now a misdemeanor.)

Lauren Selden
Field Development Officer
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

HAWAIIAN POT PROGRESS

Late last year in Hawaii, a grass-roots movement began to seek more humane marijuana legislation. A vigorous effort was put forth by responsible people in all professions and segments of our society, and most favored a radical program of removal of all sanctions from the use of marijuana and amnesty for all persons serving sentences on pot charges. As a result, state senator John Hulten introduced a resolution calling for public hearings for consideration of a "regulatory program as an alternative approach" to our present penalties. Senator Hulten's resolution was favorably commented upon by the senate committee on health, which (although it refused to endorse a regulatory rather than penal approach to marijuana) stated that "The committee agrees that the present laws dealing with the possession and use of marijuana are not only ineffective but counterproductive as well. Present laws on this subject are based upon fallacious ideas which are no longer widely held, and, in fact, are widely ridiculed." The committee recommended a study to seek for "a more effective and acceptable law."

J. L. Erickson, M. D.
Claude F. Duteil, D. D.
Kailua, Hawaii

COUNTING HEADS

How many pot smokers are there in the United States? The astonishing fact is that official U. S. Government estimates have remained the same since 1967, although all other evidence indicates that use of grass has increased tremendously in these four years. As early as July 1967, Government officials estimated (according to *Newsweek*) "that 20,000,000 Americans may have tried pot at least once"; as late as September 1970, the same magazine still quotes the Government guess as 20,000,000.

Amorphia, a nonprofit organization selling Acapulco Gold cigarette papers and using the revenue to work for legalization of marijuana, has tried several ways of gauging the actual number of

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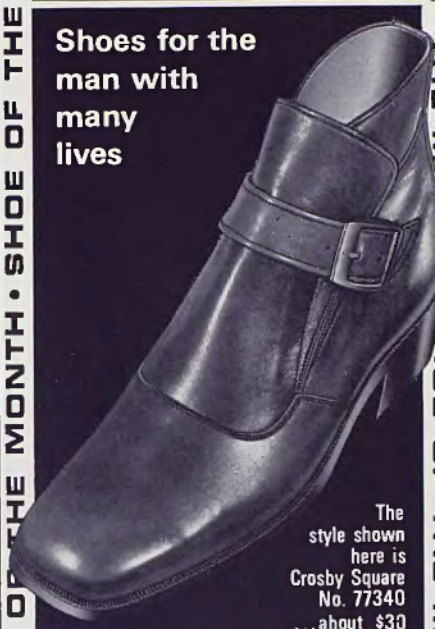

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users. We have examined marijuana-seizure statistics, surveys of collegiate and noncollegiate use, and the sales figures of other companies selling papers. Our statisticians conclude that, as of summer 1971, there are between 27,000,000 and 34,000,000 Americans who have given grass a try. In interpreting this figure, it is necessary to remember that many people who try pot once like it and continue turning on. And, projecting forward, we are fairly sure that the number of users will be between 45,000,000 and 75,000,000 within the next five years.

Right now, however, the oppressed minority group called potheads is numerically larger than blacks, *chicanos* or Indians. We are between 10 percent and 17 percent of the total population, and growing larger. The laws can be and will be changed.

Michael Aldrich, Ph.D.
Amorphia
Mill Valley, California

A rapid recent increase in marijuana use among college students is documented in "Playboy's Student Survey: 1971" (page 118 in this issue).

THE VICTIM

Those of us who live in Arizona should feel secure in the knowledge that local police may not be much good at protecting us against theft and violence, but they certainly do protect us against ourselves.

Take the case of Greely L. Richardson, for instance. He was taking a shower in his Tucson home when he heard noises in the bedroom. As he entered the bedroom to investigate, he saw a man climbing through the window with a revolver in his hand. He hit the man on the arm, pulled the curtains shut and ran from the room. The assailant shot at him when he was fewer than ten feet away; fortunately, the bullet hit the doorframe. Richardson, wrapped in a bath towel, ran to a neighbor's house and called the police. By the time police arrived, the assailant had made off with Richardson's stereo, a table radio and his wallet containing ten dollars. However, the police were not foiled in their determination to make an arrest. They searched Richardson's bedroom for clues, found the remains of a marijuana cigarette in an ashtray (and a small envelope that allegedly contained pot) and promptly arrested Richardson for possession of marijuana. The victim is paying heavily for having been shot at and robbed in his own home.

James Brown
Tucson, Arizona

COURAGEOUS CRIME FIGHTER

A bill proposed in the Louisiana legislature to allow death-row prisoners out of their cells for exercise has been defeated in its bid for consideration during a fiscal session. The men in death

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SEX LAWS REFORMED

Idaho, Colorado and Oregon have overhauled their criminal laws, adopting provisions of the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code that include the legalizing of all private sexual acts between freely consenting adults. When the laws go into effect, the age of consent will be 16 in Colorado, 18 in Oregon and from 12 to 21 in Idaho, depending on who does what to whom. One curious provision of the Colorado law makes adultery a crime but sets no penalty. Senator John Bermingham explained: "We are still upholding the sanctity of marriage while tacitly acknowledging such a law is unenforceable. It would break the state."

ABORTION FOR MINORS

SACRAMENTO—*The supreme court of California has ruled, four to three, that an unmarried girl under the age of 21 does not need her parents' permission to terminate a pregnancy under the state's 1967 Therapeutic Abortion Act. The law still requires an abortion board to agree that pregnancy creates a substantial risk to the prospective mother's physical or mental health or that the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest. (See "The Abortion Backlash," a special "Playboy Forum" report, on page 76).*

PENAL REFORM

ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA—*A county circuit-court judge has ruled that imprisonment in the state's penitentiary violated constitutional guarantees against cruel and unusual punishment because of the high risk of sexual assault or injury. The judge issued his decision in the appeal of a convicted armed robber serving a ten-year sentence. He remanded the prisoner to a county jail and indicated he would either grant probation or send the man to a different state institution to serve his term.*

BOOZE BOOM

The U. S. Department of Agriculture predicts that Americans will guzzle a record-breaking 18.5 billion dollars' worth of alcoholic beverages by the end of 1971. This amounts to an increase of 79 percent since 1960, which the department attributes to "growing consumer income, the increasing proportion of young adults and the social acceptance of drinking." However, University of California sociologist Benjamin Zablocki believes that the booze industry will have to contend more and more with pot over the next several years. Older people, he says, have relied on alcohol to reduce their inhibitions, while today's younger and less inhibited generation is using marijuana to combat anxiety and a sense of disorientation.

RETROACTIVE GRASS TAX

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Although the Drug Abuse Act of 1970 replaced the Federal tax on marijuana with other legal devices for prohibiting the drug, the Internal Revenue Service has continued to send tax bills to persons who were convicted on Federal pot charges before the new law went into effect last May 1. United Press International reports that the IRS is currently trying to collect tens of thousands of dollars—at the rate of $100 per ounce—on the basis of the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act and, in some cases, has attached wages and seized personal property.*

CONGRESSIONAL IMMUNITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*During a Senate debate on extending the draft, Senator William Saxbe of Ohio reported that members of the U. S. Congress have some 230 draft-eligible sons, but over one half were "waivered out for one reason or another" and only 26 have been sent to Vietnam. Saxbe did not accuse his fellow Congressmen of using influence to keep their sons out of the military or out of the war but said that such figures prove Selective Service, with its present system of deferments, is too selective and favors upper-income groups.*

CAMPUS PRESS PROBLEMS

College journalists and state politicians rarely agree on all the news that's fit to print. Some of the more recent conflicts:

• The Daily Tar Heel, *student newspaper of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, published a feature on local homosexuality. This came to the attention of state senator Julian Allsbrook, who said he would introduce a bill to exempt students from paying any mandatory fees in support of campus papers. He called the article "outright vulgarity" and "a stench in the nostrils of decent people." He added that under North Carolina law, homosexual activity is a felony punishable by 6 to 60 years in prison. In the same state, second-degree murder carries a maximum penalty of 30 years.*

• *In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, senator Theodore Hickey found photos of nudes in the Louisiana State University yearbook, "Gumbo," and filed a resolution to prohibit nudity in classrooms, studios or anywhere else on the campus of any state-supported school. One legislator*

asked, "What about medical classes, where students work on cadavers?" Replied the senator, "A dead nude isn't as bad as a live nude. It's a live nude that causes temptations."

• At the University of Texas at Austin, the school's administration has taken steps to silence The Daily Texan, *apparently in retaliation for the paper's attacks on its policies and for exposing the astronomical construction costs of a mansion for the school's chancellor at a time when students were being threatened with doubled tuition. The administration is now seeking a charter revision that, in effect, would turn the student-controlled paper into a journalism-school lab project.*

• The University of Maryland's undergraduate feature magazine, Argus, *won a seven-month legal battle to sell a special pornography issue. State attorney general Francis B. Burch failed to prevent the magazine from publishing the winning entries in its national pornography contest, and the school's comptroller was not permitted to withhold student-activity funds that paid for the printing of the magazine.*

ONE STEP AT A TIME

The Defense Department has quietly eliminated the "homosexual tendencies" question from the medical-history questionnaire filled out by potential draftees called up for their preinduction physical. Reportedly, the question was dropped at the request of Senator Sam Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, who criticized it as an unwarranted invasion of privacy, but military rules on homosexuality remain the same. A draft counselor for the Gay Liberation Front in Los Angeles said that the change only puts homosexuals in the awkward position "where they can be drafted but they cannot legally serve in the Armed Forces."

CALCUTTA! IN A BLACK HOLE

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS—*Lawyers for the U. S. Justice Department have obtained a Federal grand-jury indictment against the producers of a video-tape version of the play "Oh! Calcutta!" Attorney General John N. Mitchell announced the indictment, which was returned in the U. S. District Court in Corpus Christi, Texas. The indictment charges that the show, transmitted by closed-circuit television to 11 U. S. cities, violated the Comstock Act of 1873, which prohibits the interstate transport of obscene materials by common carrier.*

PREVENTIVE DETENTION

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Having successfully promoted passage of the District of Columbia crime bill, which permits the jailing of some suspects prior to trial, the Nixon Administration has now asked Congress to enact a national law with similar provisions for preventive detention. According to Attorney General John N. Mitchell, the proposed legislation provides "a number of strong procedural protections to safeguard the rights of defendants." Then he listed four criteria under which a suspect could be considered too dangerous to be released on bond:*

• When the suspect has been convicted of a felony within the preceding ten years.

• When the suspect is being charged with one of the specified offenses while out on bail, probation or parole from another felony charge.

• When the suspect is a narcotics addict.

• When the Government certifies that the suspect's past behavior reasonably assures that there might be danger to the community.

THE WALLS HAVE EARS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Federal and state authorities used court-approved wire taps and hidden microphones to monitor 390,681 private conversations involving at least 29,558 persons last year. These figures were released in a report by the Administrative Office of the U. S. Courts, which noted that the intercepts resulted in only 1912 arrests. In South Carolina, the Department of Justice tapped 1717 phone conversations at a cost of $17,449 without making a single arrest.*

MORE WALLS, MORE EARS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*A Federal court of appeals has rejected the Nixon Administration's latest bid to further expand Government surveillance powers, and Attorney General John N. Mitchell has appealed the ruling to the Supreme Court. Mitchell has contended that the Attorney General, as a representative of the President, already has the power to employ bugging devices and phone taps at his own discretion "to protect the nation from attempts of domestic organizations to attack and subvert the existing structure of Government." This authority presently exists where national security is threatened by agents of foreign powers, but never before has an Administration sought the power to routinely employ such surveillance techniques to keep tabs on any domestic political groups and individuals it considers dangerous to the national interest. The U. S. Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, rejecting this argument, said there was not "one written phrase" in the Constitution or statutes that would exempt Government agents from respecting the Fourth Amendment, which protects citizens against unreasonable search and seizure and which has been interpreted to require prior court approval of bugs and wire taps in domestic cases.*

row are let out of their cells only when absolutely necessary, and outdoor recreation is strictly forbidden. One prisoner has not seen the sun in 14 years.

John Schwegmann, a state senator and candidate for governor of Louisiana, voted against considering the bill, saying the death-row prisoners had nobody to blame for their position but themselves. He added, "The only way we are going to stop the crime in this country is to keep them where they're at until the governor signs a warrant to execute them." This is just the sort of man Louisiana needs for governor—like it needs floods, hurricanes and other disasters.

Tim Larroux
Lafayette, Louisiana

PRISON AS REHABILITATION

I have read a great deal in past issues of your magazine about the faults and evils of the American penal system. I would like to state, for the sake of fairness, that prisons can have beneficial and rehabilitative effects.

After dropping out of high school in my senior year, I was convicted of a major felony and sent to Nevada State Prison. During my incarceration, I have been able to graduate from an outside high school and have amassed nine credit hours of university education through the prison's rehabilitation program. When I am paroled, the parole department will help me to get enrolled in the University of Nevada. In addition, the prison administration is currently trying to make it possible for an inmate to earn a degree while still serving time.

Prison does not have to be a sodomy factory or a college in criminality. Under intelligent administration, it can work for the betterment of society.

Nathan J. Koon
Carson City, Nevada

CONJUGAL VISITS

Being a married man and an inmate at a state penal institution, I am hoping that conjugal visitation rights will be granted to us. If a program such as this were initiated, a great many marriages would be saved.

At present, our meetings take place in an often-crowded room where we are observed by a guard. We sit facing our family or friends and have no privacy in our discussions since we are rubbing elbows with the men sitting next to us. We are allowed to kiss members of our families hello and goodbye, but the amount of affection we may show is limited by the guard. If he feels, for instance, that a man is kissing his wife too much or too passionately, then he may be reprimanded for it or the visit may be ended on the spot.

Institutional directors tell the public they are not interested primarily in punishment but in the rehabilitation of inmates. Is it not punishment to deprive a

man of some semblance of a physical relationship with his wife? Does this deprivation rehabilitate him in any way? And why should the wife have to suffer the physical and mental anguish of being separated from her husband?

When a married man is sent to prison, it is obviously in society's best interests to make sure that his family remains intact for him to return to. I hope PLAYBOY's readers will write to their legislators about this.

James W. Jeter
Washington State Reformatory
Monroe, Washington

LONELINESS CURE

For the past eight months, I've been serving with the Coast Guard in one of the most isolated spots on God's earth. The only thing that keeps all of us sane is the monthly arrival of PLAYBOY. Thank you for reminding us that there's a big world outside this lonely little corner.

Seaman Robert D. Cordry
FPO San Francisco, California

MILITARY JOURNALISM

As a staff writer for the *Fuji Flyer*, an American military newspaper in Japan, I found Sergeant J. Scott Wallace's letter in the May *Playboy Forum* very interesting. Obviously, Wallace has forgotten one of the cardinal principles of military journalism: The base newspaper is the voice of the commander. Therefore, if the commander of Iwakuni Marine Corps Air Station says there are no drug or race problems on the base, it is Sergeant Wallace's responsibility as editor of the *Torii Teller* to support his commander's opinions. His only responsibility to his readership is to disseminate news of interest, within guidelines set down in manuals and regulations. It is little wonder that there is an ever-widening communications gap in the Services, when they are burdened with crybabies of Sergeant Wallace's ilk, who find it easier to attempt to buck the system rather than initiate change through proper channels.

Sgt. Richard J. Stivers, U. S. A. F.
Yokata AFB, Japan

THE NEED FOR DISCIPLINE

As a 16-year Navy lifer, I follow with interest the many *Playboy Forum* letters that discuss military discipline and justice. Most are decidedly antimilitary, which generally reflects bourgeois America's attitude toward military service. This attitude has been around for a long time, but now there is a new wrinkle: the widespread talk about democratizing the Armed Forces.

Basic to the form of a military organization is discipline, and discipline can't be maintained if the liberties guaranteed civilians are extended to members of the military. The obedience to orders vital to effective fighting units would be undermined by excessive leniency. If our Government were overthrown by a very humane, libertarian group of revolutionaries, those revolutionaries would eventually find it necessary to establish an armed force for their protection. And revolutionary armies are, not surprisingly, run pretty much like most armies: i.e., with established lines of authority, curtailed individual liberties and unquestioning obedience to orders.

My argument assumes the legitimacy of the nation-state, its right to survive and its right to exact from its citizens the services necessary for survival. The only way to escape the need for disciplined armed forces is to take the view of Joan Baez and others that the nation-state itself is immoral. To promote the idea of a democratic army is really to promote the destruction of the nation-state as we know it.

Of course, much antimilitary feeling springs from objections to the Indochina war. The merits of that war should be kept separate from the question of how the Armed Forces are to be run. It's worth recalling that during a war that most people still heartily approve—World War Two—the military operated under rules much harsher than the current Uniform Code of Military Justice. The U. C. M. J. goes as far as any military code can to protect the rights of the individual without undermining the effectiveness of the Armed Forces.

C. P. O. Phillip J. Chesser
FPO New York, New York

THE NEW MILITARY

I am skeptical about the so-called sweeping changes that are supposed to be occurring in the military. During my four years in the Navy, there were quite a few reforms from the Department of the Navy, but individual commanders always seemed to find exceptional circumstances that allowed them to continue the old policies.

Men who are considering joining any branch of the military should remember that, whatever the rule book says, nobody wins against his own commander.

Charles Gross
Baltimore, Maryland

THE ARMY WAY

Since we all pay taxes, we all have an interest in the way Uncle Sam spends our money. The Army, like any large organization, will always be wasteful to some extent due to its size and complexity, but certain kinds of waste are intolerable and entirely avoidable. Specifically, I have in mind the case of a friend and fellow officer who is a member of COM (Concerned Officers Movement), a group that questions the morality and legality of American involvement in Indochina. Because of this political stand, my friend has been removed by the battalion commander from his position as executive officer of a rifle company—in spite of the company commander's plea that he was too valuable to be taken from that station. He was reassigned to a job where he has nothing, *literally nothing*, to do, except report to his office on time and leave on time. This prevents "infectious contact with the troops."

In short, the Army is paying $10,000 a year to a capable employee, but is preventing him from working, out of fear of his ideas.

(Name withheld by request)
APO New York, New York

THE ANGRY VETS

I am an honorary member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War and the founder of Veterans for Freedom from Future Foreign Wars. Recently, I spent part of a month talking to returnees from Vietnam. I visited Fort Benning, Fort Bragg, Parris Island, Andrews Air Force Base and Fort Meade. I talked with and listened to soldiers, sailors, marines, lifers, grunts, gung-hos, misfits, potheads, acidheads, speed freaks and boy-next-door types—a cross section of the youth in military service today. The extent of the bitterness and alienation I found was astonishing. The dissent and unrest they described included GI riots, near mutiny and a few flat refusals to obey illegal orders in Vietnam. Troops everywhere are scared and angered by the Calley affair, and some predict massive rebellion unless the responsibility for such crimes is shifted to where it belongs: upward to the very top. They also told of much more fragging (killing of officers by troops) than I have heard of in any period during my three decades of service. Finally, they are very aware of the enormous unemployment problem among Vietnam veterans, and all of Spiro's attempts to confuse issues with demagoguery does not deceive them: If jobs are not found for veterans soon, there is going to be trouble.

James J. Owens, U. S. N. (Ret.)
Naugatuck, Connecticut

BIRD-BRAINED SLOGAN

I've read with interest the letters in *The Playboy Forum* about the prohibition of anti-establishment bumper stickers on cars owned by military men. That there is a double standard at work here is obvious, because I saw an absurd bumper sticker on a Navy recruiting car. It read THE FOOTPRINT OF THE AMERICAN CHICKEN and beside this was a drawing of the peace symbol.

Darrel Parmenter
Gunnison, Colorado

PEACE OF MIND

Having been born poor in this incarnation, I have long believed that I was absolved of guilt for the condition of

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the world. I now find that I have "white-skin privilege" and benefit from "male supremacy," and I am, therefore, part of the problem, not part of the solution.

Next incarnation, I will try to be born not only poor but also black and female. Failing that, I will at least avoid reading liberal and radical literature, for the sake of my peace of mind.

John Crane
New York, New York

THE HAIR PROBLEM

Many letters have appeared in *The Playboy Forum* deploring the persecution of men who let their hair grow long. However, I'm 18 years old and have decided my hair feels better short. The pressure I've been subjected to by members of my own generation has come as a disillusioning shock.

Years ago, I heard it argued that a person should be judged for himself, not the length of his hair or the color of his skin. I took that argument to heart and still believe it. But now I find those with long hair sneering at me, categorizing me and rejecting me simply on the basis of my personal appearance.

It seems the turned-on generation falls all too easily into the deep trenches dug by its ancestors. Has nothing changed in the past 10,000 years?

Don Tyler
Beloit, Wisconsin

THE MORAL AMERICANS

It is becoming quite fashionable these days to lament various alleged injustices done to the American Indian and to claim that Indians are morally superior to white men. Like most positions taken by bleeding hearts, this is ridiculous.

In the first place, I doubt that the Indian was any more successful at living up to his moral code—whatever it may have been—than the white man is in living up to the ideals of Western civilization. The Indian is allegedly nobler because he is poor and oppressed. But he didn't choose to be poor and oppressed; that condition was thrust upon him by his lack of technology. If the Aztecs had acquired ocean-going sailing ships, cannon and horses before the Europeans did, for example, we might have had zealous Aztec missionary priests conducting mass human sacrifices of the natives of the Iberian Peninsula.

In the second place, most of the bright-eyed young people, who are so quick to condemn the immorality of the white men who despoiled the Indian, are seemingly unaware that those white pioneers were driven by a morality of their own—the ethics of Christianity and capitalism. Those ethics required a man to spread the benefits of his religion far and wide, converting others to it wherever possible. They called upon a man to amount to something, to accumulate material goods, to better the accomplishments of his parents and to provide his family with maximum advantages and luxuries. Any American of the past two centuries who failed to obey these moral imperatives felt himself to be a bad man. His ethics required that he work for the good of his corporation as part of a team, and criticism of the corporation's ethics violated the morality of team spirit. Finally, as a patriotic American, the white man was bound to support U. S. territorial and technological expansion.

In short, the assumption that only the oppressed and their champions are moral is a false one. Those who are now labeled the oppressors have their moral code, too. We are seeing the consequences of the triumph of that morality. What, I wonder, will be the consequences of the so-called revolutionary morality if that ever gets into power?

George Brown
Chicago, Illinois

ON BEING A WOMAN

I am a 25-year-old woman who enjoys reading your magazine each month. There are only a few others, such as scientific journals, that provide information or opinion without unnecessary window dressing. I believe that the women of this country run a poor second to the women of other countries, as has been amply proven by the number of Servicemen who return with foreign wives. It appalls me to hear of the number of women who view sex as a mere lying down, with as little physical activity as possible. These same women spend thousands of dollars each year on interior decoration and even more on clothes and cosmetics, which are usually eliminated at bedtime. Then they cry about infidelity and have the unmitigated gall to blame the man.

My advice to women who complain about uninterested men is to stop criticizing and to oil their own gears. Sex has been referred to as the art of making love, but it certainly is a lost art in this country. How hard is it, after all, to light the candles, chill the wine, put on a clean outfit and look pleasant? Why should a man be willing to support a home that is not really his but the property of a woman he hardly knows anymore and a bunch of kids who won't let him have five minutes of peace?

How many women encourage their man to indulge in his hobbies, even if they do leave a mess or cost money? My home is late Salvation Army, but then, I have a man who builds radio-controlled airplanes and has pet tarantulas, and a six-year-old son who prefers dirt to expensive toys. The only people I wish to impress are my family. The devil with the neighbors.

Perhaps if women would shut up long enough to notice their men, they would see a lot more than they ever imagined was there. Ask yourself which is more important: the world outside or your mate. I feel most men wander from boredom, not from lack of love. Being a full-time woman is a demanding job.

Dani Dassance
Tustin, California

DOMESTIC DRUDGERY

Initially, I sympathized with feminists who label the work done by the average wife and mother as domestic drudgery, niggling chores or just plain shitwork. Now, I'm having second thoughts.

This type of labor is vitally important. It is nothing less than the creation and operation of a home as an adequate headquarters or center of living for a couple or a family. It involves interior decoration, maintenance of machinery, cookery, economics, psychology, pediatrics, entertainment programing and a variety of other challenging activities. One woman to whom I pointed this out countered by saying, "If the job requires a renaissance-type person who enjoys doing all those things, she should be paid accordingly." I agree. Perhaps husbands should give their wives a weekly pay check, drawing the money out of their own salary. This pay check could easily be 90 or 100 percent of the husband's earnings. That would at least indicate the value of the wife's work to one person—her husband.

My point is not that housework should be done by women. Maybe as many men as women should be doing it. But, whoever does the housework, it is insulting and degrading to tell them that their work is shitwork. When women's lib leaders engage in tirades against housework, it indicates to me that they haven't gotten over the hierarchical categories of thinking that mar our Western civilization. Since the early Greeks, we've been told that intellectual work is higher than manual work, that skill is superior to muscle and that men are natural leaders and women natural followers. This is an all-pervasive con game that man, since the beginning of civilization, has been playing upon himself. Fortunately, there has been a countertrend that may yet save us, exemplified by Christianity in its identification of Jesus with the lowly; by democracy, in its attempts to establish political equality; and by socialism, in the new dignity it gives to the working man.

Women's liberation is part of the egalitarian trend. But it, like everything else in our civilization, is tainted with

On pages 76 and 77, "The Playboy Forum" presents a special report on the nationwide struggle to repeal restrictive abortion laws. *Letters continue on page 234.*

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A Special "Playboy Forum" Report

THE ABORTION BACKLASH

THE ABORTION MOVEMENT in America, after a period of steady progress, has run into a series of roadblocks. As recently as 1967, it was impossible for a woman to get a legal abortion in the U.S. except under the most stringent conditions—in most states, only if the doctor was ready to try to prove the operation necessary to save her life. In 1967, the nation began to move toward a more enlightened policy with the passage in Colorado of a law permitting abortion when the pregnant woman's physical or mental health is gravely endangered, when the fetus has a grave defect or when the pregnancy results from rape, incest or other felonious intercourse. By 1970, 11 states had followed Colorado's lead.

Soon, however, it became obvious that these abortion reforms were inadequate to answer the needs of most women with unwanted pregnancies: the conditions permitting abortion were too restrictive, doctors and hospitals too narrow in their interpretation of those conditions. The only way to respond to the anguish of millions of women and to the enormous social problems created by unwanted pregnancies was to make abortion purely and simply a medical decision arrived at by physician and patient.

In March 1970, Hawaii became the first state to legalize abortion on request. Then, Alaska passed a similar bill. The first direct test of the public's attitude toward such legislation, a referendum to legalize abortion in the state of Washington, passed with 56 percent of the vote. In all three states, however, women are hampered by residency requirements. Consequently, the passage in New York in 1970 of a law authorizing abortions by licensed physicians during the first 24 weeks of pregnancy, with no residency requirements, was welcomed as a genuinely progressive step.

In the courts, the trend was also progressive. High courts in California, Washington, D.C., Wisconsin and Texas declared state anti-abortion laws unconstitutional on such grounds as vagueness and invasion of privacy. As appeals on these and other cases worked their way up to the U.S. Supreme Court, there was reason to hope for decisions that would liberalize abortion laws throughout the country and would, in turn, encourage state legislatures to enact laws like New York's.

The abortion movement enjoyed one further brief success early in 1971, and then progress stopped. A Federal court in Illinois declared that state's anti-abortion law unconstitutional and enjoined prosecutions for abortion. Illinois hospitals began performing operations immediately, but the legality of these operations lasted less than two weeks. Justice Thurgood Marshall granted a temporary stay on the lower court's injunction.

Then the Supreme Court ruled on the District of Columbia case, upholding the existing abortion law and declaring that the standard of necessity for the woman's life or health is *not* vague and, therefore, not unconstitutional. Although this was a major defeat for one of the abortion movement's cardinal legal arguments, there were some glimmerings of encouragement in the Court's opinion. It is now up to the prosecution to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that an abortion was not performed to preserve the woman's life or health. Previously, the burden of proof was on the physician. Moreover, the Court defined the term health broadly, including psychological as well as physical well-being. These rulings encourage hope that the Court is receptive to still other constitutional arguments against restrictive abortion laws.

But this small silver lining is currently being overshadowed by an accelerating nationwide counterattack on abortion. Propaganda, lobbying and court battles are being carried on by groups generally described as right-to-life organizations, which take as an a priori truth that a fetus, from the moment of conception, has full human status and an automatic right to life, beyond the power of debate or legislation to alter. These groups, with names such as Friends of the Fetus, Voice of the Unborn, Coalition for Life, Value of Life and Solid Rock League of Women, are primarily composed of members of the Roman Catholic Church, though they include fundamentalists of other denominations as well as persons who are opposed to abortion simply for ethical reasons. A telephone counseling service called Birthright, whose aim is to urge women not to seek abortions, has appeared in many cities, including New York, Washington, D.C., Atlanta, Chicago, Miami, St. Louis, Detroit and Dallas.

The various right-to-life groups often use a combination of religion, emotion and force to make their point. The Sons of Thunder, led by ultraconservative L. Brent Bozell, wielded heavy wooden crosses against security guards in an attempted invasion of a Washington, D.C., abortion clinic. Pictures of dead fetuses—suspiciously advanced in development—lying in surgical trash cans or being held in bloody hands have been used in advertising campaigns. In Iowa, an abortion-reform bill was defeated after right-to-life groups sent busloads of blind and crippled children to the state legislature. In California, a right-to-life speaker showed up at a debate with a fetus in a bottle, prompting a spokesman for the abortion movement to remark, "If I had known props were in order, I would have brought a casket with a dead mother in it."

In New York, the new law has been under heavy assault. Governor Nelson Rockefeller deprived indigent women of the means to pay for abortions by prohibiting Medicaid payments for these operations. However, New York City officials announced that they would continue the payments and would challenge the governor's ban in court. The enormously wealthy archdiocese of New York provides free office space and phones to right-to-life groups (which are thereby supported by tax-exempt money, unlike abortion-movement organizations) and launched the New York Birthright operation with an expensive publicity campaign. A powerful Catholic lobby in the state legislature is backing bills that would repeal the current law, which passed last year by an extremely slender margin. These attempts appear to have failed this year, but people who want New York to maintain its policy of elective abortion have a hard fight ahead of them.

In the words of feminist lawyer Florynce Kennedy, "The legislature should get its hairy fist out of women's private matters." To some, this may appear self-evident, but politicians are not noted for their responsiveness to obvious truths—when there's a possibility of losing votes. Right now, the struggle to establish abortion as an acceptable part of medicine hangs in the balance. Further defeats could set the movement back by many years. On a grass-roots level, those who favor repeal of restrictive abortion laws should support abortion-repeal organizations and urge their legislators, governors, doctors, churches, unions or any group to which they belong to take a public stand for repeal. Two organizations to contact are: The Association for the Study of Abortion, 120 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019; and the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws, 250 West 57th Street, Room 2101, New York, New York 10019. Whatever happens, this is not the year for complacency; for the abortion movement, this is the year of decision.

the holy war to protect the "right to life"
of the fetus gets into high gear—and american women are the victims

STATE LAWS

New York is the only state that permits abortion on request without a residency requirement. • At this writing, abortions are being performed in Washington, D. C., entirely at the physician's discretion for any woman on the grounds of protecting physical or mental health. • Three states permit abortion on request but have residency requirements: Alaska, 30 days; Hawaii, 90 days; Washington, 90 days. (The last residency requirement, however, is generally not observed.) • Twelve states have laws permitting abortion for some or all of these grounds: protection of physical or mental health, possible fetal deformity and cases of felonious intercourse. The states are Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Kansas, Maryland, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, South Carolina and Virginia. • Abortion is permitted only to preserve the life or health of the woman in Alabama and Massachusetts, and in Mississippi to preserve life and in cases of conception after rape. • All other states permit abortion only to save the life of the woman.

TO OBTAIN AN ABORTION

The actual situation is not necessarily reflected in the laws as stated on the books. Whether or not an abortion is obtainable in a given locality depends on how the laws are interpreted by doctors, hospitals and law-enforcement agencies. Moreover, new political and judicial developments frequently change local situations.

The first step, in every case, is for the woman to determine that she is pregnant and by how many weeks. A pregnancy test is usually effective 15 days after an expected menstrual period is missed. Planned Parenthood clinics provide this service for less than five dollars. Since abortions become more complicated and expensive after 12 weeks of pregnancy, prompt action is desirable. Having determined that she is pregnant and that she wishes an abortion, the woman can contact the Clergy Consultation Service in her area for advice and referral to an appropriate medical facility.

CLERGY CONSULTATION SERVICES

ALABAMA .....(205) 887-7182
ARIZONA .....(602) 967-4234
CALIFORNIA .....(213) 737-7988
COLORADO .....(303) 757-4442
CONNECTICUT .....(203) 624-8646
FLORIDA .....(904) 354-2817
ILLINOIS
CHICAGO .....(312) 667-6015
PEORIA .....(309) 673-8501
URBANA .....(217) 352-1203
INDIANA .....(616) 684-3752
IOWA .....(515) 282-1738
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MAINE .....(207) 773-3866
MASSACHUSETTS .....(617) 527-7188
MICHIGAN
DETROIT .....(313) 964-0838
GRAND RAPIDS .....(616) 454-2693
LANSING .....(517) 332-6410
MISSOURI .....(314) 449-0422
NEBRASKA .....(402) 453-5314
NEVADA .....(702) 565-4571
NEW JERSEY .....(201) 933-2937
NEW YORK .....(212) 477-0034
NORTH CAROLINA .....(919) 967-5333
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CLEVELAND .....(216) 229-7423
DAYTON .....(513) 278-6144
PENNSYLVANIA .....(215) 923-5141
SOUTH CAROLINA .....(803) 268-1722
TENNESSEE .....(615) 256-3441
TEXAS .....(214) 691-1282
WISCONSIN
MADISON .....(608) 255-5868
MILWAUKEE .....(414) 352-4050

In states where there is no Clergy Consultation Service, the woman can call the National Clergy Consultation Service (212) 254-6230, between 9 A.M. and noon Eastern time for referral to the nearest service. As alternatives, she can call the local branch of the Planned Parenthood Association or an abortion-referral service in New York or in Washington, D. C. In the past year, services charging a fee have been under fire for profiteering, and a set of bills, passed by the New York legislature and awaiting the governor's signature, would outlaw all commercial referral services in the state. Several *free* referral services are listed below:

Family Planning Information Services
(Planned Parenthood)
300 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10010
(212) 677-3040
(Out-of-state patients should call between 3 and 7 P.M. Eastern time.)

•

Women's Health and Abortion Project
36 West 22nd Street
New York, New York 10010
(212) 691-2063
(212) 691-3396
(Best equipped to handle pregnancies under 12 weeks but will help all.)

•

Zero Population Growth Abortion Referral Service
353 West 57th Street, Room 521
New York, New York 10019
(212) 489-7794

Parents' Aid Society
130 Main Street
Hempstead, New York 11550
(516) 538-2626

•

Planned Parenthood Pregnancy Counseling
1112 M Street N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20005
(202) 462-1358, 1359, 1360
(The offices are open from 8:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. Eastern time Monday-Friday.)

For women living abroad or planning a trip overseas, abortion is readily and inexpensively available in England and Japan. Clinics in England can be found through private physicians there or by contacting a Clergy Consultation Service here. Abortions in Japan are performed by private physicians. A list of reputable Japanese obstetricians can be obtained from the Association to Repeal Abortion Laws, P. O. Box 6083, San Francisco, California 94101.

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33186 GUESS WHO In Canada Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

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42780 LED ZEPPELIN III Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

21551 BEETHOVEN Piano Sonatas Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

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33182 SUSAN SINGS SESAME STREET Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

28082 TREASURY OF GREGORIAN CHANTS Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

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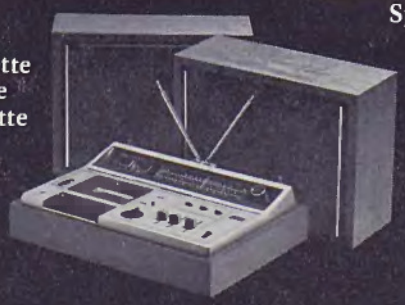

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JULES FEIFFER

a candid conversation with the sardonic satirist-cartoonist-author

The characters are instantly recognizable: The wife explaining that she had lost all feeling for her husband, that she felt she was just a servant; then he went away on a business trip and at first she had a marvelous time, calling up old friends to chat and the like; until she began to miss him, got lonely, hated herself for failing him, even slept on his side of the bed to feel closer to him. "The fifth week, George came home," she concludes. "The minute he walked in and said 'I'm back, darling!' I withdrew. I can hardly wait for his next business trip so I can love him again." One of life's spectators sitting in a bar fantasizing about picking up the beautiful girl at the next table but tying himself up with a convoluted analysis of whether or not she wants to be picked up, while the superjock who can't comprehend such nuances slicks right in and leaves with her. The executive, a knee-jerk liberal, hustling down the street, attaché case in hand, being pursued by a black who wants him to confront his own racism. "Civil rights was so much more tolerable before Negroes got into it," the executive sighs to himself.

For the past 15 years, this odd cast of uptight Americans has paraded through Jules Feiffer's cartoon strips in magazines (chiefly PLAYBOY*) and newspapers all over the U.S. and in England. His vision of sex, marriage, violence, politics and self-deception is sometimes mordant, as when he draws politicians playing their power games with other people's lives; but more often, the characters are ordinary middle-class types muddling only with the fears and appetites that rule their own lives, and Feiffer portrays them with the empathetic amusement of an author who recognizes that he shares many of the foibles he examines.*

Feiffer's approach has made him perhaps America's most successful full-time satirist. "Sick, Sick, Sick," the first of several collections of his cartoons to be published as a book, came out in 1958 and added a new phrase to the popular vocabulary of the period. Critic Kenneth Tynan has described Feiffer's cartoons as well as anyone: "Feiffer had no stories to tell. His main concern was to explore character. In a series of a dozen or so pictures, he would show the shifts of mood that flickered across the faces of men and women as they tried, often vainly, to explain themselves to the world, to their husbands and wives, to their mistresses and lovers, to their employers, to their rulers, or simply to the unseen adversaries at the other end of the telephone wires. . . . It would be no exaggeration to say that his dialog is as acute as any that is being written in America today. Dialog aimed at sophisticated minds, usually with the purpose of shaking them out of sophistication into real awareness."

Feiffer, 42, always wanted to be a cartoonist; the son of a Bronx salesman who always wanted to be a dentist, he was the cause of much hand wringing for his parents, who didn't think that drawing pictures was any kind of work for a grownup. After high school, he studied art at the Pratt Institute for two years without being recognized as a young man with a bright future, and then, in 1951, was drafted into the Army, a traumatic experience that catalyzed his first satiric cartoon—significantly, about a four-year-old kid drafted by mistake. After his discharge, Feiffer scuffled by for a time as a writer-designer for Terrytoons; then, in 1956, New York's Village Voice *started publishing his work. But it wasn't until the publication of "Sick, Sick, Sick" and the syndication of his cartoons in 1959 that he really began to make it big.*

An early postmilitary novel, "Harry the Rat with Women" (serialized by PLAYBOY *in June and July, 1963), about the life of a man whose good looks make him irresistible to everyone, including himself, did well enough by commercial and critical standards but convinced Feiffer that novels weren't his métier, so he decided to give playwriting a whirl. "God Bless," about a 110-year-old retired diplomat so pragmatic that he goes to work for an SDS-type radical group that overthrows the U.S. Government, and "The White House Murder Case," about a series of deaths that must be covered up to avoid embarrassment in a political campaign, received decidedly mixed reviews.*

"Little Murders," Feiffer's blackest vision to date, depicted the violence breeding in the fears and frustrations of the urban middle class. It opened on

"Even if we're no longer using ground troops in Vietnam by 1972, there will still be U.S. planes dropping U.S. bombs. To Nixon, ending the war means arming our gooks to shoot their gooks."

"When I was in high school, I had a 24-hour-a-day hard-on, but I never quite connected it with sex. I never knew what to do with this thing in my pocket and never dreamed it could be used with girls."

"We're in for a craze of despair. An American kind of despair. Despair with a kind of upbeat. A kind of lilt to it. The kind of despair that doesn't stop you from having a terrific time on weekends."

Broadway in April 1967—and closed after seven performances. A few days later, Feiffer wrote a typical letter to a friend: "The Boston critics who didn't understand it understood it better than the New York critics, who totally withdrew from it, followed immediately thereafter by the audience. But my dismay has been replaced by hostility, so I am back to normal." The play later reopened for a successful run off-Broadway and last year was made into a movie starring Elliott Gould and Alan Arkin and directed by Arkin. Some of the critics still found Feiffer's bleak message intolerable, but the crowds went along, at least in sufficient numbers to make the film a box-office success. "No [other] stage writer has gone deeper into the paradoxes of middle-class America," wrote one sympathetic reviewer. "Despite the fact that he must suffer arrogant dismissals [by some], he has added significantly to the debate of the nation's destiny."

More recently, Feiffer wrote the original screenplay for "Carnal Knowledge," starring Jack Nicholson and Candice Bergen and directed by Mike Nichols, about whose talents Feiffer is rhapsodic: "If I never work with a different director, I'll be happy." The movie, which seems destined to be one of the most controversial—and successful—of the year (see our review on page 40), traces the lives of two men, Jonathan and Sandy, from their college friendship through middle age, graphically chronicling their failed relationships with women along the way. To explore Feiffer's vision of himself and the society he satirizes on film, stage and the printed page, PLAYBOY *assigned free-lance writer Larry DuBois to interview him. DuBois says of his subject:*

"There's always a tendency to feel on edge the first time you meet someone whose wit can be as sharp as Feiffer's. It's OK reading about yourself in Feiffer's cartoons, but what if he demolishes you in his living room? The feeling vanishes quickly. He greets you in slippers, a baggy old pair of slacks and a sweater that you know he's lived in for most of his life, and he's a pleasant, casual host who invites you into the kitchen to make your own instant coffee before you start the interview.

"Feiffer lives in one of those big, old co-op apartments on New York's Upper West Side, where he hangs around with the neighborhood intellectual-literary set that provides so much material for Spiro Agnew's speeches about the effete Eastern establishment—and, of course, for his own work. His apartment is spacious and cheery, decorated with art prints from the satirical masters of the past couple of centuries, and the hallway from the front door is practically overwhelmed by one of Feiffer's favorite treasures—a three-foot papier-mâché caricature of Lyndon Johnson. He works in an oversized den, littered with posters from 'Little Murders,' old sketches, new sketches, papers and books. It was there that we began the interview, which went on for an entire week, with Feiffer sprawling each afternoon in his easy chair punctually at two and not moving until five, at which time he would announce that he was exhausted.

"He talks the way he writes—not so much with one-liners as by hitting upon a thought, slowly expanding it frame by frame until he has stretched the logic to the point where it snaps. A verbal cartoon strip. We both laughed a lot, and even when Feiffer's words were most devastating, his manner made them somehow impish and unmalicious. In many ways, Feiffer is refreshingly unlike your ordinary celebrity. His idea of a big time is to watch whatever old film he can find on television; the week I was visiting, he was particularly impressed by the original version of 'Dracula.' He doesn't travel if he can avoid it. He is terrified by the thought of appearing on a television talk show. He does make his share of cocktail parties, but preferably as close to home as possible and with people he already knows—partly, I would guess, because he's shy, but also partly because he's such a hard worker. I began by asking him about his decision a few years ago to extend that work beyond cartooning."

PLAYBOY: You had it made a few years ago with your cartoon strip. Why did you decide to risk your reputation to get into writing plays and movies?

FEIFFER: The two conscious reasons I had for branching out from the cartoon were that, first, the audience for the cartoon wasn't big enough and, second, the cartoon was becoming so widely accepted that I figured I must be getting misunderstood, so I decided to move into forms in which I could be better understood and thereby narrow my audience. Don't ask me to explain that.

PLAYBOY: We doubt if you could. In any case, the audience for your latest movie, *Carnal Knowledge*, is likely to be very large, indeed—at least in part because of its no-holds-barred commentary on American sexual relationships. Would you have been as candid if you had written it five years ago?

FEIFFER: I wouldn't even have tried. *Carnal Knowledge* never could have been made before the sexual and language barriers were dropped in films. But in the past three or four years—I suppose it began with *The Graduate*—there's been this sudden opening up in movies, and it's a very exciting thing. Most of the newer films have been as unserious and cliché-ridden as the old Hollywood, but still, it's opened up areas for people like me to get involved in.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about arguments that the freedom to deal with sex on the screen and in the bookstores has gone too far, that we're paying too high an aesthetic price for that freedom to those who abuse it?

FEIFFER: That's a good PLAYBOY question, but it doesn't interest me very much. I always mean to go to porno movies and always somehow forget. It's one of those things that I may enjoy terrifically once I'm there but that I never remember exist when I'm not there. Anyway, the whole issue has nothing to do with aesthetics. It has to do with censorship. I remember when they were talking about how comic books lead people into violence. Now they're talking about how dirty books and movies lead people into sex. They've come up with the domino theory of pornography. Now it's in the bookstores, the theaters and movies, and if we don't stop it there, soon it will be in the bedroom. Even if the argument worked, the fact that there might be .0002 percent of nuts who would be galvanized into unbridled masturbation, sodomy and rape by going into a 42nd Street bookstore and reading *Lesbos in Leather*, or by going to some horny flick, still isn't a convincing argument for censorship.

Finally, one has to make choices. That's what a democratic society is all about. To make a choice in favor of what amounts to a rape of the mind in the guise of morality is a very dangerous choice, indeed, and one I can't imagine agreeing to. Anyway, the lesson of Denmark seems to be proven here. Hollywood is discovering that "X" movies aren't such a boon. If all you've got going for you is raunchy sex—which does have a certain charm about it—people are going to get tired of it after the first lavish indulgence, just the way it happens in domestic relations, beginning with, "Oh, boy, I'm getting laid tonight," and progressing to, "Oh, my God, I have to get laid tonight," and ending up, "Not tonight, honey, I'm tired." I tried to capture some sense of that attitude in *Carnal Knowledge*—the very mixed attitude men develop over a period of years in their relations with women. If there were any censorship, and the sex were cut out, or the language compromised, it wouldn't be the work I wanted it to be or make the point I wanted it to make.

PLAYBOY: What *was* the point you wanted to make in *Carnal Knowledge*?

FEIFFER: There's a speech in an early draft of the script that I cut out because it seemed too on the nose and because I'd rather have audiences figure it out for themselves than say it for them. But let me read it to you. In his 40s, Jonathan says to a young woman, "Remember when you were a kid and the boys didn't like the girls? Only sissies liked girls? What I'm trying to tell you

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is that nothing's changed. You think boys grow out of not liking girls, but we don't grow out of it. We just grow horny. That's the problem. We mix up liking pussy for liking girls. Believe me, one couldn't have less to do with the other."

PLAYBOY: How do you explain that attitude?

FEIFFER: It's a result of the society that the Jonathans were born into and the mythology they were reared in from birth, which geared them to think in certain ways about themselves as men and about their relationships with women. They were trained to think about women as conveniences, receptacles, appendages and adjuncts, but never to think of them in the same terms in which they think of their buddies. I think it was—and still is—true of both sexes that there is first a sense of relating to sex in a social way rather than a sexual way. It has to do with rivalry and envy, with competition with the other fellows, more than it has to do with women.

There's a cartoon I did about this many years ago in PLAYBOY that's still one of my favorites. There's this guy who says to his friend, "I've quit going out," and his friend asks him what's bothering him. The guy describes what happened the night before. He's sitting home alone, the telephone rings and this great sexy voice says that he doesn't know her, but she's a friend of a friend, she just landed at the airport, and she doesn't know anybody in town, and can she come over and see him. He knows she's going to be awful-looking, but she shows up an hour later and she's the greatest-looking girl he's ever met, with the most extraordinary body he's ever seen. They sit and they drink and they talk for hours. She's got the most fascinating mind he's ever known and they've read the same books and they like the same music. They just fit together like nothing else that's ever happened to him. They come together in the most gentle way and they make the most perfect love. It's the best, the most exciting, the most wonderful moment he's ever experienced in all his life, and he says to his friend, "All through this, do you know what I was thinking?" His friend asks, "What? What?" And he answers, "Wait'll I tell the fellas."

The first thing a kid comes to understand about sex is, "Well, it's something guys and girls do with each other—exactly what, I don't know, but it's supposed to be terrific, and the guys who have done it are the guys who seem to be the block leaders, and they look a different way, and they act a different way, and everybody says that's terrific, so I guess I want to do that, too, whatever it is." Jonathan's friend Sandy has a line in the movie that I love. When he's a freshman, he says, "I feel the same way about getting laid as I feel about going to college. I'm being pressured into it."

PLAYBOY: Is that the way you felt when you were a freshman?

FEIFFER: I was exceptional; Sandy and Jonathan were way ahead of me. I didn't even know about sex. When I was in high school, I was much less interested in getting laid than in getting *out*. I had a 24-hour-a-day hard-on, but I never quite connected it with sex. I was terribly retarded in that area and never, ever, knew what to do with this thing in my pocket and never, ever, dreamed it could be used with girls, or how you were supposed to use it. A fascination with breasts was the closest I came. To me, sex was something you had with a woman's breast. I didn't know there was anything else. I was so unpracticed in the dark, scary world of carnality that I didn't even know you could go blind, I didn't know you could get warts and pimples or that it would fall off. I didn't even know the folklore.

PLAYBOY: When did you find out?

FEIFFER: About a week ago.

PLAYBOY: We deserved that. Don't you think most men grow out of most of those childhood attitudes about sex?

FEIFFER: Not necessarily. And in many cases, it may be the other way around. It seems to me that when you're dealing in human relations, the problem is continually relearning what you've always seemed to know and always seem to be forgetting. It's one of the things you find in psychoanalysis, and in writing, when you've got to dig up ancient insights about what it was to be 16, 17 or 18. When I was writing *Carnal Knowledge*, I kept rediscovering things that I used to know but that I didn't remember anymore. I guess what I really discovered is that the only thing separating me from that 17-year-old kid that I was is that I live in a different set of circumstances now. But if some miracle put me back in high school, I don't think I'd do a hell of a lot better now than I did then. If I were single again tomorrow and taking out a girl on the first date, it wouldn't be worldly, sophisticated, 42-year-old Jules Feiffer. It would be some 17-year-old schmuck wearing that as a disguise and still worried about whether or not he was going to get laid. Or a cheap feel. Or even a French kiss. Sandy and Jonathan have the same problem in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the sexual revolution helped liberate men from many of these hang-ups?

FEIFFER: Sure, but it's created tensions of its own. The sexual revolution related mainly to men and not to women. The women's lib movement, with all its nuttiness and perversity, is much more important than the sexual revolution, because what it will basically do over a period of years is make both men and women stop dealing with each other as objects. At this point, women are treating men as objects—in this case, the object is "pig"—and much movement writing is just about as foolish as it makes men out to be. But that will wear itself out, and what will come out of it is people looking at each other as individuals and coming to terms with each other as individuals. They'll either make it or they won't, but it'll be on a more realistic basis and have less to do with role playing and mythmaking.

PLAYBOY: Haven't young people already made progress in that direction?

FEIFFER: Superficially, it's a lot easier for kids today to be open and available with each other about sex. I suspect, however, that no matter how early they start on sexual experience, or how much of it they have, they may not be as truly far into understanding it as they think. It's like anything else that's serious: Once you think you've got it down, it gets away from you or reverses field. Look at the communal ideal that appeals to many of them. It's been tried before, and in Western society, at least, it's continually broken down. One thing is very clear: The family situation is basically unsatisfactory and people have forever tried to find replacements for it. The replacements, like the communes, though, are simply finding a substitute family to replace the original family and falling into many of the same patterns that one disliked in the original family. But I really can't talk any more than this about what kids are like now, because I don't know them. I'd have to make all sorts of projections that would end up sounding Max Lernerish. The kids I talk to are always such a combination of incredible sophistication and incredible innocence. They seem to be born with a knowingness about things I still don't know and yet, with it all, an enormous dumbness, a willingness to accept without questioning all the random assumptions of their group, however weird—to accept, as readily as kids in the past, whatever mythology their crowd puts out.

PLAYBOY: Like?

FEIFFER: Christ, I'm lousy at examples—but, well, I find the whole marijuana discussion a pain in the ass. The kids are using grass as a mystical tool, as though it were something more than just a cigarette that gives you a good feeling. What turns me bitter is the cliquishness and snobbery of grass users, the need to find ethical, ideological and political reasons to support something they use because they like to get stoned. I distrust anything that's given a tribal value.

PLAYBOY: Have you smoked grass yourself?

FEIFFER: I've had grass and all it does is depress me and sometimes make me

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walk into closed doors. That doesn't mean I think it shouldn't be legal. Everything else that depresses me is legal, why not grass? But here are all these kids going around putting down booze and mysticizing grass. Well, I still cling to booze. I don't make much noise about it; I'm not mystical about it. I just like to drink it. It tastes good; it makes me feel better; sometimes it gives me ideas for cartoons; and it allows me to survive dozens of parties till four in the morning when ordinarily I'd be home at 11:30. Now, I know, and everyone else who drinks knows, that we drink out of weakness, out of a basic character defect. We're all a little apologetic when we overdo it. But users of grass are like people who live in San Francisco. They so overboost it you begin to wonder what their true feelings are.

PLAYBOY: By campus standards, you sound almost reactionary.

FEIFFER: In my life style, I'm strictly a conservative; I can't be moved from point A to point B without a subpoena. Obviously, I share much of the kids' criticism of society today, but that doesn't say much. So does Nixon. They and I are really living in different cultures. Mine is corrupt and theirs is getting there. But we're both comfortable. Sometimes I'm in with them, sometimes I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you stopped speaking on the college lecture circuit about three years ago?

FEIFFER: I had a regular "This Is What I Think" speech that I used to give at colleges—until the colleges started giving it back, and one kid at Columbia told me, "I agreed with some of what you said, and I disagreed with some of what you said, and I have the feeling that in ten years you're going to be Al Capp and we'll have to put you up against the wall." So I decided, who needs this? and I quit speaking at colleges. But I've started up again in the past six months, and it seems to be opening up again. You get a sense of thought once more invading the thought process.

I think one of the things that makes it so hard for many of us to abide the actions of the young these days—aside from the actions of the young—is that I and many like me cleaved our political identities out of the war in Vietnam. There was a certain post–Joe McCarthy giddiness in knowing that there was only one real opposition to Rusk, McNamara and Bundy, and it consisted of I. F. Stone, Hans Morgenthau, Dr. Spock, Robert Lowell, *The New York Review of Books*, me and a couple of thousand smiling peace marchers. One felt like a member of a very select minority. We were the left and all those guys in Washington were the enemy. Then we woke up one day to discover that we were nothing more than liberals, no more of a threat to those in power than Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. And taken no more seriously by the student left, who had outflanked us, than by the elders of the Democratic Party who, in response to our growing influence, nominated Hubert Humphrey for President.

PLAYBOY: Those must have been traumatic times.

FEIFFER: *Oy!* For me to find myself talking about responsibility, practicality, pragmatism to all these building burners and bomb throwers, when all those years I thought it was the pragmatists *I* was exposing, well, needless to say, I underwent my own identity crisis. At the age of 40, I listened seriously to 22-year-old Weatherladies lecturing me about Marxist Leninism. It was like arguing with AYD girls back in high school. I'd catch all their inconsistencies and still lose the argument. I listened to 20-year-old counterculture journalists lecturing me on revolution and rock lyrics, and I began to use words like "groove," "outasight" and "heavy," while quietly building up this enormous thirst for Glenn Miller records. My voice began to crack again. I broke out in psychic acne. I had returned to adolescence.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to that?

FEIFFER: I reacted exactly the way I did in adolescence: I withdrew and became alienated. I recognized there were serious problems, because I watched Walter Cronkite, but mostly I felt: Why don't they all go away and leave me alone? Why don't the Panthers go away and the Vietnamese go away and the elitist kids go away? I began to think things like: Well, I've done my bit, let the others carry on. I began limping around like Lee J. Cobb in *Death of a Salesman*. I had confronted my middle-aged adolescence with a shot of middle-aged senility. I took solid, pussyfooting stands on every issue. On student occupation of buildings, I decided you could occupy but you couldn't make a mess. When files were raided and they documented the lies and hypocrisy of the school administration and the trustees, I deplored the fact that files were raided, but I applauded the results of the raid. I condemned the shouting down of Washington VIPs on campus but couldn't wait to see it happen again. Mostly, it felt to me as if I were watching a monumental struggle between Venusians and Martians. I was in a world full of funny green people where I wasn't part of the solution, and I wasn't part of the problem and, what's more, I wasn't even part of the culture. Somehow, unknowing, I'd been drafted into the radical middle.

PLAYBOY: What's the radical middle?

FEIFFER: It was the theme of my old "This Is What I Think" speech, which was about how America was being run by an underground conspiracy far more threatening than the more publicized radical right and radical left, and this was the radical middle. And then I'd do an analysis of the radical middle, showing that its role was that of a moral mathematician, that it would find the extremes in any debate and locate itself equidistant between them. But that even its choice of extremes was questionable, because it recognized only certain extremes and ignored other extremes, and the extremes it chose a middle position between would invariably be the safest and least controversial extremes. And then, having taken the middle position on these middle extremes, the radical middle, through its powerful role in the mass media, would publicize its position as the moderate position, or the responsible position, or the pragmatic position—and whatever party was in power, this position would automatically be supported by John McCloy, Dean Acheson and the Rockefeller brothers, plus *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*.

PLAYBOY: Your radical middle, which sounds suspiciously like the Eastern liberal establishment, sort of came apart on Vietnam.

FEIFFER: It was later that the existence of the radical middle was made official by calling it the establishment, but by then it was splitting at the seams. Vietnam did it. The radical middle took every possible position on Vietnam that there was to take, except the position of cut and run. Which was my position at the time. My current position is to bug out. But in 1968, the radical middle was for both continuing to bomb Hanoi and retreating into enclaves, so it was useless to me as a conspiracy. I had to find a new conspiracy theory to explain things. At that point, I came upon my 12-Guy Theory of Government.

PLAYBOY: How does that one go?

FEIFFER: There are these 12 guys running the country, and they all went to the right schools and they're all trained for their jobs and they all have drawers full of classified information and they all have direct lines to the White House. So they resent it terribly when outsiders, like the American people, try to butt into their foreign policy. It's their Vietnam war and, after that, their Indochina war and, after that, possibly, their world war. It's also their civil rights and their economy and their ghettos and their recession. Their role is to guide and our role is to be guided. Because what's a democracy for but to bring in the best-qualified elite to govern us? So it didn't matter who was in—Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon—there would still be these same 12 guys in and out of the White House. Not always the same names, but always the same teams. Kissinger subbing for Bundy, Moynihan in for Schlesinger. So it didn't matter who

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we voted for in national elections, because we always ended up with a McNamara or a Bundy or a Kissinger, somebody inside the circle, with access to information we didn't have, on the basis of which he was able to advise the President on certain critical decisions. And during any crisis, the President would call in these 12 guys—it might even be 15—and he'd put them together with the Joint Chiefs and the National Security Council and they'd discuss the issues, and then the President would take a vote. And this vote was called a consensus. And then the President, just to show that he wasn't the tool of his advisors, would water down the consensus and fashion out of this a policy. And then he'd go on nationwide TV and announce this policy. And within three months, this new policy would be forgotten: by the press, the people, the President, his advisors, everyone—and a good thing, too, because it never worked out.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

FEIFFER: Because it never has anything to do with reality. It has to do with the church.

PLAYBOY: What church?

FEIFFER: The Church of the Cold War. We've had a foreign policy since 1945 run totally on the basis of theological precepts. We've had Cardinal Acheson, Cardinal Dulles, Cardinals McNamara, Rostow and Rusk. There's Monsignor Katzenbach, the well-known Bishop of Tonkin, and no matter which of the 12 are presently up at the altar, they find it impossible to transcend their basic religious convictions and get us out of the war. And they can never be guilty of doctrinal error, because whatever they believe has to be right, by definition. All their decisions, they tell us, were right at the time they made them—like, for example, bombing North Vietnam to bring Hanoi to the negotiating table—and when those decisions are reversed, that doesn't mean they were wrong the first time. They were right when they were made and right when they were reversed. Only the facts have changed, and the situation in the field, and intelligence estimates, and captured documents.

And since these 12 experts never make mistakes, they never get replaced, only promoted. Ask General Westmoreland. One wonders where Henry Kissinger will find himself in 1973. Probably head of the World Bank. What was interesting, when the first tentative moves to de-escalate the Vietnam war began was that Johnson didn't throw out all the advisors who'd been wrong and who'd helped destroy him, and bring in the critics of the war who, while having no access to classified information, had often been proven right. He didn't fire Rostow and bring in I. F. Stone. He didn't replace McNamara with Morgenthau. They were outside the church—nonexperts. If Johnson had bothered to compare their records for accuracy of forecast and acted accordingly, he would have fired his advisors, hired his critics and would still be President today. The next President who has a chance to last more than one term will be the President who assumes a kind of simplified Nuremberg law in regard to expert advisors: that they are to be held responsible for following their own advice.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a contradiction between your theories about the cold-war theology of your 12 guys and recent signs of a possible American *détente* with China, the SALT talks and President Nixon's embrace of Romania on his last trip to Europe?

FEIFFER: Holy wars can always be suspended for enlightened commercial purposes. My 12 guys may have finally arrived at the conclusion that we aren't going to get China by force, so they've decided to buy it. One basic idea behind cold-war theology is that it isn't ever supposed to blow up into a hot war. Certainly not with countries our own size. The Dominican Republic is more our speed. Korea we were supposed to clean up in six weeks and Vietnam wasn't supposed to take much longer. How did we know they would betray us and fight back? "In a vicious and violent manner," to use Secretary Laird's words. What the theologians pray for is a permanent state of stabilized hostility. That means you can enjoy the financial benefits of trade while also enjoying the spiritual and financial benefits of an arms race. Since the arms race is beginning to break us, we may be inclined to cool it for a while; but don't worry, it isn't likely to last. Presidents will go on making the same mistakes. Which leads us into my One-Term Theory of the Presidency.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

FEIFFER: That the assassination of President Kennedy after less than three years in office and the abdication of Johnson after his first full term were not accidents but portents. This is the way it's going to be from now on, at least for a generation and possibly longer. The movement of history is so fast and the movement of government so slow that no President, whether Nixon or Ramsey Clark, is going to be able to last longer than one term. The first year, he's such a relief from the last President that his popularity soars. The second year, he swings his soaring popularity behind his economic policy, foreign policy and civil rights programs. The third year, his popularity fades as he tries to hide, explain away and lie about the failures of his economic policy, foreign policy and civil rights programs. And the fourth year, in order to bring together a bitterly divided nation, he announces he won't run again. Or he runs and loses.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think some of the tactics of the antiwar movement, such as the May Day demonstrations in Washington last spring, may help Nixon get re-elected?

FEIFFER: Autogenocide seems to be the radicals' favorite outdoor sport. It has been since the days of the wobblies. But what the antiwar movement does that's counterproductive is such small potatoes compared with what the Government does that's counterproductive—for example, the 7000 arrests on May Day—that the leaders of the antiwar movement in this country seem to really be Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell and the Pentagon. What usually happens is that you have an issue, whether it's the war, racism or poverty. There's some protest against it that gets either an indifferent press or a strongly negative press, and it gets lectured editorially—"You're hurting your own cause, playing into the hands of your enemies"—by those who never had much to say on the question in the first place. Then, as the months go by, you find the polls showing increasing sympathy for the demonstrators' position, without any great sympathy for the demonstrators. So in the end, they make their point. They make a respectable issue out of an issue that previously hasn't been discussed, and once it gets discussed, people get dissatisfied, even if they don't examine it much, because they get tired of hearing whatever it is that's being talked about. They get bored or upset and want it to go away. To the extent that the antiwar movement has made Vietnam a pain in the ass to the American public, it's been terribly effective.

Right now I think the GI movement is the most important thing going on. These guys do an incredible job organizing GIs and putting out antiwar newspapers. The Army is going out of its mind, and it's harassing them like mad. Anyhow, it's important that these guys know they're being supported, so send your checks and money orders to GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee, Box 355, Old Chelsea Station, in New York City. The Zip is 10011. That's working outside the system, of course, but who's to know?

PLAYBOY: What was your experience working *within* the system during Gene McCarthy's campaign? Was it a worthwhile form of protest?

FEIFFER: I don't know. I was miserable. At one point, I had to go up to the Bronx to make campaign speeches. My audiences were only interested in crime in the streets. I was only interested in Vietnam. I ended up giving speeches about McCarthy being against crime in the streets of Vietnam. My mistake was thinking I could be an activist. This is not a political but a psychological fact. You find out what role you can play and

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you play it, and when you leave that role, you find yourself so uncomfortable that, in my case, while I seemed to drop in, I had really dropped out. I discovered that I simply can't function in an activist role, because I stop believing that it's me who's doing it. What I know about the Chicago convention has more to do with what I saw on television than with what I lived through. Six months later, I heard some tapes of the things I said in Chicago and I was quite surprised. They sounded pretty good to me, but it was somebody else talking. The fact is, I really wasn't there.

PLAYBOY: After the convention, you refused to endorse Hubert Humphrey. Looking back on it now, less emotionally, wouldn't you have preferred him to Richard Nixon?

FEIFFER: In 1954, Nixon wanted us to invade Indochina, and one of the strongest Senate supporters of that move was Humphrey. I really don't know how much Humphrey would have changed things. He was so deeply implicated in the war that the protest would have started sooner, gotten bigger faster and we would have had the repression earlier. If he couldn't stand up to Mayor Daley, how in the world could we expect him to stand up to the Pentagon? Outside the terribly important area of Supreme Court appointments, I'm not sure a hell of a lot would have been different. And with the Democrats still running the White House, the Democratic Congress would have been much less likely to make even the feeble intervention into the war that it has. As much as they like to deny it, a lot of that is just politics. Have you noticed how all those new doves vote when it comes to cutting off funds for the war?

PLAYBOY: Surely, that line of reasoning didn't lead you to vote for Richard Nixon?

FEIFFER: No. I voted my conscience and voted for the best man: Dick Gregory—although I was worried about Mark Lane being number two on the ticket, a heartbeat away from the Presidency.

PLAYBOY: Are you optimistic about having more of a choice in the 1972 election?

FEIFFER: What difference does it make if Hubert Humphrey changes his name and calls himself Ed Muskie?

PLAYBOY: You think of them as the same?

FEIFFER: Well, who *is* Muskie? The only person who could make Muskie seem a serious figure in American politics is Hubert Humphrey, possibly the least interesting man to run for office since Richard Nixon. What got Muskie the public's eye was that for five minutes once, a kid heckled him and Muskie invited him up to the platform. That was a very theatrical move and a very smart one, but basically an old showman's trick. He got the public's attention and became a star, and that's his only claim to power and fame. He's got no other credentials. It's still not possible to figure out his position on the war, because it changes with the polls. He hasn't made a single statement on the Chicago convention and Daley's police. But he's against pollution. That's terrific. And he's against the war this week. That's terrific. But there's no evidence he's got a single idea in his head—other than wanting to be President. I'm not saying he's a bad man; I'm just saying he's a very ordinary politician, and to that extent, one has every right not to trust him. In a casual way, I've been following his statements on the war since 1968, and he's a professional waffler. If he moves left on the war now, it will have nothing to do with any burst of insight on his part other than the burst of insight that has to do with votes.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard Ted Kennedy any more highly?

FEIFFER: No, for strictly emotional reasons. In 1966, when Bobby was heading the Government in exile, I was trying very hard to get myself to trust him, because his record in the Senate was a good one and his opposition to the war, though still erratic, was becoming increasingly strong, and because if anyone was going to take it away from Lyndon, it seemed clear that it had to be Bobby. So I wanted very much to like the former Attorney General and was working my way around to it, when I made the mistake of going to a party for the Kennedys on Martha's Vineyard, and there they all were—the New Frontier—and the smell of elitist careerism in the room, the smell of high-level inheritance was so powerful that it had a kind of sensuality to it, the smell and look of a bunch of guys about to get laid.

You picked a Kennedy, any Kennedy, and surrounding him or her would be half a dozen boozing hopefuls—advisors to the President, secretaries, undersecretaries, trouble shooters, Congressional liaisons—and they all had this glassy-eyed stare that wasn't hard to interpret. It read: If you think *this* is a good party, wait till we take back the White House. It was all so naked and self-righteous. As a card-carrying fantasist myself, I was made very uneasy by the Kennedy fantasists. I thought, "Oh, my God, Sorenson back! Salinger back! Mac back!" So it's not Teddy that bothers me, it's Camelot that bothers me. I could never make it with Camelot. So ask not what I can do for Teddy, ask what Teddy can do for me: not run.

PLAYBOY: Are there any politicians who inspire you?

FEIFFER: I don't see why we have to settle for Humskie-Musphrey while George McGovern is around. McGovern was among the earliest critics of the war and a far more serious man with many more qualifications than any of the showbiz people he's running against, so naturally he's not considered a serious candidate. The press seems to have a rule that a serious man can't ever be a serious candidate. I guess the underlying assumption is that anyone who wants to be President has got to be kidding. But let McGovern win one primary and overnight the press will decide he's a serious figure. They'll even try to assign him charisma. You remember charisma? If you're a Democrat and you have it, you get shot.

PLAYBOY: McGovern might have helped his chances for the nomination if he had capitalized politically on the contents of the Pentagon papers, which were reportedly leaked to him before they appeared in *The New York Times*; but he decided not to release them. What was your reaction to the controversy?

FEIFFER: What's interesting about the Pentagon papers is that they bear out entirely what critics of the war—including McGovern—have been saying for years, and what the press, outside the left press, has been generally denying, ignoring or dismissing. You know, it's hard to blame Nixon and Agnew for being furious with the press. All through the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy years, the press played ball with the Government. During the Korean War, Syngman Rhee, who was no better than Diem, was called the George Washington of his country. *The New York Times* knew about the U-2 flights over the Soviet Union and it knew about the Bay of Pigs before either became public knowledge, and, in the interest of higher patriotism, it published neither story. If the *Times* had blown the cover on the U-2, it would have prevented Eisenhower from being caught in a public lie; and remember, in those days, we were still shocked when a President lied. We didn't know it was policy. And if the *Times* had blown the cover on the Bay of Pigs, President Kennedy would have called the whole thing "contingency planning"—the way the Pentagon papers are labeled now—and canceled the invasion. What makes Agnew furious with the press is that for the first time in any war, it's trying to report the truth. The sons of bitches! What a betrayal! Why now? Why us? I mean, no wonder Nixon wants to dump the First Amendment. It's being used against him! See, the point is that if Nixon wanted us out of Indochina, those Pentagon papers would be a godsend; but he doesn't want us out, and that's why, even though the papers deal with the duplicity of Democrats, he had to stop them. They hit too close to home. They

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make people curious about his own "contingency planning."

PLAYBOY: Don't you believe Nixon when he says he's ending America's combat role in Vietnam?

FEIFFER: If you're still killing people, I tend to think of that as combat. Even if we're no longer using ground troops by 1972, there will still be U.S. planes dropping U.S. bombs. If that's an end to our combat role, it's a curious one. To Nixon, ending the war means arming our gooks to shoot their gooks. That's not pacifism, it's racism. Nixon doesn't know *how* to end the war. He's still making decisions on the basis of his theology. He'll take seriously 100,000 telegrams about Lieutenant Calley and feel there's a political upheaval in the land that has to be dealt with. But two or three times that number of people—*people*, not telegrams—can show up in Washington over and over and over again and, as far as he's concerned, they don't measure up to the size of his recent buddy Calley.

PLAYBOY: Did you follow the Calley trial closely?

FEIFFER: I get the feeling I don't follow *anything* very closely. I always fear that if I read the press too carefully, I'm going to fall into the trap of believing that they're telling me what's really happening in the world. What I find interesting about the Calley trial is how differently the public reacted to Calley than to Manson. Just in terms of record sales alone, Calley has far outdistanced Manson. He's *our* kind of mass murderer. Or possibly, people believe that the Tate murders happened but that My Lai didn't happen. The Tate murders happened because they took place in Los Angeles—which people think exists but in fact doesn't—and My Lai didn't happen because it happened in Vietnam, which doesn't exist except on television. It also happened to gooks, and they're not real people, and it happened during a war, and anything we do in a war is OK as long as it's our side that does it. A V.C. throws a bomb in a market place and kills six people and he's a fanatical terrorist. A B-52 pilot drops tons of bombs over North Vietnam and kills hundreds, but he's not a fanatical terrorist; he's just doing his job. And if they shoot him down and take him prisoner, he's a hero, and a martyr, and a bargaining chip. It all has to do with our rules of war, which state: one, that Americans are good guys; two, that we only get into good wars; and, three, that no matter what we do and what acts we commit, they're the acts of good people, perhaps regrettable, but war-is-hell-and-acts-such-as-these-have-always-taken-place-in-wartime, which makes them pardonable, and Calley should be given either the Medal of Honor or Agnew's place on the ticket in 1972.

PLAYBOY: There's been a good deal of talk about war-crimes trials for high-ranking American violators of the *real* rules of war. With the country already as divided as it is, do you think war-crimes trials would serve a useful purpose?

FEIFFER: Well, the talk about Johnson used to be that he meant well, that he was a victim of circumstances, that he didn't want the war any more than anybody else and that if it weren't for Vietnam—people always forget the Dominican invasion—he'd be remembered as one of the best Presidents in history. That makes it sound terribly tragic and complex but simply ignores the fact that the man is a certifiable war criminal. It's like all those articles talking about the pain and indecision McNamara went through. No doubt the German high command went through many moments of self-doubt and torture, too; but despite all that self-doubt and torture, I can't bring myself to feel much pity for them. What's at stake here is more important than any gratification of the left's desire for personal revenge on these men. Our cold-war theology has allowed us to retain in our adventures around the world a self-righteous image of the American, even though he might also be an imperialist, a slumlord and a baby burner. Until recent years, there never seemed to be any conscious sense of contradiction in this; and even today, that sense of contradiction is found only among intellectuals, students and—very late in the day—the clergy. It may take something like a highly respected international war-crimes tribunal to shock us into seeing that while we thought we were playing policeman to the world, we slipped into playing war criminal to the world. But of course there'll never be any tribunal; and every time Nixon sees any light at the end of the tunnel, he'll defoliate it.

PLAYBOY: You said Johnson is a certifiable war criminal. In what way did he conduct himself differently from any other head of state acting—however misguidedly—in what he perceived to be the national interest?

FEIFFER: How many heads of state do you know of who are responsible for trying to turn an entire country into a parking lot? There must be some limitation on the concept of national interest, or when do we start dropping nukes?

PLAYBOY: You say that Nixon is committing the same blunders as Johnson, but for some reason he doesn't seem to stir the same rage in you that Johnson did.

FEIFFER: It's different, in a way. If Nixon reminds us of the man who sells whiskey to the Indians, Johnson reminds us of the man who sold the whiskey to Nixon; Johnson is the snake-oil salesman who comes on publicly like a preacher. With Johnson, who did have a rather brilliant nine months before he was elected in his own right in 1964—as the peace candidate—there was a very clear betrayal. You don't find that feeling of betrayal with Nixon. After all his years in public life, there couldn't have been many people left who would trust him deeply enough to feel betrayed by him. There was no question who he was when he was elected, despite the fact that over the years, James Reston kept inventing and reinventing something he called the New Nixon. One other thing: There's something about Johnson that makes him seem more than he is and makes you seem less than you are, which is a sense that's guaranteed to bring out animosities. With Nixon, it's the other way around.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

FEIFFER: Well, he always gives the impression of role playing. He knows he's not really President. He knows Eisenhower still is. It's all some sort of amazing charade that he's getting away with. You see it at least once in every Nixon press conference. He'll stumble over a word or two, get it wrong, and there'll be that momentary loss of control you see in the eyes, the sense of panic, and you can see the thought processes: "Oh, my God, they're going to find out!" I saw Nixon's "Checkers" speech playing at the New Yorker Theater the other day. You should see it. If Nixon had gone into the movie business instead of politics, he would have been head of MGM by now—and we might still have a studio system. It was an extraordinary show, and to see it many years later is to see all of the mannerisms, the sentimentalism, the fake Hollywood pathos—"my dog Checkers," "my wife Pat"—and a tense upturning of the lips which he thinks of as a boyish grin. Nixon trying to look boyish is enough to break one's heart. All of it is there, and you watch it, at first laughing, and then ending up feeling about Nixon as you might feel about Busby Berkeley. He's the pop genius of American politics.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that carrying your view of Nixon to an absurd extreme?

FEIFFER: That's all satire is—creating a logical argument that, followed to its end, is absurd. All humor is basically about one or another kind of outrage against logic, but satire concerns itself with logically extending a premise to its totally insane conclusion, thus forcing onto an audience certain unwelcome awarenesses. If it's going to be true satire, it has to be subversive, critical of the system it's operating within. It can't be what used to be called satire a few years ago, which was jokes on suburbia and crab grass and commuters.

PLAYBOY: Taking logic to its extreme risks what those who don't share the satirist's sentiments call going off the deep end. Some critics felt you went

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overboard in *Little Murders* by asking audiences to believe that paranoia about crime and social disorders would drive a middle-class urban family mad enough to become mass murderers sniping at passers-by from their apartment window. Do you really feel such an apocalyptic caricature is justified?

FEIFFER: I can't justify the view taken in *Little Murders*. You either respond to it or you don't. I can't prove, for instance, that we're doing badly in Vietnam any more than the Pentagon can prove that we're winning, except that one point of view seems to make sense and the other doesn't. After a number of years, if the convictions and opinions you hold seem to be borne out by events, you simply trust them, and beginning with John Kennedy's assassination, I have developed the view of society that's written into *Little Murders*. His assassination highlighted for me the age of gratuitous violence we'd come into, a violence that grew out of the frustrations of the American dream as measured against the American reality, out of a previously isolationist nation having to go internationalist very suddenly in a big way. And despite, or as a consequence of, what it thought of as its good works, feeling increasingly isolated, unappreciated and finally unwanted. So, in reaction, it turns narcissistically violent toward the outside world—Cuba, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Vietnam—and paranoiacally violent toward its own internal world: race violence, random violence, motiveless mass murders.

In that sense, *Little Murders* is actually about Vietnam, about how we can burn down the country and still see ourselves as good guys defending our homestead. Gary Cooper, the war criminal. I don't think the film's vision is apocalyptic. Because the family is shooting out their window at strangers in the street? That has nothing to do with apocalypse. It has to do with the frontier faith. It doesn't mean the world is ending; it means these particular people, while having gone mad, have gone mad in a very traditional, very American way. By their lights, they're protecting their home. They're taking action after remaining passive for too long. They're Tom Destry strapping on his guns to the cheers of the audience. They're doing what they see as right, and with exactly the same self-justification as any B-52 pilot dropping blockbusters over Vietnam. If the ending of *Little Murders* is apocalyptic, then what sort of vision do we get every day on NBC when they blandly give us the latest body count? All I was trying to do was show what we've become by putting together one sensibility with another—random murder out of windows with the sort of random murder we're playing around with in Southeast Asia.

PLAYBOY: All the evils you see in American society must make this an epochal period for a satirist.

FEIFFER: Professionally, it's on the upgrade, but there isn't enough cold, hard repression. If the press were still as controlled or timid as it was in the Fifties, then my work would be easier, a more clear-cut case of black and white, censorship and freedom. That's the ideal environment for satire; but beginning with Jack Kennedy, repression became so sophisticated that we slip into it as comfortably as we do into an old shoe. It's very difficult when the Government tolerates diversity of opinion to such an extent that it has practically no effect on anyone, sort of like inviting the opposition into the White House for coffee after they finish picketing. Happily, Mr. Agnew now means to put the press out of business, and Mr. Mitchell means to put the doctrine of a legal defense out of business. So businesswise, things are looking up.

And the Government deserves credit for making a satirist's life more challenging. This began for me some years ago when there was an Atomic Energy Commission committee set up to investigate the effects of radioactive fallout, and they called it "Operation Sunshine." How do you compete with that? In my play *The White House Murder Case*, the name of the disastrous military operation that backfires and kills 750 GIs was "Operation Total Win." When Nixon went into Cambodia three months later, they called it "Operation Ultimate Victory." A week after Cambodia, the play died. George S. Kaufman once said, "Satire is what closes Saturday night." It's not true. It's reality that closes Saturday night.

I once did this cartoon after the Newark and Detroit riots with Johnson appointing a fact-finding commission that included one Democrat, one Republican, one intellectual, one anti-intellectual, one young person, one old person, one Negro and one bigot. The last panel had the President smiling his least sincere smile and saying, "Come, let us reason together." I thought that was a pretty good satire on the Johnsonian political mind, which thinks that by putting together totally antagonistic, often irreconcilable views, he has bought off the future. A week later, the White House asked for the original. I went into a deep depression, because I couldn't figure out where I'd gone wrong. The only explanation I could come up with was that Johnson didn't realize it was a satire. He thought it was a perceptive and admiring evaluation of the way he did things. Talk about effectiveness!

PLAYBOY: Is that why you do satire? To influence change?

FEIFFER: The first reason is self-indulgence. I like the work. The second is to score points for my side. But I've never thought that one's own work, however strong, was enough to make a real dent in the prevailing culture. All you can hope for is that, along with other small shifts, it might represent a swing of opinion and be part of that swing; and since the work is being done in the mass media, it might be of help simply by showing other people who thought they were alone that they aren't alone.

PLAYBOY: Satirists seem to be in short supply among conservatives. Why?

FEIFFER: Well, there's Al Capp, who's sort of a one-man short supply. Poor Capp. He's turned into an elderly right-wing Abbie Hoffman. If you're going to score points, you've got to make sense, and every time he tries to score, he goes off like an elephant gun and instead of zeroing in with logic, buries us with kamikaze overkill. Satire has to do with logic, not grotesquerie, and all that guffawing, hand-twitching self-titillation works against him as a propagandist.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you partly just disagreeing with his politics?

FEIFFER: I once debated Capp and found out he *has* no politics, just prejudices. What makes him fail as a satirist isn't his conservatism. There's no reason you can't be a successful conservative satirist. I used to think of Bill Buckley as a marvelous satirist. Imagine my surprise when I learned that he took his writing seriously.

PLAYBOY: You spend a lot of time talking and drawing cartoons about politics, but you sound a little weary of the subject. Why?

FEIFFER: I've o.d.-ed on politics. In any case, it's no longer very interesting or revealing to talk about Vietnam; it's become as institutionalized as racism, so that just like racism, every time your side looks like it's had a victory, you end up pretty much where you started. Besides, there is no new horror or duplicity that doesn't become assimilated into our systems within a matter of days, sometimes minutes. So I've given up solving our foreign-policy problems for a while. I'm sure Vietnam will wait for me to come back to it. I'm moving my other work—plays and movies—back into a much more interior, private world that deals with personal relationships, with men and women, with men and men, with couples interacting with each other, with people in the business of day-to-day survival. At the moment, if I feel at odds with politics, it's because I can't allow it into that created world. I have to sink myself totally into this other atmosphere if I'm going to do anything with it.

PLAYBOY: Young people seem to be moving in the same direction you are. Do you think there's any connection

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between your move inward and theirs?

FEIFFER: That's interesting. I hadn't thought of it, but who knows, there might be. I think part of it is simply exhaustion. People are always playing the survival game to some extent, and when you find that moving in one direction and beating your head against a wall is increasingly thankless, then to salvage something of yourself, you take a break and move in other directions. It goes back and forth, and in some ways, it's a rejuvenating process. But this whole apathy thing has been overstated for years. When there is apathy, there's a legitimate reason for it, and the reason is that people have realistically looked at the world around them, and they find the alternatives so unrewarding that there's nothing better to do than turn off. But when anything comes along they can finally relate to, they respond like crazy. Look how many people went to the spring demonstrations in Washington. There's still a gut response, despite the history of losership that precedes all demonstrations; they keep on coming. So I don't think it's a slide into apathy based on stereo rigs and dope. I think it's more along the lines of an emotional and psychic process of natural selection. When it gets too dangerous out there, you move inside until you feel at one with yourself, and then you move out again, and the process continuously goes on.

PLAYBOY: Are you willing to discuss the kind of work that's going on in your head now?

FEIFFER: Not much. But whatever I do next, it'll be moving on from *Carnal Knowledge*, not from *Little Murders*. I want to do something about marriage. I think the most interesting story is how men and women get on with each other, the terms they accept to live together and survive together, the compromises they make, the betrayals of themselves and of each other, and how, despite the fact that over and over again they find that it can't possibly work, it still seems to be preferable to anything else they know about. In the end, it becomes rather heroic. It reminds me of the relationship of the two men in *Waiting for Godot*, who are on this endless search, but after a while the search itself becomes worth while, almost rewarding. Many people find that pessimistic, but I find something inspiring about it.

PLAYBOY: You said that marriage can't possibly work, but somehow it does. What makes it so difficult?

FEIFFER: It's difficult because if you live with another person, you're going to have to deal with that person, and most of us want to be dealt with rather than deal with. Most of us want to somehow be magically taken care of. There's this thing in all of us that I suppose is part aristocrat and part child; we want to be served, and served without being forced to recognize the existence of the servant, and certainly without dealing with the servant as an entity. What destroys fantasies and gets everybody into trouble early on in relationships is that two people come together each thinking the other is the servant, and they find they've been had. And so it comes to the point where you say, "My God, there's another person in my bed! And she's here under false pretenses."

PLAYBOY: Is it that simple?

FEIFFER: Not always. If you can get yourself past that point, and keep going and going and going—in other words, if you don't retreat and fire that servant and find another one, and that's all some people do all their lives—then marriage has some remarkable rewards, though the rewards are never as good as the fantasies.

PLAYBOY: Then why get married?

FEIFFER: Most of the married men I know got married because their wives made it impossible for them to stay unmarried. Not necessarily by ultimatum, but by making the pressures and guilts so intense that it simply became easier to get married than to stay shacked up. But being a permanent bachelor can't possibly work. It means you've stopped taking any chances. It means you've made a contract with yourself about what the world had to be, at an age when you were much too young to have any idea what the real world was, and you're insisting that the world stick to that contract. Somewhere along the line, that notion has to be given up, or a person is just going to be dead at the center.

PLAYBOY: You obviously aren't a great admirer of bachelorhood, yet you didn't marry until you were 32.

FEIFFER: Most bachelors, I suspect, aren't the miserable failures at bachelorhood that I was, at this whole business of meeting a girl and establishing false identities, and having exactly the same conversation you've had with hundreds of other girls, and she gives you exactly the same responses, and through it all, while you're being terribly interested in each other, all you're really thinking about is getting laid. Finally, you reach a point where you feel too old and silly to do any of that, or to take it seriously any longer. It seemed to me a thankless game; when it didn't work, it wasn't much good, and when it did, it wasn't much good either. When it worked, it was just a little less lonely, but not a hell of a lot less lonely. I hated every second of it. But I hated and feared marriage even more. It meant I had to become a grownup.

PLAYBOY: Why the reluctance to grow up?

FEIFFER: Look at the examples I had. Also, how could I make it as a grownup and a boy cartoonist all at the same time?

PLAYBOY: How did you develop your devotion to cartooning?

FEIFFER: Cartoons were my first interest as a kid, what I loved the most. I couldn't write well enough to be a writer, or draw well enough to be an artist, so I knew that the only way I would ever make it would be to combine my meager talent for drawing with my meager talent for telling a story and, by putting the two together, come up with something sensational.

PLAYBOY: Was it always satire that you planned to do?

FEIFFER: No. I was mostly attracted to the storytelling in cartoons—Van Buren's *Abbie an' Slats*, or Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*, or Eisner's *The Spirit*. What I loved best about these comics was that they created a very personal world in which almost anything could take place, and readers would accept it even if it had nothing to do with any other kind of world. It was the fantasy world I loved.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FEIFFER: Because reality was such a pain in the ass. I realized that if I didn't put my hooks into fantasy, there would be no hope of surviving my childhood.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize that?

FEIFFER: It must have happened shortly after birth, and it's been happening ever since. I realized at a very young age that there was a conspiracy of grownups against kids, because if a grownup said something, it had to be true, since other grownups believed it was true and if a kid disputed them, he was wrong, by definition.

I didn't know about the class struggle in a Marxian sense, but I understood it very well in a generational sense. I knew that I was a member of one class and that my parents and teachers were members of another class, and that we were enemies. By the time I was five, I felt that I was this rich kid, kidnaped by strangers—my parents—who were terribly kind people, but still not my real parents, because I knew damn well that my real parents didn't live in the Bronx. They lived in a castle in Freddie Bartholomew's England, and it was going to be my inheritance once we got things straightened out. But the reality was this dreary world where I had to go to this dreary school which was teaching me things that neither the school nor I was really interested in. There was this awful sense of injustice. Who could I write to? Roosevelt? I was skeptical of becoming a grownup, but I knew I didn't like being a kid. In the world I lived in, my job as a kid was basically that of reconnaissance. You had to be this very talented spy, who sounded like one of

(continued on page 206)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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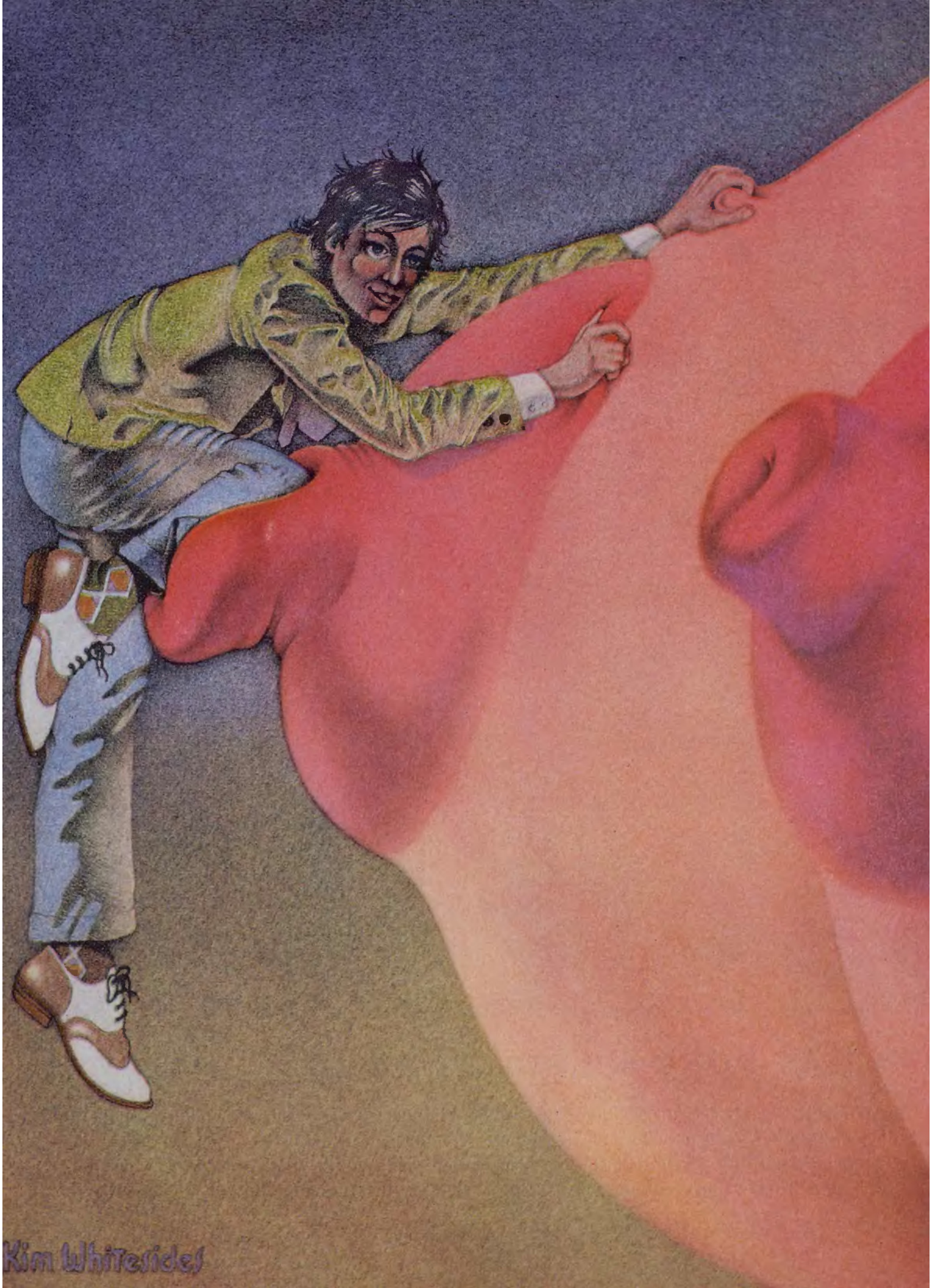
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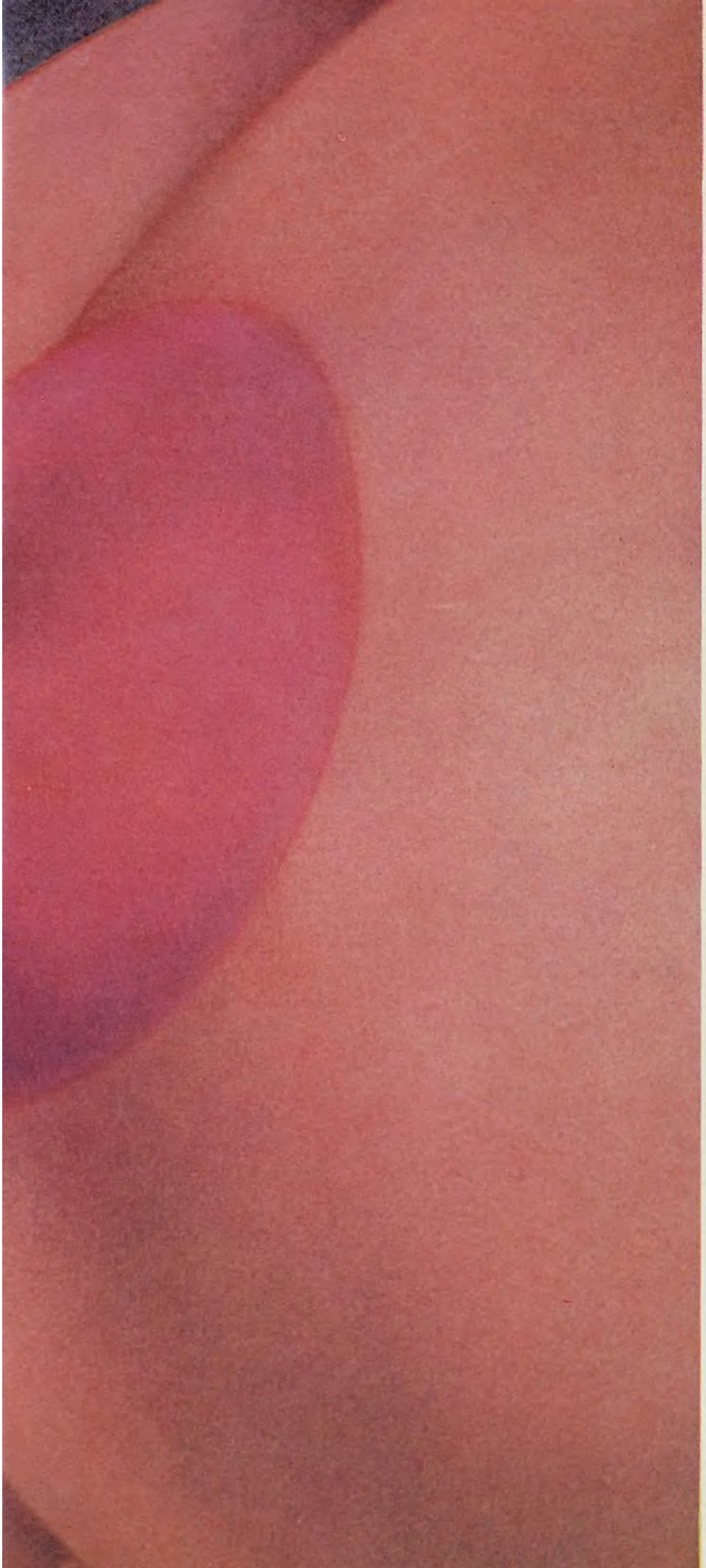


small saturday

why, in this day and age in america, are all the really smashing girls so damned tall?

fiction **By IRWIN SHAW**

HIS SLEEP had been troubled for weeks. Girls came in out of the misty edges of dreams to smile at him, beckon him, leer at him, invite him, almost embrace him. He was on city streets, on the decks of great ships, in satiny bedrooms, on high bridges, accompanied and not quite accompanied by the phantom figures whom he always seemed on the verge of recognizing and never recognized, as they slipped away beyond the confines of dream, to leave him lying awake in his single bed, disturbed, sleepless, knowing only that the figures that haunted him were sisters in a single respect—they were all much taller than he—and that when they vanished, it was upward, toward unreachable heights.

Christopher Bagshot woke up remembering that just a moment before he opened his eyes, he had heard a voice saying, "You must make love to a woman at least five feet, eight inches tall tonight." It was the first time in weeks of dreaming that a voice had spoken. He recognized a breakthrough.

He looked at the clock on the bedside table. Twelve minutes to eight. The alarm would go off on the hour. He stared at the ceiling, searching for significance. He remembered it was Saturday.

He got out of bed and took off the top of his pajamas and did his exercises. Fifteen push-ups, 25 sit-ups. He was a small man, five feet, six, but fit. He had beautiful dark eyes, like a Moroccan burro's, with long lashes. His hair was straight and black and girls liked to muss it. Small girls. In another age, before everybody looked as though he or she had been brought up in Texas or California, his size would not have bothered him. He could have fitted into *Henri Quatre*'s armor. And *Henri Quatre* was large enough to say that Paris was worth a Mass. How the centuries slide by.

• • •

"I had this dream," he said. They were standing on the corner, waiting for the 79th Street cross-town bus. Stanley Hovington, five feet, ten inches tall, neighbor and friend, was waiting for the

bus with him. It was a cool, sunny, New York October. Two boys, aged no more than 15, one of them carrying a football, slouched into Central Park. Each of them was nearly six feet tall. Autumn Saturday. All over the country, long-legged girls wearing chrysanthemums, cheering for Princeton, Ohio State, Southern California. Large, fearsome men, swift on green turf.

"I had a dream last night, too," Stanley said. "I was caught in an ambush in the jungle. It's the damned television."

"In my dream . . ." Christopher said, uninterested in Stanley's nighttime problems. Stanley, too, had to work on Saturdays. He had a big job at Bloomingdale's, but the thing was, he had to work on Saturdays. "In my dream," Christopher persisted, "a voice said to me, 'You must make love to a woman at least five feet, eight inches tall tonight.' "

"Did you recognize the voice?"

"No. Anyway, that isn't the point."

"It would seem to me," Stanley said, "that's just the point. Who said it, I mean. And why." He was a good friend, Stanley, but argumentative. "Five feet, eight inches. There might be a clue there."

"What I think it means," Christopher said, "is that my subconscious was telling me it had a message for me."

The bus came along and they mounted and found seats at the rear, because it was Saturday.

"What sort of message?" Stanley asked.

"It was telling me that deep in my soul I feel deprived," Christopher said.

"Of a five-foot-eight girl?"

"It stands to reason," Christopher said earnestly in the rocking bus. "All my life"—he was 25—"all my life. I've been short. But I'm proud, so to speak. I can't bear the thought of looking foolish."

"Stalin wasn't any taller than you," Stanley said. "He wasn't worried about looking foolish."

"That's the other danger," Christopher said, "the Napoleonic complex. Even worse."

"What are you deprived of?" Stanley asked. "What's her name—that girl—she's crazy about you."

"June," Christopher said.

"That's it, June. Damn nice girl."

"I'm not saying anything against June," Christopher said. "Far from it. But do you know how tall she is?"

"I think you're obsessive on the subject," Stanley said, "to tell the truth."

"Five feet, three. And she's the *tallest* girl I ever had."

"So what? You don't play basketball with her." Stanley laughed, appreciating himself.

"It's no laughing matter," Christopher said gravely, disappointed in Stanley. "Look—you have to figure it this way—in this day and age in America, for some goddamn reason, almost all the *great* girls, I mean the *really* great ones, the ones you see in the movies, in the fashion magazines, with their pictures in the papers at all the parties, almost all of them are suddenly *big*."

"Maybe you've got something there," Stanley said thoughtfully. "I hadn't correlated before."

"It's like a new natural resource of America," Christopher said. "A new discovery or a new invention or something. It's part of our patrimony, if you want to talk fancy. Only I'm not getting any of it. I'm being *gypped*. It's like the blacks. They see all these terrific things on television and in the magazines, sports cars, hi-fis, cruises to the Caribbean, only they can't get in on them. I tell you, it teaches you sympathy."

"They're pretty tall," Stanley said. "I mean, look at Wilt Chamberlain."

Christopher made an impatient gesture. "You don't get my point."

"Yeah, yeah," Stanley said, "actually, I do. Though maybe it's more in your imagination than anything else. After all, it doesn't go by *volume*, for God's sake. I mean, I've had girls all sizes; and once it comes down to the crunch, in bed, I mean, size is no criterion."

"You can say that, Stanley," Christopher said, "you have a choice. And I'm not only talking about in bed. It's the whole attitude. It stands to reason. They're the darlings of our time, the big ones, I mean the marvelous big ones, and they know it, and it gives them something extra, something a lot extra. They feel they're superior and they have to live up to it. If they're naturally funny, they're funnier. If they're sexy, they're sexier. If they're sad, they're sadder. If there're two parties that night, they get invited to the better one. If there're two guys who want to take them to dinner, they go out with the handsomer, richer one. And it's bound to rub off on the guy. *He* feels superior. He knows every other man in the place envies him, he's way up there with the privileged classes. But if a small guy walks somewhere with one of the big beautiful ones, he knows that every cat in the place who's two inches taller than he is is thinking to himself, 'I can take that big mother away from that shrimp any time,' and they're just waiting for the small guy to go to the john or turn his head to talk to the headwaiter, to give his date the signal."

"Jesus," Stanley said, "you've got it bad."

"Have I ever," Christopher said.

Stanley brightened. "I have an idea," he said. "I know some pretty smashing tall girls——"

"I bet you do," Christopher said, loathing his friend momentarily.

"What the hell," Stanley said. "I'll give a party. Just you and me and maybe two or three fellers even shorter than you and four or five girls, five feet, eight and over. . . . A quiet party, where everybody is just sitting or lying around, no dancing or charades or anything embarrassing like that."

"What're you doing tonight?" Christopher asked eagerly.

"The thing is," Stanley said, "tonight I'm busy. But for next Saturday——"

"The voice said tonight," Christopher said.

They sat in silence, listening to the echo of that ghostly imperative in the back of the cross-town bus.

"Well," Stanley began, his tone dubious, "maybe I could fix you up with a blind date."

"It's Saturday," Christopher reminded him. "What sort of girl five feet, eight or over would be available to go out on a blind date on a Saturday night in New York in October?"

"You can never tell," Stanley said, but without conviction.

"I can just see it," Christopher said bitterly. "I'm sitting in a bar waiting, and this big girl comes in, looking around for me, and I get off the stool and I say, 'You must be Jane' or Matilda or whatever, and she takes one look and that expression comes over her face."

"What expression?"

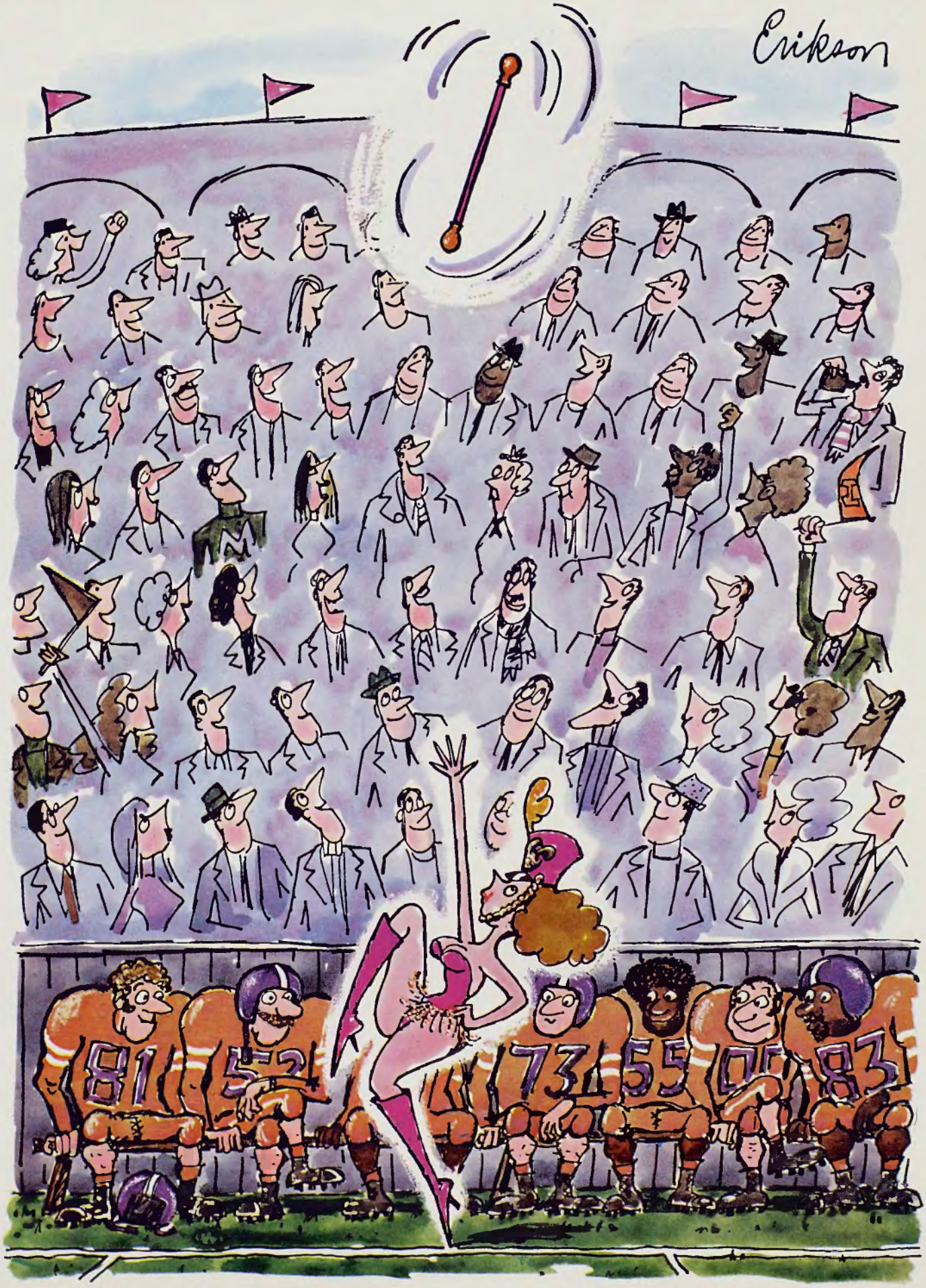
"That 'What the hell did I let myself in for tonight?' expression," Christopher said. "That 'I should've worn flat heels' expression."

"Maybe you're too sensitive, Chris."

"Maybe I am. Only I'll never know until I've tried. Look, I want to get married, it's about time. I want to marry some great girl and be happy with her and have kids, the whole deal. But I don't want to be nagged all my life by the feeling that I did my shopping only in the bargain basement, in a manner of speaking." Christopher felt that this was an apt and convincing phrase, considering that Stanley worked in Bloomingdale's. "I want to feel I had a pick from every goddamn floor in the place. And I don't want my kids to look at me when they're nineteen and they're five feet, six, and say, 'Is this as high as I go?' the way I look at my father and mother." Christopher's father was even shorter than he was and there was just no use in measuring his mother.

"Do you *know* any big girls?" Stanley asked as Christopher stood up, because they were approaching Madison Avenue. "At least to talk to?"

"Sure," Christopher said. "Plenty of them come into the store." He was the manager of a book-and-record store, one of a chain his father owned. There was a section devoted to greeting cards. Christopher found this demeaning, but his father was profit-minded. When his father retired, Christopher would wipe out the greeting-card section the first week. His father had no complexes about


Erikson

being small. If he had been running the Soviet Union, he would have run it very much along the same lines as Joseph Stalin, only more drastically. Still, Christopher couldn't complain. He was more or less his own boss and he liked being around books and his father was so busy with the more important shops in the chain that he made only flying, unexpected visits to the comparatively minor enterprise over which Christopher presided.

"I *know* plenty of tall girls," he said. "I encourage charge accounts, so I have plenty of addresses." When a tall girl came into the shop, Christopher tried to be on a library ladder, reaching for a book on an upper shelf. "And telephone numbers. That's no problem."

"Have you tried any yet?"

"No."

"Try," Stanley said. "My advice is, try. Today."

"Yeah," Christopher said dully.

The bus stopped and the door opened and Christopher stepped down onto the curb, with a wintry wave of his hand.

• • •

Might as well start with the A's, he thought. He was alone in the store. It was impossible to get a decent clerk who would work on Saturdays. He had tried college boys and girls for the one-day-a-week stint, but they stole more than they sold and they mixed up the stock so that it took three days to get it straight again after they had gone. For once, he did not pity himself for working on Saturday and being alone. God knew how many calls he would have to put in and it would have been embarrassing to have someone listening in, male or female. There was no danger of his father's dropping in, because he played golf all day Saturday and Sunday in Westchester County.

*Anderson, Paulette***, he read in his pocket address book. He had a system of drawing stars next to the names of girls. One star meant that she was tall and at least pretty. Two stars meant that she was tall and pretty or even beautiful and that, for one reason or another, she seemed to be a girl who might be free with her favors.

*Anderson, Paulette*** had large and excellently shaped breasts, which she took no pains to hide. June had once told Christopher that in her experience, girls with voluptuous bosoms were always jumping into bed with men, out of vanity and exhibitionism. Treacherously, after his conversation with June, Christopher had added a second star to *Anderson, Paulette**.

He didn't have her home address or telephone number, because she worked as an assistant to a dentist in the neighborhood and came around at lunch hour and after work. She wore a womanly chignon and was at least five feet, ten inches tall. Although usually provocatively dressed in cashmere sweaters, she was a serious girl, interested in psychology and politics and prison reform. She bought the works of Erich Fromm and copies of *The Lonely Crowd* as birthday presents for her friends. She and Christopher engaged in deep discussions over the appropriate counters. She sometimes worked on Saturdays, she had told Christopher, because the dentist remade mouths for movie actors and television performers and people like that, who were always pressed for time and had to have their mouths remade on weekends, when they were free.

*Anderson, Paulette*** wasn't really one of those *marvelous* girls—she wasn't a model and she didn't get her picture in the paper or anything like that—but if she were to do her hair differently and take off her glasses, and didn't tell anybody she was a dental assistant, you certainly would look at her more than once when she came into a room. For the first one, Christopher thought, might as well start modestly. Get the feel.

He sat down at the desk next to the cash register toward the rear of the shop and dialed the number of *Anderson, Paulette***.

• • •

Omar Gadsden sat in the chair, his mouth open, the chromium tube for saliva bubbling away under his tongue. Occasionally, Paulette, comely in white, would reach over and wipe away the drool from his chin. Gadsden was a news commentator on Educational Television, and even before he had started to come to Dr. Levinson's office to have his upper jaw remade, Paulette had watched him faithfully, impressed by his silvering hair, his well-bred baritone, his weary contempt for the fools in Washington, his trick of curling the corners of his thin lips to one side to express more than the network's policy would otherwise have permitted him.

Right now, with the saliva tube gurgling over his lower lip and all his upper teeth mere little pointed stumps, waiting for the carefully sculpted bridge that Dr. Levinson was preparing to put permanently into place, Omar Gadsden did not resemble the assured and eloquent early-evening father figure of Educational Television. He had suffered almost every day for weeks while Dr. Levinson meticulously ground down his teeth and his dark, noble eyes reflected the protracted pain of his ordeal. He watched Dr. Levinson fearfully as the dentist scraped away with a hooked instrument at the gleaming arc of caps that lay on a mold on the marble top of the high chest of drawers against the wall of the small office.

He was a sight for his enemies' eyes at that moment, Paulette thought; the Vice-President would enjoy seeing him now, and she felt a motherly twinge of pity, although she was only 24. She had become very friendly with the commentator during the last month of preparing hypodermics of Novocain for him and adjusting the rubber apron around his neck and watching him spit blood into the basin at the side of the chair. Before and after the sessions, in which he had shown exemplary courage, they had had short but informative conversations about affairs of the day and he had let drop various hints about scandals among the mighty and prophecies of disaster, political, financial and ecological, that lay ahead for America. She had gained a new respect from her friends in retelling, in the most guarded terms, of course, some of the more dire items that Omar Gadsden vouchsafed her.

She was sure that Mr. Gadsden liked her. He addressed her by her first name and when he telephoned to postpone an appointment, he always asked her how she was doing and called her his Angel of Hygeia. One day, after a grueling two hours, after Dr. Levinson had put in his temporary upper bridge, he had said, "Paulette, when this is over, I'm going to treat you to the best lunch in town."

Today it was all going to be over and Paulette was wondering if Mr. Gadsden was going to remember his promise, when the telephone rang.

"Excuse me," she said and went out of the office, in a starchy, bosomy white bustle, to her desk in the small reception room, where the telephone was.

"Dr. Levinson's office," she said. "Good morning." She had a high, babyish voice, incongruous for her size and womanly dimensions. She knew it, but there was nothing she could do about it. When she tried to pitch it lower, she sounded like a female impersonator.

"Miss Anderson?"

"Yes." She had the feeling she had heard the voice before, but she couldn't quite place it.

"This is Christopher Bagshot."

"Yes?" She waited. The name meant something, but, like the voice, it was just beyond the boundaries of recognition.

"From the Browsing Corner."

"Oh, yes, of course," Paulette said. She began to riffle through Dr. Levinson's appointment book, looking for open half hours on the schedule for the next week. Dr. Levinson was very busy and sometimes patients had to wait for months. She remembered Bagshot now and was mildly surprised he had called. He had perfect white teeth, with canines that were curiously just a little longer than ordinary, which gave him a slightly and not unpleasantly wild appearance. But, of course, you never could tell about teeth.

"What I called about"—he seemed to have some difficulty in speaking—"is, well, there's a lecture at the Y. M. H. A.

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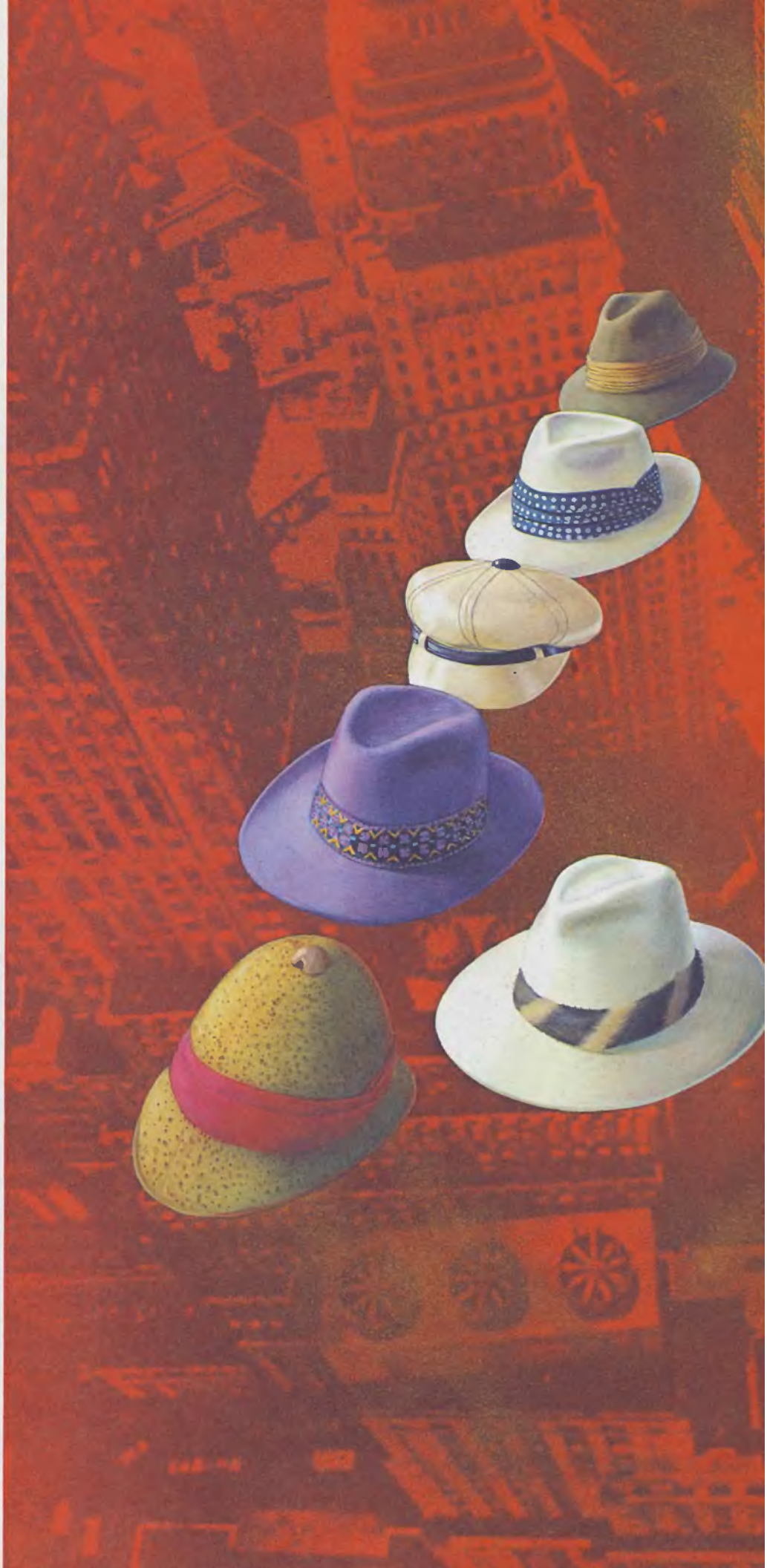
BETS & BAWDS

teaming up in "mc cabe & mrs. miller," warren beatty and julie christie, as gambler and madam, turn the town of presbyterian church into a frontier fun city

Shooting down all the old myths about how the West was won—by fearless lawmen who marched up Main Street and gunned down the bad guys—Robert Altman's forthcoming film, McCabe & Mrs. Miller, starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, shows pioneer life the way it really was. Unlike the arid, mesquite-covered deserts ridden by a steely-eyed John Wayne, the 1902 frontier of Altman's film is a cold, rainy, gritty Northwestern mining town. In that setting, Altman unreels the saga of a roving gambler and a calculating madam who bring the pleasures of vice to the community of Presbyterian Church, named for its tallest building. John Q. McCabe (Beatty, above) is a hard-driving cardsharp who establishes himself as a saloon owner and the boss of a casino and a tent-based bordello. But his gambling and brothel businesses remain smalltime until Constance Miller (Julie Christie, left) arrives on the scene with a slick proposition: If McCabe will build a better bawdyhouse, she'll import some high-class gals and give him a hefty cut of their earnings. McCabe accepts the deal, as well as Mrs. Miller's even more promising favors.

Aside from the church, a Chinese opium den, McCabe's casino and the cot house, the liveliest place in Presbyterion Church is the bathhouse, where the brothel clientele is required to suds oway the mine grime before joining Mrs. Miller's Seottle Sweethearts. (Not exactly known for their strict decorum, the Sweetheorts seldom turn down an invitation to drop their own dirty petticoats beside the miners' long johns ond climb into the overflowing tub for some good, clean fun!) But suddenly the bawdy bathhouse, whorehouse and saloon are threatened by a representotive of the Bearpaw Territorial Mining Compony, who announces that his firm is going to buy out McCobe and Mrs. Miller. Only the venturesome McCabe, who wagers five to one against his life, can save the entertoinment empire. For the outcome of Beotty vs. Bearpaw, high-tail it to your local bijou, pardner.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE SCHAPIRO



nine stylish ways to top off your wardrobe

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

Proceeding from the top left-hand corner of our flying wedge of good-looking chapeaux: Fur-felt Minisafori hat that's made in Africa comes with silk puggree, from Hunting World, $25. Hemp-straw Sandpiper model features three-inch brim plus broad dotted silk band, by Tenderfoot, $8. Sporty cap of vinyl-coated flax, with contrasting stitching and trim, from Miller Brothers, $5. Velour-felt San Rafael

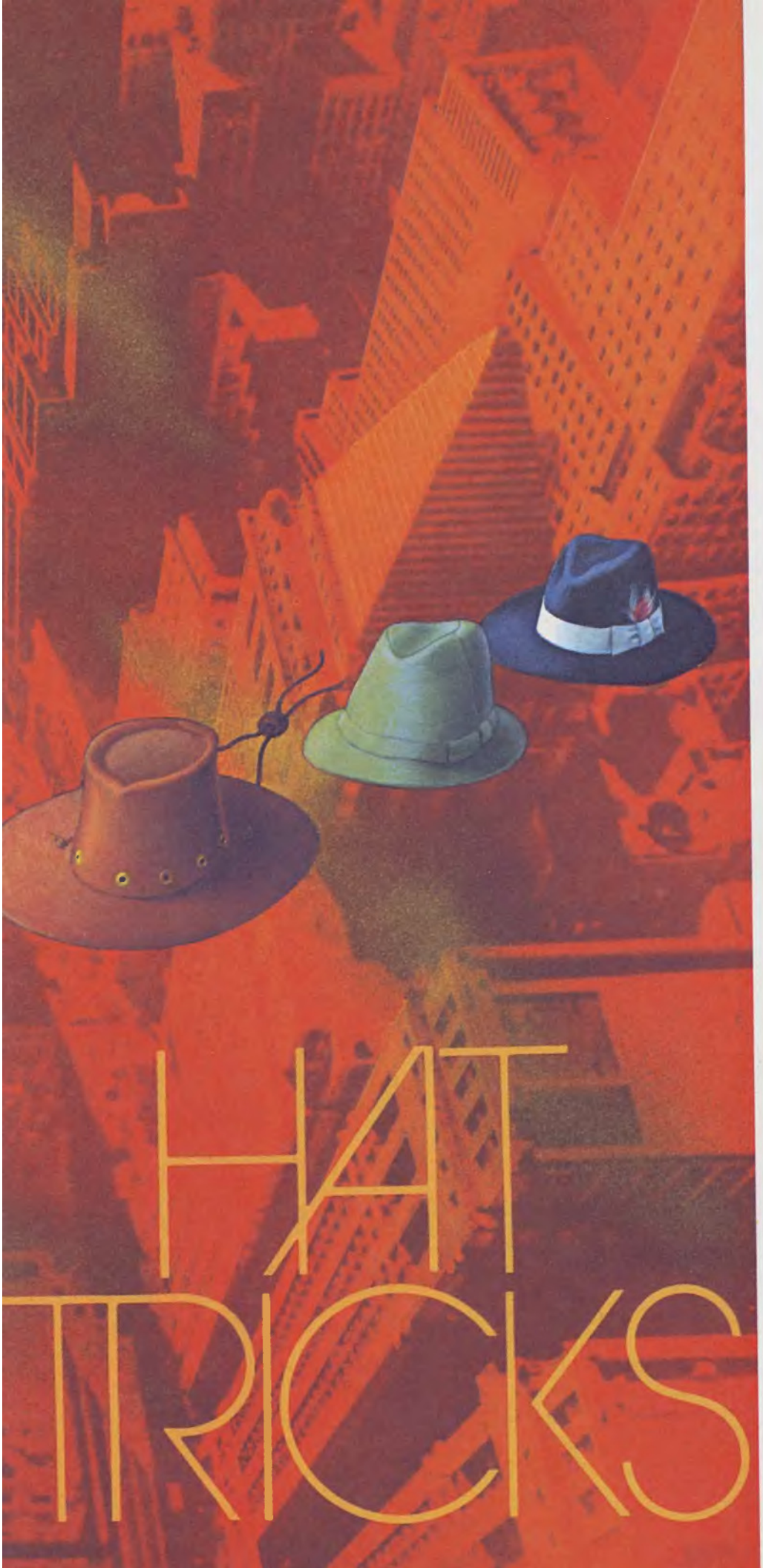


ILLUSTRATION BY DON PUNCHATZ

HAT TRICKS

style has three-inch brim and tapestry band, by Dobbs, $25. Ultracool natural cork helmet that darkens with age features floating sweatband that keeps the hat fram touching the head; trimmed with silk puggree, by Bob Lee for Hunting World, $25. Fur-felt great White Hunter's hat comes with genuine zebraskin band, has hand-shaped brim, from Hunting World, $35. Shaped leather sombrero features wide brim, high crawn with brass grommets and rawhide chin strap, from Winsum Ski Shap, $28. Cauntry hat of hand-woven Irish tweed, from Narm Thampson, $14.50. Wool-felt braad-brimmed hat with silk band, fram Miller Brothers, $6.

I WANT A GHOUL....

wherein the spine-chilling classics of yesteryear are brought kicking and screaming into the seventies

parody By JACK SHARKEY For a ghost to vanish is only natural—well, OK, *super*natural—but, to judge by the contents of the bulk of today's fiction, the ghost seems to have done a permanent job of it. True, we live in an era in which the merely natural horrors are hard to top. A werewolf would be a positive pleasure to encounter after a narrow escape from a street gang's bicycle chains, for instance, and finding one's midnight bedroom shared with a moaning, blood-flecked phantom might be a relief from the nightly phantasmagoria of TV news. When you get right down to it, terror is relative and the average citizen, after undergoing an average 20th Century day, would find the majority of old-fashioned thrillers quite restful by comparison. All that these sagas of yore need is a bit of updating, to meet the modern reader's environment halfway. What we propose, therefore, is judicious editing to make some of the masterworks of the past more credible. With only the slightest bit of finagling with names, dates and situations, there's hardly a one that cannot be deftly uprooted from the past and transplanted smack into modern times with no loss of panic-making impact. And today's readers could thrill again to such neoclassics as:

FRANKENSTEIN

By Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

The mindless mob, torches blazing and sputtering in the inky night, surged forward and hurled itself against the towering portals of the ancient building. The iron hasps groaned, then splintered free of the wood, and the mob burst like a human flood tide into the dim vaulted corridors, seeking its quarry.

"There!" cried one hoarse male voice. "There's the monster!"

Roaring its blood lust, the mob thundered forward toward the gaunt figure at the end of the corridor that even now moved toward it, arms extended rigidly forward at shoulder height, legs moving stiffly. Then, as the crowd paused, scant feet away, its quarry spoke:

"Now, students, please . . . as dean of this college, I feel it my duty to remind you undergraduates of a few of the regulations regarding destruction of school property and the ten-o'clock curfew."

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

By Frank R. Stockton

He could open whichever door he chose. If he chose the one, there would emerge a ravenous tiger, the deadliest that could be provided, which instantly would pounce upon him and rip him to shreds, in retribution for his crime. But if the accused chose the other door, there would emerge a lady commensurate with his age and social status, the choicest that the ruling monarch could procure from his most beauteous subjects. His barbaric princess had indicated, by the merest motion of her slender hand, that he should choose the right-hand door. He knew, of course, that she could not bear to see him torn to bits before her very eyes. But he also knew that she would as soon see him dead as in the arms of another. The dilemma seemed insuperable. There was nothing to do but trust to his princess' love. So doing, he reached for the knob of the right-hand door—— But first, a word from our sponsor. . . .

THE UNNAMABLE

By H. P. Lovecraft

Although I found unaccountable the unbelievable events leading up to the untimely death of my unwary companion at an unguarded moment, I was unrestrained in my uneasy determination to plumb the unholy and unfathomable depths of the unbearably unpleasant spot where my friend had unquestionably come to his unnatural end. Trembling with unrelenting horror, I stepped through the unsavory miasma that clung with unruly tendrils to the unavoidably unsettling

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL LEHR

tomb. From the unseen interior of the uncouthly unclean burial chamber came the chuckling voice of my friend's unknown assailant. Though unwilling to meet the same fate myself, I knew it must be I who would unveil the monstrous secret hidden from the eyes of man for unutterable ages.

And then—I saw it! It lay there, pulsating with unspeakable unction, its flanks rippling with unthinkable menace, its size unimaginable, its odor untenable. . . . It attacked without warning, its speed unadulteratedly uncivilized—and I suddenly found myself in an unanticipated position: standing on that craggy shore in my unmentionables.

Next day, of course, I unequivocally unveiled the unwholesome situation before the UN.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Something made me turn half about in my seat on the bucking cart, to catch a glimpse of our mutual pursuer. I wish I had not turned. I found myself staring into eyes that shone like luminous moons, blazing a hellish and pestilential light, over a slavering mouth in which the curving fangs glinted like ivory daggers. I turned to my companion, but forbore to speak, to interrupt the frozen concentration that locked that hawk-nosed profile into carved immobility. Light was a brief rectangular glow, somewhere before us on that Stygian track. I made myself look toward the light as it grew and denied myself the exquisite torment of once again darting a glance backward toward where the gigantic hound loped in tireless pursuit, ever growing closer to its prey. Even as I clutched the reins in a spasm of terror, the beast began an unearthly howling that stood the very hairs of my head almost on end, then bared its long razor-sharp teeth and sprang directly at our throats.

Suddenly, we were bathed in bright California sunlight and a uniformed attendant grabbed each of our arms. "I don't know how you two long-hairs got aboard this ride, but don't let me ever catch either of you in Disneyland again!"

THE TELL-TALE HEART

By Edgar Allan Poe

The police questioned me at length, but I had prepared my tale with care, so that no matter how they might conjecture, and suspect, and wonder, they could find no shred of proof that the incidents of the evening as I expressed them were anything other than the truth. I was just congratulating myself as I ushered them toward the door of the old man's room when I heard a sound that set my teeth harshly on edge and my hackles to rise. Something of what I felt must have shown on my face, for the police turned and fastened their gazes upon me, suspicion dawning with renewed strength upon their gross features.

"The hour is late, gentlemen!" I cried, trying with my voice to drown out the steady, secret sound that seemed to emanate from the very air around about us. "You have far to travel, and so you had best be on your way!" And even at the height of my wailing insistence, the sound made its presence known to me. It swelled, it grew, it filled the room, it made the very floor boards tremble beneath my feet, and suddenly I found myself shrieking out my guilt, confessing my crime beyond all recantation, and finally flinging myself into the corner to groan and mewl as I thrust a finger toward the wooden planks and cried aloud:

"There! There you will find him! Can you not hear? He is there, there! The fact of his presence thuds and pounds its hideous truth. Listen! Do you not know what that sound is? *It is the beating of his accursed heart!*" And as they wrenched up the boards to expose my crime to the world, I muttered wearily, "I *knew* I should have removed the damned mercury-battery-powered *pacemaker* with the five-year guarantee!"

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I fled from the scene of my excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust for evil gratified and stimulated. I compounded the draught and drank it. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood—through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul.

I locked the door by which I had come and gone, and ground the key under my heel! Pausing for one giddy moment to stare at my image in the massive mirror canted against the wall, I with relief found no trace of that other self upon my features. I smoothed my coat and proceeded upstairs to join the gathering.

I knew not what had passed during my absence—who had spoken nor of what. I made my way with affected carelessness to the table on which the light repast awaited those in attendance and betook myself of a scone and a cup of lukewarm and exceeding weak tea. Barely had I the opportunity to swallow a mouthful of either when I heard the voice of the moderator calling my name. In some mental confusion, I made my way through the press of bodies to the podium. I was apparently to address the assemblage—but on what subject I could not recall.

Then, even as my fearful mind sought the reason I was there at all—was to speak at all—at that very moment I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts: a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a dissolution of the bonds of all social and moral obligation. I looked down at my hands. These were not the hands of the man I had been. They were too plump, too soft, too well manicured. On my lips and tongue was no buttery flavor of light scone, no mild bitterness of tea—rather, I found my mouth filled with the tang of garlic, of olives, of *ouzo*. . . . The poisonous influx of the change seeped from my very pores, sopping into the fabric of my clothing, turning my waistcoat and cutaway into a snugly fitted double-breasted suit—I felt my hairline receding slightly, my cheeks drooping with light plumpness, my forehead emerging into unwonted prominence.

Forever had the person of weak-willed Jekyll fled from me. I was now, immutably so, changed forever into that other personage whose further advent I had thought to forfend. And even as the great gasp of horror sounded from the throats of the guests at seeing the terrible transformation that had befallen me, I began to speak to them:

"*Effete corps of impudent snobs* . . . !"

THE PHANTOM SHIP

By Captain Frederick Marryat

Philip Vanderdecken pretended not to hear the muttered jibe of the man at the wheel and strode forward to the rail of the bridge. His strong, even white teeth bit down hard on the stem of the hand-carved pipe, as his eyes tried to penetrate the cruel gray mist that drifted in towering walls to either side of their passage, rent asunder by the slowly advancing prow.

While Philip greatly feared a mutiny, his fear was not for his own person but for the subsequent cessation of the voyage. He supposed his demeanor *did* seem that of a madman, with that peculiar single-minded drive of his so like a

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"Trite, but good action, indeed, Lady Cliffore. This should be your leg here . . . and yet, in a fashion, it does resemble Contessa Chianini's neck . . . or Ambassador Stolnekof's left knee, partly obscuring what very well could be one of my thighs, since I was wearing the duchess' nylons early that afternoon."

small saturday *(continued from page 102)*

tonight. It's a professor from Columbia. 'You and Your Environment.' I thought maybe if you weren't busy. We could have a bite to eat first and. . . ." He dribbled off.

Paulette frowned. Dr. Levinson didn't like personal calls while there were patients in the office. She had been with him for three years and he was satisfied with her work and all that, but he was elderly and had old-fashioned notions about employees' private lives.

She thought quickly. She had been invited to a party that night at the home of an economics instructor at NYU, down in the Village, and she hated going into a room full of people alone and Bagshot was a good-looking serious young man who could talk about books and the latest problems very sensibly and would make a welcome escort. But there was Mr. Gadsden in the chair, and his promise. Of course, it had only been for lunch, but she knew his wife was visiting her family in Cleveland this week. She knew because he had come into the office on Monday and made a joke about it. "Doc," he'd said, "this is one week I'm glad to see you. You may tear my jaw apart, but it's nothing to what my father-in-law does to my brain. Without instruments." He had a wry way of putting things, Mr. Gadsden, when he wanted to. If he was alone, she thought, and remembered about lunch, and had nothing to do for the evening. . . . It would be OK going to the party at the instructor's apartment with the bookstore boy, but it would be dazzling to walk in and say, "I guess I don't have to introduce Omar Gadsden."

"Miss Anderson," Dr. Levinson was calling testily from the office.

"Yes, doctor," Paulette said, then into the phone: "I'm terribly busy now. I'll tell you what—I'll come by after work this afternoon and let you know."

"But——" Bagshot said.

"Have to run," she whispered, making her voice intimate to give him enough hope to last till five o'clock. "Goodbye."

She hung up and went back to the office, where Dr. Levinson was standing with the new shining set of teeth held aloft above the gaping mouth of Omar Gadsden and Mr. Gadsden looking as though he were going to be guillotined within the next two seconds.

• • •

Christopher hung up the phone. Strike one, he thought. The last whisper over the phone had left him tingling weirdly, but he had to face facts. Strike one. Who knew what would happen to a girl like that before five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon? He tried to be philosophical. What could you expect the very first number you called? Still, he had nothing really to reproach himself for. He had not just jumped in blindly. The invitation to the lecture at the Y. M. H. A. had been calculatingly and cunningly chosen as bait for a girl who was interested in the kind of books *Anderson, Paulette*** was interested in. He had carefully perused the "Entertainment Events" section in the *Times* before dialing Dr. Levinson's office and had studied *Cue* magazine and had rejected the pleasures of the movies and the theater as lures for the dental assistant. And she *had* said that she would come by at five o'clock. She wouldn't have said that if she'd felt it was ridiculous for a girl her size to be seen with a man his size. The more he thought about it, the better he felt. It hadn't been a blazing success, of course, but nobody could say it had been a total failure.

Two college students, a boy and a girl, who made a habit of Saturday-morning visits, came in. They were unkempt and unprincipled and they rarely bought anything, at the most a paperback, and he kept a sharp eye on them, because they had a nasty habit of separating and wandering uninnocently around the shop and they both wore loose coats that could hide any number of books. It was 15 minutes before they left and he could get back to the telephone.

He decided to forget about alphabetical order. It was an unscientific way of going about the problem, dependent upon a false conception of the arrangement of modern society. Now was the time for a judicious weighing of possibilities. As he thumbed through his address book, he thought hard and long over each starred name, remembering height, weight, coloring, general amiability, signs of flirtatiousness and/or sensuality, indications of loneliness and popularity, tastes and aversions.

*Stickney, Beulah***. He lingered over the page. Under *Stickney, Beulah***, in parentheses, was *Fleischer, Rebecca*, also doubled-starred. The two girls lived together, on East 74th Street. *Stickney, Beulah*** was actually and honestly a model and often had her photograph in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. She had long dark hair that she wore down loose over her shoulders and a long bony sensational body and a big model's mouth and a model's arrogant look, as though no man alive was good enough for her. But the look was just part of her professional equipment. Whenever she came into the shop, she was friendly as could be with Christopher and squatted unceremoniously on the floor or loped up the ladder when she was looking for books that were in out-of-the-way places. She was a great one for travel books. She had worked in Paris and Rome and London and while she bought books about distant places by writers like H. V. Morton and James Morris and Mary McCarthy, when she talked about the cities she had visited, her vocabulary was hardly literary, to say the least. "You've got to get to Paris before the Germans come in again, luv," she would say. "It's a gas." Or, "You'd go ape over Rome, luv." Or, "Marrakesh, luv! Stoned! Absolutely stoned!" She had picked up the habit of calling people luv in London. Christopher knew it was just a habit, but it was friendly and encouraging, all the same.

*Fleischer, Rebecca*** was just about as tall and pretty as *Stickney, Beulah***, with short dark red hair and a pale freckled complexion to go with it and tapering musician's fingers and willowy hips. She was a receptionist for a company that made cassettes and she wore slacks on Saturdays that didn't hide anything. She was a Jewish girl from Brooklyn and made no bones about it, larding her conversation with words like shmeer and schmuck and nebbish. She didn't buy books by the reviews nor by their subject matter, she bought them after looking at the pictures of the authors on the back covers. If the authors were handsome, she would put down her $6.95. She bought the books of Saul Bellow, John Cheever and John Hersey. It wasn't a scientific system, but it worked and she put an awful lot of good writing on her shelf that way. At least it worked in America. Christopher wasn't so sure it would work with foreign authors. She had endeared herself to Christopher by buying *Portnoy's Complaint* and having him gift-wrap it and send it to her mother in Flatbush. "The old bag'll sit shiva for six months when she reads it," Rebecca had said, smiling happily.

Christopher wouldn't have dared send anything more advanced than the works of G. A. Henty to *his* mother and he appreciated the freedom of spirit in Miss Fleischer's gesture. He had never gone out with a Jewish girl, not that he was anti-Semitic or anything like that but because somehow the occasion hadn't arisen. Listening to a Jewish girl in skintight slacks who was five inches taller than he talk the way Miss Fleischer talked was intriguing, if not more. June said that Jewish girls were voracious in bed. June came from Pasadena and her father still believed *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, so her opinions on the subject could not be called scientific; but even so, whenever Miss Fleischer came into the shop, Christopher looked carefully for pleasing signs of voracity.

He hesitated over the two names. Then he decided. *Stickney, Beulah***. A redheaded giantess who was also Jewish

(continued on page 120)

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES / PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXAS URBA

playboy appraises the styles the under-30 upward movers favor for this fall

SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR FASHION

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

WHILE THERE'S no denying that "life style" has become one of the most overused phrases of the Seventies, nevertheless, it sums up in a neat two-word package the relationship between today's young urban males and their clothes. On these pages are ten men in their 20s who have already achieved relative success. There's a direct correlation between who they are and what they wear. Manhattan wine merchant Peter Morrell, for example, tailors his wardrobe to the sophisticated demands of his occupation by choosing adventurously debonair suits and sports jackets, while artist Dan Weiss's work clothes include a body-hugging knit pullover and a pair of Peter Max–designed jeans. Obviously, each knows himself and the style in which he feels most comfortable. Add to this a strong sense of independence and you have an inside look at the fashion thinking of our young upward movers, who are into their own thing at work and at leisure and are loving every minute of it.

Manhattan free-lance fashion and marketing consultant Ken Fish, 29, wears a sueded-cowhide zip-front bomber jacket that features an outsized collar, Borg pile lining and twin patch pockets, $90, with a pair of matching flared-leg slacks, $55, both by Europa Sport.

Left: Chicago film maker David Lee, 22, describes himself as a man of the future and sees nostalgia as regression rather than progression. For on-location shooting sequences, he chooses a no-nonsense quilted cottan knicker suit with acrylic pile collar and zip front and sleeve closures, by Rafael, about $90, worn over a cotton knit turtleneck, by Hathaway, $12, and tucked into Nunn-Bush lace-up boots, from The Bross Boot, $72. Below: At 27, New York oenologist Peter Morrell is one of the youngest wine merchants in America, spending three months of each year in Europe tasting and buying for his 49th Street store. For a tableside evening à deux, Morrell has donned a checkerboard textured cotton corduroy two-button jacket, by Haspel, $60, geometric-patterned Vicryl acrylic tweed knickers, by Viceroy Sportswear, $20, two-tone suede and leather hook-and-eye laced high boots, by Italia, $45, and a wool rib-knit crewneck, by Brentwood, $15, pulled over a printed Dacron-cotton shirt, by Wren, $11.

Right: The singular talents of artists Dan Weiss, 20 (near right), and Othello Anderson, 26, were collectively recognized, not long ago, when the city of Chicago commissianed them to complete 22 "mole-hale paintings" that will brighten underpasses connecting selected buildings in the Loop. Weiss's work clothes include a multicolor cotton knit pullover, by Jantzen, $12, plus a pair of flared-leg cotton twill jeans, by Peter Max for Wrangler, $B. Anderson prefers a wool knit pullover with snap placket, by Sobre, $23, hanging loose over multicolor Trevira polyester double-knit flared-leg slacks, by Viceroy Sportswear, $30. Bottom right: Californian Peter Gillies, 21, has gained the first rung of the ladder of success by making the Claremont Men's College dean's list three out of five semesters. Here, he's far afield from the classroom sporting a collarless, long-sleeved patchwork cotton pullover, by Kennington, $11.

Left: Aggressive Rod Perth, 27, works for the Columbia Broadcasting System as an account executive. Whether making calls an clients or squiring a ladyfriend, Perth comes on in tailored styles that emphasize his athletic physique; e.g., a printed cotton corduroy two-buttan suit with peaked lapels, patch pockets and a deep center vent, by Oscar de la Renta for After Six, $155, worn over a white cotton shirt with two-tone satin windowpane plaid, by Oleg Cassini for Baonshaft, $20, and an acrylic knit square-bottom tie, by Pulitzer, $7.50. Above: Barry Shechtman, 25, a part-time Chicago public school teacher, may soan be enrolled in a graduate school far fareign affairs. Shechtman's playground wardrabe includes a split-cowhide jean suit, by Levi's, $115, floral-print Dacron and cotton shirt, by Career Club, $7.50, hand-tooled antiqued-leather belt, by Trafalgar Ltd., $17.50, and a pair af square-toed cowboy baots, by Wrangler, $35.

Right: Twenty-four-year-old Terry Mackey, an art director for the Leo Burnett advertising agency, sees himself as "sporadic and spantaneous," preferring to live each day as it comes. Mackey's easy-going office outfit includes a wool flannel shirt suit with contrasting stitching, epaulets, flap pockets and flared leg battoms, by Corbin Ltd., $75, a cotton knit turtleneck, by Rabert Bruce, $12, and a multicolor-dyed snakeskin-on-cowhide belt with metal buckle, by Oleg Cassini for Hickak, $20. Far right: The san of Noah Beery, Jr., actar Bucklind Noah Beery, 26, has just completed filming *The Trackers* with Sammy Davis Jr., Ernest Bargnine and PLAYBOY's Connie Kreski. Offscreen, he's traded his Western togs for a cotton denim outercaat with contrasting stitching, by Pierre Cardin, $110; over his shoulder is a men's leather bag designed by himself far the Flora Dora Leather Shop, $75.

in this year of campus quiet, the first in seven, we've again polled america's students and discovered sudden and surprising changes in their feelings about the war and pollution, and a heavy increase in the use of drugs

SEVEN YEARS AGO, Mario Savio, wearing a sheepskin jacket and hair that was short by today's lengths, led 800 students into Sproul Hall to be arrested. And for six years after that, America was at war with her students. It moved through sit-ins, teach-ins, confrontations and riots. Nearly two generations of middle-class students tasted tear gas and went to jail. Police saw campuses only through the tinted visors of riot helmets. The old men who had edited education sections of the daily papers were replaced by younger journalists, who frequently seemed more like combat reporters as they filed their dispatches from Berkeley, San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Lawrence, Kansas, and Madison, Wisconsin.

And then, in late 1970, the war seemed to end. Almost just like that. Only a semester before, there had been burnings and bombings and finally the inevitable and brutal killing of six students. But when the new academic year began, everything was quiet. It stayed that way through the fall and winter, and finally through a nervous spring.

The calm settled so quickly across the campuses that it was called uneasy. But it wasn't, really. The pacific mood of students was confirmed everywhere. Hard rock, political rock, acid rock fell first to James Taylor and then to his whole family singing tender, introspective songs about tiny love affairs. Organic gardens grew up around the edges of campus communities and became a personal way to reverse the poisoning of the environment. Jesus freaks wandered the colleges and the towns nearby, pushing their gentle apolitical message. Dealers wandered the campuses, too, selling drugs—marijuana, mostly—not as magic potions, as they had before, but as "something to get you off . . . get you into yourself." Even booze enjoyed something of a comeback.

And then Howdy Doody showed up on campus. And instead of burning that little wooden-headed symbol of their childhood—in the quad, where they had burned so many other symbols—students filled gymnasiums to sing out an answer to Buffalo Bob's question.

"What time is it?"

"It's Howdy Doody time!"

The winding down of the Indochina war was the reason most often given for the defusing of the student movement. Though students didn't like or trust their President, it did seem like a time to wait. Along with that was the angry sadness, the defeat students felt. The war was ending, but not, somehow, because of anything they'd done—or refused to do.

What politics there were on campus became practical and moved into the community. The voting age was lowered to 18 and the leaders who had learned all their organizational skills on the wrong side of the barricades now began to organize voter-registration drives in college communities and were running candidates with long hair. And in Berkeley they won.

But mostly, students turned in on themselves this last year. For if the political revolution that had gone on for so long had largely failed, the cultural revolution—ideas about sex and drugs and family and career—had been profound. Now students had a set of personal styles to practice that were very different from those of the generation they had been struggling with.

To chart the moods behind the quiet, PLAYBOY again this year conducted a national sampling of college students to find out what they thought and felt about their political, social and sexual worlds. The results are startlingly different from those of the poll conducted in 1970.

Mario Savio and Bob Dylan have turned 30 and everything on campus has changed. One of the students wrote on the bottom of his ballot: "The people who *(continued on page 208)*

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM STAEBLER

PLAYBOY'S STUDENT SURVEY: 1971

small saturday *(continued from page 112)*

would be too much for the first go. He dialed the Rhinelander number.

• • •

Beulah sat under the drier in the living room of the three-room flat, with kitchen, that she shared with Rebecca. Rebecca was painting Beulah's nails a luminous pearly pink. The ironing board on which Rebecca had ironed out Beulah's hair into a straight shining sheet of living satin was still in place. Beulah kept looking nervously over Rebecca's bent head at the clock on the mantelpiece of the false fireplace, although the plane wasn't due in at Kennedy until 3:15 and it was only 10:40 now. The girls did each other's hair and nails every Saturday morning, if other amusements didn't intervene. But this was a special Saturday morning, at least for Beulah, and she'd said she was too nervous to work on Rebecca and Rebecca had said that was OK, there was nobody she had to look good for this weekend, anyway.

Rebecca had broken with her boyfriend the week before. He worked in Wall Street and even with the way things were going down there, he had an income that was designed to please any young girl with marriage on her mind. Her boyfriend's family had a seat on the stock exchange, a *big* seat, and unless Wall Street vanished completely, which was a possibility, of course, he had nothing to worry about. And, from all indications, he was approaching marriage, like a squirrel approaching a peanut, apprehensive but hungry. But the week before, he had tried to take Rebecca to an orgy on East 63rd Street. That is, he *had* taken Rebecca to an orgy without telling her that was what it was going to be. It had seemed like a superior party to Rebecca, with well-dressed guests and champagne and pot, until people began to take off their clothes.

Then Rebecca had said, "George, you have brought me to an orgy."

And George had said, "That's what it looks like, honey."

And Rebecca had said, "Take me home. This is no place for a nice Jewish girl from Brooklyn."

And George had said, "Oh, for Christ's sake, when are you going to stop being a nice Jewish girl from Brooklyn?" He was taking off his Countess Mara tie as she went out the front door. So she had nobody this Saturday to look good for and she was putting in some extra time on Beulah's nails, because Beulah had somebody to look good for, at precisely 3:15 that afternoon, to be exact, if the goddamn air-traffic controllers didn't keep the plane from Zurich in a holding pattern between Nantucket and Allentown, Pennsylvania, for five hours, as they sometimes did.

The picture of the man who was arriving at Kennedy that afternoon was in a silver frame on an end table in the living room and another picture of him, in a leather frame, was on the dresser in Beulah's bedroom. In both pictures he was in ski clothes, because he was a ski instructor by the name of Jirg in St. Anton, where Beulah had spent a month the previous winter. In the picture in the living room he was in motion, skis beautifully clamped together, giving it that old Austrian reverse shoulder, a spray of snow pluming behind him. He was at rest in the bedroom, brown, smiling, long hair blowing boyishly in the wind, like Jean-Claude Killy, all strong white teeth and Tyrolean charm. Even Rebecca had to admit he was luscious, Beulah's word for Jirg, although Rebecca had said when Beulah had first reported on him, "John Osborne says in some play or other that having an affair with a ski instructor is vulgar."

"Englishmen," Beulah had said, hurt, " 're jealous of everybody. They'll say anything that comes into their heads, because they zilched the Empire." It hadn't been vulgar at all. On the contrary. It hadn't been like getting involved with a man in the city, worrying about finding a taxi in the rain to get there on time and waking up at seven o'clock in the morning to go to work and eating lunch alone in Hamburger Heaven and worrying if the man's stuffy friends would think your clothes were extreme and listening to him complain about the other men in the office. In the mountains, everybody lived in ski pants and it was all snow like diamonds and frosty starlight and huge country feather beds and rosy complexions and being together day and night and incredibly graceful young men doing dangerous, beautiful things to show off for you and eating in cute mountain huts with hot wine and people singing jolly Austrian songs at the next table and all the other girls trying to get your ski teacher away from you both on the slopes and off, and not managing it, because, as he said in his darling Austrian accent, wrinkling that dear tanned face in an effort to speak English correctly, "It is neffer come my way before, a girl so much like you."

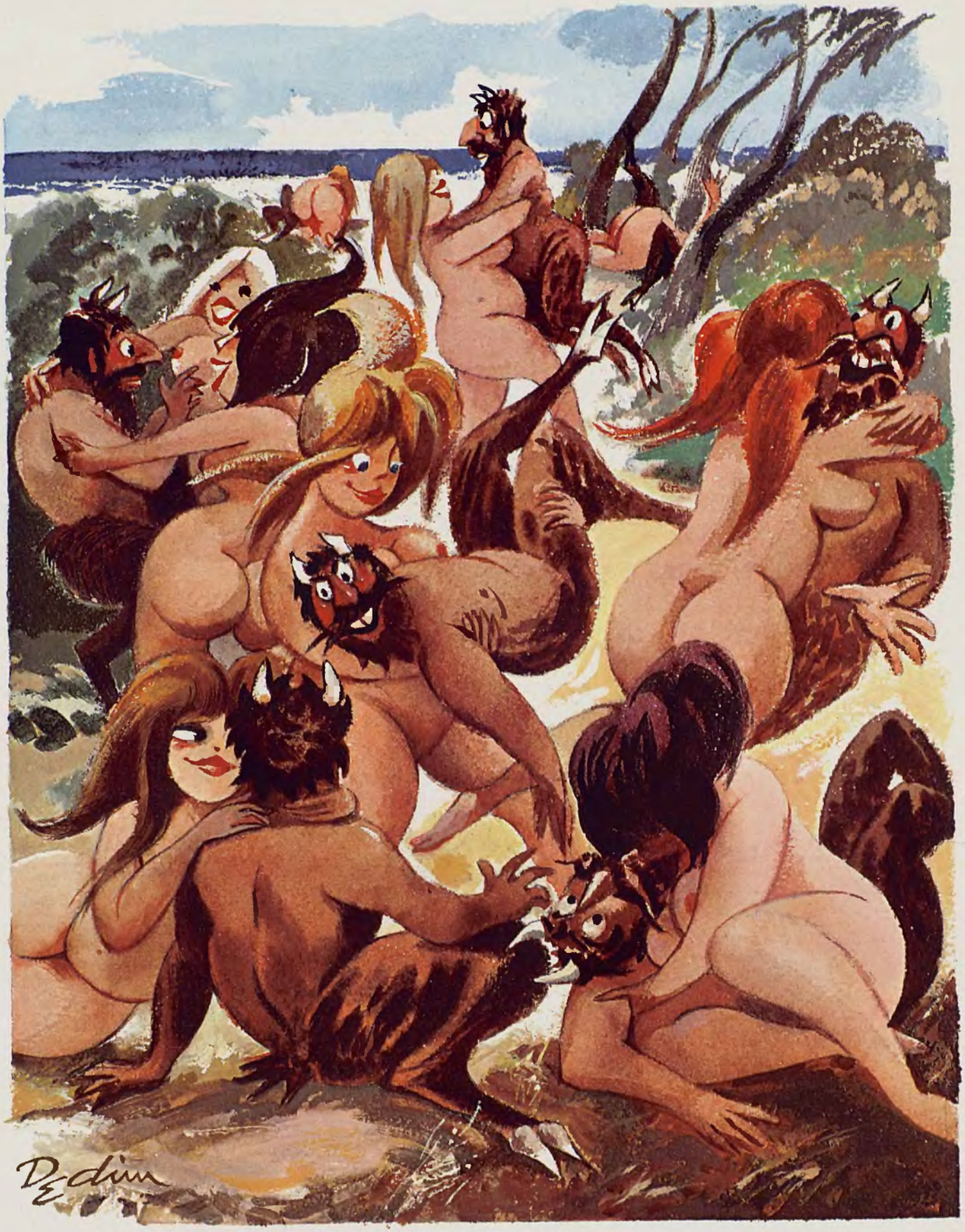
Beulah hadn't seen him since St. Anton, but his influence had lingered on. She hadn't been pleased with any man she'd gone out with since she'd come back to America and she'd been saving her money so that she could spend three months at least this winter in the Tirol. Then the letter had come from Jirg, telling her that he'd been offered a job at Stowe starting in December and would she be glad to see him? Beulah had written back the same day. December was too far off, she wrote, and why didn't he come to New York immediately? As her guest. (The poor boys were paid a pitiful pittance in Austria, despite their great skills, and you always had to show practically inhuman delicacy about paying when you went anywhere with them, so as not to embarrass them. In the month in St. Anton she had become one of the most unobtrusive bill payers the Alps had ever seen.) She could afford it, she told herself, because this winter she wasn't going on an expensive jaunt to Europe but would be skiing at Stowe.

"You're crazy," Rebecca had said when she learned about the invitation. "I wouldn't pay for a man to lead me out of a burning building." Sometimes Rebecca's mother showed through a little in her daughter's attitudes.

"I'm giving myself a birthday gift, luv," Beulah had said. Her birthday was in November. "One beautiful brown, energetic young Austrian who doesn't know what's hit him. It's my money, luv, and I couldn't spend it better."

Jirg had written that he liked the idea and as soon as he was finished with his summer job, he would be happy to accept his old pupil's invitation. He had underlined pupil roguishly. He had some clean outdoor job on a farm in the summer. He had sent another picture, to keep his memory green. It was of himself, winning a ski teachers' race at the end of the season. He was wearing goggles and a helmet and was going so fast that the picture was a little blurred, but Beulah was certain she would have recognized him anyway. She had pasted the picture in a big scrapbook that contained photographs of all the men she had had affairs with.

There was one thing really worrying Beulah as she sat in her robe in the living room, watching Rebecca buff her nails. She hadn't yet decided where to put Jirg. Ideally, the best place would be the apartment. She and Rebecca had separate rooms and the bed in her room was a double one and it wasn't as though she and Rebecca were shy about bringing men home with them. And stashing Jirg away in a hotel would cost money and he wouldn't always be on hand when she wanted him. But Rebecca had had an unsettling effect on some of her other boyfriends, with her red hair and white skin and that brazen (that was the only word for it, Beulah thought), that brazen Brooklyn camaraderie with men. And let's face it, Beulah thought, she's a wonderful girl and I'd trust her with my life, but when it comes to men, there isn't a loyal bone in her body. And a poor gullible ski teacher who'd never been off the mountain in his life and used to avid girls coming and going in rapacious batches all winter long. . . . And sometimes Beulah had to work at night or go out of town for



"You can have the new morality—I miss the chase."

several days at a time on a job. . . .

She had been puzzling over the problem ever since she got the letter from Jirg and she still hadn't made up her mind. Play it by ear, she decided. See what the odds are on the morning line.

"There you are," Rebecca said, pushing her hand away. "The anointed bride."

"Thanks, luv," Beulah said, admiring her nails. "I'll buy you lunch at P. J.'s." There were always a lot of extra men who ate lunch at P. J.'s on Saturday, with nothing to do for the weekend and an eye out for companionship or whatever, and maybe she could make a connection for Rebecca and get her out of the apartment at least for the afternoon and evening. With luck, for the whole night.

"Naah," Rebecca said, standing and yawning. "I don't feel like going out. I'm going to stay home and watch the game of the week on the tube."

Shit, Beulah said to herself.

Then the phone rang.

"Miss Stickney's residence," Beulah said into the phone. She always answered that way, as though she were a maid or the answering service, so that if it was some pest, she could say, "Miss Stickney's not at home. Can I take a message?"

"May I speak to Miss Stickney, please?"

"Who's calling?"

"Mr. Bagshot."

"Who?"

"From the Browsing——"

"Hi, luv," Beulah said. "My book on Sicily come in yet, you know the one?"

"It's on order," Christopher said. He was disappointed with this commercial prelude, even though she called him luv. "What I'm phoning for, beautiful," he said daringly, suddenly deciding to be racy and familiar, put himself right up there on her level, so to speak, "what I'm phoning for is what do you say you and me we hit the town tonight?"

"Hit what?" Beulah asked, puzzled.

"Well, I thought I just happen to be free and maybe you're hanging loose yourself and we could go to some joint for dinner and then split off downtown to the Electric——"

"Oh, shit, luv," Beulah said, "I'm prostrate with grief. This is Drearsville Day for me. I've got an aunt coming into Kennedy from Denver this P.M. and God knows when I can get rid of her." It was standard policy on her part never to admit that she even *knew* another man when asked for a date.

"Oh, that's all right. . . ."

"Wait a minute, luv," she said. "There's a buzz at the door. Hold fast, like a dear." She put her hand over the phone. "Hey, Becky," she said to Rebecca, who was screwing the top on the nail-polish bottle, "how'd you like to hit the town with a divine——"

"Hit *what*?"

"That beautiful boy from the bookstore is on the phone. He's invited me to dinner. But——"

"That *dwarf*?" Rebecca said.

"He's not so small, actually," Beulah said. "He's very well proportioned."

"I don't go in for comedy acts," Rebecca said. "He'd have to use his ladder even to get into scoring territory."

"There's no need to be vulgar about my friends," Beulah said frigidly, realizing finally that the whole Sixth Fleet wouldn't be able to get her roommate out of the house today. "And I do think it shows a surprisingly ugly side to your character. Prejudice is the word, luv. It's a kind of anti-Semitism, if you want to know what I think."

"Tell him to pick on somebody his own size," Rebecca said, taking the nail polish into the bathroom.

Beulah lifted her hand from the phone. "It was the super with the mail, luv," she said. "Bills and more bills."

"Yeah," said Christopher dispiritedly, "I know how it is." He remembered that Beulah Stickney owed him $47 since July, but of course this was not the time to bring it up. "Well, have a nice time. . . ." He prepared to hang up.

"Hold on, Chris. . . ." That was his name, Christopher. "Maybe something can be salvaged from Be Kind to Aunts Day, after all. Maybe I can get her drunk at the airport or she'll turn out to be suffering from some dreadful female disease and will have to plunge into bed. . . ." The plane was due at 3:15, but you never could tell, it might be held up for engine trouble or darling Jirg, who had never been out of the hills before, might be confused by the wild traffic of the city of Zurich and miss the connection or go to the wrong gate and wind up in Tehran. Or even, the way things were going with airlines these days, the plane could be hijacked or bombed by Arabs or just fall down into a lake in Labrador. One thing she couldn't bear and that was having dinner alone. "I'll tell you what, you just sit there among all those lovely books like a good boy and I'll get on the horn this afternoon and tell you if Auntie looks like conking out or not. What time do you stay open to?"

"Seven o'clock," Christopher said.

"You poor overworked boy," Beulah said. "Stay near the phone, luv."

"Yeah," Christopher said.

"It *was* dear of you to call," Beulah said and hung up. She always concluded on the telephone with "It was dear of you to call" and without saying goodbye. It was original and it spread good will.

She looked at the clock and then went into the bathroom to experiment with her hair.

• • •

Christopher put the phone down slowly, the palms of his hands damp. The store felt very warm and he went to the front door and opened it. He stared out at Madison Avenue. People were passing by in the sunlight. Perhaps it was his imagination, but it looked to him as though the tall people on the avenue were strolling and the short ones were, well, *burrowing*. He closed the door and went back into the shop, reflecting on his conversation with *Stickney, Beulah***. If luck had been with him, if he'd had a premonition or extrasensory perception or something, he'd have asked to speak to Rebecca Fleischer, instead of Beulah Stickney. The chances were that no aunt of Rebecca Fleischer's was coming in from Denver that afternoon. Now, after having tried to make it with Beulah, he could not call back and ask Rebecca. There were limits. The girl would be mortally offended, being tapped to go into the game as a substitute, as it were, and he wouldn't blame her.

He didn't trust Beulah's ability to get rid of her aunt before seven o'clock. He had aunts of his own and once they got hold of you, they stuck.

Back to the address book. It was nearly 12 o'clock and people would be going out to lunch and then matinees or linen showers or whatever it was girls went to on Saturday afternoons.

• • •

Caroline Trowbridge was in bed with Scotty Powalter. At one time, Caroline Trowbridge had been Caroline Powalter, but Scotty Powalter had found her in bed with his ex-roommate from Yale, Giuliano Ascione, and had divorced her for adultery. It hadn't been a completely friendly divorce. It had been all over the New York *Daily News* and Caroline had been dropped from the social register the next year, but she and Scotty had what they both agreed was a Big Physical Thing for each other and every once in a while they spent a night or a week together until something happened to remind Scotty of his ex-roommate at Yale.

The truth was that Caroline had a Big Physical Thing with almost every man she met. She was a tall, sturdy, inbred, healthy social-register kind of girl who was crazy about boats and horses and Italians and if she had had to swear to it under oath, she wouldn't have been able to say what was more fun—leaping a ditch on an Irish hunter or crewing a Dragon in a force-six gale or going on a weekend to a sinful little inn in the country with one of her husband's best friends.

Despite her catholic approval of the entire male sex, she often regretted not being married to Scotty anymore. He was six feet, four inches tall and built accordingly and the way he behaved in bed, you'd never suspect he came from one of the oldest families along the Main Line in Philadelphia. His family

(continued on page 260)

SURREAL LADIES

photographer shig ikeda has created a special world filled with floating blondes and metallic brunettes

"I'm fascinated by the phenomenon of the human mind," says Ikeda, "and its ideographic ability to visually construct scenes existing only in the imagination, illusion overcoming the world of physicol reolity. These images appear to me during sleep, while wolking, in conversation. Sometimes it's embarrossing."

SHIG IKEDA, Tokyo-born photographer, freezes time. Schooled in Japan and at Los Angeles' Art Center College of Design, Ikeda in the works on these pages probes the camera's highest mission: to permanently record an instant in the life of the mind. "To a great extent," he says, "I previsualize my image before I shoot, but it often takes months of work to produce the proper interplay of mood, model and repose to bring forth the penetrating tone of mystery indispensable to surrealist art." Although these photographs vividly evoke the Freudian symbolism of Salvador Dali and René Magritte and the visual poems of Man Ray and Max Ernst, Ikeda does not consciously attempt to recapitulate the work of the surrealist pioneers. "My primary instrument is technique—working with a 4x5 view camera, shooting a section of each frame at a time and masking the remainder." His photos are not retouched but consist instead of multiple exposures perfectly composed on one sheet of film. The dream-instant juxtaposition of the real and the imaginary is a fleeting moment for most of us. But through the lens of Shig Ikeda, the surreal fantasy endures.

"I suppose that I've been influenced by any number of things: the surrealist paintings of Magritte and Dali, and my Japanese background. To me, Japan is a very deep, dark and sad country, almost medieval, and I'm sure Buddhism has somehow led me down the paths of the unconscious."

VARGAS GIRL

"When I say you're bad, baby, that's good!"

Vargas

french show with italian go

modern living **by ken w. purdy**

the fiscal marriage of citroën to maserati has produced a highly attractive, wondrously innovative and enjoyably swift offspring—the citroën sm

WHEN ANDRE CITROEN RAN THE COMPANY he founded in 1919, his cars carried no identifying name plates. A Citroën automobile was a Citroën because it looked like one and, if that wasn't enough, it mounted the double-chevron/herringbone emblem (⩓) suggesting, if only to those who knew, the gear-cutting business on which Citroën's fortunes—he was not a one-fortune man—were founded. André Citroën had little in common with a 1971 chairman of the board, who is vulnerable, wary, ever in danger of finding himself unfleeced under the steely stare of a Congressional committee chairman forensically armed to the teeth by Nader's Raiders. Citroën was an old-style tycoon. Bucking the odds at roulette in the legendary Deauville casino, he blew $500,000 in ten hours without a blink. He was of the original company of movers and shakers—Ford, Austin, Opel, Agnelli—who loosed the automobile on the planet, grew great and passed on, full of years and honors, their ears innocent of the doom word ecology. Citroën was not a wealthy man when he died, but he had run a merry course, and it may be that the path of ultimate wisdom is to live rich and die poor.

It's unlikely that Citroën, forward-peering as he certainly was, could have imagined the shape of the current top of the company's line, a simple little $11,482 four-place coupe called the SM—S for Sport, M for Maserati—an Italian-French amalgam combining a chassis that may be light-years ahead of its contemporaries with

The $11,000-plus SM provides plush comfort in an incredibly engineered, high-performance auto. Below, left to right: Headlight system, which includes inboard lights that turn with the front wheels, will not be in U. S.-bound models because of archaic state regulations. Maserati V6 occupies rear of an engine compartment crammed with hydraulic gear. With front seats in reclining position, the SM has a living-room look.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

a four-cam V6 engine. It's probable, though, that Citroën would have scribbled his permissive initials on the plans, because he did like to be ahead of the pack, and that's where the SM is, far out: a *gran turismo* motorcar that takes 140 miles per hour out of an under-3-liter engine driving the front wheels and delivers this stunning performance in a ride that's incontestably the most comfortable, over any kind of surface, available in a wheeled vehicle. And on top of the basics, the SM piles other small wonders: hydropneumatic suspension (plus, of course, hydraulic-powered brakes and steering), height adjustment that keeps the car level under any load condition and allows wheel changing without jacking, and six quartz-halogen headlights, two of which peer around corners as the front wheels turn. (It appears that the Stone Age idiocy that allows each of the 50 states to legislate its own traffic laws will for the present deprive the American market of the SM's advanced lighting system.) Turning those front wheels, by the way, is done in a fashion unique to the SM: The steering ratio is two turns, lock to lock. Obviously, it would be impossible to park such a manually steered car carrying 1985 pounds on the front wheels, and ordinary power steering, at that ratio, would be so twitchy as to be dangerous, even for an expert. The Citroën solution is variable power: The battalions of gremlins that run the over-all hydraulic system—a true plumber's nightmare, but it works and keeps on working—pour in full assistance at low speeds and take almost all of it away when the car is running fast. Parking and maneuvering are effortless, but at speed, when quick *and* soft steering can put you into the boonies in a flash, the car's tendency is to run dead straight, and reasonable effort is needed to make it do anything else. Further, self-centering of the steering is also hydraulically aided. The total effect may not build to a perfect solution, but it's close, very close. Some testers have entered dissents, on the ground that this power steering, like almost every other, deprives the driver of the "feel" at the steering-wheel rim, the subliminal vibrations—Stirling Moss used to say that he could hear them—that telegraph the behavior of the front wheels, warning, for example, when they are about to lose their grip on the road in a corner. But the governing fact is that very few drivers ever push a car to the cornering limits that produce these signals, or could read them if they did, while low-effort low-speed steering is in universal demand.

The days of the great automobiles—exotic, individualistic, high-performance—are surely numbered; the trend toward governed uniformity has been for years as visible and as predictable as the flow of lava down a mountainside. The more to be marked and enjoyed, then, are those few originals, the ones that resist the bureaucratic crunch and come, as the SM does, of proven lineage. Maserati and Citroën both draw from long books of experience—nearly 60 years long. Citroën began as a gear maker in 1913. The Officine Alfieri Maserati, a Bologna repair shop, took its first lire across the counter a year later.

André Citroën was the fifth and last son of a Dutch father, a diamond merchant, and a Polish mother; there were six Maserati brothers—Carlo, Bindo, Alfieri, Mario, Ettore, Ernesto—whose father was a locomotive engineer. Except for Mario, an artist, they all gravitated, as if by instinct, to the emerging world of the automobile. Carlo, the oldest, built a motorcycle before he was out of his teens and raced it for the Italian bike maker Carcano. At 20 he was head of Fiat's test department and in the next six years he was tester and team driver for Bianchi, Isotta-Fraschini and Junior of Turin, where he became managing director. He died when he was 30.

Bindo Maserati was chief tester for Isotta, Alfieri a race driver. Ernesto flew with the Italian air force during World War One. Afterward, the Officine Maserati picked up an order to build a race car for Isotta and in 1921–1922, with Alfieri driving and Ernesto riding mechanic, it won a lot of races for Isotta, although it was solid Maserati—the first, in fact. In 1923 they went to auto maker Diatto, stayed until 1925 and a year later built the first car to bear their name and their trademark, the trident Maseratis still carry (they took it from the statue of Neptune in Bologna's city square). They called the car the Tipo 26 (for 1926). It was a two-seater race car with a 125-horsepower 1491-c.c. engine. They ran it for the first time on April 25, 1926, in the Targa Florio, the classic Sicilian road race. It won its class, Alfieri driving and Guerrino Bertocchi in the second seat. Bertocchi was Maserati's first employee and is still with the firm—as chief mechanic and test driver.

By 1928 the name Maserati rang loudly enough in European racing to bring in drivers who were coming to the top of the first rank: Luigi Fagioli, the first of a long line that would include Achille Varzi, Tazio Nuvolari, Wilbur Shaw, René Dreyfus, Alberto Ascari, Juan Mañuel Fangio, Jean Behra, Stirling Moss, Masten Gregory and Dan Gurney. The firm by then had a staff of about 30 mechanics and was off and running. Maserati turned out a 4-liter supercharged V16 race car in 1929 and took the world ten-kilometer record during a race, without really trying. Later, they laid two V16 engines together to make a 32-cylinder monster, which proved something of a Pyrrhic victory: It had too much twist (700 hp) for any chassis the state of the art could then produce. It went into a record-breaking unlimited-class boat. Nuvolari won the Grands Prix of Belgium and Nice for Maserati in 1933, but by the next year, the Germans were in charge, with the almost unbeatable government-backed Auto-Unions and Mercedes single-seaters, and three years later, the Maserati brothers, Ernesto, Bindo and Ettore—Alfieri had died in 1932—sold out to the Modena industrialists Orsi. The contract was to run for ten years and the three Maseratis went with it. The first Orsi-Maserati was the great Tipo 8CTF with which Wilbur Shaw took it all at Indianapolis in 1939 and 1940. (Under the hallowed Indy custom, the car ran under its sponsor's name as the Boyle Special.) The 8CTF was a supercharged straight-8 3-liter that could pump out 350 hp at 6000 rpm. As late as 1947, it was still competitive: Louis Unser won the Pikes Peak hill climb with an 8CTF that year.

When the Orsi-Maserati contract ran out in 1947, the brothers packed up, went back to Bologna and founded Osca. Under the terms of the deal, they had to leave their name behind in Modena. Orsi pressed on with other engineers—Massimino, Colombo, Bellentani. Ascari won the 1948 Grand Prix of San Remo for Maserati, Fangio repeated the next year and took the Albi G. P. as well, but Alfa Romeo and Ferrari, trying harder and running newer designs, got away with most of the money. Things began to look up in 1952, when Omer Orsi took personal charge of the Maserati operation, which had become something of an orphan in the Orsi complex. A new model—the A6GCM—won the G. P. of Italy in 1953, Fangio won the Argentine and Belgian G. P.s in 1954, Moss the Italian again in 1956. The following year, Fangio led three other Masers across the finish line in the Argentine G. P., a 4.5 sports model won the Sebring 12-hour race and the firm announced that it was retiring from competition as a house, although it would continue to back private entrants. And Maser engines powered the British Cooper Grand Prix machines that foreshadowed, in 1959, the rear-engine revolution of the Sixties.

The Maserati brothers were race-car builders all the way; unlike some of their contemporaries—Alfa Romeo and Bugatti, for example—they had no interest in the more profitable passenger-car field. Production sports-model Maseratis didn't appear until 1948, the first one a 1.5-liter 6-cylinder of modest output: 65 hp. It came up to 2 liters the next year, still nothing extraordinary. But the direction had been marked, and in 1953 Pinin Farina built three *grans turismos* for Scuderia Centro Sud. Another, the two-seater A6G 2000, came in 1954, bodied by Frua, Zagato and Allemano. Maserati sports cars won the

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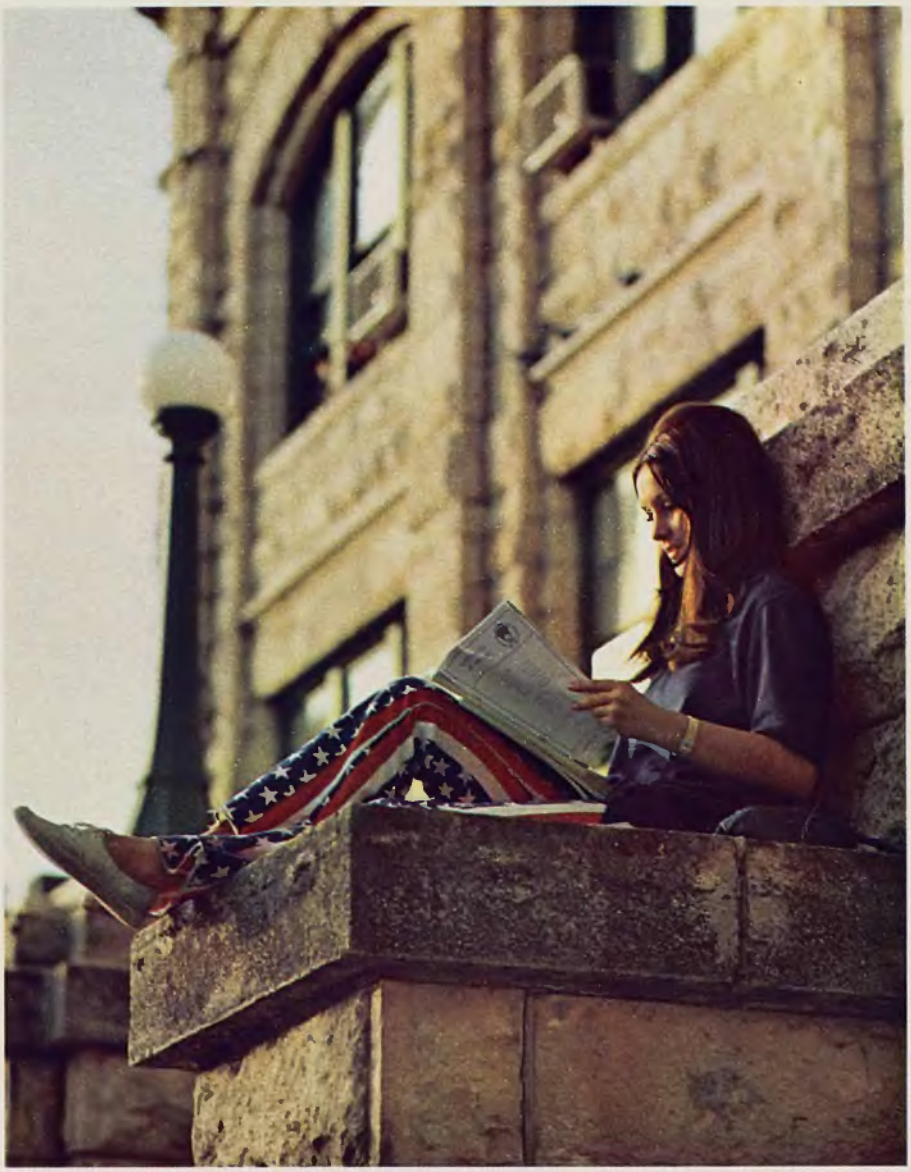
"You know, Frank, sometimes I get the feeling that you're using me."

busy making her mark in academe, playmate crystal smith has her eye on postgrad goals

SPARKLING CRYSTAL

PUZZLED as she may appear on our cover, Crystal Smith is way ahead of the game when it comes to putting her life together. A 20-year-old senior at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Crystal has definitely decided where she wants her college radio-TV major to take her—straight into the entertainment media. Since her sophomore year, Crystal, a native Kansan, has geared her college work and extracurricular activities toward that goal. "As a freshman," she admits, "I was really involved in campus social life—the whole pompon-girl, sorority-fraternity party scene. But then I took stock and realized I was here to get a useful degree." To break into films, TV or the theater, she says, "you can't be a unitalent anymore. You have to be able to do everything—dance, sing and play musical instruments. Right now, I'm concentrating on my voice and opera classes. The dancing I've been doing all along. Two summers ago, I was a Rockette in Radio City Music Hall and now, during the school year, I'm operating a dance studio for girls at the U. S. Army Special Services Youth Activities Center outside Manhattan. Not only do the classes make me practice my dancing but teaching those little kids is really fun. Plus, the lessons have helped pay my college tuition." Crystal also taught classes this summer, driving more than 100 miles to Manhattan from Kansas City on her one day off from modeling assignments and her job as a Playboy Club Bunny. (She appeared in our *Bunnies of 1971* feature last month.) "It was a hectic schedule," she says, "but I've always been happiest doing several things at once." If all goes well, Crystal's postgraduation days will be as busy as her college ones. "I'm planning to move to Los Angeles, where I hope to land singing and dancing work in films or television," she says. "And, if I'm lucky, maybe someday I'll have my own TV special!" Whether or not she gets her big break, we think Crystal is already special.



Twice a week, Crystal goes right from her college classes to the dance lessons she teaches at an Army youth center, so she tries to use spare moments to catch up on reading assignments (above). Before the dance sessions, Crystal slips into her leotard and checks her make-up (below left), then joins her hard-working young students in ballet exercises.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

Listening to recorded readings in French language lab at Kansas State (below left), Crystal follows along in her textbook. In a radio-television class (below right), an instructor explains the intricacies of broadcasting equipment to Crystal and a fellow student. "We've learned mostly about audio-visual materials, lighting and programing in my radio-TV courses," she says. "Even though I'm more interested in the performing than the production side of television, I'm sure this technical knowledge will be useful in the future."

Crystal stops for lunch at the Student Union (above left) and strolls across campus with a classmate (abave right). Later she heads for the university auditorium, where students are rehearsing *Man of La Mancha*. Backstage, Crystal helps Don Quixote with his make-up (below).

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

After a few words with cast members (above), Crystal goes out front to meet friend Tory Syvrud before the rehearsol starts (below). Often onstoge as a performer, Crystal enjoys watching this time (right).

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The judge asked the man who was suing for a divorce what his grounds were. "My wife eats too much spinach," the fellow said.

"Don't be silly," replied the magistrate. "Lots of women eat spinach."

"While screwing?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *coed dorms* as campus unrest.

During a liquid lunch, two company vice-presidents were comparing notes about the pressures of the executive life. "You sure look shot," said one.

"Man," sighed the other, "I've got so many troubles that if anything happens today, it'll be at least two weeks before I can worry about it."

We heard of a marijuana-smuggling operation that was going great guns until the Customs inspectors discovered that the pretty young thing's baggy smock covered not incipient motherhood but a potbelly.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a man who gets a double hernia because of a typographical error in a sex manual.

And, of course, you've heard about the sporty chap who purchased the latest-model French convertible—the top stays up but the driver goes down.

An elderly gentleman staggered home from a lengthy card game only to be met at the door by his irate nagging wife. "Where the hell have you been till this hour?" she screamed.

"Never mind that," retorted her husband. "You'd better pack your bags, because I lost you in a poker game."

"How could you do such a horrible thing?" his startled spouse demanded.

"It wasn't easy," he explained. "I had to fold with four aces."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male prostitutes* as peter sellers.

The newlyweds had checked into a hotel that featured the latest in king-size water beds. Shortly after they had settled down to some vigorous lovemaking, the girl made a dash for the bathroom and locked herself in. "What's the matter, darling?" asked the husband. "Are you embarrassed?"

"No," moaned the girl, "I'm seasick."

A father came home from work one afternoon to find his eight-year-old son in the front yard smoking a cigar. Removing it from the boy's mouth, he laughed and said, "I suppose you're going to tell me you've just become a father."

"Hell no, Pop," answered the youngster. "The girl I'm balling hasn't even reached puberty yet!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin squaw* as a wouldn't Indian.

In spite of her husband's bizarre but successful sex-organ transplant, the woman still complained about the failure of their marriage. "Before the transplant, he couldn't make love to anyone," she grumbled to the marriage counselor. "But now, with his new equipment, he does it with everyone but me."

"That's very strange," the counselor mused. "Does he offer any explanation?"

"He says he can't stand the thought of my committing adultery," she sobbed.

A movie buff was quietly enjoying an X-rated flick when the fellow in the next seat exclaimed, "In thirty years, I haven't seen anything like this!"

"You've been a movie fan for thirty years?"

"No, a gynecologist."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual intercourse* as getting it all together.

The young man entered a masquerade party wearing only a pair of roller skates. Somewhat taken aback, the hostess blurted, "Uh, I like your costume. Just what are you supposed to be?"

"What else?" the fellow retorted. "I'm a pull toy!"

Two men were playing golf and one of them was just setting up a putt on the third green when a nude girl rushed out of the trees nearby. She was being pursued by several distinguished-looking men in white coats. This didn't distract the dedicated golfers and they continued their game, only to see the same sight on the next two greens. Finally, they caught the attention of one of the men in white and asked him what was going on. "She's our patient," he explained, "and she has an obsession about running nude across a golf course."

"I see," said one of the golfers. "But why is your colleague carrying a bucket full of sand?"

"That's his handicap," replied the attendant. "He caught her yesterday."

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.*

"My late husband was one of them sexual athletes."

french show with italian go

1000-kilometer races at Buenos Aires and the Nürburgring in 1956. The chassisless "Birdcage" Maserati appeared in 1960, a tangle of small-diameter tubing so complex it seemed a marvel that an engine could be fitted into it, and won the Nürburgring twice—Gurney/Moss in 1960, Casner/Gregory in 1961. The birdcage was effectively the end of the line in Maserati competition cars. The firm moved on to *gran turismo*, 140-plus over-the-road machines, and they are its main concern today: the Quattroporte of 1963, a stunning departure from ordinary g.t. practice—a 150-mph four-door sedan, the Mistral and the Sebring, the Mexico, the Ghibli, the Indy. Maserati, Ferrari and Lamborghini of Italy and Aston Martin of England are the four paramount names in the *gran turismo* world. These are superlatively constructed road cars, deluxe to the level of air conditioning, electric windows, power steering, and so on, and capable of an easy, unstressed 150–175 mph with acceleration—on the order of 0–100 mph in 12 seconds—to match. They're not cheap: The Maserati Ghibli is ticketed at $21,000–$22,000 in the United States.

Choice of a Maserati engine for the SM was a matter of economic as well as engineering logic: Maserati has been controlled by Citroën since 1968—as Citroën has been part of the Michelin tire complex since 1934.

The Maserati brothers' beginnings in mechanics tended toward the empirical and mechanical, but André Citroën was a scholarly sort of youth, a brilliant graduate, in 1900, of the famed Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. Ten years later, he was in charge of production for Mors, where he boosted the output ten times, from 120 cars a year to 1200. His career really began in Poland, on a vacation trip, when he acquired from a member of his mother's family—or, according to another story, from a country blacksmith—the idea of silent-running helical gears. He set up a small factory of a dozen people to make these gears, licensed the rights to Skoda of Czechoslovakia and began to make serious money.

World War One stopped him; he was a lieutenant in the reserve artillery. At the front, he found the duty frustrating—and perilous: The German guns were outshooting the French five to one. French artillerists had been, since Napoleon, among the best in the world, but in 1914, although they had excellent guns, they were short of shells. The standards of the French armaments industry suggested that 5000 rounds was a good day's work. Citroën thought 50,000 might be more reasonable and told the brass he could make that many. Oddly enough, instead of busting him to private for his

(continued from page 132)

temerity, the war ministry gave him a chance—and sent word to the banks ahead of him. He built a factory in six weeks and within a year was producing shells at a 55,000 daily rate. Before the war was over, Citroën was suzerain of the French war industry, his reputation that of an innovator who got things done.

By war's end, he had a paid-for factory, lots of machinery and thousands of trained workers. He would make something else. He thought about it. Stoves? Boats? Farm equipment? He couldn't see much future in such mundane stuff. But the automobile—that was a device of the future, he decided, a growth industry if ever there was one. Citroën was no Bugatti, no Maserati, no lover of the motorcar for its own sake. He was an industrialist, a rational man, at least in business. He knew about mass production and he knew that the Americans knew more about it. So he took a trip to the United States and studied with the master, Henry Ford. Indeed, Citroën took back to Paris a framed photograph of Ford and it stood on his desk as long as he sat behind it. Before Citroën, European design practice tended to be one-man. He changed all that. His cars were designed by specialists responsible only for components, with final decisions at the top, as in the American system.

So it came to pass that in May 1919, Europe's first mass-produced automobile came off the line, the simple, sturdy, 18-hp Type A open touring car. It was cheap and solid and welcome. By 1924 the factory was cranking out 300 cars a day, to the astonishment of veteran industrialists who had assured Citroën that even if he *could* build 100 *voitures* a day, he couldn't hope to unload them on a skeptical populace. In 1922 he had modified the design a bit, put a full sedan body on it and practically cornered the French taxicab market.

A Citroën classic, the C3 Trèfle (Cloverleaf)—a three-passenger touring car, two seats in front, a narrow slot between them to allow access to the third, sited dead in the middle of the rounded-off stern—was a smash in 1923. The Cloverleaf had a marked elfin appeal—it still does—and Citroën flogged off 20,000 of them a year until 1926.

André Citroën was a notable innovator and one of the first tycoons really to understand publicity. In his time, the phonograph was as much a fixture in every bourgeois home as the dining-room table, yet no one before him had thought of distributing records on which living voices told of the wonders of the product. The Eiffel Tower had been standing in Paris since 1889, but it was Citroën who bought the advertising rights to the structure, all 984 feet, and screwed 250,000 bulbs into it to spell out his name, in letters ten feet high, the whole array so visible so many miles away that aviators homed in on it, Lindbergh among them (it wasn't until he saw the tower that Lindy really knew he had made it). Skywriting was another of Citroën's notions and, in those airplane-mad days, a very good one. It foundered, however, on the flinty face of French bureaucracy, which was willing enough to let Citroën put his name across the sky in letters a mile high—providing he paid for the air he used, per cubic meter. It happened after his death, but Citroën would have appreciated the mad stunt of the restaurateur François Lecot, who lived halfway between Paris and Monte Carlo. Every day, for 365 consecutive days, Lecot drove his Citroën to Paris, then to Monaco, then home, a neat total of 400,000 kilometers, say 248,000 miles, a record no one has since broken.

A Franco-Russian half-track system called Kégresse had come to Citroën's attention. He acquired the rights and built half-track Citroën trucks for Georges-Marie Haardt and Louis Audouin-Dubreuil, who were planning the first trans-Sahara crossing by automobile. The expedition ran from December 1922 to March 1923, was a tremendous *succès d'estime*. Between 1923 and 1934, three more Citroën-Kégresse expeditions were made, across Africa, across Asia and into the arctic. They brought to Citroën both publicity that drove his competitors to despair and recognition as a benefactor to science and technology of the first order.

Really rolling now, Citroën pulled off, in 1934, the coup that was to assure his place among the immortals of automobilism: the Traction Avant Citroën, the front-wheel-drive car. Front-wheel drive was no new thing. Indeed, the first vehicle to move under its own power, Cugnot's steam carriage of 1769, ran on front-wheel power; the American Christie and the Frenchman Grégoire had made demonstrable use of it, too. But in Citroën's first front-wheel-drive automobile, the drive system was only part of an over-all design so farseeing and so well integrated that it stayed in production without basic change for 23 years, a record that ranks it with the Model T Ford and the Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce—properly so, for the Series 11 Citroën was years ahead of its time: The body and chassis were unitized, the suspension was torsion bar, the steering rack-and-pinion, the 4-cylinder engine running overhead valves. The vehicle was so low it needed no running boards and the pedals were suspended, a system thought sophisticated 20 years later. The Traction Avant's road holding, springing out of a low center of gravity, torsion bars

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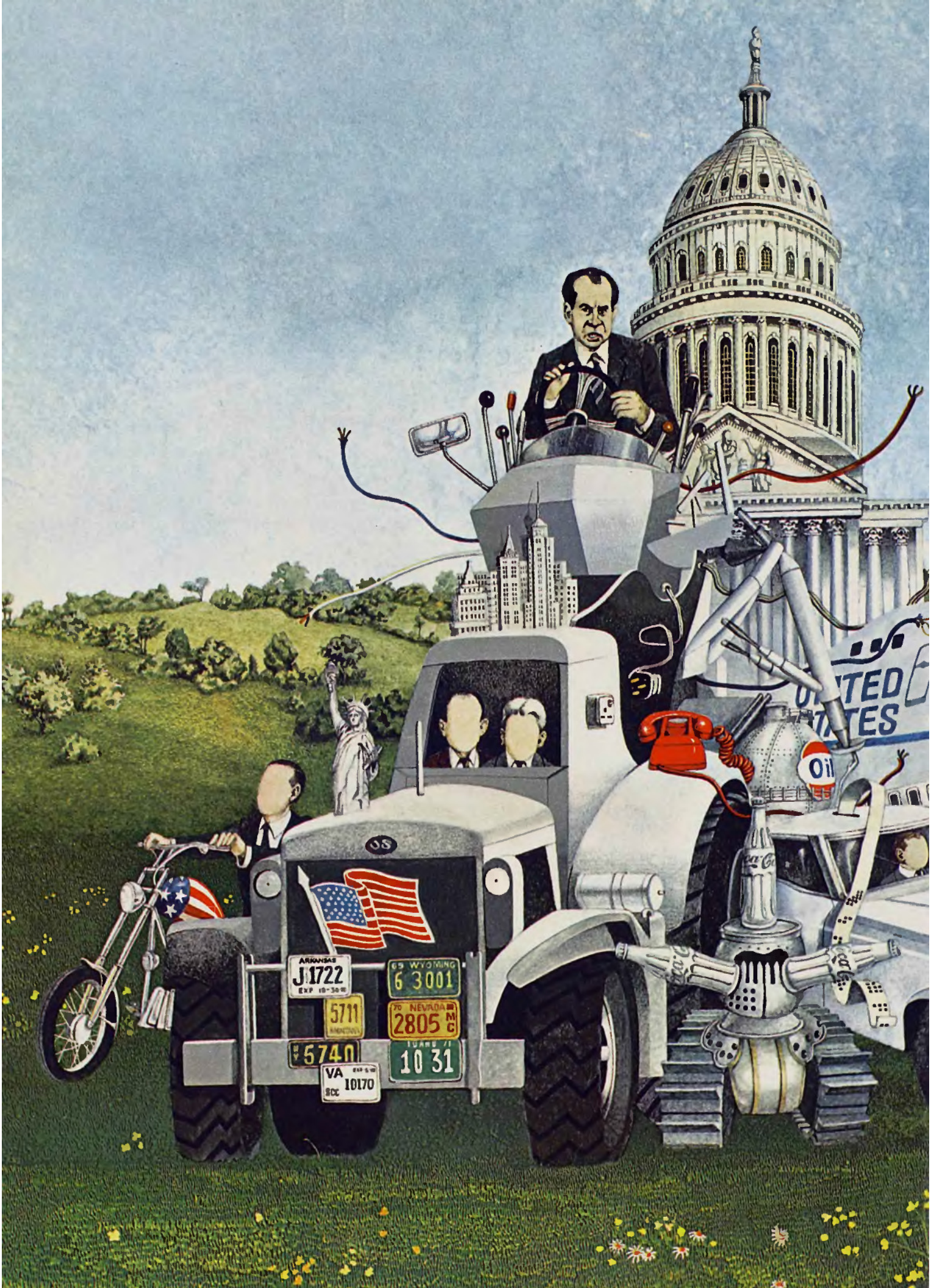
health foods and haute cuisine

how to make the most of the back-to-nature movement

By THOMAS MARIO

THE REBELLION now in full cry against the chemical feast has had the delightful consequence of opening up imposing vistas of great new viands. Men who like their pressed duck flavored with brandy rather than mercury and their onion soup seasoned with salt and pepper rather than calcium silicate are beginning to turn their culinary thinking around. They're not necessarily reverting to Thoreau's woods and a dinner of beavers' paws *au beurre*. But it has become increasingly clear that while food chemists, using preservatives, stabilizers, emulsifiers and artificial flavors, can *(continued on page 201)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN WEISBURD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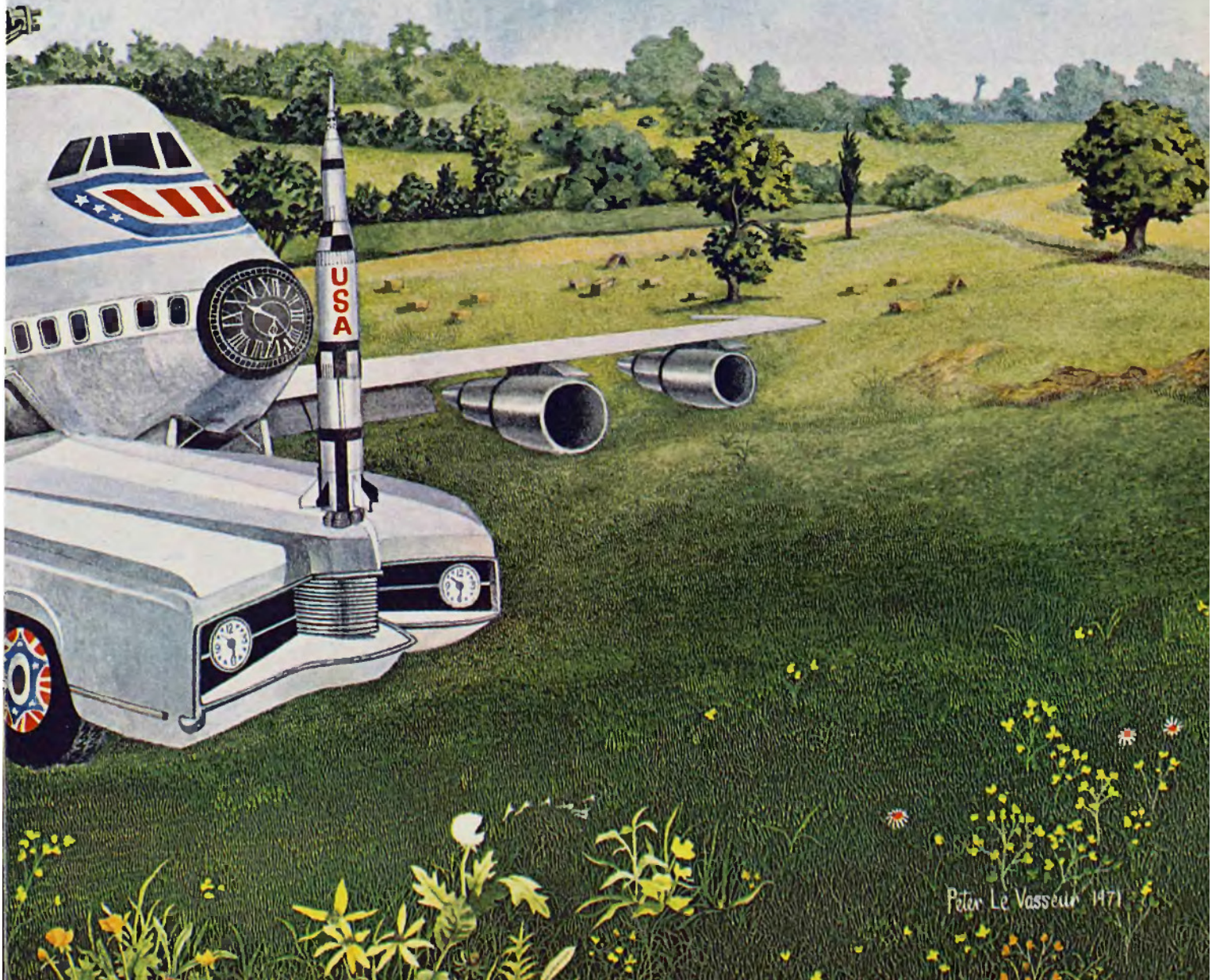
WHO RUNS THE GOVERNMENT?

it's not the people you elect to office but their erstwhile business cronies and political hangers-on who turn the bureaucratic wheels

article **By ROBERT SEMPLE** AMERICANS ARE TAUGHT in their high school civics courses that the people rule this nation through an elective process—every two, four or six years—that sufficiently changes the composition of the Federal Government to guarantee that the will of the people will prevail. As usual, however, high school civics and the conventional wisdom are deficient—not totally, but enough to make anyone who knows how Washington actually functions feel very uneasy, indeed.

For the fact of the matter is that we are ruled only partly by our elected officials. We are more pervasively ruled by what is, for all practical purposes, a hidden Government—hidden in the CIA, the Federal Reserve Board and the lowliest echelons of the



Department of Housing and Urban Development and all the other vast agencies —a largely invisible but hugely powerful apparatus composed of men, some former business cronies of politicians, who are appointed to their positions (or who win them through competitive Civil Service examinations, thereby ensuring permanent tenure), whose performance is never reviewed by the public at large and whose influence often increases as their careers span different Administrations. These are the members of the permanent bureaucracy—and to many observers they, more than any others, are the real voice and muscle of the Government.

If this sounds alarmist, I would present as evidence a rather cagey politician who does not routinely act on impulse: Richard M. Nixon. Among the more tedious aspects of Mr. Nixon's first four weeks in office, back in 1969, was his systematic effort to win friends and influence people in the sprawling bureaucracies of the capital. His strategy included courtesy calls on each agency and, as White House correspondent for *The New York Times*, I followed him around. My friends thought I had lost my mind, for the visits were seemingly routine and produced little hard news. After the fourth or fifth such visit, I had begun to share their doubts; then I saw something scrawled on a blackboard in a nondescript room on the fourth floor of the Treasury building, which Nixon was scheduled to visit that afternoon. It read in its poetic entirety:

Roses are red
Violets are blue
The President is coming
To see you.

Quite infantile—and, besides, it didn't scan. But it justified my otherwise barren pilgrimage, because in its simple sarcasm it explained rather well why the President had decided to court the bureaucrats: A lot of them didn't need him, a lot of them didn't like him and he, in turn, was concerned whether, as a minority President propelled into office by the slimmest of margins, he could bend them to his purposes and views.

A few minutes after my discovery, in another room, Mr. Nixon (who did not, as far as I could tell, notice the joyless welcome chalked on the blackboard down the hall) addressed a group of senior civil servants. He commended them for their devotion to nonpartisan duty and pleaded for their continuing loyalty and energy in the years ahead. His ingratiating and at times sanctimonious performance was not without irony. For here was Dick Nixon, a conspicuously loyal member of an earlier Administration that, in 1952, was at best indifferent to and at worst contemptuous of the bureaucrats, especially if they happened to be Democrats. Here, too, was the man who had promised, during the 1968 campaign, to clean house at the State Department. But instead of cleaning house at State or anywhere else, he invited the entrenched army of the Potomac to go right on keeping house.

And all for a very good reason: The bureaucracy is not what it was in 1952. It is larger, and probably more sluggish, and certainly more confident and self-assured. Each agency has built large and loyal constituencies among the public. And each is filled with men who owe their appointments to some earlier President and are protected either by Civil Service regulations or by exemptions written into the law by Eisenhower in 1954 and Johnson in 1966. Like the press—and members of the bureaucracy often regard themselves as a fourth branch of Government—they know that while Presidents and Cabinet members come and go, they remain, guardians of the past and custodians of much of the future.

The presence and the power of the permanent bureaucracy stirs annual debate in the capital and leads to periodic efforts by elected officials, especially the President, to reform the apparatus, to make it a more efficient and responsive instrument of the popular will. It would be a mistake, of course, to think that the continuing struggle between elected officials and the Civil Service involves a perennial fight pitting *all* elected officials against *all* appointed officials. The hostility between the two groups is not endemic. An elected official like the President is responsible, after all, for a good many of the most important Federal appointments (although not so many as is commonly supposed, as we shall see) and—especially if he is clever and chooses shrewdly—he can use those appointments to carry out the policies and pledges set forth in his campaign. He can also use his appointees to obstruct or soften or otherwise obfuscate his announced policies; for example, by naming a conservative administrator to implement proposals that appeared liberal during the campaign. Mr. Nixon's appointment of Maurice Stans as Secretary of Commerce is a case in point; under Stans's guidance, Nixon's repeated campaign pledge to give Negroes a "piece of the action" through black capitalism has come to virtually nothing.

The real issue in Government is not between the elected President and the top men he appoints; Cabinet Secretaries and Undersecretaries can be made to serve his purposes. The real issue is broader: the continuing tension between those who are in some sense vulnerable to the wishes of the electorate (Presidents, Congressmen, even Cabinet members who usually leave office when the President who appointed them is defeated or retires) and those who remain insulated from the electorate through seniority, skill, tenacity, influence or simple anonymity. They make up the permanent bureaucracy. Government cannot work unless the men who carry the popular will to Washington every few years can make an impact on them; and so far, our elected officials haven't been very successful.

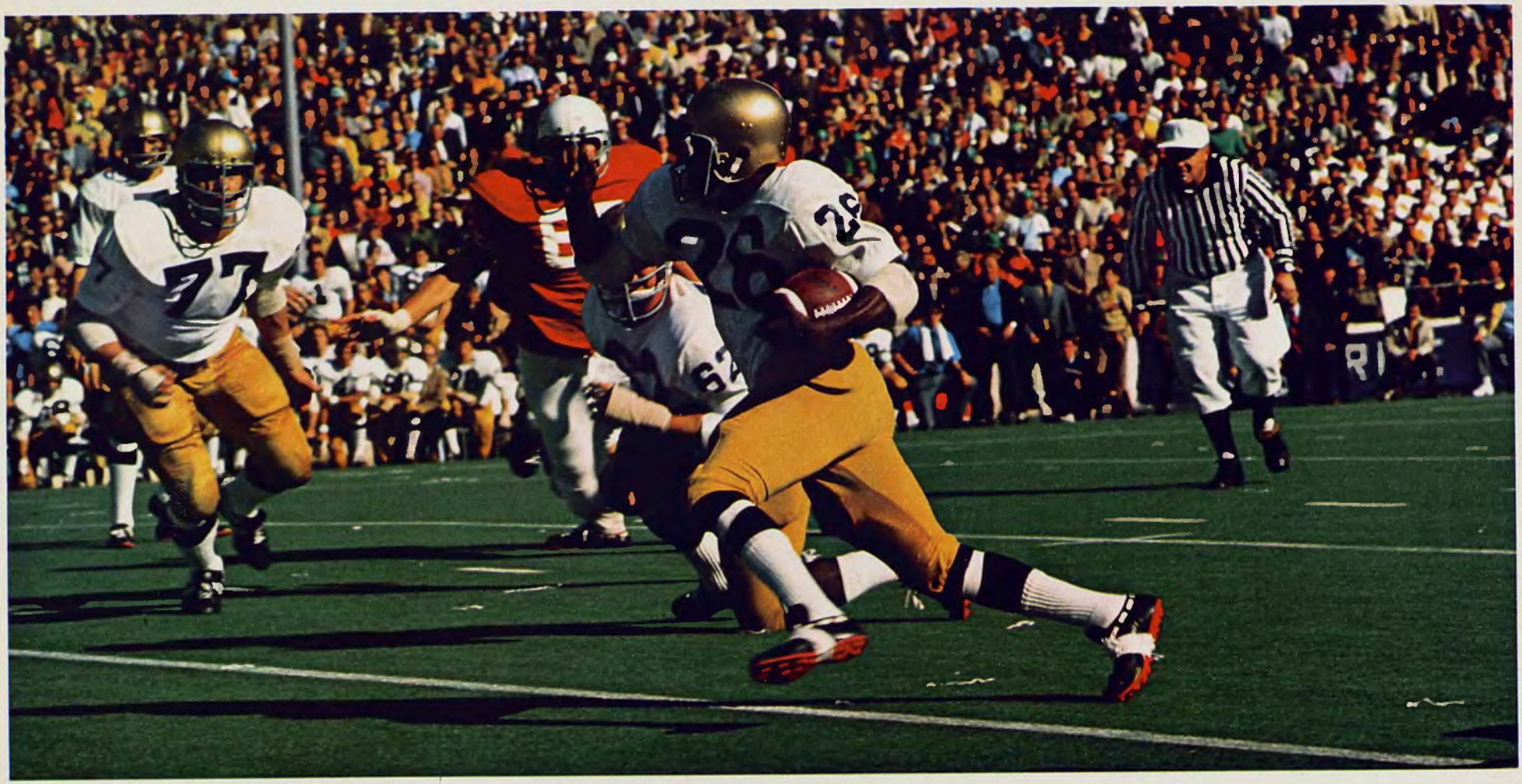
This issue—and the tension it produces—is very real and equally frustrates a wide range of men who would not ordinarily be caught in the same room. The late Robert F. Kennedy, for example, was baffled, beaten and ultimately reduced to helpless anger by the refusal of bureaucrats in the Department of Agriculture to cut red tape and deliver free food to the starving children of Mississippi. But it was Senator Strom Thurmond, not widely known for his sensitivity to hungry blacks, who framed the matter most succinctly when he discovered that despite the soothing assurances of a succession of Secretaries of Health, Education and Welfare, the Office of Civil Rights was still sending enforcement agents to South Carolina hell-bent on desegregating Thurmond's school districts. "The trouble around here," he complained, "is that what goes in at the top doesn't come out at the bottom."

That, slightly restated, is the reason Mr. Nixon spent all that time visiting the agencies in the first month of his Presidency. He simply wanted to make certain (or, more precisely, give himself a fighting chance) that the policies he put into the agencies at the top through his appointed Cabinet Secretaries and Undersecretaries would emerge at the bottom, in time, as operational programs. As economist and management expert Peter Drucker has astutely observed, the "strong" President nowadays is not a man of shining vision but one who knows how to make the lions of the bureaucracy do his bidding. Some would argue—as Tom Wicker did in PLAYBOY's October 1970 issue—that more is required of a President than administrative skill, especially in these times; but it is equally true that a President who fails to tame the bureaucrats is doomed to an unhappy tenure.

It is to the White House, of course, that the sensible man takes himself when he wants to find governmental frustration of the purest sort. For it is at the White House—even the Nixon White House—that the visions are the largest and the eagerness to influence the rest of the body politic most evident. It is there that the bureaucrat who resists official policy, or fails to understand it, or simply bungles it, causes the most pain. Consider the following example.

Last year, my wife and I invited one of the President's senior domestic advisors and his wife to dinner at the Five Crowns restaurant in California's Newport

(continued on page 193)



Halfback Larry Porker finds daylight around left end as Notre Dame, PLAYBOY's pick for top team in the nation, ends Texos' 30-game winning streak in the 1971 Cotton Bowl. Left: Aro Parseghian, Notre Dame mentor, wins our nomination for Coach of the Year honors.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** IT'S BEEN a lot of autumns since the president of Cornell refused to let his school's football team travel to Cleveland to "agitate a bag of wind" and Teddy Roosevelt—who had no qualms about shooting down assorted fauna but found college football too brutal for a civilized society—threatened to use his Presidential big stick to curtail the mayhem. Sports have since become America's biggest and most lucrative form of show business. Thus, though the façade of *(text continued on page 152)*

PLAYBOY'S 1971 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA OFFENSIVE TEAM

Bottam row, left to right: Terry Beasley, wide receiver, Auburn; Dave Dalby, center, University of California at Los Angeles; Tom Gatewaod, wide receiver, Notre Dame. Middle row, left to right: Bobby Moore, running back, Oregon; Jim Bertelsen, running back, Texas; Pat Sullivan, quarterback, Auburn; Ed Marinaro, running back, Cornell; Bill McClard, place kicker, Arkansas. Top raw, left to right: Gordon Gravelle, tackle, Brigham Young; Royce Smith, guard, Georgia; Tom Luken, guard, Purdue; Jerry Sisemore, tackle, Texas.

PLAYBOY'S 1971 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA DEFENSIVE TEAM

Bottom row, left to right: Clarence Ellis, defensive back, Natre Dame; Marv Bateman, punter, Utah; Tommy Casanova, defensive bock, Louisiana State. Middle row, left to right: Bobby Majors, defensive back, Tennessee; Jeff Siemon, linebacker, Stanford; Dave Chaney, linebacker, San Jose State; Mark Arneson, linebacker, Arizona; Craig Clemons, defensive back, Iowa. Tap raw, left to right: Herb Orvis, defensive end, Colorado; Mike Kadish, defensive tackle, Notre Dame; Joe Ehrmann, defensive tackle, Syracuse; Walt Patulski, defensive end, Natre Dame.

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Notre Dame	9–1	11. Michigan State	8–3
2. Nebraska	11–1	12. Alabama	8–3
3. Southern California	8–3	13. Georgia Tech	8–3
4. Michigan	10–1	14. Stanford	8–3
5. Georgia	9–2	15. Tennessee	8–3
6. Syracuse	10–1	16. Toledo	11–0
7. Arkansas	9–2	17. UCLA	7–3
8. Oklahoma	9–2	18. Texas A&M	8–3
9. Auburn	8–2	19. Houston	10–1
10. Penn State	9–2	20. Texas	7–3

Possible Breakthroughs: *Florida (7–4); LSU (7–4); Oregon (7–4); California (7–4); Colorado (7–4); Arizona State (7–4); Air Force (7–3); Texas Tech (8–3); Kansas State (7–4); Northwestern (7–4); Villanova (8–2); Boston College (8–3).*

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: *Chuck Ealey (Toledo), Joe Ferguson (Arkansas), John Reaves (Florida), Sonny Sixkiller (Washington), Don Bunce (Stanford), Jim Jones (USC), John Madeya (Louisville)*

RUNNING BACKS: *Jeff Kinney (Nebraska), Gary Kosins (Dayton), Leon McQuay (Tampa), Johnny Musso (Alabama), Joe Wylie (Oklahoma), Lydell Mitchell (Penn State), Franco Harris (Penn State), Fred Riley (Idaho), Ernie Cook (Minnesota), Levi Mitchell (Iowa), Pete Wood (West Virginia)*

RECEIVERS: *Larry Mialik (Wisconsin), Bobby Allen (Ohio), Tom Reynolds (San Diego State), Mike Siani (Villanova), Charlie McKee (Arizona), Jim Poole (Mississippi)*

OFFENSIVE TACKLES: *Bobby Childs (Kansas), Ron Evans (Baylor), Steve Jubb (Stanford), Tom Nash (Georgia), John Vella (USC), Mike Tomco (Arizona State)*

OFFENSIVE GUARDS: *Dick Rupert (Nebraska), Skip Singletary (Temple), Bruce Ward (San Diego State)*

CENTERS: *Tom Brahaney (Oklahoma), John Hill (Lehigh), Tom DeLeone (Ohio State), Kent Andiorio (Boston College), Orderia Mitchell (Air Force)*

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Preston Carpenter (Mississippi), Jim Sherbert (Oregon State), Willie Hall (USC), John Roth (Army), Sammy Gellerstedt (Tampa), Ron Curl (Michigan State), Ronnie Estay (Louisiana State), Pete Lazetich (Stanford), Mel Long (Toledo), George Smith (North Carolina State)*

LINEBACKERS: *Joe Federspiel (Kentucky), John Babinecz (Villanova), Ralph Cindrich (Pittsburgh), Tom Graham (Oregon), Tom Jackson (Louisville), Larry Molinare (Texas Tech), Jackie Walker (Tennessee), Chip Wisdom (Georgia), John Mendenhall (Grambling), Paul Dongieux (Mississippi), Houston Ross (New Mexico), Mike Taylor (Michigan)*

DEFENSIVE BACKS: *Eric Hutchinson (Northwestern), Dick Harris (South Carolina), Windlan Hall (Arizona State), Joe Bullard (Tulane)*

KICKERS: *Matias Garza (West Texas State), Mark Becker (Holy Cross), Tom Wittum (Northern Illinois), Ray Guy (Southern Mississippi)*

THIS YEAR'S SUPERSOPHS

(Listed in order of potential)

Andy Johnson, quarterback	Georgia
James McAlister, running back	UCLA
Bob Arotsky, offensive tackle	Colgate
Willie Burden, running back	North Carolina State
Haskel Stanback, running back	Tennessee
Greg Horne, running back	Georgia Tech
Dave Humm, quarterback	Nebraska
Garvin Roberson, receiver	Illinois
Doyle Orange, running back	Southern Mississippi
Kevin Casey, quarterback	Michigan
Charlie Davis, running back	Colorado
John Winesberry, receiver	Stanford
Jerry Moses, running back	Iowa State
Carlester Crumpler, running back	East Carolina
David Jaynes, quarterback	Kansas
Paul Miles, running back	Bowling Green
Brent Blackman, quarterback	Oklahoma State
Harry Blake, receiver	West Virginia
Isaac Jackson, running back	Kansas State
Joe Pisarcick, quarterback	New Mexico State
Glenn Gaspard, running back	Texas
Steve Craig, tight end	Northwestern
Lynn Swann, receiver	Southern California
Carl Barzilauskas, defensive tackle	Indiana
Rick Baehr, quarterback	Wichita State
Larry Van Loan, receiver	Navy
Jesse Williams, running back	Michigan State

chaste and decorous amateurism is jealously guarded by university administrators, when an amateur sport such as college football becomes both highly marketable and costly to produce, lofty ideals of amateur competition are inevitably—if circumspectly—scrapped. Coaches are hired amid a flurry of high-sounding press releases with admonitions to build character, but they are fired for not winning enough games. The current economic bind and soaring costs have made the athletic administrator's long-celebrated proclivity for talking out of both sides of his mouth a job prerequisite, and his almost paranoid fear of the pro football bogeyman is based far more on fiscal concerns than on unsullied idealism. Thus, when Northwestern University last spring requested permission from the Big Ten administrators to rent Dyche Stadium to the Chicago Bears for the season—thereby alleviating the severe financial squeeze on the Big Ten's only privately funded school—it was turned down, evidently on the grounds that professionalism is contagious.

Michigan athletic director Don Canham, who led the anti-Bear forces, was refreshingly honest when he said the real reason for opposing the Bear-Northwestern contract was the fear that other schools might be forced to rent their stadiums to pro teams during the season, and amateur athletics are no match for the pros where it really counts—at the box office. A more pressing reason, according to reliable informants (who wish to remain anonymous), is that the other Big Ten schools didn't like the idea of Northwestern's having an extra $100,000 for recruiting and scholarship costs.

As we were saying, amateur athletics stand for fair play, friendly competition and fellowship untainted by vile greed. And now, character building aside, let's take a look at this year's prospects for the various teams across the country.

• • •

Syracuse is back on top after five years' absence from the Eastern throne, and therein lies a story of the nice-guys-finish-first variety: A year ago, the Syracuse squad was torn with racial dissension and cries of exploitation and racism were hurled at coach Ben Schwartzwalder and the athletic department. This stunned Syracuse fans, because Schwartzwalder had established a color-blind athletic policy years before it was fashionable. Black athletes were earning stardom at Syracuse when they were still unwelcome on over half the major teams in the country. The late Ernie Davis, on one of his trips to Chicago to be photographed for the PLAYBOY All-America team, told us, "Going to Syracuse is the best thing that ever happened to me. It's the first time I've ever been treated like an ordinary human being. At Syracuse I'm unaware of my skin color unless

(continued on page 184)

THE MOST POWERFUL TAILOR IN THE WORLD

you'd better be careful not to call this screaming nut a screaming nut to his face—because he does seem to possess the ultimate weapon

fiction **By MICHAEL CRICHTON** JOHN HANSEN, a Presidential science advisor, was reviewing some CIA reports on Russian ICBM launch-pad locations when the telephone rang. The President said, "John, I'd like you to come into my office," and hung up.

Hansen could tell nothing from the tone, but then, he never could. He locked the CIA reports in the lower drawer of his desk, along with some data on civilian fusion reactors, and went down the hall to the West Wing of the White House. This was usually a nice little ego trip; as a young, handsome physicist with influence ot the top, he was a great favorite among the secretaries. But today he was ignored—the secretories and the lower staffmen were all whispering among themselves.

Ethel, the President's secretary, said, "You can go right in, Dr. Hansen," and pressed the button by her desk to unlock the door. He noticed that some refurbishing was toking place in the onteroom. Workmen in *(continued on page 190)*

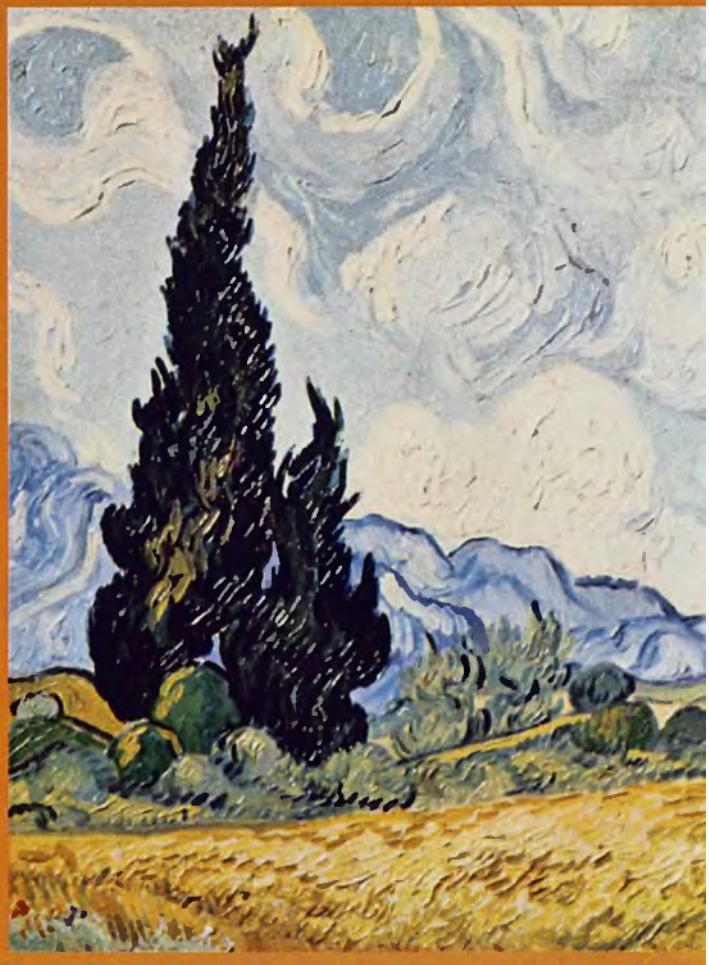
ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

COLLECTING FOR FUN AND (MAYBE) PROFIT

a forthright examination of acquisition—its aesthetics, arcana and financial realities

article **By MICHAEL LAURENCE** A single postage stamp was auctioned last year for a record-shattering $280,000. The sale blew minds all over Wall Street. Whenever stocks are falling and inflation raging (and especially when both occur at once), the investment potential of collector's items—stamps, coins, paintings, rare books, autographs, antiques and all the rest—seems especially promising. In this instance, the facts had all the allure of lucre. The stamp, shown here, is the fabled "penny magenta" of British Guiana, the only one known to exist. The seller had purchased the stamp in 1940 for a mere $42,000. And the buyer was not one of your nutty millionaire stamp freaks but a syndicate of eight hardheaded businessmen, most of whom wouldn't know a rare postage stamp if it came

A gallery of record setters for investor and collector alike. Aesthetics are arguable, but price performance transcends debate. The silver pieces above are Colonial imitations of superior British work. The originals would go for $1000, but the imitations, by Paul Revere, are worth $100,000. The 1775 sauceboat at top right sold for $53,000 in 1969, a record for a Revere silver piece and ten times what it might have realized a decade earlier. The Ming vases, below left, pulled in $16,500 for collector-magnate Norton Simon last May. Above right: the famous 1804 silver dollar, of which only four exist. Price history: $8000 in 1954, $28,000 in 1960, $36,000 in 1963—and a record $77,500 last year. Below it: the world's rarest postage stamp, the unique penny magenta of British Guiana. It sold for one penny in 1857, $42,000 in 1940 and $280,000 (at New York's Siegel Galleries) last year. On a dollars-per-ounce basis, nothing is more valuable.



The blue chips of the collector-investment world are the works of old-master painters and major impressionists. Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* (above) has commanded critical accloim—and rising price tags—for centuries. Purchased in the 1930s for $600,000, it was sold in 1961 to New York's Metropolitan Museum far $2,500,000, then a record price for any work of art. In 1881, Edgar Degas, better known for painting dancers than for sculpting them, finished his haunting statue of an adolescent ballerina, *Petite Danseuse de Quatorze Ans* (right), judged by many to be the finest sculpture produced in the 19th Century. It recently fetched $380,000—a world sculpture record—at Parke-Bernet. Left: *Le Cypres et l'Arbre en Fleurs*, painted by Vincent van Gogh at the height of his artistic powers, while he was in a mental haspital, sald for $15,000 in the 1920s and $1,300,000 last year, the most ever paid for a Van Gogh. There might be a Van Gagh, or something equally valuable, gathering dust in your grandmother's attic. It's happened before, as the accompanying article details.

to them on a corporate report.

"If you think the stock market was running wild with speculation in 1968 and 1969," rhapsodized *Forbes* magazine, "take a look at what's going on in postage-stamp collecting." Rare-stamp prices, the magazine's experts declared, "have been rising year to year, without pause, at an annual rate of between 10 percent and 25 percent. What these figures mean is that prices have been going up somewhere between 150 percent and 800 percent every decade. Thus, a $10,000 stamp today could be expected to be worth somewhere between $25,000 and $90,000 by 1980. . . . In 1960 it might well have gone for somewhere between $100 and $400."

These statistics must have titillated *Forbes*'s stock-worn readers. But unfortunately, the *Forbes* figures simply are not true. The penny magenta itself, had anyone cared to examine the details of its history and consult a compound-interest table, would have been found to have yielded the man who sold it an annual return, over 30 long years, not of 25 percent or 10 percent but just a shade over 5 percent before taxes. Since this was considerably less than the yield then available from bank savings accounts (not to mention tax-free municipal bonds), no wonder the seller decided to bail out.

The term collector investment can embrace literally any that collectors are fond enough to pay for. An exhibit of Dürer engravings alongside a well-mounted showing of fossilized dinosaur droppings would illustrate quite clearly how collector tastes range from the rarefied to the ridiculous. In the 18th and 19th centuries, a man of means could tie up a fortune in birds' nests. This hobby, like many of the birds themselves, has all but vanished, though the lavish and well-wrought cabinets that wealthy nest nuts commissioned to display their treasures are now highly sought after—in fact, they are collector's items. More recently, collectors have bid avidly not only for dinosaur dung but also for barbed wire, millstones, baseball cards, old golf clubs, horse-drawn fire engines, player pianos, even woodpecker holes. A cursory reading of one issue of *Collectors News*, a marvelous monthly newspaper originating from the mid-American communications mecca of Grundy Center, Iowa, reveals hard-cash markets for (among other things) used streetcar transfers, empty beer cans, Kewpie dolls, erector sets, orgone boxes, stagecoach passes, brass doorknobs, railroad timetables, chauffeur's badges, Felix the Cat figurines, Pennsylvania driver's licenses, Captain Midnight giveaways, Shirley Temple memorabilia and pink-porcelain pigs.

Any of these, or any of the myriad other collected items, could turn a profit for the person fortunate enough to secure sought-after objects cheaply and then doubly fortunate to locate an eager and well-heeled buyer. But such profits would be windfalls. By any reasonable definition, an investment ought to be repeatable; so this article will confine itself to collector pursuits in which, all question of profit aside, investments can be made *consistently*. Even ruling out Felix the Cat figurines and the pink porkers, we are still confronted with a vast and intimidating junk heap. Convenience dictates the division of the universe of collector investments into five arbitrary and certainly arguable categories, each characterized by a large international collector following, a well-dispersed and generally competitive network of dealers and auction houses, and annual sales figures amounting to many millions of dollars. In our categorization, *antiques* include not only furniture but also decorative or dinner-table silver, porcelain and utilitarian objects of all description, as long as they are over 100 years old. *Art* includes paintings, sculpture, drawings, engravings, prints and anything else produced by artists for the enjoyment of others—a market, incidentally, wherein annual sales exceed a billion dollars world-wide. *Literary material* consists of books, autographs, letters and manuscripts. *Stamps and coins* are just that. The *rest* comprises vintage autos, cultural and ethnic artifacts, firearms, paperweights and all the other seriously collected items, whether objects of art or objects of utility, that don't fit the previous categories but, taken together, involve tens of thousands of collectors and annual sales of staggering amounts. We will discuss each of these categories in some detail and then examine ways the would-be collector-investor—assuming he's not intimidated by the many pitfalls involved—might go about assembling a collection, for fun as well as for profit. But before we can discuss the prospective rewards, which are problematical at best, we must consider the risks, which are very real.

Journalistic exaggerations, epitomized by the *Forbes* report, are just one difficulty confronting the would-be collector-investor. To the outsider, especially if he believes his newspaper, collector's items might seem a delightful and painless way to make money. Not only are the profits gratifying but, in the interim, while they are abuilding, there's the intangible but significant thrill of possession. You buy a Rembrandt etching for $600, hang it in your library for a few years, then sell it for $1500 and buy two more. What could be easier? Well, as it turns out, many things are easier—flying an unrestored Fokker D-VII through the hand-forged eye of a Colonial cobbler's needle, for instance. The absence of accurate, factual reportage would be enough to deter most investors from buying stocks or other paper securities, but in the case of the collector investments, this is just one of half a dozen difficulties. Hard buy and sell prices, for instance, of the sort investors can find daily for stocks, bonds, commodities or mutual funds are usually lacking. When they can be found, examination often proves them deceptive or meaningless. Worse, the market for many collector's items is as weak and as thin as last night's drinks. To sell a high-priced art object, an investor often waits many months to get it included in a decently cataloged auction sale. The alternative is to take a beating in a quick transaction with a dealer. Except for the buyer at auction, commissions are high. Indeed, the investor in securities or real estate, accustomed to paying commissions of from one to perhaps seven percent, could easily regard the prevailing 15–20 percent auctioneer's commission as prohibitively high. Transactions with private dealers, whether purchases or sales, involve markups that make even this look low. Add the undeniable need for expertise, in an area where experts rarely agree, and you have an investment medium that, despite all the glamor, can hardly be regarded as an easy way to make a killing. In fact, taken as a group, the collector investments are a fine way to *lose* money. Given great good luck, uncommon prescience or a sublime combination of both, profit, even enormous profit, is always possible. But it is nowhere nearly as commonplace as ecstatic journalists would lead the novice to believe and it is certainly not as easy as collectors and dealers would indicate.

The journalistic shortcomings are most easily explained by analogy: For centuries, a wives' tale held that porpoises push drowning men to safety. In several documented cases, this actually happened. But recently, cetologists discovered that porpoises just like to push things—life jackets, logs, anything that floats—and they push without regard to destination. For every drowning man nudged to safety, half a dozen were surely pushed off the continental shelf. Only the survivors returned to tell, and therein lies the difference. We read about the Renoir, purchased for peanuts in the 1920s and recently sold for seven figures, because that is news. But we don't read about the other 19th Century "masters"—Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, for instance, or Adolphe William Bouguereau, or Jules Lefebvre, or Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, or Sir Edwin Landseer—all of whose paintings once commanded six-figure prices in turn-of-the-century dollars but now sell for a few thousand or a few hundred. Even among living artists, one can find examples such as Bernard Buffet, the now-middle-aged boy

(continued on page 238)

"Alice! Alice! The deal is off—his wife won't let me!"

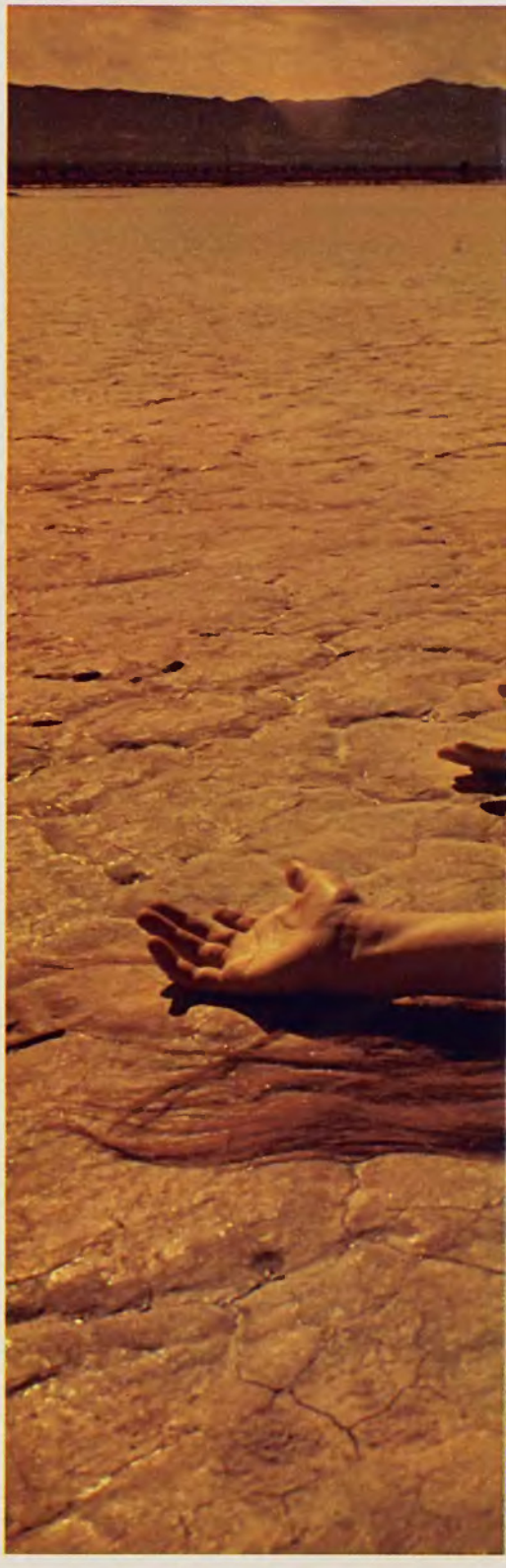
THE ORIGINAL Girl of the Golden West, as immortalized dramatically by playwright David Belasco and musically by Giacomo Puccini, was the archetypal mining-camp saloon proprietress with a 24-kt. heart. Puccini's opera premiered at the Met in 1910, five years after the play's hit debut, but the Italian composer might well recognize his heroine's traits in her geographical and spiritual descendants today. In 1971, you're less likely to encounter a Western lass behind a tavern counter than on a college campus, at the beach, on a ski slope or behind an artist's drawing board in an advertising agency; but you'll find that she's generally *(text continued on page 170)*

Far from the hurly-burly of Los Angeles, where she works as a model, Karen Nichale (left and above) rides a pinto over the dunes near the California-Arizona border around Yuma.

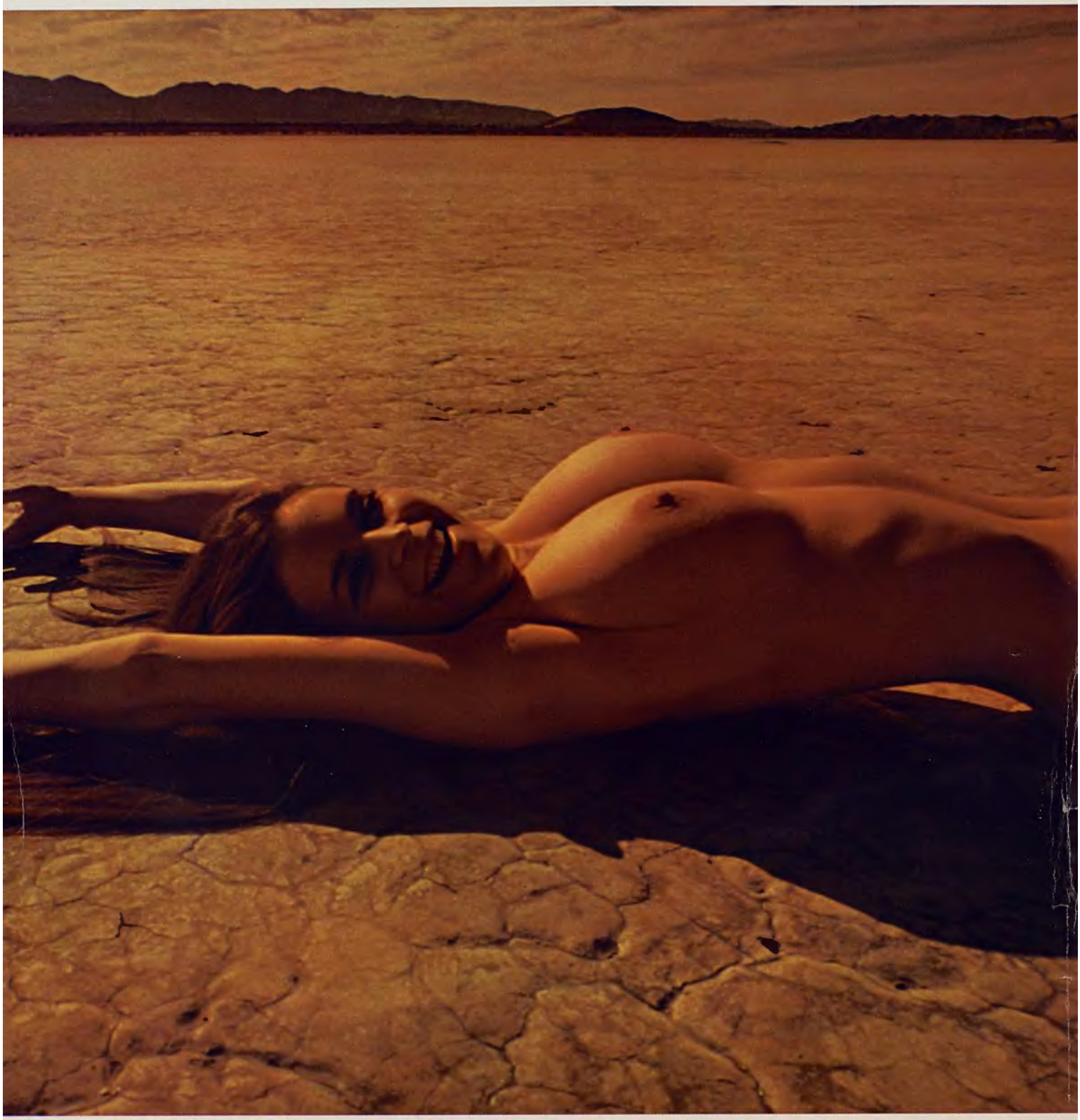
GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

a tantalizing blend of simplicity and sophistication, these natural beauties glory in their free-spirited way of life

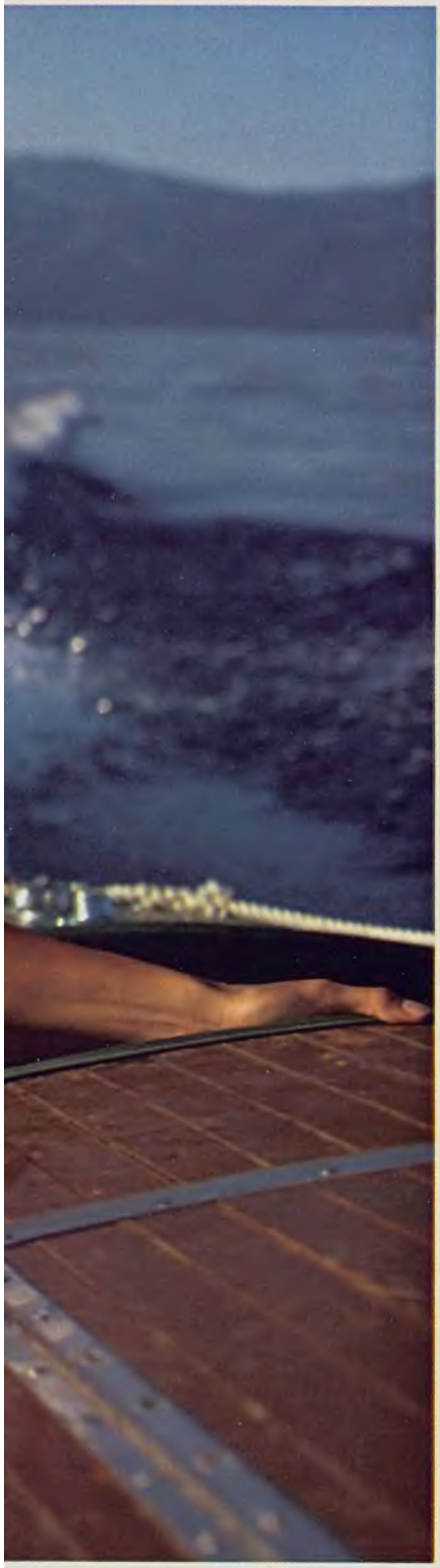
Javon Monahan (left and above, running along the fog-shrouded Oregon coast near Seoside) is on artist and former student at Portland Stote University. Sisters Karen and Christy Flagg (right and far right, exploring the redwoods in the Avenue of the Giants areo af California's Humboldt County) are also interested in the arts—Karen in weaving and dance, Christy in painting and photography.



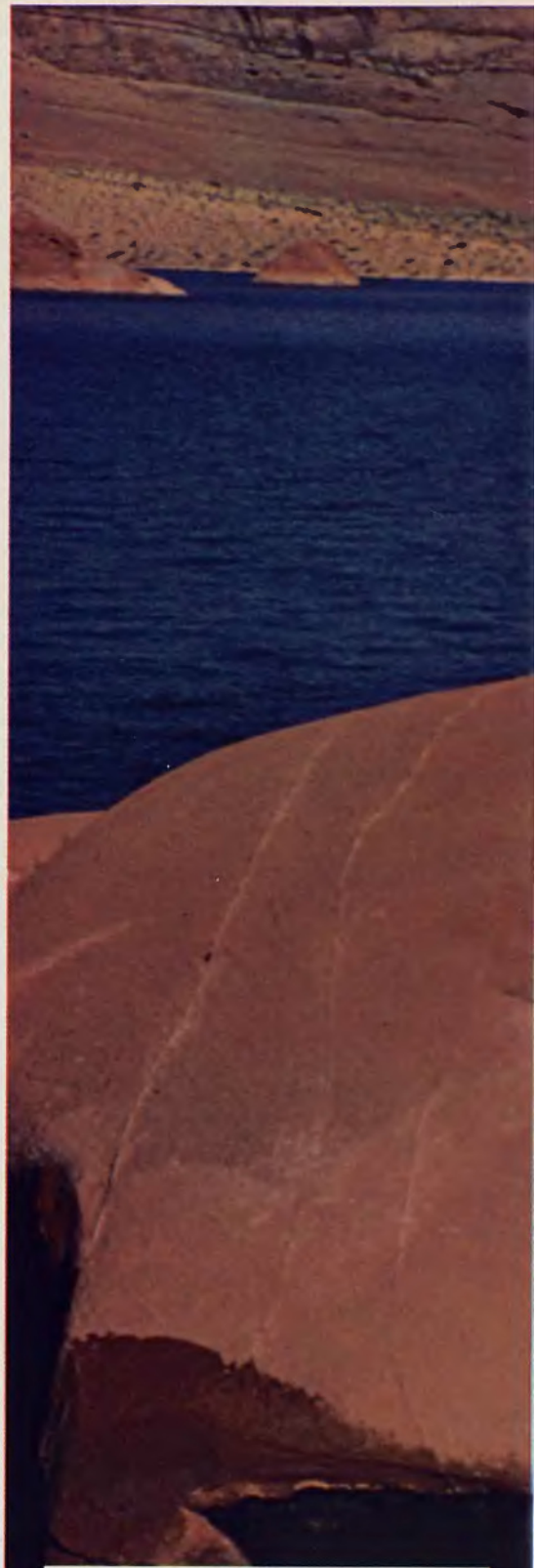
The ice-cold waters of a cascade near Mount Hood, Oregon, inspire an impromptu splash session for Sandy Benson (for left), seen in close-up at left. Teresa Rietan (right), a Los Angeles scriptwriting assistant, enjoys camping trips to the Southern California desert, where she can bask in the sun on the dry lake bed of El Mirage, near Victorville (below).



Between flights, stewardess Joyce Anderson (left) delights in speedboating over the clear waters of Lake Tahoe (above), on the California-Nevada border, a four-hour drive from her apartment in Oakland. Sharon Silfies (right) abandoned a promising career as a free-lance model in Las Vegas to become a cigarette girl at an Incline Village, Nevada, casino beside Lake Tahoe, where she avails herself of ample opportunities to indulge in such pastimes as riding and sun-bathing in the meadow of a mountain horse ranch (far right).

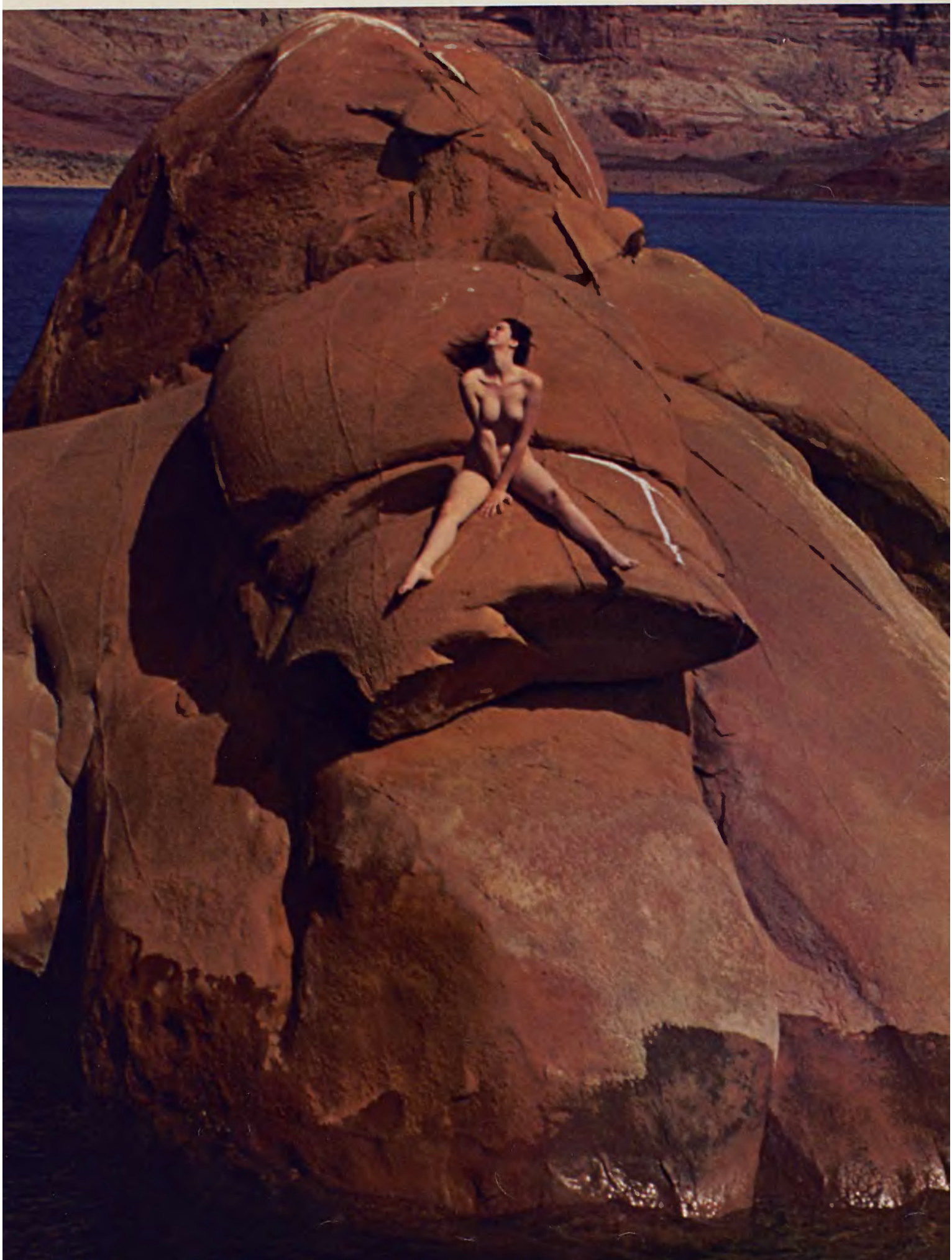


Normo Wickliff (left and for left), o teacher's aide in Portlond who hopes someday to breok into television, spends a sun-filled weekend visiting friends in the golden wheat fields of enstern Woshington's Inland Empire country, close to the Idoho border. Atop mist-swept Hurricane Ridge in Washington's magnificent Olympic National Park, Celine Lofreniere (right and below) pauses for a moment of solitude. Celine is o convention public-relotions specialist whose avocation is wilderness comping.



The cool beauty of a rain forest on Washington's Olympic Peninsula (above) provides a striking background for secretary and aspiring violinist Donna Gillette, also seen at right. Janet Boyd (inset), a leading dancer in a Las Vegas revue, is in partnership with two local businessmen in a new franchise venture, Las Vegas Shawgirl Wigs. At far right, Janet suns herself on an island in Lake Powell, formed by waters behind Glen Canyon Dam.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ORNITZ



friendly, warmhearted and disarmingly direct.

Whether or not she knows it, the girl who lives along the Pacific Coast or in the neighboring states of Arizona and Nevada is subtly influenced by the free-wheeling past of her region. "Live and let live" has always been a basic tenet of the Westerner's code, although tolerance is likely to take different forms in different sections. In Nevada, the broad-minded approach is evident in the wide-open, 24-hour entertainment and a casual attitude toward marital splicing and splitting. In Oregon, liberalism is more apt to be political; if you don't like a law, you can draw up a petition to get it reconsidered by the voters, which explains why the state has no sales tax. But it is most of all in California—despite the uptight conservatism of the Reagan administration—that the anything-goes life style has reached its fullest flower. This may be partly due to the climate; a nude beach makes more sense south of the Golden Gate than to the north of it, where the Pacific Ocean is frigid nearly year round. More likely, it's a legacy of California's early settlers. First came the Spaniards, who, if they hadn't been so acutely aware of life's physical pleasures, wouldn't have kept all those duennas around—to be hoodwinked whenever possible; then the polyglot mob of forty-niners, who made San Francisco a big, bawdy yet sophisticated boom town whose citizenry has always elevated its eccentrics to a place of special esteem—as long as they don't become too numerous.

Nevada, too, was first populated by bonanza seekers, although most of the wealth of the Comstock lode was shipped out to San Francisco. There it built the mansions on Nob (for nabob) Hill that—in a stroke of divine retribution, some said—went down in the earthquake and fire of 1906, along with the prostitutes' cribs on the naughty Barbary Coast. And it was the gold rush of the Yukon that turned Seattle, founded by Midwesterners as a sleepy lumber town, into a rumbustious seaport, the jumping-off place for Alaska. Mining vied with cattle raising in late–19th Century Arizona, where Apache wars were succeeded by the cowboy *vs.* gunslinger shoot-'em-ups of Tombstone and other frontier settlements. Not until 1912 was Arizona considered ready for statehood—the last of the 48 contiguous states to be admitted to the Union. Oregon was settled somewhat more quietly, first by English and American fur traders, then by New England missionaries and the farmers they recruited. On their heels came the Scandinavian lumberjacks and fishermen whose descendants are so numerous throughout the Pacific Northwest.

But even more than by her historical background, the Western girl is shaped—beautifully—by a second factor, and of this one she is very much aware: her surroundings. The spectacular scenery of the West is never out of sight; there's always a mountain, a seashore, a woodland, a rock formation or some other eye-pleasing wonder on the horizon. Climatic zones vary from arid desert to misty rain forest, but the countryside is almost unfailingly breeze-swept and salubrious. The girl of the West is a child of nature—and frequently feels the need to communicate with it.

"I can really discover myself in a lonely wilderness," says Celine Lafreniere, a native of Quebec who divides her time between Seattle and Vancouver, British Columbia. For Karen Flagg, a College of Marin coed from Mill Valley, California, happiness is a hiking trip. Recently, she and a group of friends made a 15-mile pilgrimage to the top of Mt. Tamalpais in honor of Buddha's birthday.

Out West, the great outdoors is never far away. From several Oregon and Washington cities, it's possible to salt-water-ski in the morning and snow-ski late that afternoon; and few spots in California are more than an hour's drive from mountain, sea, stream or lake shore. Getting back to nature is something you do every day or every week, not on a once-a-year vacation. A sure-fire way to meet Western girls is to participate in the sports to which they dedicate themselves: swimming (anywhere); skiing (at Crystal Mountain, Snoqualmie or Stevens Pass in Washington, Mt. Hood or Bachelor Butte in Oregon, Slide Mountain or Ski Incline in Nevada, Snow Bowl near Flagstaff in Arizona, Squaw Valley or Mammoth Mountain in California); water-skiing (ubiquitous, on lake, river or ocean); surfing, especially in California; sailing, notably around San Diego, Balboa–Newport Beach, San Francisco or Seattle but also favored at such inland oases as Nevada and Arizona's Lake Mead and Arizona's Lake Powell or Saguaro Lake, near Scottsdale, which is also popular with guys on motorcycles and girls in sports cars; skindiving; riding (on Western saddles, of course); running white-water rapids; fishing in clear mountain streams; beachcombing for agates, driftwood or Japanese fishermen's floats (delicate pale-green glass globes) off the Oregon coast; digging for razor clams in southwestern Washington; hunting; fishing; hiking; camping; or just soaking up the sun—on the beach or in a meadow. En route, you might stock up on some judiciously selected Pacific picnic fare—say a couple of iced Dungeness crabs and a crusty loaf of San Francisco's sour-dough bread, washed down with cold Olympia beer.

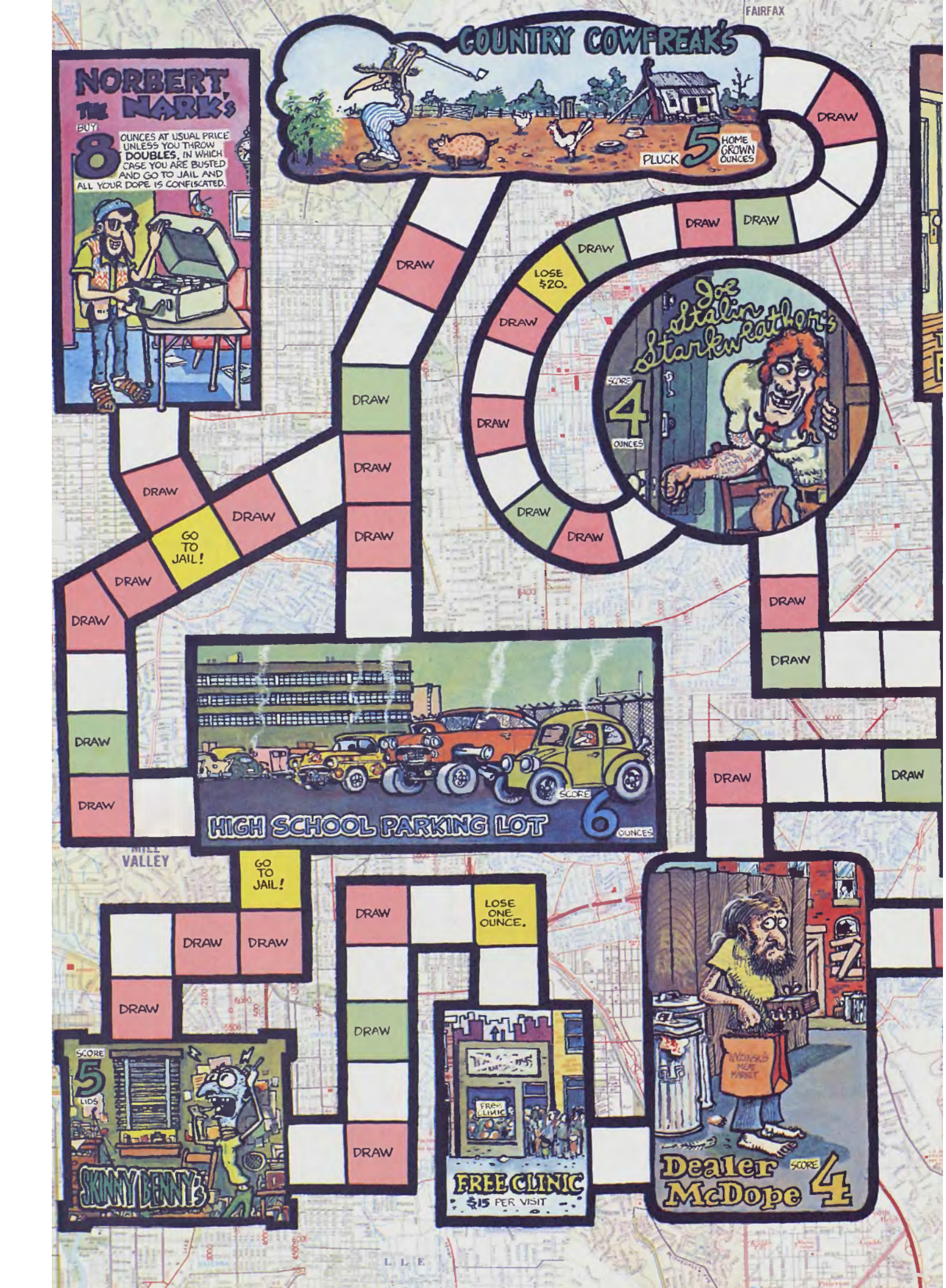
Given her outdoor heritage, it's not surprising that the typical Western girl is very much into ecology. If you're looking for a reliable icebreaker, strike up a conversation on conservation. Westerners have been avid crusaders in this cause, fighting high dams, offshore oil rigs, nuclear-power plants and cut-and-run logging operators for decades. Despite relatively low population densities, they've recently begun to worry about the possibility of overcrowding. There's still plenty of open space, but California has become the most populous state of the Union, gaining more than 4,000,000 people in the past decade, while Nevada's population increased a whopping 71.3 percent in the same period.

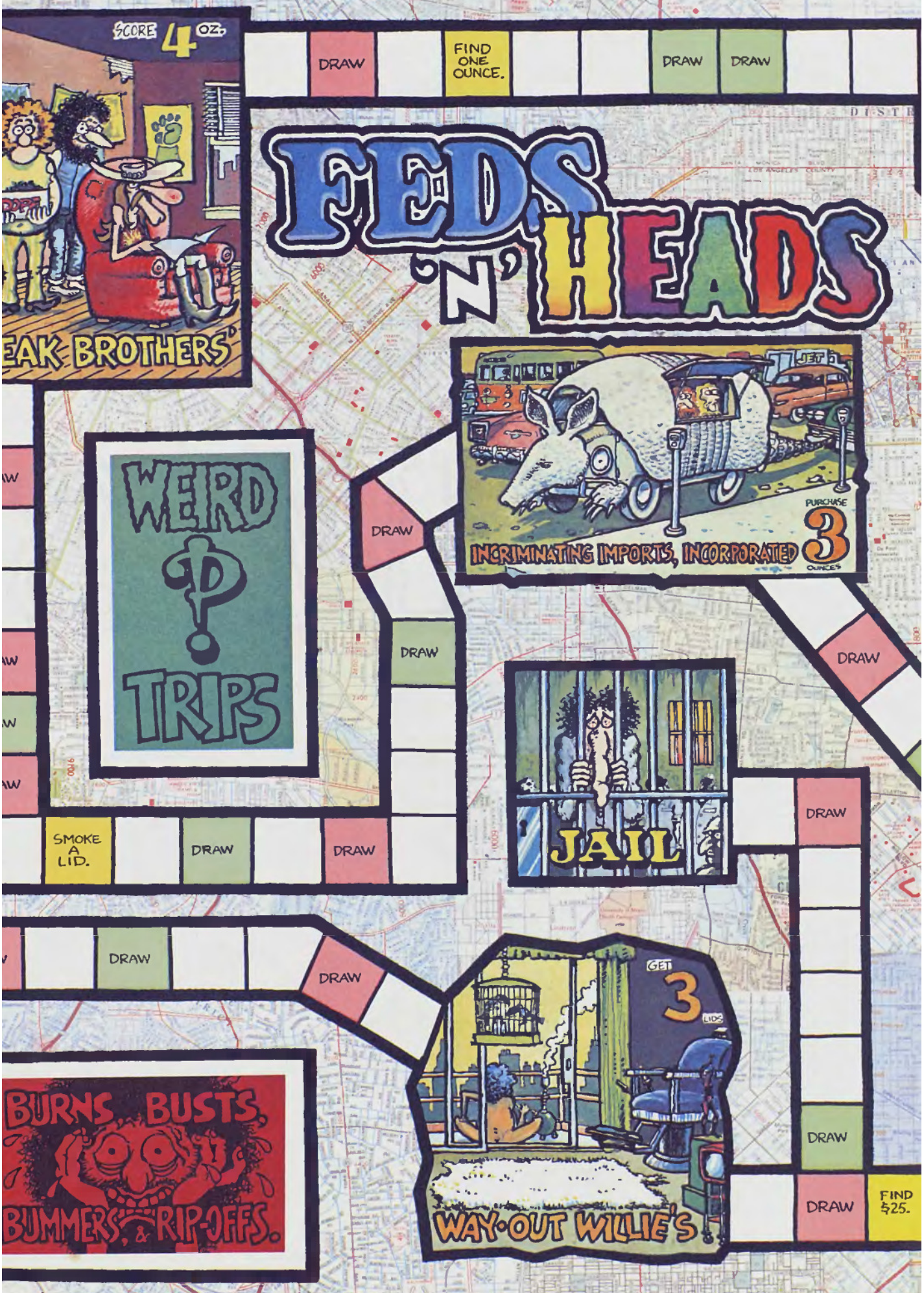
Some of those who are going West to live are seeking alternative life styles in agrarian communes that have sprung up throughout the area. But the girls of the golden West are principally urban—although the cities in which they live are medium-sized. The sole exception is Los Angeles, with nearly 3,000,000 inhabitants—at least 500,000 of whom seem to be beautiful women. You see them on the street; working or playing at Disneyland, Marineland and Knott's Berry Farm; in popular shops such as Jeans West or London Britches, as both salesgirls and customers; at rock concerts in the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium and the Anaheim Convention Center; in such singles' hangouts as Donkin's in Marina del Rey or The Oar House in Venice; in the bar at the Luau in Beverly Hills or at the private *discothèques* (Bumbles on Robertson Boulevard or the celebrities' late-late hangout, The Candy Store in Beverly Hills; get to know a member and wangle an invitation). Most of all, in overwhelming numbers, they're to be found on the beach. Southern California girls, even more than their counterparts in Arizona and Nevada, are naturally sun worshipers.

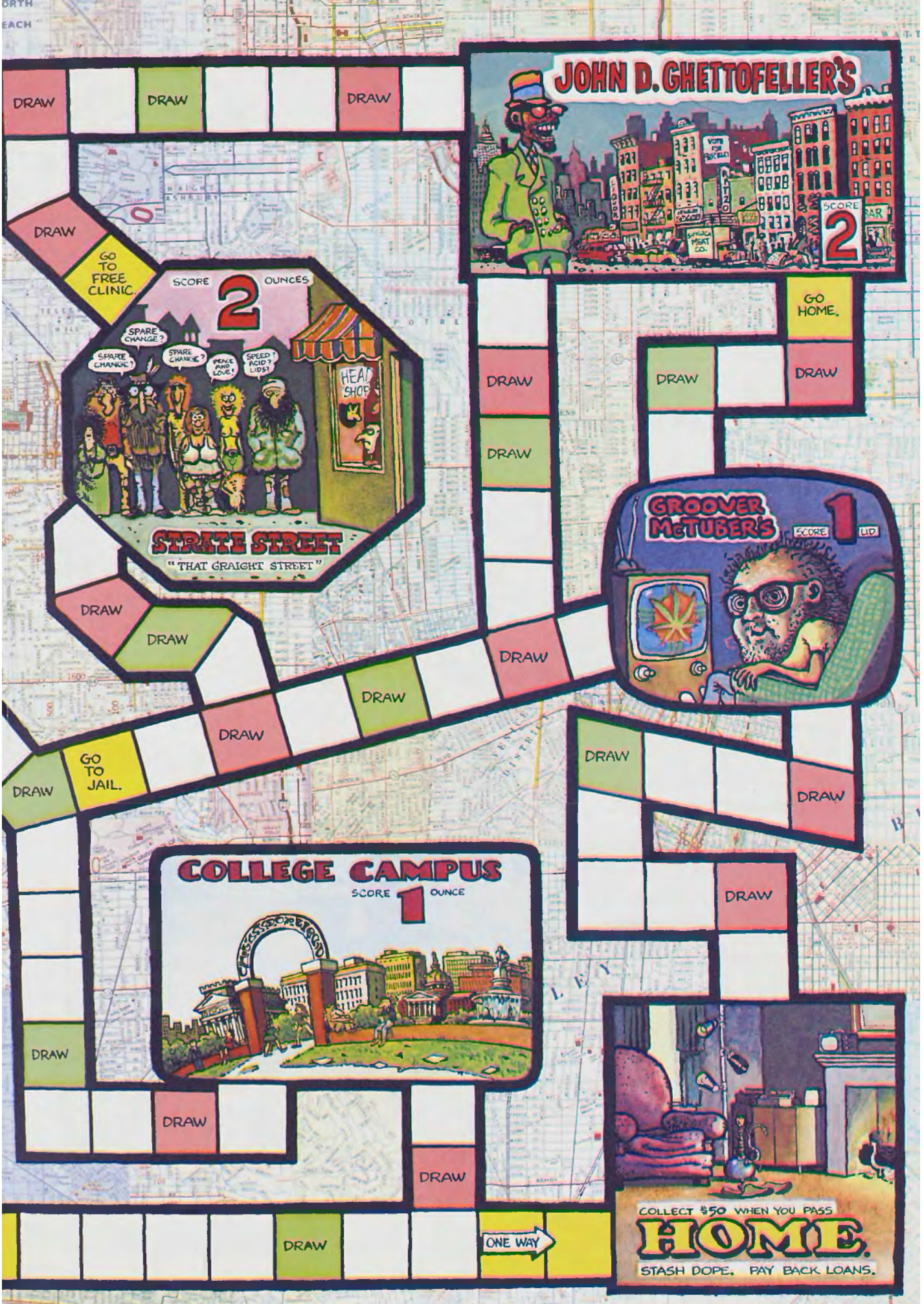
In San Francisco, the girl-watching pastures include such dating bars—irreverently dubbed body shops—as Harpoon Louie's on Commercial Street, Perry's Bar, the Cooperage and the Coalyard on Union Street, Stinson Beach across the Golden Gate in Marin County and the splendidly renewed factory-and-warehouse areas of Ghirardelli Square and The Cannery. And don't—repeat, don't—overlook Golden Gate Park.

Both tourists and locals tend to congregate around the casinos in Reno and Las Vegas, where shows, drinks and meals, though costlier than in days past, are still a good buy. Farther north and west, in Portland, young people gather around the Forecourt Fountain on Southwest Third Avenue and the Portland Center Fountain nearby on Fourth, toss darts and quaff beer in the Elephant and Castle on Washington and feast on spaghetti, burgers and brew at Jerry's Gable, a durable collegiate/med-school/

(concluded on page 221)


FAIRFAX
NORBERT THE NARK'S
BUY 8 OUNCES AT USUAL PRICE UNLESS YOU THROW DOUBLES, IN WHICH CASE YOU ARE BUSTED AND GO TO JAIL AND ALL YOUR DOPE IS CONFISCATED.
COUNTRY COWFREAK'S
PLUCK 5 HOME GROWN OUNCES
DRAW
LOSE $20.
Joe Stalin Starkweather's
SCORE 4 OUNCES
GO TO JAIL!
HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT
SCORE 6 OUNCES
MILL VALLEY
LOSE ONE OUNCE.
SCORE 5 LIDS
SKINNY BENNY'S
FREE CLINIC
FREE CLINIC $15 PER VISIT
Dealer McDope
SCORE 4


SCORE 4 OZ.
EAK BROTHERS'
DRAW
FIND ONE OUNCE.
DRAW
DRAW
FEDS 'N' HEADS
INCRIMINATING IMPORTS, INCORPORATED
PURCHASE 3 OUNCES
WEIRD TRIPS
DRAW
DRAW
JAIL
DRAW
SMOKE A LID.
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
GET 3 LIDS
WAY-OUT WILLIE'S
BURNS BUSTS
BUMMERS & RIP-OFFS.
DRAW
DRAW
FIND $25.


DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
JOHN D. GHETTOFELLER'S
SCORE 2
DRAW
GO TO FREE CLINIC.
SCORE 2 OUNCES
SPARE CHANGE?
SPARE CHANGE?
SPARE CHANGE?
PEACE AND LOVE!
SPEED? ACID? LIDS?
HEAD SHOP
STRATE STREET
"THAT GRAIGHT STREET"
GO HOME.
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
GROOVER McTUBER'S
SCORE 1 LID
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
GO TO JAIL.
DRAW
DRAW
COLLEGE CAMPUS
SCORE 1 OUNCE
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
DRAW
COLLECT $50 WHEN YOU PASS
HOME.
STASH DOPE. PAY BACK LOANS.
DRAW
ONE WAY
UNIVERSITY

HOW TO PLAY

1. Before starting, you will need a pair of DICE, a TOKEN for each player (any number can play) and $100 per player, plus several hundred dollars for the bank, in fake or real MONEY—in denominations of ones, fives, tens and twenties. You can make your own money out of pieces of paper or you can get everything you need by ripping off a Monopoly set.

2. The WINNER is the player who, moving his token the number shown on the dice in any direction (except on one-way streets), manages to SCORE (collect) a KEY (one kilogram—35 ounces or "lids") of GRASS and get back HOME with it. (With four players, this usually takes a couple of hours; for a shorter version, you can lower the required number of lids to 25 or 30.) Keep track of your scores with paper clips, matches or, if you're into it, real lids.

3. Grass (weed, hemp, marijuana, etc.) is acquired by landing directly on a numbered space. You may BUY up to as many ounces as indicated by the number. To find how much you will PAY per ounce, roll the dice again, and pay that amount in dollars.

4. One player has to adopt the role of FAT BANKER. He holds all the money not in play. Players start out at home with $100. Whenever you land on or pass through home thereafter, you may collect $50 from the Fat Banker. At this time you may also STASH whatever grass you have, which then may no longer be taken from you by any means.

5. If you land on the same space as another player, he has to give you one of his ounces.

6. If you land in JAIL, you can get out free on your next turn if you roll a double. Otherwise, it will cost you $50 or five lids.

By GILBERT SHELTON

the game of pot luck—
wherein one tries to keep on the grass
while avoiding the attendant pitfalls
of rip-offs, bummers, burns and busts

AT HOME WITH THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

☞ SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP GAME CARDS ALONG DOTTED LINES ☞

YOU'VE BEEN **BURNED.** HALF YOUR MARIJUANA TURNS OUT TO BE **OREGANO.** THROW THAT HALF AWAY, OR USE IT ON A PIZZA.

YOU LOSE: HALF YOUR STASH.

YOU GET PARANOID AND **FLUSH** FIVE LIDS DOWN THE **JOHN.**

THIS WILL ALSO COST YOU $25 FOR THE ROTO-ROOTER MAN.

YOU LOSE: FIVE OUNCES AND $25.

CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE YOU HID YOUR **STASH.**

LOSE ONE TURN.

GO TO JAIL. GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL. DO NOT PASS HOME. NEEDLESS TO SAY, DO NOT COLLECT $200.

ALSO, TEN OUNCES OF YOUR DOPE IS CONFISCATED.

YOU LOSE: TEN OUNCES OF DOPE.

THE SPIRIT OF **LOVE** FILLS YOUR SOUL.

GIVE ONE OUNCE TO EACH PLAYER.

YOU **INHALE** A STILL-BURNING JOINT TRYING TO SMOKE IT DOWN TO THE VERY END.

GO TO **FREE CLINIC.** PAY $15.

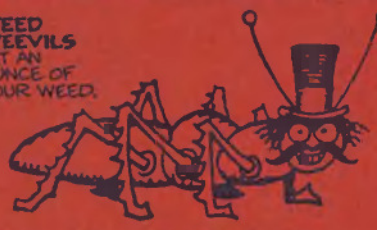
YOUR NEXT SCORE WILL BE THE LEGENDARY **ACAPULCO GOLD.**

THEREFORE, YOU WILL PAY TWICE AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD OTHERWISE.

THE **INCENSE BURNER** FALLS OVER AND SETS FIRE TO YOUR HOME.

YOU LOSE: ONE TURN.

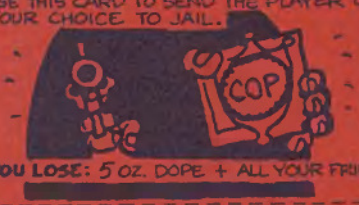
WEED WEEVILS EAT AN OUNCE OF YOUR WEED.



YOU LOSE: ONE OUNCE.

YOU ARE **Bbusted** AND MUST BECOME AN **AGENT-INFORMER** IN ORDER TO SAVE YOUR OWN MISERABLE HIDE.

USE THIS CARD TO SEND THE PLAYER OF YOUR CHOICE TO JAIL.



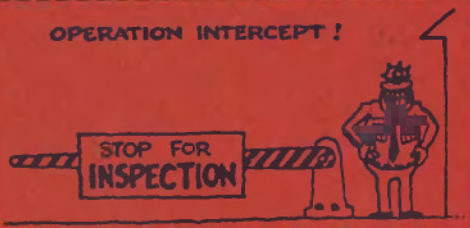
YOU LOSE: 5 OZ. DOPE + ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

DID YOU **MISPLACE** AN OUNCE OR HAVE YOU JUST BEEN SMOKING MORE LATELY?

ANYWAY, ONE MORE IS GONE.

YOU LOSE: ONE LID.

OPERATION INTERCEPT!



THE FEDS HAVE CLOSED THE BORDER. YOU SHALL SCORE NO GRASS NEXT TURN.

YOUR **GARBAGE DISPOSAL** CLOGS UP WITH HEMP STEMS.

$25 TO THE PLUMBER.

YOU LOSE: $25, IF YOU HAVE IT.

YOU GET **RIPPED OFF** BY A COUPLE OF UPTOWN DUDES WHO TAKE ALL YOUR MONEY BUT LEAVE YOUR MARIJUANA.

YOU LOSE: ALL YOUR MONEY.

YOU RUN OUT OF PAPERS. A **HIP CAPITALIST** TRADES YOU A PACK OF ZIG ZAGS FOR ONE OF YOUR LIDS.

YOU LOSE: ONE OUNCE.

A **COP** ON A **THREE-WHEELER** EYES YOU!

YOU CAN **OUTRUN** HIM, THOUGH.

MOVE TEN SPACES IN ANY DIRECTION.

THROW FOUR OUNCES OUT THE WINDOW ANYWAY.

YOU LOSE: FOUR OUNCES OF DOPE.

YOU BURIED YOUR STASH IN THE BACK YARD AND THE **DOGS** DUG IT UP AND STREWED IT ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

SCRAPE UP TWO OUNCES AND MOVE TO **COUNTRY COWFREAK'S.**

YOU LOSE: ALL BUT 2 OZ. OF YOUR DOPE.

OUT OF PAPERS AGAIN, YOU SMOKE AN OUNCE OF WEED ROLLED IN **NEWSPAPER,** DEVELOP A LUNG INFECTION, LOSE A TURN.

YOU LOSE: ONE OUNCE AND ONE TURN.

YOU GET WIPED OUT AND WRECK YOUR **CAR.**

$50 OR THREE LIDS FOR A NEW ONE...

OR ELSE, **WALK HOME,** TWO SPACES PER TURN.

COP STOPS YOU FOR BURNT-OUT HEADLIGHT.

IN YOUR PANIC, YOU **EAT** TWENTY REEFERS.

YOU LOSE: ONE OUNCE.

BOARDING AIRLINER, YOUR BELT BUCKLE SETS OFF THE **METAL DETECTOR,** SO YOU GET SEARCHED AND BUSTED FOR **DOPE.**

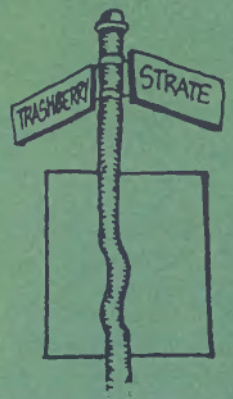
GO TO JAIL.

YOU LOSE: TWO OUNCES.

BURNS BUSTS
BUMMERS & RIP-OFFS.

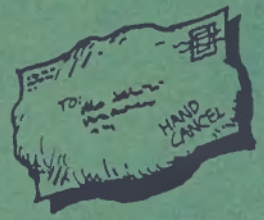
GO TO **FREAK BROTHERS;** SCORE FOUR LIDS OF GRASS AT REGULAR PRICE, AND GET TWO **FREE.**

GO TO **STRATE STREET.**



YOU MAY SELL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT OF YOUR GRASS FOR **TWENTY** DOLLARS AN OUNCE.

YOU RECEIVE THREE LIDS IN THE **MAIL.**



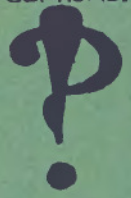
GO TO **COLLEGE CAMPUS.**

YOU MAY BORROW **THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS** FROM ANY PLAYER.

REPAY WHEN YOU GET HOME.

GO TO **JOE STALIN STARKWEATHER'S.**

KEEP THIS CARD UNTIL YOU GET HOME.



READ THIS CARD CAREFULLY, SMILE, AND PUT IT AWAY AS IF IT WERE VERY VALUABLE. ACTUALLY, IT IS ONLY A PSYCHOLOGICAL WEAPON.

GET OUT OF JAIL **FREE.** THE JUDGE HAS BEEN PAID OFF.

KEEP CARD UNTIL NEEDED.

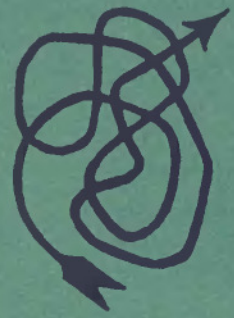
GO HOME. CRASH. LOSE A TURN.

YOU ACCIDENTALLY SMOKE SOME PLASTIC IMITATION MARIJUANA LEAVES.

GO TO **FREE CLINIC.**

SOMEONE BORROWS YOUR CAR AND LEAVES A LID IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

STRAIGHT RELATIVES FROM KEOKUK COME TO VISIT. NO SCORES FOR NEXT TURN.



MOVE FIVE SPACES ANY WAY YOU WANT WITHOUT RETRACING.

IT'S YOUR **BIRTHDAY!**

RECEIVE ONE LID OF GRASS FROM EACH PLAYER.

KEEP CARD UNTIL NEEDED.

THIS CARD **MAGICALLY CANCELS** THE EFFECT OF ONE **RED** CARD.

GO BACK THREE SPACES THE WAY YOU CAME.

YOU SMOKE AN ENTIRE LID OF GRASS, GET MONSTROUSLY HUNGRY, AND SPEND $25 AT THE DELICATESSEN.

HOSE TO HOOKAH CLOGS. LOSE ONE TURN.

POORLY ROLLED JOINT FALLS APART AND BURNS HOLE IN YOUR PANTS. PAY TEN DOLLARS TO CUSTOM PANTS PATCHING SHOP.

IT'S A GOOD NIGHT FOR **TEE VEE.**

GO TO **GROOVER MCTUBER'S.**

WEIRD
TRIPS

BIG JULES, the master smith, had a problem about a bed. His house was already so crowded with his workmen, the serving maids and seven children—some of them two to a bed—that he was hard pressed to think of some niche where he could put his new apprentice. The boy could hardly be expected to sleep on straw in the barn.

Now, Jules was a simple man and a simple solution came to him. He was so preoccupied with the work in his forge that he barely paid attention to people, even to his own children. "I shall put him in the closet next to the baby," he decided. But he had forgotten that Marthe, his last-born, was no longer the small child he considered her but a large, boisterous, pink-faced girl with a blouse near to bursting. "Yes, Pierre shall sleep in the closet," he thought and dismissed the matter.

That night, some hours after *couvre-feu*, Marthe awoke. It occurred to her that this would be a good time to play a joke on the new apprentice. She would pinch him suddenly awake. So she opened the door and got into the small closet bed with the sleeping Pierre. First she pinched him high; he did nothing but grunt and stir in his sleep. Then she pinched him lower and he moved uneasily, still without waking.

Finally, she pinched even lower and found herself holding something quite remarkable in her hand. At this, Pierre awoke, reached out to see what had trapped him thus and had an agreeable surprise.

"So, you are gamesome," he said, taking her in his arms. "But I know a better game than pinch-me."

"In truth, it is," said Marthe after a few minutes. "A most sweet game, but what is it called?"

"Some name it belly-bump," Pierre said.

"It fits very well," murmured Marthe joyfully, "but, tell me, what is the name of that stick we're using to play it with?"

It occurred to Pierre that she was probably not the kind of girl to keep her mouth shut about secrets, so he simply made up a word. "Oh, the playing stick is called a *frenolle*," he said.

After two more games, Pierre was fatigued and he stretched out on his back to go to sleep. "I think that I should like another round of belly-bump," Marthe said, "but something seems to have happened to the *frenolle*. It is no longer solid."

"It is all used up," said Pierre sleepily.

"How much would it cost to buy a new one?" asked Marthe.

"Three hundred francs, at least."

"I know where my father keeps his money and tomorrow, first thing, you shall go to a *frenolle* shop in the town and buy a strong one that will not wear out so easily."

In the morning, Pierre took the money and went to town on the pretense of buying another playing stick. And that night, he plied it vigorously to the infinite ohs and mms and ahs of the tireless Marthe. It turned out that she had won again. "Well," she whispered, "there are still more francs where those came from."

But pounding iron on the anvil all day and pounding Marthe all night were finally too exhausting for even a robust young man like Pierre. One morning early, he put all his belongings into a sack, threw it over his shoulder and left the sleeping village.

Marthe awoke just in time to look out the window and see him disappearing down the road. She put on her shift and ran after him.

When she had got within hailing distance, outside the village, she called for him to stop, but Pierre took to his heels. Marthe ran faster. His was the speed of desperation and he soon began to outdistance her. At last, seeing that she could not catch him, she cried out, "Pierre, Pierre! At least leave the *frenolle* behind for me! After all, it was father's money that paid for it."

At this, he halted for a moment. He went into the field alongside the road and pulled a huge turnip out of the ground. "There it is!" he shouted. "Keep it and be damned!" Then he threw it to the other side of the road into a swamp.

When the vicar came along a half hour later, he found a muddy, bedraggled, weeping girl and, out of pity, inquired the cause of her grief.

"Oh, your Reverence," said Marthe, "my precious *frenolle* is lost in the swamp and I must find it. A shame, because they cost three hundred francs apiece."

"I shall aid thee," said the kindly vicar. Tucking up his gown, he began delving around in the muck, which was thigh-deep. The more they searched, the more Marthe's wet shift clung to her curves and displayed her body.

Finally, the vicar said, "I really don't know—I should have asked you to tell me what the *frenolle* looks like."

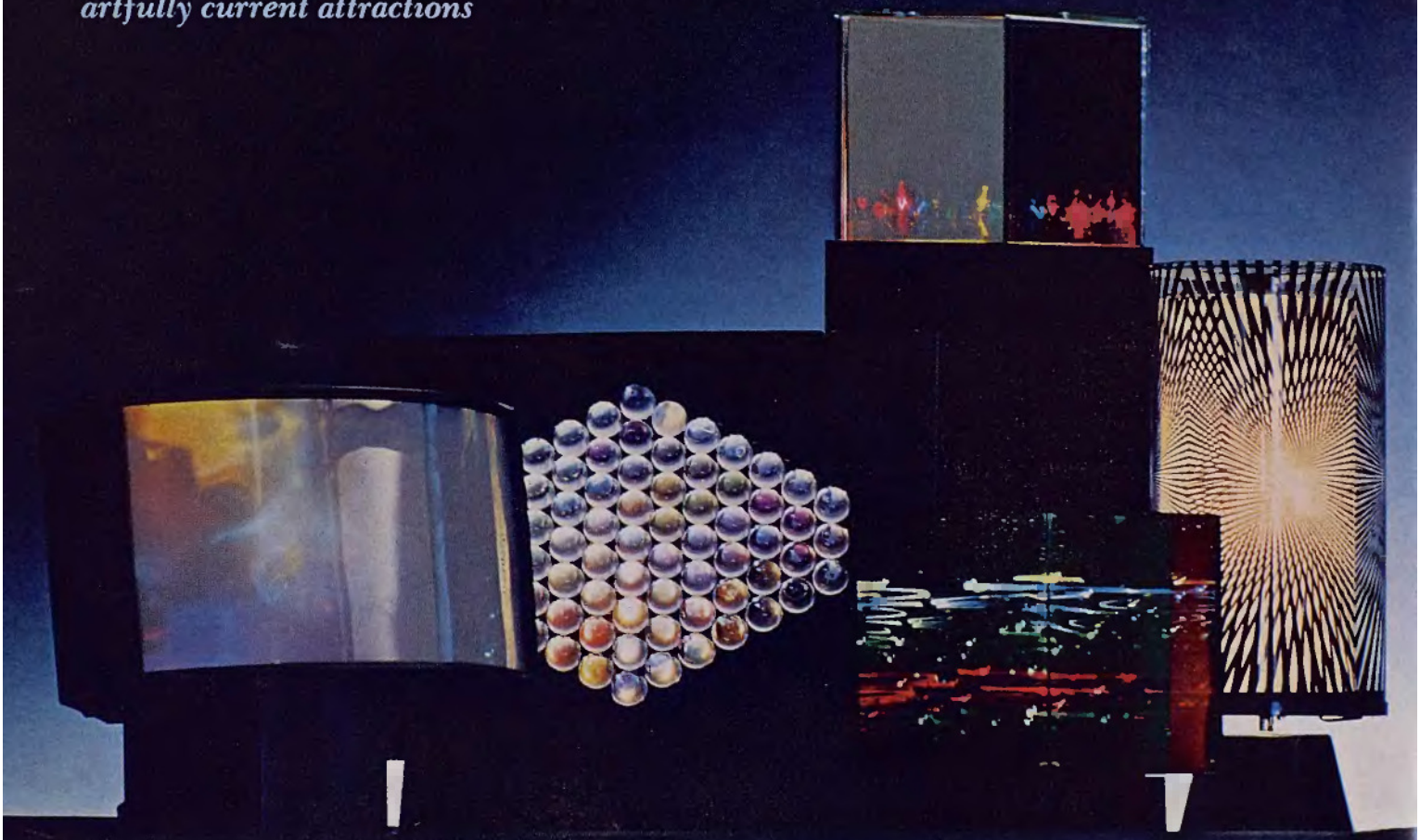
Marthe at that turned around and looked at him as he stood with his garment hoisted up above his hips. "Why, there it is, caught between your legs!" she said. "And it seems to be quite ready for a game!"

—Retold by Clement Bell

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

LIGHT SHOW

an eye-grabbing array of artfully current attractions

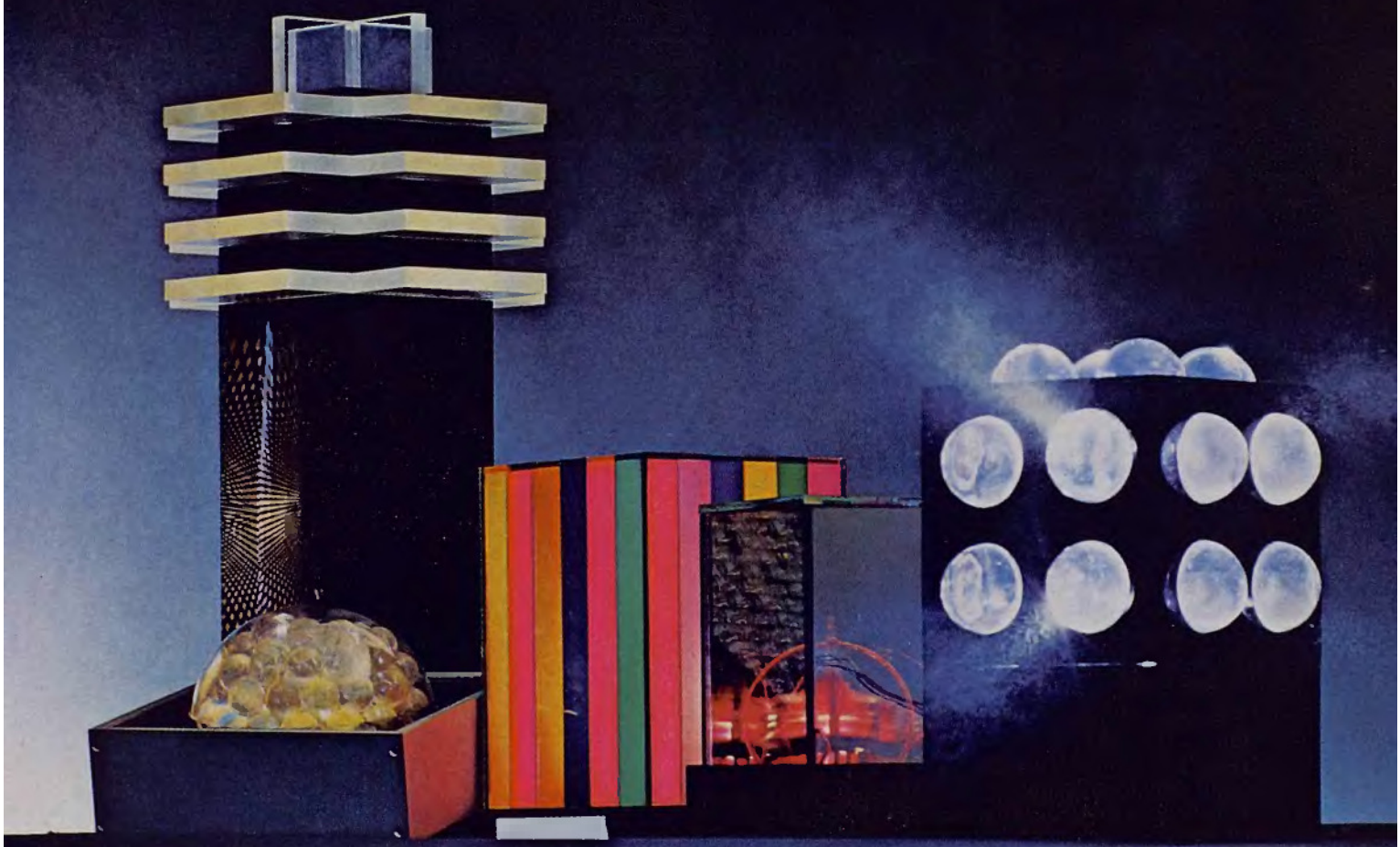


The Dream Machine produces hypnotic pastel swirls that resemble clouds in motion, creates a feeling of infinity, designed by Nicolas Schoffer for Clairol, $30.

Changes, a portable panel comprised of plastic prisms mounted to a composition frame, creates random patterns when attached to any 12″ to 25″ color-TV set's screen, by Light Years, $12.

Galaxy, a mirrored square with constantly shifting lights; when lights are out, one cannot see into the cube, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $250. Below it is The Infinity Cube—in which patterns change behind panels of smoke-tinted acrylic, by Westminster Industries, $35.

Op-Lamp produces pulsating designs, black-and-white shade creates zebra effects; colored bulbs can be used to convey various moods, by Visual Effects, $17.



Skyscraper Light of black and clear Plexiglas stands 21¼" high, serves as illuminated sculpture with changing colors or a steady white light, $200; below it is a domed Bubble Gum Light of Lucite and clear glass mounted atop a light box, $45, both from Hammacher Schlemmer.

Stripes, a colored plastic cube containing lights that change to form various color combinations, by Geoffrey Ryn Carlitz, $150.

Infinity Light is a transparent rectangle with shifting lights set upon a black Plexiglas base, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $120.

Moons includes a base of black Plexiglas holding 20 polyester plastic half-orbs that either shine clear white or change colors, by Geoffrey Ryn Carlitz, $200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BEN ROSE

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 152)

I look in the mirror." When asked to define their gripes, the boycotting blacks made vague charges about coaches' attitudes and stacking (placing blacks behind one another in specific positions so only a limited number could play at any one time) and other Schwartzwalder "sins" that could be neither proved nor disproved. Efforts to compromise, to placate and even to redress theoretical grievances were to no avail. The black militants would settle for nothing less than Schwartzwalder's scalp. But the unreasoned accusations of the militants finally alienated the majority of the university community. The losers have been the unfortunate black athletes who were goaded into quitting the squad. Some of them have forfeited promising pro football careers. The Syracuse football squad has now pulled itself up from the emotional depths of last season. Seventeen returning starters and a sophomore class loaded with quality players give Schwartzwalder the strongest squad he has had since winning the national championship in 1959. The Orangemen are now a team with a mission. They have something to prove and this is the year they will prove it.

The prospects look bright at Penn State, too, so this could be a year when more than one Eastern team winds up in the top 20. Midway through last season, coach Joe Paterno abandoned the wide-open style of attack, installed slick ball handler John Hufnagel at quarterback and blitzed opponents for the rest of the season with a supercharged ground game. Hufnagel and runners Franco Harris and Lydell Mitchell, two of the Nittany Lions' all-time greats, return this September. They are surrounded with the usual swift and agile tonnage.

At Boston College, coach Joe Yukica will rely on an outstanding defensive unit to hold off the enemy until a largely new offensive unit has time to jell. Much depends on whether senior runner Bill Thomas, a 230-pounder with great speed, is completely healed from surgery. Villanova is also moving into the big time. Last year's 9–2 record was the best for a Wildcat team since 1895, and it should pretty much repeat the performance this time out. A good crop of sophs joins 17 starters from last season, including the passing offense, which ranked ninth nationally.

This will be a relatively lean year at both West Virginia and Pittsburgh for similar reasons: the inroads of graduation. The prospects are brightened somewhat by the fact that at least one rookie at each school seems destined for future greatness—receiver Harry Blake at West Virginia and quarterback Bob Medwid at Pittsburgh. Another bright spot at West Virginia is fullback Pete Wood, who could be one of the best runners in school history. Both squads will have pyrotechnic offenses and should be able to field strong starting teams, but their schedules are so rugged that if the injury bug hits either team, it will be in trouble.

Things still appear grim at both Army and Navy. The Middies will unveil supersoph receiver Larry Van Loan, but finding a new quarterback to get the ball to him will be a problem. Another great soph, defensive back Charlie Robinson, should be a consensus All-America before he gets his ensign stripe. Army will depend largely on its running attack featuring infantrymen Bob Hines and Bruce Simpson behind a bigger and tougher offensive line.

THE EAST

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Syracuse	10-1	West Virginia	5-5
Penn State	9-2	Pittsburgh	3-8
Boston College	8-3	Army	3-7
Villanova	8-2	Navy	2-9

IVY LEAGUE

Columbia	7-2	Yale	5-4
Cornell	7-2	Princeton	4-5
Dartmouth	7-2	Pennsylvania	4-5
Harvard	6-3	Brown	1-8

OTHER INDEPENDENTS

Delaware	7-3	Holy Cross	4-6
Bucknell	8-2	Boston University	4-6
Lehigh	7-4	Rutgers	3-8
Temple	7-2	Lafayette	4-6
Colgate	7-3	Gettysburg	4-5

TOP PLAYERS: Ehrmann, Januszkiewicz, Myers, Yochum (Syracuse); Harris, Joyner, Mitchell, Skorupan (Penn State); Clemente, Thomas, Yeates (Boston College); Babinecz, Siani (Villanova); Williams, Wood (West Virginia); Cindrich, Dykes, Medwid (Pittsburgh); Hines, Roth, Simpson (Army); Robinson, Van Loan, Voith (Navy); Kaliades, Parks (Columbia); Marinaro (Cornell); Leslie (Dartmouth); Crone, Foster (Harvard); Jauron, Maher (Yale); Bjorklund, Blake (Princeton); Walsh (Brown); Armstrong, Johnson, Kahoe (Delaware); Diez (Bucknell); Hill (Lehigh); Arotsky, Houseal, Parr (Colgate); Becker, Wilson (Holy Cross); Person (Lafayette).

The Ivy League should be better balanced than in any season in recent history. No team should be as dominant as Dartmouth was last year, and the usual second-division teams (Columbia, Brown and Pennsylvania) all have much better manpower. The League race could well be decided by injuries or lack thereof. Columbia appears to be the most improved. Last fall, the Columbia coaches were telling everyone that their team was a year away from challenging for the League championship. This could finally be Columbia's "Wait till next year" year. The 1970 Lions, who won only three games, had 13 sophomore starters, so nearly everybody is back for the '71 campaign, wiser and tougher. Dartmouth, conversely, lost nearly all of last year's top hands, plus most of the coaching staff, which moved to Illinois. New coach Jake Crouthamel inherits the greenest Dartmouth squad in several years. Other Ivy teams will be looking to settle some scores with Dartmouth this season, but it won't be easy, because the Indians are still a fundamentally sound team. They just need to gain a little experience. Perhaps the best chance to upend Dartmouth's dominance goes to Cornell, which will field the finest offense in the League if sophomore passer Mark Allen matures quickly. The running attack, built around PLAYBOY All-America running back Ed Marinaro, will continue to be devastating. By season's end, Marinaro should have broken nearly every national rushing record in the books.

When Harvard hired Joe Restic to succeed John Yovicsin, it got an offense-minded man. Restic, former coach of the Hamilton Tiger Cats, inherits a squad with great offensive potential. The team is loaded with backfield veterans who stood out as sophomores last year, when the team registered a surprising 7–2 mark and tied for second place in the Ivy League. The quarterback situation is a delectable one: Yale coach Carm Cozza, speaking at the Yovicsin testimonial dinner, said, "Joe Restic really has a problem on his hands. He has to decide which of the two best quarterbacks in the Ivy League to start." The quarterbacks in question are juniors Rod Foster and Eric Crone. Foster, one of the Crimson's most exciting performers ever, was the regular signal caller until he pulled a hamstring on a 78-yard quarterback sneak against Princeton. Crone, a stronger passer, coolly stepped in and ran and passed opponents dizzy. Crone is college football's latest "wrong-way" antihero. Against Yale, he ran into his own end zone with ball raised high in victory. But before he could savor his moment of glory, he was tackled for a safety. Harvard still won, 14–12, leaving limp fans wondering what would have happened if Crone had dropped the ball.

Yale will sorely miss last year's excellent defensive platoon, which was almost totally wiped out by graduation. The Elis still have superrunner Dick Jauron, who will move from fullback to halfback position, where his talents can be better utilized. He will have the luxury of running behind Yale's biggest offensive line ever, a group that averages 230 pounds from end to end. Quarterback will be a problem and so will over-all depth. Coach Cozza will be able to field a respectable first unit, but woe unto the Elis if injuries strike. If Jauron

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I'M NOT SURE G*O*L*F IS THERAPY

fiction By RICHARD HOOKER

*hawkeye the sawbones, honorably discharged from m*a*s*h, discovers a civilian medic's lot is not a restful one*

AS USUAL, my golf weekend began Friday night with a phone call from my partner, Mr. Rat Regan, the history teacher at Lincoln Academy in Newcastle, Maine, who said, "Hey, Hawkeye, be strong tomorrow. We gotta clock those mothers."

"OK, Rat, I'll do my best."

"And try for the hat trick," Rat urged.

Hawkeye's hat trick assures a score of not over 76. It depends, first, on my ability to complete hospital rounds and get home no later than 10:40 A.M. Then, if my wife is in a happy, receptive mood, if

ILLUSTRATION BY GILBERT STONE

the kids are farmed out and the tide is high, the hat trick has a chance. It is this: (1) Make love to wife at 10:50, (2) mix large gin and tonic at 11:05 and (3) take swim at 11:10.

In a good year, the hat trick may happen twice. August eighth was typical of 1970, which was not a good year at all, but the day started auspiciously. When I arose at six A.M., the sun shone and a glance at the cove indicated that the tide was just starting to come in. Finest swimming at 11:10. Downstairs, a peek in the booze closet revealed a new jug of Beefeater. At 6:10, Mary sleepily entered the kitchen. "Rat says I gotta be strong," I told her. "How about the hat trick? If I win today, I'll take you out to dinner."

"The kids are all going to your parents' and I'd like to go out to dinner."

With visions of hat trick and shooting maybe even 73, I drove 50 miles to the hospital, arriving at 7:15. I wanted to make rounds in an hour and be out before anybody showed up to bug me. First I went to the intensive-care unit, where Al Morton, who'd lost his lower esophagus and upper stomach four days earlier, wasn't breathing too well.

"Get a chest X ray," I ordered and went to other patients. At eight o'clock, having seen the other patients, I went to radiology for a look at Al's X ray, which showed fluid in his right chest.

Back in intensive care, I asked for a thoracentesis set. I put a needle in Al's chest and withdrew a syringeful of thin bloody fluid. Probably, I'd gotten into his right pleural cavity at surgery. "OK," I said, "gimme the vacuum bottles and let's suck this out."

The nurse gave me the proper bottle and looked happy with her efficiency. "Where's the rigamajig I stick into Al and hook into this bottle?" I asked.

"What?"

"Oh, Lord, it really *is* Saturday. You mean to tell me—oh, never mind. Just somebody find the tubing I need. It's supposed to come with the set."

Four nurses disappeared in four different directions—just like the day the cake of Ivory sank at Procter & Gamble's. Visions of hat trick blurred. Al Morton sat on the edge of his bed, his arms resting on the bedside stand. "What the hell's wrong, Doc?" he asked.

"All that's wrong, Al," I reassured him, "is that you got a quart of bloody juice in your right chest and nobody will provide me with the simple utensils to remove it. If you find this disturbing, think of me. You're hung here anyhow, but I got a shot at the hat trick and eighteen holes of golf."

Finally, a reluctant genie in central supply produced the proper tubing. Al's right pleural cavity was sucked dry and his breathing improved. I raced for the back door, flicked out the light opposite my name, stepped into the parking lot, visions of the hat trick clearly in focus, and heard the noise box say, "Dr. Hawkeye, emergency room." For a moment I kept going, but changed my mind. If it were important, I'd just have to come back. Better face up to it now.

In the emergency room, Dr. Doggy Moore, the general practitioner who sends me cases, said, "Hey, Hawk, you wanta take out an appendix?"

"No."

"Could you make a living without me?"

"No way."

"Then get ready. Examine the kid and change your clothes. I've already scheduled him. He has it."

By 9:30, the diseased appendix was out and the parents made happy. "I suppose you're in a hurry to get to the course," said Doggy. "I got two gall bladders in. You wanta see them now or Monday?"

"Monday."

"OK, I guess. One of them said she'd just as soon have someone else."

"I'll say hello to them. You got them all worked up? If so, I'll do one Monday and one Tuesday."

"That's a good boy," said Doggy.

I finally left the hospital at 9:50, drove like hell, got home at 10:40 and found Mary mowing the lawn. "You'd think," she said, "that with five children and a husband, I wouldn't have to mow this great big lawn all by myself."

"You going to just complain all the time or do you want to go out to dinner tonight?"

"All I know is you better shoot seventy-six today or it'll be the last hat trick you ever get," she said lovingly as she slipped out of her shorts a few minutes later in our bedroom.

The phone rang. "Hawk, this is Clarence. I never figured to catch you home. I got a guy with a pneumothorax in Damariscotta. I think maybe you oughta see him. He's breathing hard."

Damariscotta is on my way to the golf course. Just time to cure pneumothorax and make tee-off time. "Sorry, honey," I said. "No hat trick. Gotta go. See you."

"How about dinner?"

"Sure. I even pay off on good intentions."

Arriving rapidly in Damariscotta, I put a Foley catheter in the patient's third anterior interspace and passed the time of day with Clarence while the lung expanded. At 11:55, I began the final leg of my journey to the Wawenock Country Club, where Dry Hole Pomerleau, the French well driller, inquired, "Where you been, you quack? You think we're going to keep on waiting for you, year in and year out?"

"Shut up and order me a cheeseburger while I get out my clubs."

"How many you knock off this week?" he persisted.

"None, unless you count Frenchmen. I want lunch. I don't want to listen to you."

Moments later, Dry Hole and I joined Rat Regan and Roy Jenkins, the 76-year-old hustler, for lunch in the combination sandwich and pro shop. "I see you're drivin' Benny's Cadillac today," observed Mr. Jenkins.

A year earlier, I'd operated on Benny for carcinoma of the pancreas. Benny lasted just long enough to make a will that bequeathed, to me, his new Cadillac. He did this with charity in his mind but also, I suspect, with malice in his heart. The word at Wawenock is: Don't buy a new car just before you get operated on by Hawkeye. Mr. Jenkins, every Saturday, mentions Benny's Cadillac just before saying, "Doc, you gotta start me two up."

Roy Jenkins—tall, lean, still strong—was Maine Open Champion in 1938 and I couldn't beat him with a rifle, but I always have to listen to his pitch, which, this day, was, "Gawd, Doc, I went fishin' last night. Got a hook caught in my finger. I shouldn't even be out here. Can't grab aholt of a club."

"Get to be ninety and cut off a hand, you old thief," I goad him, "and maybe I'll start you one up."

"I just don't know. When I was a young feller, I never talked to old folks like that."

The phone rang in the pro shop. "It's for you, Hawk," said the kid in charge.

"Hey, Hawkeye," said a happy, professional voice. "Glad I caught you. This is Joe Davis in Skowhegan. I want to talk to you about a guy who got shot in the chest."

"Talk to me, Joe."

"Well, I don't know. He's OK now, but he's got a lot of blood in there."

"You call it, Joe. I'll lay it on the line. I'd like to play golf and then come see him, but if you say come now, I will."

In the background, Jenkins was saying, "Listen to that. Somebody's sick, but that feller there wants to get out of it and play golf."

"Well, I don't know," said Joe.

"Tell you what, Joe. Tap his chest, see how he does, and if you get worried, call here and say it's an emergency. Someone will get me."

On the first tee, Rat Regan said, "You gotta be strong. You made the hat trick, didn't you? I called Mary at ten and she said it looked good."

"Just hit the ball, Rat. *You* better be strong."

"I just don't think it's fair, Doc," insisted Jenkins. "A big strong young

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THE CREATION

a mirthfully mephistophelean rescripting of how it all began

By J.B.HANDELSMAN

In the beginning and a long time before the beginning, God played solitaire, seldom winning, and ruining His eyes because there was no light. "Let there be light!" God cried, but no one answered. So God created an angel with special responsibility for light. He was called Lucifer, Prince of Darkness. Lucifer later invented fire; thus he also became Prince of Cold. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

When there was light, God saw that there was nothing to see. "Let there be a firmament," said God, adding under His breath, "We'll know what it is when We see it." And so there was a firmament, and it was blue, and God liked it. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

God felt the need for contrasting colors. He created earth colors and water colors. He created forest green, which begat chrome yellow, scarlet, alizarin crimson and magenta; these God called fruit. God ate the fruit and put some in a bowl. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

It occurred to God that although there was plenty of light, it seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Philosophically as well as scientifically, it made no sense. Therefore, God made the sun, throwing away the failures that were too hot or the wrong color. You can still see them and they are called stars. He also made the moon and threw it away, and you can still see that, too. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

God thought it was Friday and had a craving for fish. He created His favorites: cod, plaice, bluefish and flounder, plus whales and minnows for contrast, sea robins for a laugh and sharks to put the fear of God into the rest. Then, finding that it was only Thursday, He created fowl, especially chicken. God made other birds, too, having in mind the cats, which were as yet only in the planning stage. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

God warmed to His work. He made the conspicuous giraffe, then creatively gave him spots to make him inconspicuous; the bright-red lion was also revised. The tiger's stripes hid him from his prey. God believed in giving everyone a chance. He then asked Lucifer if he (Lucifer) thought that He (God) was beautiful. "You look very nice," Lucifer said. So God made a man in His own image, except without the beard. In a somewhat different image He made a woman, and the man and the woman were called Nicholas and Fiona. When Nicholas was permitted to name all the animals, he named himself and the woman Adam and Eve. And the man and the woman were naked and were not ashamed, but God was ashamed and not naked, because on the third day He had sampled the fruit. And the animals, who had been created male and female, knew all about sex; but Adam and Eve had no idea. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

On the seventh day, being pooped, God rested. He spent the day praying, and this was God's prayer: "O Almighty Me, keep the serpent away from the man and the woman, for I have created them stupid and gullible, whereas the serpent is too clever by half. The antelope can outrun the hyena and the bird can fly from the cat, but the man and the woman lack the resources to cope with the sophistries and blandishments of the wily serpent. Truly, I have stacked the deck and One can only hope for a miracle." And God replied to God's prayer, saying, "A miracle is impossible." "That," said God, "is only a definition." "By Your definitions," God replied, "You have programed the sun to shine and You have programed the serpent to be a serpent, etc. The miracle You want cannot now be performed even by You. You have given them free will, and that is the name of the game."

And the man and the woman played Free Will against God. They took chances, bought property, were fruitful and multiplied, went to jail, worshiped idols, turned to salt, mortgaged the railroads, mortgaged the air and the food supply. God asked Lucifer to take over and went back to solitaire. And the evening and the morning were every day.

MOST POWERFUL TAILOR *(continued from page 153)*

coveralls were repositioning portraits on the walls and it seemed to him that they were a little tense, on edge.

Hansen said, "What is it, Ethel?"

Ethel rolled her eyes upward. "You won't believe it," she said.

Hansen went into the Oval Room office where, to his astonishment, he found almost half the Cabinet—including the Secretaries of Defense, State, Housing and Urban Development—and the President's foreign-policy advisor. They were all standing, looking very uncomfortable. Even the President was standing.

One man was sitting and Hansen looked at him curiously. He was a little man, neatly dressed in a gray suit, chubby and white-haired. He must have been 60 at least, but he was snappishly alert and his eyes were compelling.

The little man swung his eyes over to Hansen. "Who are you?" he demanded. The authority in his voice disturbed Hansen. Most people were awed to be received by the President. This man acted as if he were surrounded by servants.

The President cleared his throat. "This is Dr. Hansen, my science advisor," he said. "Dr. Hansen, Mr. Borak."

Borak laughed. "So you called in a scientist," he said. "You think that'll help?" He crossed his legs, folded his hands in his lap and looked at Hansen contemptuously.

"I want another opinion," the President said mildly. And Hansen realized with a shock: *He's afraid of this man.* He looked around at the others. He now sensed that they were all afraid.

The President said, "Mr. Borak came to our attention two hours ago. He first visited John Harper—you know him, don't you?—the Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development——"

"The *late* Undersecretary," Borak said and laughed.

"And eventually was brought here. He is making a rather interesting set of demands, which I'd like you to hear." The President's voice remained mild and controlled. But Hansen could see the faint line of sweat on his upper lip.

"What happened to Harper?" Hansen asked. He had had lunch with him only a week before.

"Incinerated," Borak said and he chuckled with a sort of childish glee.

The room was very quiet. "I don't understand," Hansen said. He heard his own voice becoming as mild and controlled as the President's.

"Mr. Borak is a tailor from Cincinnati and——"

"Not *originally* from Cincinnati," Borak said, interrupting again. "Originally from Dayton, but the past ten years, Cincinnati. I have a place on Front Street, part of a dry cleaner's. I do reweaving and mending. I'm a widower; my wife died five years ago. No children. Last year, I made six thousand, three hundred dollars and I paid all my taxes on it. I've been a registered Democrat all my life. Does that help you?"

"Not much," Hansen said.

Borak laughed with genuine pleasure. He sat back in his chair and looked up at all the men standing around him. "None of it helps you," he said. "Admit it. Like my wife says, there isn't a damned thing you can do."

There was silence in the room for a moment. Finally, the President said, "Mr. Borak has demanded the sum of five hundred million dollars from us for——"

"Call it half a billion. It sounds better, half a billion."

"For 'protection.' "

"Protection?" Hansen said.

"You may not think so," Borak said, "but I have had a very unusual life. Very unusual. When I was young, I heard voices and they told me what to do. I often had the feeling of doing something I had done before, in another incarnation. Several times, I traveled out of my body to India, Japan and Kansas."

This guy is a screaming nut, Hansen thought. He listened, nodding politely.

"Then, after my wife died, I was very lonely. A man with no children is lonely. So I tried to contact her and finally succeeded two years ago. I have psychic powers, you see. It was my wife who suggested that I try to move things. It was——"

"Move things?"

"You know, ashtrays and books at first, moving them around the house. Opening and closing doors, with my mind."

"I see." Hansen worked to suppress a smile. The psychic little tailor from Cincinnati.

"It was an exercise," Borak continued. "Just getting in shape. Nothing much happened until I discovered I could make things catch fire. In fact, I have a special talent for this, a gift, you might call it. I practiced, strengthening my powers of concentration. Finally, a month ago, after consulting with my wife, I set a factory on fire." He rummaged in the pockets of his suit. "I have the clippings here. . . ."

"That's all right," Hansen said. He had already made up his mind. They were dealing with a psychotic of some kind. Probably he'd sneaked out and set a few fires like any other pyromaniac, then constructed an elaborate rationalization to explain it and to handle his guilt.

"It was a four-million dollar fire," Borak said proudly. "It got a lot of attention," he said and giggled.

"Speaking of fires, you might want to look at these," the President said, giving Hansen some Polaroids. They showed a Government office in several views. "They were taken half an hour ago."

Hansen studied them. He could see evidence of fire damage in each, but one shot in particular caught his attention. It showed a desk and a blackened lump in the chair behind the desk.

"The Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development," the President said, nodding.

"Sorry about that," Borak said. "But it was his own fault. He made me lose my temper. The things he said about me! He called me a screaming nut, for instance."

"Who observed this sequence of events?" Hansen asked, still staring at the Polaroids.

"An administrative assistant and a speechwriter," the President said. "They have been heavily sedated now, but they were in the room at the time and their stories match Mr. Borak's account of what happened. Mr. Borak, according to all accounts, closed his eyes, mumbled something and Mr. Harper burst into flames. They were separated by a distance of several yards at the time."

"Distance has nothing to do with it," Borak said. "Distance makes no difference."

"Mr. Borak claims," the President said, "to be able to do the same thing to the city of New York if we do not give him the money he demands."

"Terrific," Hansen said. "But I think we should pay only *if* he promises to burn New York to a crisp." He said it as a joke and he laughed, but he kept his eyes on Borak's face. He was testing. A joke like that would drive a psychotic up the wall. Borak was not amused—but neither was he livid with fury.

He said, "I see that you are still skeptical. Very well. Please remove your tie." Feeling odd, Hansen took off his tie and held it out in his hand. "That's fine," Borak said. He bent over, closed his eyes and whispered something quickly under his breath.

The tie burst into flames. Hansen gasped, dropped it and stamped out the fire with his shoes. When he looked up, the little man was smiling blandly. "Have I convinced you?"

Hansen did not speak. He was staring at the charred pieces of cloth, trying to remember where he had bought the tie, who might have gotten to it, treated it with chemicals, prepared it for this little trick. After a moment, he shook his head. It could not be a trick.

His mind spun crazily. As a physicist,

WINSTON'S DOWN HOME TASTE!

20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.

he was accustomed to thinking of alternative explanations, contrasting mathematical models to describe physical events. But this was flatly impossible in any system. It couldn't be done.

"Now, then," Borak said, turning to the President. "Unless there are further questions, I would like to turn to the matter of payment."

The President, looking pale, nodded.

"In return for maintaining secrecy and withholding my powers, I will receive from you half a billion dollars, tax-free, to be paid through the Defense Department. Furthermore——"

Hansen stopped listening. His mind was turning inward, considering all the possibilities and ramifications. He tried to think of what he had seen as a true manifestation of psychic power, psychokinesis. If so, what followed? How could it be dealt with logically? "Just a moment," he said. "I have some questions."

The tailor Borak looked at him with obvious hostility. "Yes?"

Hansen knew that he would have to proceed cautiously. The picture of the charred lump remained in his mind. "Mr. President," he said, "it seems to me that we may be able to use Mr. Borak's skills to our own advantage. In fact, I think he may be worth a great deal more than he is asking. Someone who could invisibly and immediately incinerate Peking, Havana, Moscow—that's a talent to have on our side."

The President stared at him as if he had gone mad.

But Borak was nodding slowly, thinking about it seriously. "Yes," he said, "possibly. . . ."

"We also ought to determine," Hansen said, "what other powers Mr. Borak has that might be useful. For instance, can you see the future, Mr. Borak?"

Borak shook his head. "I've tried," he said, "but I can't. Even in communication with my wife I can't. But I'm very good at dealing with the present."

"You certainly are," Hansen said. He concealed a sense of triumph. He knew now what he had to do. "I want to thank you, Mr. Borak," he said, "for a most stimulating morning." He went to the door. "Mr. President, it's my recommendation that you do as Mr. Borak asks, with the condition that you have a legal option on his services in the future."

The President nodded curtly, though he looked angry and frustrated. "That's your final conclusion?" He'd obviously been half hoping that Hansen could produce some scientific miracle that would prove Borak a fraud.

"Yes," Hansen said. "Absolutely." And then he walked out of the room.

In the anteroom, he smiled at Ethel, who was nervously smoking a cigarette. "How is it in there?" she asked.

"No problem," he said, still smiling. He went over to the workmen and whispered to them for a moment.

Fifteen minutes later, when Mr. Borak, the psychic tailor from Cincinnati, emerged from the office of the President of the United States, Hansen was there to greet him.

"I want to thank you," Borak said. "I didn't expect a scientist to understand."

"Scientists are logical people," Hansen said, "and I'm only doing my job."

And then he swung one of the workmen's hammers down on Borak's head, killing him instantly. Ethel screamed. After a moment, the President and his advisors came out of the inner office and looked down at the body. Then they looked at the bloody hammer. Finally, they looked at Hansen.

"He couldn't see the future," Hansen said.

There was a brief silence. Then the President said "Ummm" in a distracted way and went back into his office. His advisors followed him. The door closed. Hansen went back down the hall to his office. And there the matter ended.

WHO RUNS THE GOVERNMENT? *(continued from page 148)*

Beach, a favorite hangout for key Nixon staffers when their boss is resting at his elegant compound in San Clemente, some 25 miles down the coast. At one point in the evening, my wife innocently asked our guest how she could effectively join the fight against pollution. The aide first suggested that she join some citizens' campaign to clean up the Potomac. Then he paused, as if dissatisfied with his answer, and, at a decibel level he rarely reaches (judging by the startled expression on his wife's face), he said with passion: "The other thing you can do is go sit on Carl Klein's doorstep, and sit there and sit there, until he gets off his tail and does something!"

Carl Klein was then the Assistant Secretary of Interior for Water Resources, and it was the White House's considered judgment that he had done little or nothing to assist the Administration's efforts to enforce water-pollution standards and chase down errant industrialists and dirty municipalities. As it turned out, my wife was not required to track down Klein at the Department of the Interior, since he was gone a few weeks later. He had been appointed by the President—more precisely, rammed down the President's throat by the late Everett McKinley Dirksen, whose protégés are still scattered all over the Government—and when the time came for his dismissal, he was forced to accept the awful uncertainty that burdens most Presidential appointees. As Wally Hickel discovered, the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

But there are not many men like Klein whom the President can easily get at if he decides they aren't measuring up. The reason is that his true powers of appointment are less than they are commonly supposed to be. A study by *Congressional Quarterly* early in the Administration, for instance, pointed out that the potential political patronage open to the new regime amounted to about 6500 Federal jobs with a total minimum annual salary of $106,400,000. But this was a misleading figure, because no President can expect to fill all those jobs with new people (there's never enough time); many of the officials he does manage to appoint become captives of the bureaucracies they're supposed to run; and a sizable percentage (nearly one third) of the 6500 posts are already occupied by holdovers with status acquired through good service and seniority, who cannot be removed except for cause—moral or professional turpitude—that is usually impossible to prove.

It should also be noted that the 6500 posts over which the President theoretically has some influence constitute only a tiny fraction, a mere platoon, of the Federal army, which now numbers some 3,000,000 civilian employees. And these are not all mail carriers. Among them are men with the capacity, judgment and acumen to make or break policy by expediting or obstructing programs at the middle and lower levels.

Finally, there seem to be entire agencies (never mind the individual bureaucrats) that remain impervious to Presidential suggestion, because they have either powerful allies in Congress or influential constituencies among the citizenry. The Soil Conservation Service, the Forestry Service and some of the regulatory agencies—most notably, the Federal Trade Commission—have acquired independent lives of their own, as Ralph Nader never tires of pointing out. Neither John Gardner nor Bob Finch could make a dent in the welfare bureaucracy at HEW; thus, the only hope for a radical change in the welfare system would seem to be an overhaul of the laws governing that agency, as implied in Nixon's proposed Family Assistance Program. The Office of Economic Opportunity was dominated (until Nixon effectively reduced the scope of

A lot to drink without drinking a lot.

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its power last year) not so much by the Republicans he named to run it as by holdover Democrats wedded to the more aggressive pace of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. Meanwhile, the Bureau of Public Roads has remained a powerful obstacle to the efforts of successive Secretaries of Transportation to make highways the servant, rather than the master, of constructive land use and population growth. And every time the President or some conservation-minded Congressman sets out to save this or that ecological treasure, he finds that the Army Corps of Engineers has already planned some project in the area and is stubbornly resisting efforts to cancel it.

The outstanding case of bureaucratic isolation from the popular will is, of course, the Federal Reserve Board, whose independence stems from the deep-seated and honestly motivated conviction that politicians should not be allowed to monkey around with the money supply. Johnson ranted and raved at William McChesney Martin when L. B. J. wanted easier credit, but his shouting came to little, because Martin—then nearing the end of the 14-year term of which FRB chairmen are assured—was legally accountable to no one but himself and his system. Mr. Nixon seems to be getting along quite well with Arthur Burns, his choice to succeed Martin, but there are signs of strain below the surface.

The usual Presidential response to the problem of ineffective and sluggish bureaucracies is to strengthen the White House staff, in the apparent belief that enough manpower and expertise concentrated at the top can overcome timidity and/or inertia down below. This phenomenon has been noted by Robert C. Wood, a former political scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and now president of the University of Massachusetts. Wood served as Undersecretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development in the Johnson Administration, an experience that taught him as much as he had ever imparted to his students about the practical problems of translating the wishes of elected officials into administrative reality. During Wood's tenure, for instance, longtime employees of the Urban Renewal program (which had been a separate entity before the creation of HUD) showed little enthusiasm for—and in one case, to my personal knowledge, lobbied against—the Model Cities program proposed by L. B. J. and authorized by Congress, on grounds that the new program would diminish the funds available for urban renewal. During this same period—just to add to the Undersecretary's frustrations—the Federal Housing Administration (another separate entity in the pre-HUD days) actively resisted administrative orders and legislative proposals requiring Model Cities to provide insurance for homes built in low-income areas. FHA had always spent most of its mortgage money in the suburbs, where the risks were low, and its officials did not relish the thought of (a) overturning three decades of tradition, a powerful influence in most bureaucracies, and (b) risking their good record with the General Accounting Office by placing the full faith and credit of the Federal Government behind rehabilitated housing in the slums.

However, as Wood has observed, the predictable response to these and similar problems—strengthening the supervisory capability of the President and increasing the size and visibility of the White House staff—has not solved them. On the contrary, the predictable response has produced a predictable result: the creation of even more bureaucracies that, without meaning to, further erode the President's capacity to turn the general guidelines of Government policy into actionable programs that fulfill the promise of that policy. The classic illustration is the old Budget Bureau, which has evolved over the years from a modest accounting organization charged with drawing up the annual budget—a rather generalized form of bureaucratic overview—into an immensely powerful, immensely professional agency that has added to its original functions an enormous degree of *operational* authority. The average Cabinet member cannot make a move, practically speaking, without getting prior clearance from the Budget Bureau. In Wood's time, for example, the Budget Bureau not only determined how much the housing agency could ask for to finance its Open Space program for the central cities but also—after Congress had appropriated the funds—involved itself intimately in the political and administrative process of allocating the money among competing cities and suburbs.

A case can be made—and probably ought to be—that the increasing powers of the Budget Bureau are the inevitable result of the failures of the lower bureaucracy, that the vast agencies of Government would never accomplish anything unless the Budget Bureau, acting as the loyal, competent, unbiased servant of the President, constantly prodded those agencies into some form of action. This would be a compelling argument, except for one small but ineluctable fact: This is still a Government in which the Cabinet occupies a large role, however symbolic that role may be. We have not figured out a way to get rid of the Cabinet. Cabinet officers still run the departments, at least in theory. Federal employees still look to their Secretaries and Undersecretaries for leadership and guidance. They regard the Budget Bureau—and this is important—as just another level of the bureaucracy, to be obeyed but not to be inspired by. In their view, the Budget Bureau intimidates and, in the end, emasculates their own bosses, who must grapple with it at budget time, surrender to its business-office mentality and, if so ordered, abandon programs on which those very bureaucrats, not to mention the Secretary himself, may have spent a great deal of time, energy and imagination. Thus, the Budget Bureau historically has tended to dampen agency morale and has inhibited the very efficiency in execution that, through its intervention in operational matters, it is trying to achieve.

Much the same criticism has been aimed at Mr. Nixon's recent reorganization of his own staff, which in itself demonstrates that the impulse to reshuffle at the top in order to achieve results at the bottom remains unabated among those who occupy, with mounting frustration, the theoretical pinnacle of power. In brief, what Mr. Nixon did last year was to name White House staffer John Ehrlichman chief executive officer of a new Domestic Council to oversee the creation of domestic policy; simultaneously, he named George Shultz —then Secretary of Labor—to head the new Office of Management and Budget, whose mandate includes not only the budget-making functions of the old Budget Bureau but also a vastly expanded management operation. In effect, Shultz is supposed to ride herd on the agencies and thus make sure that Ehrlichman's policies are translated into workable programs.

It sounds beautiful—and may turn out to be, in actual practice—but there are those who wonder whether the old problems (of morale and efficiency) won't soon begin to resurface. Despite the disclaimers of the new scheme's architects—a commission headed by Roy Ash of Litton Industries, who recommended the reorganization to the President—it may be that OMB interposes yet another layer (a supermanagement agency, if you will) between the President and the Cabinet departments, demoting the latter yet another notch. Given the obstructionism of lower-level bureaucrats in the old days, when things were pretty well decentralized, it may be a very good idea, indeed, to concentrate more responsibility in the Executive office of the President. But one wonders how many men of stature and competence will henceforth take on demanding Cabinet and sub-Cabinet jobs when they know they will be dealing not with the President but with a couple of guys named Shultz and Ehrlichman and their successors.

Beyond that: Can *any* reorganization at the top of the Executive branch solve the problems below? As I have suggested, the problems are formidable and are

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"He's got a terrific voice, groovy personality, great audience appeal. Too bad he's so poorly hung."

complicated by tenure, by timidity, by politics, by some inherent malaise that seems to turn bright men into paper-shuffling ciphers. What, for example, can Ehrlichman-Shultz do about Mississippi Congressman Jamie Whitten? Nick Kotz, an enterprising reporter for *The Washington Post*, once called Jamie Whitten the Permanent Secretary of Agriculture. He is not a bureaucrat but an elected official who knows how to manipulate bureaucrats and exploit their fears. As chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Agriculture, Whitten has used the power of the purse for 20 years to persuade middle-echelon officials in the Department of Agriculture to promote those programs that help the commercial farmer (cotton growers, in particular), while blocking or minimizing the impact of nearly every constructive effort to alleviate hunger among the black poor. During the Johnson Administration, for example, when the White House and the Budget Bureau were chock-full of well-intentioned liberals, Whitten managed to persuade officials in both Agriculture and HEW to drop Mississippi from a list of states targeted for a malnutrition survey. Kotz accurately points out that in the quiet process of hidden power, a bureaucrat in the Agriculture Department reacts more quickly to a raised eyebrow from Jamie Whitten than to a direct order from the Secretary himself.

There is very little that any President can do—especially if he wants Whitten's votes on other issues—to curb this sort of power. He might as well attempt to dislodge the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, for Whitten's constituents seem disposed to grant him permanent tenure—and, besides that, there are probably any number of officials in the Department of Agriculture who would suffer some kind of professional collapse if Whitten were suddenly no longer around to give them guidance.

The long and short of it is that any President—confronted with a bureaucracy that succumbs to the Whittens of this world—has very little leeway. After Eisenhower was elected in 1952, Harry Truman was overheard to remark: "He'll sit right here and he'll say, 'Do this, do that,' and nothing will happen. Poor Ike! It won't be a bit like the Army. He'll find it very frustrating." Or, as McGeorge Bundy, who tussled with the problems of national security in the Kennedy Administration, has observed, "The ablest of Presidents, with the most brilliant and dedicated of Executive office staffs, simply cannot do it alone."

Ironically, however, there is one area of public policy in which the President has great leverage to work his will: foreign affairs. While the Whittens and the obstructionists at HUD cannot easily be removed, the strangle hold that various bureaucrats and appointed dignitaries have had on the conduct of foreign policy for 20 years can easily be broken simply by not appointing them again. It is worth mentioning the existence of an entrenched foreign-policy bureaucracy, if only because when people start complaining of inertia in Government, they tend to think exclusively of the domestic agencies. But the international arena also abounds with people who are similarly immune from public review. One need only peruse the columns written by James Reston of *The New York Times* to discover who some of them are: the Achesons, Lovetts, McCloys, Nitzes, Harrimans, Cliffords, Gilpatrics and McNamaras. Many arose in the Truman years and went to ground in the Eisenhower era, but the first thing John Kennedy did after pledging to get the country moving again was to reach back and resurrect them. Richard Nixon has his own equivalents, all cut to the same establishmentarian, Cold Warrior pattern. He kept Henry Cabot Lodge at the Paris peace talks (David Bruce, another old hand, replaced him) and he has stuck with Ellsworth Bunker as ambassador in Saigon. And there has been no real house cleaning at State.

To the anti–Cold Warrior who resents the refusal of Presidents to infuse the foreign-policy process with new blood and who regards the foreign-policy establishment as so many interchangeable parts, the solution is instantly clear: Fire or sensibly retire the architects of the old order or elect a President with a new foreign policy. In short, find a new boy, someone who has not so fully absorbed the diplomacy of the Cold War that he feels compelled, quadrennially, to seek counsel from those who have provided the rhetoric and the policies that sustain the Cold War. But this simple remedy, unfortunately, is not applicable to the domestic agencies, to the middle-level officials in HEW nor HUD nor the Bureau of Roads nor the Corps of Engineers nor the OMB nor the Agency for International Development nor the Departments of Interior and Agriculture and Justice. Canonized by some earlier ruler, their positions secured by acceptable performance and consolidated by tenure, they remain fugitives from the men who are supposed to exercise some authority over them—but easy prey for the Jamie Whittens. Is it therefore true that nothing can be done to give elected officials greater control over the bureaucracy they inherit? No. The prospects for reform are not hopeless. One partial remedy would be to strengthen the roles of individual Cabinet members. The people on the Ash Commission who devised the reorganization plan under which Ehrlichman became head of the Domestic Council and Shultz boss of the OMB genuinely hoped that the scheme would strengthen the ties between the President and his principal appointive officers instead of inserting another layer between them. To his credit, Ehrlichman has attempted, through a complex system of *ad hoc* subcommittees that meet regularly at the White House, to bring Cabinet members into an intimate, day-to-day relationship with himself and other key members of Nixon's palace guard. If successful, this system ought to give members of the Cabinet a larger stake in policy making and, in time, infuse the vast structures around them with a greater sense of purpose.

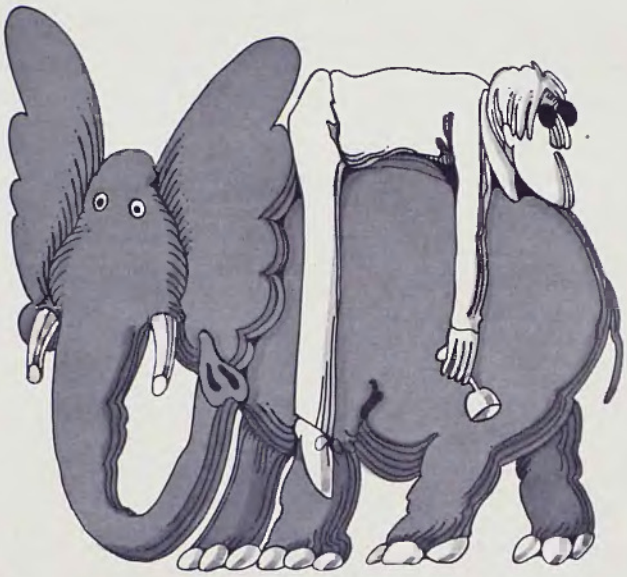
Moreover, once it's clearly established that policy is to be made at the top, the men in the middle and at the bottom may acquire a sharper definition of their own roles, which are (or ought to be) essentially operational, nonpolitical and professional. Robert Wood recalls that when he was Undersecretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, both Congress and the White House tried hard to arrange for greater coordination between ordinary citizens and local governments in the administration of antipoverty programs. Federal administrators at the local level, however, he complains, "never changed the signals." The will of the President and Congress was thus thwarted, and Wood suggests that new disciplinary measures be devised by the bureaucracy itself to ensure that people on the operational level behave like trained professionals rather than amateurs "intoxicated by visions" of making policy on their own.

When Wood complains about operational types in the permanent bureaucracy who imagine themselves to be policy makers, he and others who share his objections are expressing (sometimes tacitly, often openly) the wistful hope that someday the American Civil Service might be refashioned to resemble more nearly its British counterpart. It is generally conceded that the British version works infinitely better and the reasons are not hard to find. One—as Wood has already suggested in his plea for more professionalism in American Government—is that to be a public servant in Britain is to occupy a post of considerable public prestige. The British civil service is free from patronage and its members are not routinely regarded as drudges or even, for that matter, as bureaucrats, which in America is not a kind word. Henry Kissinger, for instance, is constantly referring to men in the State Department as bureaucrats and the contempt in his voice is not calculated to elevate morale in Foggy Bottom. More important, perhaps, is the fact that a clear distinction is and always has been made in Britain between the

(concluded on page 200)

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

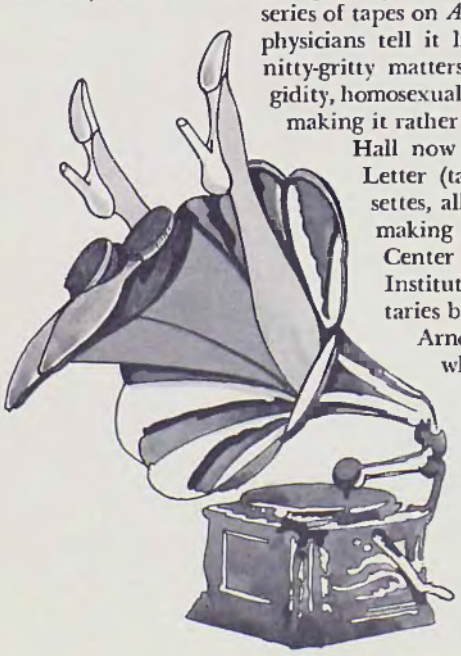


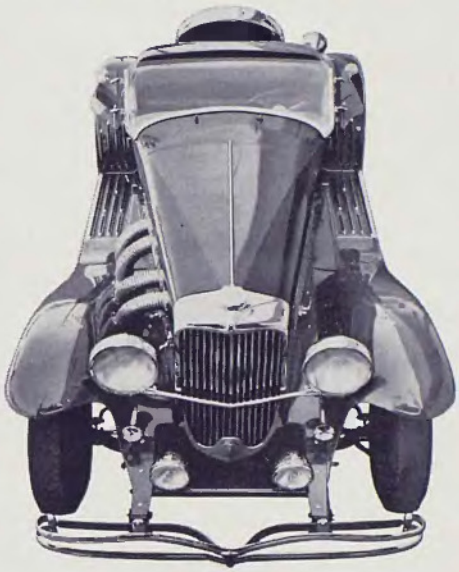
THE ICE-PACK MAN COMETH

For the imprudent imbiber, there's a newly opened morning-after clinic called Hangover Heaven; but until a major-city chain can be franchised, you'll have to fly to Atlanta if you need the cure. First stop is the Sympathy Room, where you'll be met by an attendant Angel who'll coo condolences while you inhale straight shots of oxygen. Then it's on to whirlpool and steam-bath treatments, plus assuaging elixirs that vary according to the severity of your sins. The whole rebirth takes from 30 to 45 minutes and costs $20 plus a standard $5 tip—but there still remains that agonizing prospect of dragging yourself to Heaven's front door.

SOUND ADVICE

The cassette revolution, exploding in every direction, has already moved far beyond its musical beginnings. Creative Cassettes is dispensing a series of tapes on *Aspects of Human Sexuality*. Five physicians tell it like it is (well, almost) on such nitty-gritty matters as intercourse, impotence, frigidity, homosexuality, etc. For those concerned with making it rather than with making out, Prentice-Hall now puts its monthly Management Letter (tax-deductible, of course) on cassettes, all pitched to the fine fiscal art of making and hanging onto a buck. The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions offers dialogs and commentaries by an illustrious roster, including Arnold Toynbee and Ramsey Clark, who put forth their views on how to cope with life on this planet. And Coursette System Inc. is now producing Tune-Up-Tapes that talk a novitiate grease monkey through his first adventure under the hood. The tapes come with engine diagrams and tool-and-parts list. What about a cassette on how to succeed in the cassette biz?





DUESENBERG AND BUG

The freeway culture of Southern California and the winding byways of England have bred two totally different automotive creations. For conspicuous consumers, the Duesenberg Motor Corporation of Gardena has resurrected the Duesenberg SSJ Roadster, a lip-smacking knockoff of the 1935 classic. Its blown Chrysler engine will produce over 500 horsepower and its exotic combination of woods, aluminum and steel will bruise your wallet about $25,000 worth. The Bond Bug, on the other hand, is a three-wheel, fiberglass-bodied two-seater manufactured by Britain's Reliant Motor Group and powered by a four-cylinder engine. Not yet exported, the Bug uses an upward-opening canopy in place of doors, gets 60 miles to the imperial gallon and costs about $1300. Right on, chaps.

OLYMPIAN ART

Even if you can't make the marathon run, this year you can carry a torch for the games—the 1972 Olympics in Munich—with sports-spirited lithos, serigraphs and posters. From the art series commissioned by Edition Olympia 1972, three types of prints by some 30 acclaimed international artists (Vasarely and Soulages among them) are available through New York's Kennedy Graphics: editions of 200 hand-signed and numbered lithos ($550–$650), editions of 4000 stone-signed pieces ($75) and unlimited numbers of offset posters at $10 each.

PEACE 101

Following the Biblical injunction "Seek peace, and pursue it," Manhattan College, a Catholic school in New York, will offer this fall the nation's first undergraduate major in peace. Understandably, the search for truth

and tranquillity is carried out with all the verve and joy characteristic of the academic mind. The peace major will complete 30 hours of interdisciplinary coursework. Studies examine geography, political science, social psychology, history, religion, literature (what else but *War and Peace*?) and even the biology of human behavior, for their pacifying potentialities. But if you flunk peace, are you drafted?

SO WHADDAYA WANT FOR A DIME, ARISTOPHANES?

If Ussery Industries has its way, you'll soon be using Snack Shop vending machines that will not only fill your mouth with Lorna Doones (among other selections) but feed your head as well. In goes the dime, down drops the goody and then suddenly Snack Shop speaks. "Thanks for the dime, pal," raps the recorded voice of Henny Youngman, followed by one of 50 one-liners, such as, "Say, my mother-in-law got a mud pack; for two days she looked nice. Then the mud fell off." Don't toss your cookies.

EYE FOR AN EYE

Don't look now, but the monocle is making a comeback. A London optician reports a miniboom in single lenses. Buyers say they're great for casting a critical eye on something or someone. Now all you need is a cigarette holder and a top hat and you can take turns playing Erich von Stroheim and Charlie McCarthy.

PAYING FOR THE PIPER

In case you didn't know, 1781 was a fabulous year for champagne—so great, in fact, that Florens-Louis Heidsieck, founder of Piper-Heidsieck, presented Marie Antoinette with a bottle of that year's bubbly. So guess what? Today, you can buy as close a copy of the 1781 vintage as Piper-Heidsieck can create, this time blended from grapes picked in another fabulous year—1961—and bottled in an authentic replica of the *pinte majeure* that the queen of France once held. Priced at about $17 a bottle, Florens-Louis is for that special occasion—like the next time the Dow-Jones tops 1000.

WHO RUNS THE GOVERNMENT?

(continued from page 197)

functions of elected officials and those of the civil service. In Britain, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet (whose officers must all be elected members of Parliament) are solely responsible for *policy* in the broadest sense. The civil service is responsible for the *operation* of that policy. There is none of the confusion of roles that so bedeviled a man like Wood, who found his underlings continuously meddling with what he thought was his and the President's policy.

But unless we can transform our own Civil Service overnight (and I seriously doubt that we can), my feeling is that Government will not work until Congress makes it work. The President and his principal officers in Government can do very little to master the agencies as long as the bureaucrats can play Congress off against the Executive—as long as they can run to Congressman Whitten or to somebody like him whenever they get into trouble or whenever they disagree with orders passed down by their superiors. The public may want a national malnutrition survey; the President may want it; the Cabinet and sub-Cabinet officers (appointed by the President and, therefore, responsive to him) may want it. But the middle-echelon shuffler, responsive to Whitten, may not want it, and if he can get enough like-minded people together, he can either dissuade his boss from undertaking the project or simply sabotage it. But the Whitten example is an extreme one. The fundamental problem goes beyond the Whittens to embrace not only those isolated Congressmen who, hand in glove with their bureaucratic allies, work actively to sabotage policy but also all those in Congress who, because of apathy or overwork, just don't care what happens to their programs after the legislative process has ended and the bureaucracy has taken control. What we're talking about, in short, is Congressional accountability for the performance of the Executive branch.

Astoundingly enough, given the amount of energy expended by Congress to invent programs, not to mention the enormous sums authorized for them, the men on the Hill make very little effort to monitor the subsequent performance of their own creations. Bad programs—flawed at conception—not only survive but flourish. Good programs are allowed to founder. Programs with a terminal date of, say, five years are often renewed with little opposition. By then, they have acquired momentum and allies—a bureaucracy in Washington to manage them and a constituency in the country to keep them alive. Ask a typical Congressman how he keeps track of the bureaucracy and he will reply, "Through the GAO"—the General Accounting Office, an extension of Congress that not only publishes the least-read reports in Washington but concerns itself almost exclusively with accounting procedures. The GAO is interested mainly in discovering waste in Government programs and establishing efficiency; but the GAO never really asks the relevant questions, namely: Is the program doing the job expected of it by Congress and are the men in charge of it any good?

Some brand-new mechanism will have to be devised to make crucial value judgments like these. There has never been any shortage of suggestions. I recall with nostalgia Daniel Patrick Moynihan's appearance five years ago before the subcommittee on government reorganization chaired by Senator Abraham Ribicoff. The hearings still stand as the largest compendium anywhere of good (and unused) suggestions on how the Government might better organize itself to attack the problems of the cities. Among the simplest and best of the ideas was Moynihan's proposal for a permanent, well-staffed office to monitor the effectiveness of Government programs. The office would be directly responsible not to the bureaucracy but to Congress and would make stiff recommendations for improving flawed programs or for canceling them altogether, along with the various bureaucratic appendages that have lost their usefulness. On a more modest level, Charles L. Schultze, L. B. J.'s Budget Director, has suggested that Congress can do as much if not more than the Executive branch to control the dollar-happy bureaucrats in the Pentagon; he suggests, for this purpose, that Congress set up a joint committee on the military budget to help establish priorities in the national-security area. Both committees would be staffed with skilled professionals capable of making tough judgments and remaining immune from bureaucratic or political pressures.

It may be argued that, by superimposing Congressional review on the workings of the bureaucracy, we might risk years of patient effort to protect the administrative structure from the political process. This, of course, is a basic rationale for having a Civil Service in the first place. However, as Drucker has noted, the safeguards we have devised to protect the existing machinery from the distortions and pressures of politics "also protect the incumbents in the agencies from the demands of performance." And the monitoring functions that Moynihan and Schultze suggested would not require intense surveillance and day-to-day snooping. They would simply produce well-researched judgments as to whether agency A or bureau B or program C was effectively producing the results originally intended. The committees would then recommend revision or automatic abandonment or at least extensive public hearings to put the agency or the program back on course. Given this prospect, even the most deeply entrenched official would soon become more responsive—to his superiors, to the President and (through them) to the public, which nowadays has little notion of what the bureaucrat is up to and an even slimmer chance of finding out.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Atkinson, it's a matter of racial pride. Nobody's selling me or trading me to anybody!"

health foods

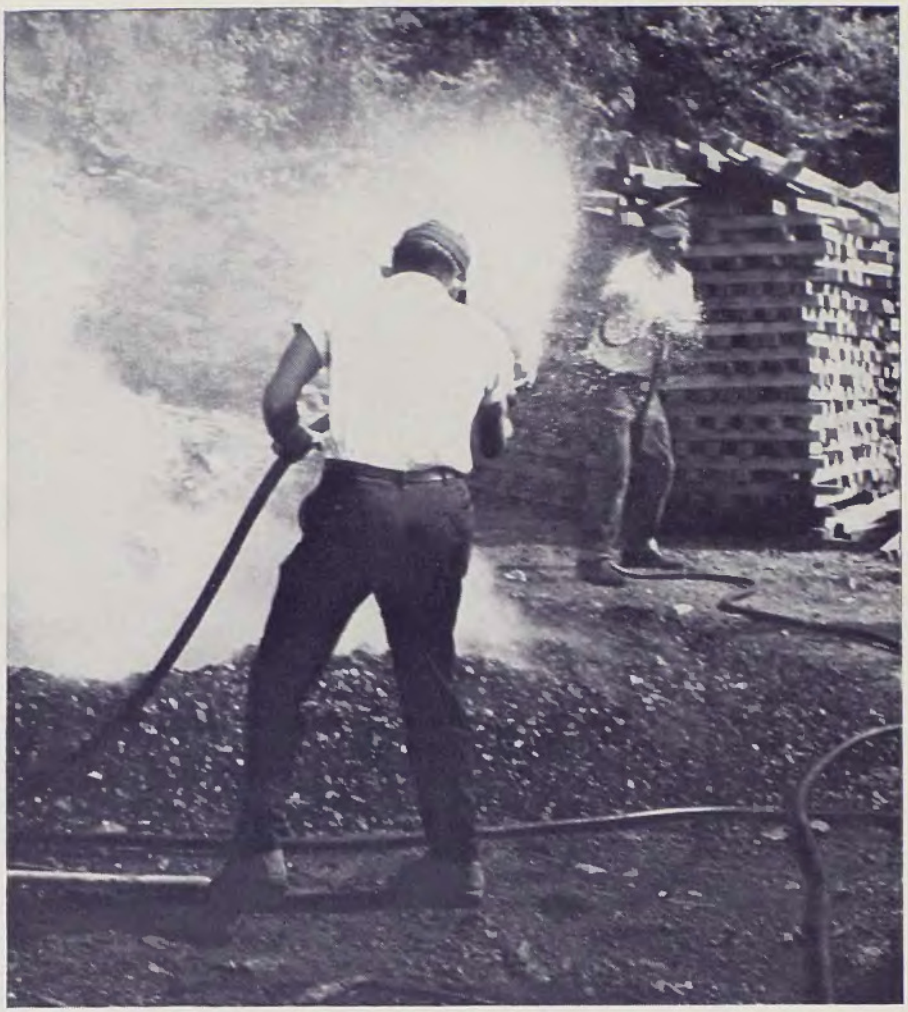
(continued from page 145)

create some excellent gastronomic forgeries and can keep food in the larder from spoiling, they can, simultaneously, lay waste to man himself. If you're the kind of host who treasures your health as well as hedonistic values, you'll find that one of the best defenses against the chemical warfare of the commercial food processors is to explore the shops featuring natural or organic foods.

Natural foods are those untainted by chemical pollutants and quite a few are available in regular food shops. A steak from a steer whose diet was natural feed is a perfect example. Brook trout is another exquisite natural pleasure at the table. You may have to go to an organic-food shop to buy organic vegetables; that is, those grown without synthetic fertilizer or spray. If it's an organic food in a jar or a can, such as tomato purée, it was not only made from tomatoes grown organically but was also packed without resort to any of the 200 to 300 artificial flavors used in other processed foods. If the word organic appears on a carton of eggs, it means the eggs were from a flock of chickens fed only natural grains.

Indeed, health-food shops are cropping up faster than bean sprouts, and their offerings, from fresh artichokes to wild-blueberry jam, are fairly bewildering in their variety. It doesn't matter that such shops were originally patronized by faddists who believed that raw-carrot juice would sharpen their vision in a dark bedroom and that papaya tablets would enable them to outgorge Nero or Vitellius. In many of the shops you'll find hard-to-get foods such as cashew-nut butter and pure coconut meal. Others carry exotic stocks of Oriental foods, such as Japanese sesame miso, a wonderful ally at summer barbecues. Yet others feature both classical gourmet fare and natural foods; you can pick up your *pâté de foie gras* and cold pressed walnut oil in one stop.

It's amazing how many foods acquire a naturally new luster merely by being left as close as possible to their natural state. Turbinado sugar, for instance, is neither as lily-white nor as finely granulated as regular sugar. In a cup of espresso, the difference would be hard to detect. But when you dip firm, field-ripened fresh strawberries into sour cream and then swish them in turbinado, you're suddenly tasting sugar for the first time and not just taking it for granted. Prunes aren't normally the concern of food connoisseurs. But the mammoth unsulphured prunes, 15 to 20 to the pound, which you'll find in some of the best health-food shops, are as magnificent raw as cooked. When cooked



WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too.

Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without. You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey. That's done by seeping it down through vats packed 12 feet deep with this charcoal. What comes out is only the sippin' part, ready for aging. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it would be worth a water fight or two.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENN.

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and served ice-cold with a river of sweet cream and a trickle of cognac or Armagnac, they are guaranteed to steal the show at any brunch party.

Realistically, of course, not every food in a natural-food shop is both a dietary and a dining joy. In a small store where the turnover isn't great, organic cucumbers and romaine can soon become wizened. The same vegetables sold at a roadside stand near the farm where they were grown may be delightfully crisp. Trial and error will soon tell you whether an organically fed chicken that was frozen and must be thawed before cooking matches the plump, fresh chickens you've been buying regularly. Finally, there's no conclusive scientific proof that vegetables and fruits grown organically will make you richer in life juices than those cultivated with inorganic fertilizers. But whether or not they taste better, you'll still have the quietly comfortable feeling that they are DDT-free.

Even the strictest constructionists of what is good and bad for our bodies agree that what tastes good—sheer savor in the mouth—is, in the majority of cases, the all-absorbing trump that leads us to choose one food over another. One could argue, for instance, that tupelo honey from Florida contains a greater proportion of supersweet levulose than buckwheat honey. But whatever the proportions of levulose, dextrose and sucrose, the honey from the wild tupelo trees in an impenetrable Florida swamp, gathered during a few weeks in the spring, is so luscious and incredibly fragrant that the first spoonful can be addictive. You can drizzle it over French toast or griddlecakes or mix it with rum and fresh grapefruit juice, confident that it's one habit you'll never be advised to kick.

The following recipes, using natural foods as much as possible, aren't Zen macrobiotic yin and yangs guaranteed to build strong bones and teeth and to give your tablemate soft healthy skin, though they may do all these things. Their biggest bonus is that they're munificent eating. Each recipe serves four.

CREAM OF ALMOND SOUP

- ⅓ cup sliced almonds
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup onions, small dice
- ¼ cup leeks, white part only, thinly sliced
- 1 medium clove garlic, finely minced
- ¼ cup flour
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 1½ cups milk
- 8-oz. jar (about 1 cup) almond butter
- Salt, white pepper

Preheat oven at 350°. Spread almonds in shallow pan or pie plate. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until medium brown; avoid scorching. Set almonds aside. Melt butter in soup pot; add onions, leeks and garlic and sauté until onions are soft, not brown. Stir in flour, blending well. Slowly stir in chicken broth. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in milk; bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Let soup cool slightly, then add almond butter. Pour soup into blender in small batches and blend until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste. Reheat before serving. Sprinkle almonds over soup in serving dishes.

BROOK TROUT, SUNFLOWER STYLE

- 4 brook trout, ½ to ¾ lb. each
- Milk
- Salt, pepper
- Flour
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Salad oil
- Sunflower-kernel meal
- Melted butter
- 1 lemon, cut into wedges

Have trout cleaned but left whole. Soak in milk to cover 1 hour, then drain well. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; dip in flour. Beat eggs with lemon juice and 2 teaspoons oil. Dip trout in egg mixture, coating thoroughly. Dip in sunflower meal, coating thoroughly and patting meal into place, if necessary, to make a firm coating. Place in refrigerator for at least 1 hour before cooking. Preheat oven at 375°. Heat ¼ in. oil in large skillet. Sauté trout until medium brown on both sides, turning carefully to avoid disturbing sunflower-meal coating. Place trout in shallow pan and bake 10 to 12 minutes. Dab with melted butter. Serve with lemon wedges.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH MUSHROOMS PARMIGIANA

- 1½ lbs. leg of veal, cut thin, as for scaloppine
- 2 large cloves garlic
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- 1 tablespoon very finely minced parsley
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- Salad oil
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Salt, pepper
- Flour
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- Bread crumbs
- ½ lb. organic mushrooms
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups hot milk
- Freshly grated parmesan cheese

Organically grown mushrooms are usually brown rather than white. They're the one organically cultivated vegetable that seems distinctly different from its chemically grown counterpart. Their texture is firm, their flavor rich.

Pound veal with meat mallet until thin but not broken. Smash garlic slightly with the side of a knife blade. Place veal in mixing bowl with garlic, oregano, parsley, onion, 2 tablespoons oil and lemon juice. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper and toss meat to coat thoroughly. Cover bowl and marinate in refrigerator 2 hours. Remove

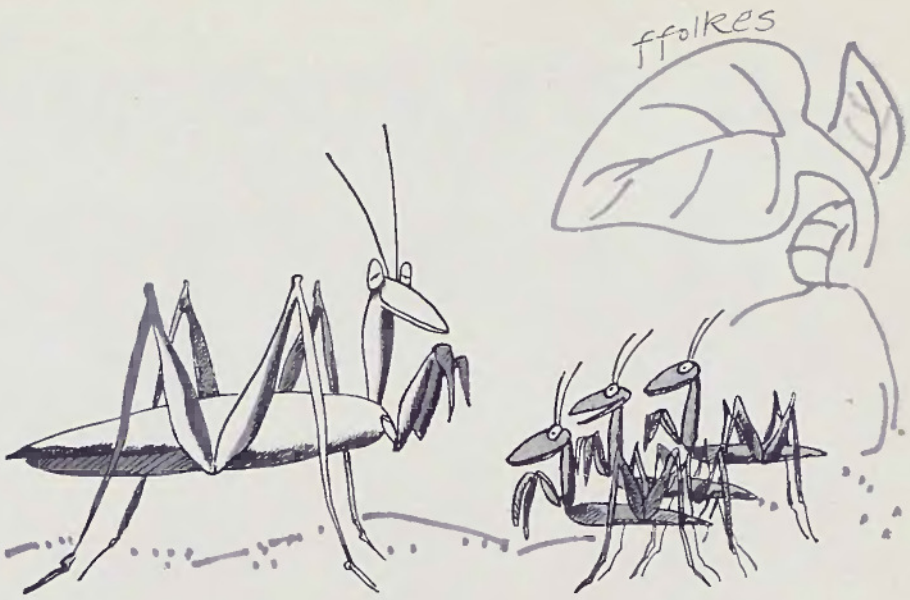
"The board of deacons feels you've been overdoing the quotations from 'Rat' and 'Screw.'"

meat from bowl, discarding marinating vegetables. A few herbs may cling to meat. Dip veal in flour, eggs, then bread crumbs, in that order, patting crumbs to make a firm coating. Pour ¼ in. oil in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Sauté veal until light brown on both sides, then place it in a single layer in shallow baking pan. Wash mushrooms, cut into ¼-in. slices and sauté in small amount of oil until tender and all liquid has evaporated. Set aside. In saucepan, melt butter; stir in flour until well blended, then slowly stir in hot milk. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly with wire whip. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Combine mushrooms and sauce; add salt and pepper to taste; spoon sauce over veal. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Preheat oven at 350°. Bake veal 30 to 40 minutes or until cheese is browned.

PITA SALAD BOWL

1 medium-size head romaine
1 small bunch escarole
1 large sweet red pepper
1 large green pepper
1 medium-size cucumber
2 medium-size tomatoes
4 radishes
4 medium-size scallions
2 pitas about 7 ins. in diameter
⅓ cup olive oil
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
1 tablespoon dried mint
2 tablespoons very finely minced parsley
2 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
Salt, freshly ground pepper

Wash romaine and escarole. Dry thoroughly; there should not be a droplet of water on any leaf. Tear or cut romaine and escarole into 1-in. pieces. If sweet red pepper is not available, use 2 green peppers. Jab each one through the stem end with a long-pronged kitchen fork and hold over gas flame, turning it slowly until blistery black on all sides. Rub off burned pepper skin with a clean kitchen towel or knife. Cut each pepper in half; remove stem ends, seeds and inner membranes; cut into ½-in. dice. Peel and slice cucumber. Dip tomatoes into boiling water for 20 seconds. Hold under cold running water and remove skins and stem ends. Cut each one into sixths; squeeze and remove seeds, then chop them coarsely. Cut radishes and scallions into very thin slices. Peel, then cut each pita (wild pineapple from Central America) in half horizontally; remove core, then cut into ½-in. dice. If pitas are not available, substitute pineapple. In large salad bowl, stir oil and mustard until well blended. Crumble mint between fingers and add to bowl. Add all other ingredients except vinegar, salt and pepper. Toss very well. Add vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Add more oil or vinegar, if desired, before serving.



"Tell us that bit again where you ate Daddy."

COCONUT SOUFFLÉ

Butter
Sugar
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup hot milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup coconut meal
6 egg whites

Preheat oven at 350°. Butter 1½-quart soufflé dish and sprinkle with sugar. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Stir in flour, blending well. Dissolve 3 tablespoons sugar in hot milk. Slowly stir hot milk into flour-butter mixture, using wire whip. Add salt. Simmer over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from heat. Beat egg yolks slightly. Add a few tablespoons sauce to yolks, then slowly stir yolks into saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, about 1 minute. Remove from heat; stir in vanilla and coconut meal. Beat egg whites until they form soft peaks but are not dry. Add about ¼ of the egg whites to the coconut mixture and stir until blended. Slowly add coconut mixture to balance of egg whites, folding carefully, using a down, over, up motion with mixing spoon or spatula to keep mixture as light as possible. Turn mixture into soufflé dish. Place dish in shallow pan with 1 in. very hot water and bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve at once with rum sauce below.

RUM SAUCE

¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cornstarch
¼ cup water
2 egg yolks, beaten
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons dark Jamaica rum

Mix sugar and cornstarch well in top part of double boiler. Add water slowly and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add egg yolks, salt and rum, mixing well with wire whip. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly with wire whip. Top part of double boiler should not be in contact with water in bottom section. As soon as sauce shows signs of thickening, remove from heat. Continue to stir about 1 minute. Serve sauce at table, pouring it over each serving of soufflé.

WHEAT-GERM GRIDDLECAKES

1½ cups wheat germ
2¼ cups milk
3 eggs
6 tablespoons salad oil
1¼ cups unbleached flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
⅛ teaspoon ground mace
Melted shortening or oil

Put all ingredients except melted shortening in blender and blend at medium speed 1 minute. Stop blender to scrape sides, if necessary. Preheat electric skillet or electric griddle at 370°. Brush lightly with shortening. Drop batter onto skillet, using about ¼ cup for each griddlecake. When they are dull around edge and bubbly in center, turn to brown other side. Wheat-germ griddlecakes brown rather quickly; avoid scorching. Serve with pure maple syrup at room temperature or slightly warmed.

So here's to your health—and *bon appétit!*

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HILO
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EBENSBURG
J. Covitch & Son
ELIZABETHTOWN
Robert Lowman's Men Shop
ELLWOOD CITY
Keller's Dept. Store
ERIE
L. Press & Co.
EVERETT
Beck's Men's Shop
HELLERTOWN
Stehly's
HUNTINGDON
Poser's Young Men's Shop
INDIANA
Leon's Men's Wear
Waxler's Men's Wear
LEWISTOWN
Bob Davis, Inc.
LITITZ
Hess' Men's Wear
MALVERN
Englund's Apparel For Men
MEADVILLE
The Printz Co.
MEDIA
B. Gross
MONROEVILLE
The Male Box
MOUNT CARMEL
Matlow's
OIL CITY
Ray L. Way Menswear
PHILADELPHIA
Edco Men's & Boys' Wear
Kovnat Men's Shop
PITTSBURGH
Herman's Stylegate
Herringbone, etc./London Dock
The Male Box
ST. MARYS
Ivan's Men's Shop
John Gross Men's & Boys' Shop
SCRANTON
Carl's Stag Shop
SELINSGROVE
J. Kleinbauer, Inc.
SHAMOKIN
Leavens & Donlan
SHIPPENSBURG
Galen Gates & Son
SMETHPORT
C. Russell Johnson Clothiers
SOMERSET
George's Men's Shop
STATE COLLEGE
Lester's varsity-man
WILKES-BARRE
John B. Stetz

RHODE ISLAND
EAST GREENWICH
Ben Solomon
WESTERLY
Kenyon's Men's & Boys' Store

SOUTH CAROLINA
AIKEN
Manning Owen's, Inc.
BAMBERG
Kearse-Padgett Co.
BEAUFORT
Martin's Men's Shop
CHARLESTON HEIGHTS
Henry's Men's Wear
Milton's Ltd.
Stan's Store For Men
CHERAW
Hamilton's
GAFFNEY
Hallman's, Inc.
GREENVILLE
Bob's Men's Shop
NEWBERRY
Bergen's
SUMMERVILLE
The Toggery Tree
WAGENER
Tyler Brothers

SOUTH DAKOTA
ABERDEEN
Jorgensen's Men's Shop
PIERRE
Brady's Men and Boys' Wear
RAPID CITY
Crown Clothing

TENNESSEE
COOKEVILLE
Ideal Men's Shop
HUNTINGDON
Dilday's of Huntingdon
KNOXVILLE
The Knox Dept. Store
MEMPHIS
Louis Lettes
Mannie & Karl's
Stag Men's Shop
Stamm's Top Drawer
NASHVILLE
Petway-Reavis Co.
OAK RIDGE
The Knox Dept. Store
SAVANNAH
Fox's Den, Inc.
UNION CITY
Bennett's, Inc.

TEXAS
ATHENS
The Charles Shop
AUSTIN
Jacobson's Men's Wear
BAYTOWN
Vaughn Shoes
BEAUMONT
Charles Hoffer Company
COLLEGE STATION
Jeans 'N Things
CORPUS CHRISTI
Jack English
DALLAS
Murray's Men's Shop
Turner's
DENTON
Craven's Dept. Store
EL PASO
Rayburn's Men's Wear
FORT WORTH
Stag Shop
HUNTSVILLE
Kollett's Tailoring Company
IRVING
Murray's Men's Shops
JACKSBORO
Ed's Clothes Shop
KILLEEN
Stanley Weiss
KNOX CITY
Lowrey's Dept. Store
LUBBOCK
Fields University Shop
MC ALLEN
Valley Mercantile, Inc.
PALESTINE
Pryor's Men's Store
PASADENA
Bernard's Men's World
PLAINVIEW
Corcorran's Men's Wear
PLANO
Nathan White
PORT LAVACA
Regan's
RIO GRANDE CITY
Rio Grande Dept. Store
SAN ANTONIO
Leo Mendlovitz Men's & Boys'
WACO
Harlik's Man's Shop
WAXAHACHIE
Marchman's

UTAH
GREEN RIVER
Peacock's Market
SALT LAKE CITY
Jack-David Stores
The Oxford Shop

VERMONT
BELLOWS FALLS
Dexter's Men's & Ladies'
MONTPELIER
Nate's, Inc.
NORTHFIELD
The Showroom

VIRGINIA
CHARLOTTESVILLE
Leggett Barracks Road
EMPORIA
Bloom Bros., Inc.
FAIRFAX
Phillip York Ltd.
FREDERICKSBURG
Gentleman Jim's
MARTINSVILLE
Ted's
NORFOLK
Terry's College Shop on Campus—O.D.U.
NORTON
Dave's Dept. Store
PETERSBURG
Ungers
RADFORD
Copenhaver's, Inc.
RICHMOND
Newman's
SPRINGFIELD
Wolff's For Men & Boys
VIENNA
Phillip York Ltd.

WASHINGTON
BELLINGHAM
The Huntsman and Stag
ELLENSBURG
Berry's
MOUNT VERNON
Parker's—Alley Shop
PUYALLUP
Elvins Dept. Stores
TACOMA
Elvins Dept. Stores

WEST VIRGINIA
BECKLEY
E. M. Payne Co.
Silver Brand Clothes
CHARLESTON
Curly's Men's Shop
Silver Brand Clothes
ELKINS
The Men's Shop
HUNTINGTON
Lambros & Sons
KEYSER
Shapiro's Men's Store
LOGAN
Silver Brand Clothes
MORGANTOWN
Biafora's, Inc.
L & G Shoppe

WISCONSIN
APPLETON
Perry-Ernst
CHIPPEWA FALLS
Boston Clo. House
HAYWARD
Rivkin's
KENOSHA
Bell Clo. House, Inc.
MANITOWOC
Schuette Bros. Co.
MONROE
Schuetze's
NEENAH
Hardt's Menswear
SHEBOYGAN
The Carriage Shop
STEVENS POINT
Parkinson's Clothes For Men
STOUGHTON
Felland's Men's Wear
TOMAH
The Red Hanger Shop
TWIN LAKES
Hildebrandt's Dept. Store
WHITEWATER
Art Lein Men's Wear

WYOMING
CASPER
Ruckman's Menswear
CHEYENNE
Fowler's Apparel Center
Stark's
WORLAND
Marvin's For Men

CANADA
ALBERTA
Henry Singer Ltd.
ONTARIO
Perry's (Colonnade) Ltd.
A. Winestock Custom Tailors
SASKATCHEWAN
Burnell's Men's Wear

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 96)*

them and looked as much as possible like one of them, but knew every minute of your waking hours that you *weren't* one of them; but you didn't know what you were one of. I'm sure my childhood would have been radically different if I could have found any friends I could talk to honestly.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't you?

FEIFFER: I guess it was a formidable shyness. The best kids are the biggest and most athletic—affable, outgoing kids—and I was a shrimp. I was skinny; I didn't eat enough, as my mother never forgot to tell the neighbors. I didn't play ball. I didn't even learn how to *catch* a ball until I was 15, and to this day I don't know how to throw one. The only person I was at all capable of talking to was myself, and even there, I had severe lags in communication. I understood with complete objectivity that I was a total failure, so if I was going to make a comeback, I knew it had to be as a grownup. Grownups didn't have to take gym.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally manage to escape from the Bronx?

FEIFFER: I got drafted—which, with all its horrors, was a relief, because the enemies were now *official*; they weren't disguised as parents and advisors who had only your best interests at heart.

PLAYBOY: It's difficult to imagine you in the Army. What was it like?

FEIFFER: I found myself, during basic training, shocked in a more profound way than I had ever been, at the brutality and impersonality that's built into the system. In fact, I no longer existed except as a body. As soon as I put on fatigues, I lost my power of speech. I couldn't talk anymore. I picked up a stammer that I've never totally lost. I couldn't relate my thoughts to my speech. It was the first time in my life I had been exposed to pure naked fascism, and it was terrific. Up to that point, I had always been dealing with reasonable teachers and reasonable parents, and they were always *understanding* me. All my resentment and hostility, expressed as best I could to them on any issue, was always watered away by some explanation which seemed a hell of a lot more rational and mature than my argument. So while I felt that I was dealing with villains, the villains always ended up being the good guys, and I kept ending up as the bad guy, and I could never quite understand it. The Army was a lot better because, first of all, they were *incapable* of explaining anything, and while the role playing in civilian life was one of reasonableness, the role playing in the Army was one of Hitler. That's who they all wanted to be when they grew up. So while I felt totally miserable, I felt more justified and more in the right than I had ever felt before. It was a period when I could really allow myself the luxury of hate—pure and blissful hate. It helped me grow. Significantly enough, I did my first satire in the Army.

PLAYBOY: What was it?

FEIFFER: It was about Munro, a four-year-old kid drafted by mistake. Munro tried to explain to the authorities that he was only four. The authorities said that was impossible because they didn't draft four-year-olds. Finally, the authorities convinced Munro that he really couldn't be four, so he faced up manfully to life in the Army. That was my first work of satire, and it was also my first work of satire that was turned down by every publisher in New York.

PLAYBOY: How did you get by when you were discharged from the Army?

FEIFFER: I played the unemployment-insurance game. I'd take some job for six months, then arrange to get fired, which was never difficult, since I spent most of my time on the john reading books. This was the Fifties, and there wasn't any underground press, so I'd take my cartoons around and find that I was a favorite person of editors in publishing houses all around New York, because each new work would entertain them thoroughly and then they'd say, "No, we don't think this would have a market." I gave them a good time while they gave me a bad one, and it became clear that I was never going to get a market. My problem, I decided, wasn't that I wasn't good enough to be published. It was that I wasn't *famous* enough to be published. And I couldn't get famous until I got published.

PLAYBOY: How did you break out of that?

FEIFFER: In 1955, *The Village Voice* began in New York, and I offered to do a weekly cartoon for them at no money, which was their usual price. I had carefully selected the *Voice* for its intellectual audience and its snob appeal. I knew that after a while, if I became the darling of the intellectuals, I would find a publisher who would think me famous enough, because six of his friends read me, to publish me in book form. It worked.

PLAYBOY: Your fantasies about getting rich and famous sound surprisingly conventional, rather like a young executive out to climb the corporate ladder.

FEIFFER: Remember, I'm a product of the John Garfield generation, a veteran of dozens of Warner Bros. movies about poor kids from the East Side shaking their fists at the Manhattan skyline and screaming into the night, "I'll lick you yet!" Deep in my heart was the dream that someday I'd see my name up in lights. What a bitter recognition of reality it was when I finally arrived at the stage where I could have my name up in lights and there *were* no more lights. Modern theater-marquee design had done away with them. So now my name is up in black. It's not the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you concerned that success might blunt the edge of your satire?

FEIFFER: For several years, I made an honest effort to sell out, but I just couldn't make it that way. I tried very hard, but I wasn't a good enough hack. I was only good at doing my own stuff, and I've discovered that rage can't be bought off. If you have it, you have it for life.

PLAYBOY: Has success been as good as you fantasized?

FEIFFER: I'm not the least ambivalent about it. Success is good and failure isn't. It's been better than I fantasized, because during all those years you work to achieve it, you spend so much time and energy at the business of making it that there's very little time or energy left to pay attention to the craft itself. Finally, with the question of success taken care of, you can start paying attention to being an artist, and it's a hell of a lot more interesting, because until you're secure enough—and I don't mean financially—to be willing to risk failure, the hunger to make it keeps getting in your way.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel even a twinge of nostalgia for the "good old days"?

FEIFFER: The only time in my life I've ever been nostalgic was when we shot the first scene of *Carnal Knowledge*. We had to reconstruct a college dance of 25 years ago. Bobby socks. Saddle shoes. Punch bowls. Words like "conceited" and "stuck-up." Phrases like "bullshit artist" and "Your next will be your first." We hired local kids to be the college kids of the Forties. They cut their hair, they learned the fox trot and the lindy. They couldn't believe anyone had ever danced that way; to them it was the minuet. The first shot in the film is this terrific-looking coed walking into a college mixer dressed exactly like Ann Rutherford in the Andy Hardy movies, and on the Victrola is Tommy Dorsey playing *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*. I had chills, and tears in my eyes. I found myself nostalgic for a period in my life that I had absolutely hated. But I wasn't nostalgic for my real past. I was nostalgic for my MGM past—the past that, on Saturday afternoons back in the Forties, I had watched on the screen and seen as my future, which would take me out of the East Bronx and into these incredible movie mansions, the real-life duplicate of which I have

seen only once—at Hugh Hefner's. Because he saw the same movies I did and had it built according to specifications.

PLAYBOY: The current nostalgia fad doesn't seem to have overwhelmed you. Why do you think it's so popular with others?

FEIFFER: It's my generation's admission that nothing works anymore, so we all want out. God died in the early Sixties, then the two Kennedys and King, then the electoral process, then somewhere in the middle of all that, the family; then America died, and finally hope—although hope didn't so much die as wither away. The reason America died is because we blew it. The reason hope died is because the kids blew it. So at last we're given something solid with which to bridge the generation gap: our mutual failures.

PLAYBOY: That's a bleak vision. Is there a way out?

FEIFFER: Well, before this interview, I decided I'd better force myself out of my adolescent senility and look for some answers, because it's all right not to know the answers around the house, or with friends, or even writing plays and movies; they can be ambiguous and then critics will take them seriously. But in a *Playboy Interview*, I knew I'd better *really* know the answers. So I turned off the TV and went back to reading books. Books used to know, before I stopped reading them several years ago. So I read Richard Sennett's *The Uses of Disorder*, and it's a nice try, but he doesn't really know. And I read Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, and boy, does *he* not know! And I read Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock*, which turned out to be a whole book about how he and nobody else knows. So, in disgust, I turned the TV back on and there was the CBS news team. And none of *them* knew! Not even Eric Sevareid knew! So I realized I'm in the same position as the experts. They don't know and I don't know.

The awful and dangerous thing is that after all these years of disappointment and betrayal, people—particularly college students, because they're trained this way—are still looking for the answer. They feel sure that somewhere there's the right book and in the back of it, they're going to find the answer. Every year, that sends us off at least once in some weird new direction, which lasts about as long as it takes that particular book to rise to the top of the best-seller list and then drop off, to be replaced by the next answer. The awful truth may be that there just *aren't* any answers. We may simply have to go on this way.

PLAYBOY: William Buckley once said that despair is a mortal sin. You sound as though you're guilty.

FEIFFER: I hope what I've said here doesn't lead anyone to despair. I think there are certain positive values to not knowing, especially after so many years of such uninformed expertise. But don't get me wrong. I don't knock despair. First of all, it's very classy. Secondly, it looks like we're in for a craze of it just as soon as we finish the current craze for nostalgia. One can already see the signs: intellectuals in despair, parents in despair, hard-hats in despair, middle America in confusion, which is their version of despair. But all of it is a peculiarly American kind of despair. Despair with a kind *of* upbeat. A kind of lilt to it. It's the kind of despair that doesn't stop you from having a terrific time on weekends. All in all, it's not the worst of interim emotions. You can survive pretty good with despair—which is more than I can say for our recent versions of hope.

The first stereo component center that doesn't have a second-rate component in it.

Most companies put compact stereo systems together differently than we do. First, they start with a popular selling price—say $299.00. Then they try to fit a bunch of pieces together so it comes out right. They save on a cheaper turntable or compromise on a lower quality receiver. They wind up sacrificing reception for watts. Giving up specs for features. Or skimping on power for price.

At Altec, we don't make compact stereo systems like most companies. For example, there's our new 911A. First we built it. Then we priced it, at $499.00. You get Garrard's top-rated automatic transcription turntable—the SL95B. Shure's elliptical high-track cartridge. And our own Altec 714A AM/FM stereo receiver section with 44/44 watts of RMS power (that's 180 watts IHF music power) to push undistorted sound at all frequencies—at any volume level. Our new Altec 911A component center isn't cheap. But then, it doesn't compromise on anything either. In fact, HIGH FIDELITY magazine just lab tested it and reported, "It is an excellent choice in our opinion for the purchaser who wants true component high fidelity sound with minimum fuss..."

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 75

STUDENT SURVEY: 1971

(continued from page 118)

made up this questionnaire should have planted a garden instead."

• • •

VITAL ISSUES: When conservationist David Brower is asked what America should worry about before all else, he says, "There are no hawks and no doves, no blacks and no whites—on a dead planet." This year, for the first time, students agreed with him. They put environmental pollution first on a worry list of 22 vital issues we asked them to rate. The war in Indochina is second. Here's the way they arranged the first ten issues.

VITAL ISSUES

	Very Worried	Worried	Not Worried
Pollution	65%	29%	6%
The war	51%	40%	9%
Population	49%	37%	14%
Nuclear weapons	40%	34%	26%
Feeding the poor	38%	46%	16%
Cities' future	36%	43%	21%
Racial equality	35%	45%	20%
Quality of law enforcement	34%	46%	20%
Quality of education	34%	43%	23%
Street crime	32%	54%	14%

The fact that pollution has replaced the war as the students' primary concern in just one year's time seems to indicate not only a quieting of feelings on that conflict but also a greatly increased feeling that we aren't moving fast enough to halt the poisoning of our planet.

As they did when Vietnam was the paramount issue, students tended to blame the Administration for our environmental problems. In marking the statement that came closest to their feeling about the President's efforts to clean up the air and water, 58 percent of them said they thought the Nixon Administration is foot dragging on pollution-control enforcement. Another 39 percent blamed industry for not taking the initiative, and only three percent said that the Administration was moving effectively to clean things up.

This new concern with ecology as the overriding issue is confirmed by the problem they put in third place on the chart: the population explosion. We found, however, in their answers to another question, that 47 percent of the students still intend to have two children. And 25 percent said they want more than two.

Again this year, students indicated that women's rights were not a major issue: They ranked it 22nd on the list; and even among women, only 18 percent said they were very worried about it. Twenty-eight percent said they were worried, and the majority—54 percent—said they were not worried about it. Other things students indicated little concern about include a computerized society, communism, the growing power of Red China and business attitudes toward consumers.

NIXON CONDUCT OF THE WAR: Attitudes toward the war have been muted to a surprising degree on campus, as students wait to see if the apparent winding down of U. S. involvement will continue.

NIXON CONDUCT OF THE WAR

Would support more aggressive conduct	4%
Completely support Nixon conduct	11%
Don't completely support conduct	32%
Oppose conduct	18%
Strongly oppose	35%

Again this year, a clear majority—53 percent—either opposed or strongly opposed the Nixon conduct of the war. But that figure is down from 65 percent last year. The group that has gained strength is in the middle: the ones who said they didn't completely support the Nixon policies. And the increase in this group came not only from those who last year opposed the war but also from those who indicated complete support for the President. At that time, 26 percent said they supported Nixon's policies; that figure is now down to 11 percent, a drop of 15 percent. The number of hawks has diminished, too: In our 1970 poll, nine percent said they wanted more aggressive action in Indochina; this year, only four percent wanted such action.

PROTEST ACTIVITY: Indicative of this reduced opposition to the war is the fact that students, in the past year, have moved less often into the quad and the streets to protest it. Asked the reasons for this abrupt diminution of antiwar protest, the largest percentage—28 percent—said that, in general, student apathy was responsible. Another 25 percent said they doubted the effectiveness of demonstration as a tactic. Fifteen percent felt lack of leadership was to blame and 13 percent said they thought it was fear of repression. Only eight percent of the students said the lack of protest was due to greater satisfaction with the way things were going, and ten percent said they didn't know what the cause was.

We asked them if they would join a protest demonstration in the future.

FUTURE PROTEST

I see no reason to protest current war policy	14%
I would protest now but not violently	36%
I would protest now even if violence were a real possibility	10%
I wouldn't protest now, because it wouldn't stop the war	33%
I don't know	7%

The surprising statistic here, in view of the lack of antiwar activity on campus last year, is the large number of students (46 percent) who said they would join some protest group (violent or nonviolent) in the future. This figure—along with the fact that the leaders arrested in the May Day demonstrations last spring were old-line and nearly inactive—perhaps indicates that lack of leadership is a more important factor in the cooling of the campuses than students think. Again, 33 percent expressed doubt about protest as an effective tactic.

THE VOTE: Extension of the franchise to 18-year-olds in national elections, perhaps more than any other single factor, seems to have taken the heat out of student political feelings. When we asked first about what students thought the significance of the vote would be, and then whether they intended to register, the results were overwhelmingly optimistic.

(continued overleaf)

"What the hell are you doing, George?"

18-YEAR-OLD VOTE

Will make a significant difference	48%
Probably no significant difference	43%
Can't possibly make any difference	3%
I don't know	6%
AND	
I intend to register and vote	90%
I dont	4%
I don't know	6%

The facts that only three percent felt the 18-year-old vote couldn't possibly have any significance and that only four percent intend to stay away from the polls in 1972 indicate that faith in the democratic process is far from dead among students. Even among the 43 percent who think the vote probably won't make much difference, the great majority intend to vote. To find how that potential turnout could affect the Presidency, we asked how they felt about the Nixon Administration.

NIXON ADMINISTRATION

He's made some brilliant decisions, considering our problems	3%
He's doing as much as possible to solve our problems	33%
He's doing poorly, I'd like him out	41%
He's doing so poorly I'll work actively to get him out	17%
Don't know	6%

Nearly 60 percent of the student population said they would like to see Nixon out of office. That figure would represent about three percent of the total U. S. vote in 1972. Assuming that their feeling stays the same, or guessing that it could grow, it may well have a significant impact on the election: In 1968, Nixon went to the White House with a margin of less than one percent of the popular vote.

THE GUILT FOR MY LAI: Students were very unhappy with the verdict in the court-martial of Lieutenant William Calley. We gave them six choices and asked them to place the blame for the My Lai massacre by circling as many as they thought applied. (This explains why the percentage total on the chart is 152 percent.)

THE GUILT FOR MY LAI

Lieutenant Calley	23%
The Army	46%
The Government	38%
All U. S. citizens	9%
All above	28%
None above	8%

Students placed the heaviest blame on the two faceless bureaucracies, the Army and the Government, and a small percentage chose both. Only 23 percent agreed with the court-martial board that Calley was responsible for his actions.

It's difficult to guess what lies behind this attitude of absolution. Perhaps by casting Lieutenant Calley as a hopeless pawn of the Army and his Government, students were expressing their own feeling of hopelessness in the face of a war they hate and have opposed vigorously for years but cannot seem to stop.

DRUGS: The drug culture that began to grow on campus in the Sixties is now a heavy part of the life style practiced by most of America's students. The majority of them use alcohol and grass for their highs, but a large number of them are also into amphetamines and barbiturates, mescaline and LSD, and a growing number are experimenting with hard drugs—cocaine and heroin.

We asked the students about each of the drugs: how much they use, whether they intend to use them in the future and, in the case of marijuana, why they use it, how they feel about the laws, how easy it is to get and even how much it costs.

ALCOHOL: Liquor is not commonly included in the catalog of dangerous drugs. In fact, this year a reported rise in its use was taken as a sign of hope. In the Illinois legislature, a bill to legalize beer for 18-year-olds was introduced because, some lawmakers said, "Alcohol is better than pot." Alcohol is a drug, however, sometimes addictive, harmful to the body, used pretty much for the same reasons other drugs are used, and illegal under most conditions for the two thirds of our sample who are under 21 years of age. We asked students how often they had taken a drink.

ALCOHOL USE

	Never Use	1-3 Times	4-9 Times	10 Times & Up
Total	6%	6%	8%	80%
Men	4%	5%	7%	84%
Women	8%	8%	10%	74%

Nearly all college students—94 percent—have tried alcohol, and 80 percent reported regular use. Women use slightly less than men—a pattern that holds true for most other drugs. And drinking increases with age: 83 percent of the 17-year-olds reported using alcohol, and that figure increases to 95 percent for 22-year-olds. In a breakdown by academic majors, those studying business drink the most, 88 percent reporting regular use, and those studying education drink the least, with only 75 percent regular users. When we asked whether or not students intended to use alcohol in the future, 88 percent said yes and 12 percent said no.

POT: Marijuana is the only drug on campus that seriously challenges alcohol for popularity. Its use is so widespread that the laws against it are being called the New Prohibition. The President thinks it is crucial enough to the general drug problem that in his June press conference he said, for the second time, that he is against its legalization. Serious, long-term studies on its adverse effects are still lacking and, considering its widespread consumption, users know relatively little about where it comes from, how it's cut or even how it reaches the underground market.

We found over-all marijuana use up a startling 15 percent over last year. If that rate of growth continues, pot will be as popular as booze in two years.

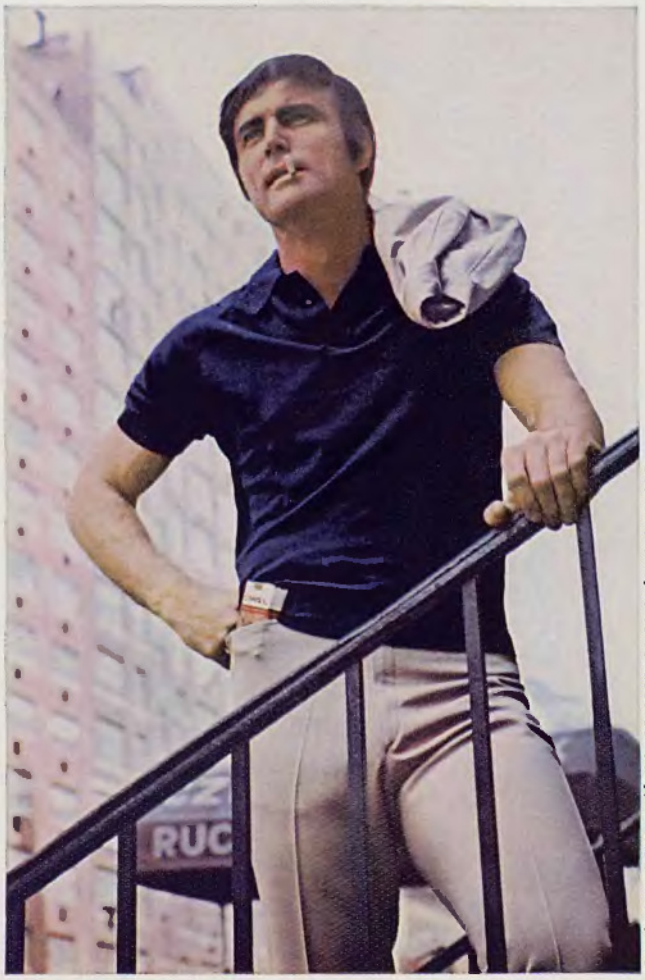
We asked students how often they had smoked pot.

(continued overleaf)

After speaking out against everything, Grace Strong relaxed with a radically different cigarette.

Now everybody will be smoking radically different cigarettes

...almost everybody.



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Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

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

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.

POT USE—1971

	Never Use	1-3 Times	4-9 Times	10 Times & Up
Total	38%	13%	10%	39%
Men	34%	13%	10%	43%
Women	44%	13%	10%	33%

POT USE—1970

	Never Use	Have Used
Total	53%	47%
Male	49%	51%
Female	61%	39%

The increase in pot use over last year is slightly greater among women, though there are still ten percent fewer women smoking than men. Another dramatic rise shows among those who say they are frequent users. This year, 39 percent said they use often; last year, that figure was 13 percent.

Again, as with alcohol, the use of pot rises in direct relation to a student's age. Of the 17-year-olds, 56 percent reported they are users, and that figure increases to 67 percent for 22-year-olds.

Despite the great increase in marijuana use, we found that a fair percentage of student users aren't convinced that their pot use is an entirely positive thing. When we asked if they planned to use pot again in the near future, 21 percent of the users said no.

We also gave them a list of the four reasons most commonly given for pot use and asked them to rate them. They said they used pot for: one, relaxation; two, mind expansion; three, status among peers; and four, escape. When we asked them if pot was easy to get on campus, 85 percent said yes and only two percent said no; 13 percent said they didn't know. The largest percentage of students—48 percent—said they paid less than $20 an ounce for pot (though price fluctuates by seasons and location) and 36 percent said they didn't know how much it cost.

Because of the number of students now using marijuana, the job of enforcing the laws against it is virtually impossible. This was confirmed when we asked the marijuana users in our sample if they had ever been busted: Only three percent said they had. Stories about pot busts seem to circulate widely, however, and probably contribute to the general, and unfounded, fear: 57 percent of the students said they knew someone who had been arrested on marijuana charges. Students may worry about it, but reported arrests indicate that pot has become nearly legal by default on U. S. campuses.

But will pot be legalized by the lawmakers? Of the students polled, 27 percent believed the laws would be changed within five years. Another 40 percent said it would be legalized but that it would take more than five years. Only 16 percent said it would never be legal and another 17 percent said they didn't know. So most students—67 percent—believe that even if they're arrested for possession of pot now, sometime in the future their records will be nullified, in effect, by its legalization.

OTHER DRUGS: Again this year, we found that students are much more cautious about their use of drugs generally classified as harder than alcohol or pot. Speed (amphetamines), downers (sleeping pills and other barbiturates), mescaline, LSD, cocaine and heroin—although their use has generally risen—are not used nearly as much as the two favorites.

GENERAL DRUG USE

	Never Use	Have Used	Percent of Users Who Say They Will Stop
Amphetamines	70%	30%	42%
Barbiturates	78%	22%	48%
Mescaline	82%	18%	38%
LSD	87%	13%	52%
Cocaine	93%	7%	27%
Heroin	97%	3%	45%

AMPHETAMINES: Use of speed—generally to stay awake for long periods of crammed study—is up sharply: 12 percent. However, almost half the users said they didn't intend to take the drug again.

BARBITURATES: The 22 percent who reported use of barbiturates is up by seven percent over last year's reported use. Again this year, women reported use in exactly the same over-all percentage that men did and slightly higher for frequent use. This is the only drug in which female use does not trail male use by a significant margin. Almost half the students who use barbiturates said they intended to stop.

MESCALINE: Nearly one fifth of all students have tried this hallucinogen and over one third of the users said they intended to stay away from it in the future.

LSD: Use of acid is up only two percent over last year, probably reflecting continued reports of possible harmful effects. Over half of those who use it say they will stop.

COCAINE: National statistics on the use of cocaine indicate that this once nearly forgotten drug is enjoying a comeback. This disturbing trend seems to be reflected on campus. Of the seven percent use our sample reported, four percent said they had used cocaine one to three times, one percent said four to nine times and two percent said they had used it ten times or more. Only 27 percent of the users said they intended to stay away from the drug in the future.

HEROIN: Despite the reported epidemic use of heroin on the streets and by soldiers in Vietnam, the campus statistics for this drug show only a slight increase, if any. Fewer than one percent of the total admitted being addicted to the drug, and of the users, 45 percent said they will stop.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: The amount of sexual activity on the campus has remained, overall, virtually the same as it was last year. But there has been a surprising shift among the number of men and women reporting that they are virgins: This year, there were five percent *fewer* female virgins than we found in 1970 and five percent *more* male virgins.

(continued overleaf)

FREQUENCY OF INTERCOURSE

	Never	Less than Once a Month	1-4 Times a Month	5-8 Times a Month	9 or More Times a Month
Men	23%	27%	23%	11%	16%
Women	44%	16%	16%	9%	15%

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26. Dome light.
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29. Parcel shelf.
30. 30-foot turning circle.
31. Swing-out side rear windows.
32. Double edge keys (go in either way).
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34. 2-barrel carburetor.
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In all previous surveys of this nature, males have reported a higher rate of sexual activity than females. This year, although males are still reporting higher frequency, their rate of activity shifted downward, while female activity continued to rise—a totally new phenomenon.

Although the numbers themselves are not significant, the trend is. Traditionally, women have been more sexually conservative than men; consequently, female activity is the barometer by which a true sexual revolution is measured. Apparently, distaff behavior is beginning to match the freedom to communicate about sex that has been growing since the late Fifties, and the attitudinal revolution shows evidence of becoming a behavioral one. Why the males report a drop in *their* sexual initiation rates, however, is not easy to explain. Certainly, another of the changing aspects of the sexual culture among the young has been a decline in the American male's traditional preoccupation with virility. Men are not as concerned with such imagery —or fantasization—as their fathers were. This may suggest that they are reporting their sexual habits more frankly and honestly. This could well be responsible for the lower—and perhaps more realistic—male-activity figures this year. Through a demographic breakdown by age and sex, our figures indicate that men on campus lose their virginity between the ages of 19 and 20, while girls lose theirs between 21 and 22.

Our figures indicate a startlingly low percentage of reported homosexuality on campus. Only one percent of the males and two percent of the females stated that they were exclusive homosexuals. This compares with Kinsey's national averages of four percent for males and three percent for females. This is particularly surprising because of the emergence in full force of gay-liberation groups on many campuses, which would lead one to expect more homosexuals than ever to "come out." On the other hand, sociologists say that a sexually free society—because of its emphasis on heterosexuality—produces *fewer* homosexuals; thus this low reporting percentage may be a result of the increasing freedom in America.

We asked students if their most recent sexual experience (intercourse and/or foreplay) had been satisfying, and if they felt any guilt afterward.

SEX PREFERENCE

	Opposite Sex Only	Same Sex Only	Opposite Sex Mostly	Same Sex Mostly	Either Sex
Male	93%	1%	4%	1%	1%
Female	91%	2%	5%	—	2%

SATISFACTION—MOST RECENT SEX EXPERIENCE

	Satisfying	More Satisfying than Frustrating	More Frustrating than Satisfying	Frustrating	Disgusting
Male	71%	15%	10%	2%	2%
Female	63%	22%	9%	3%	3%

GUILT—MOST RECENT SEX EXPERIENCE

	No Guilt	Some Guilt	Much Guilt
Male	81%	17%	2%
Female	73%	23%	4%

Women still seem to have a slightly harder time getting satisfaction than men; but in the two categories that indicate over-all satisfaction, they are virtually equal with the men. The same is true in the figures that indicated frustration. We found also only slight variations in those reporting satisfaction in the demographic categories of age, class, major subject, religion, economic background, living arrangements and marital status.

An overwhelming majority of both male and female students reported that they felt little or no guilt about engaging in sex. These figures are another major indicator of the strength of the sexual revolution in attitudes.

One of the popular images of young people and their sexual behavior is that of a pansexual pattern, the sharing of many and diverse partners as a matter of course. To find out how true this is, we asked students how many people they had intercourse with, on separate occasions, over the past month.

NUMBER OF SEXUAL PARTNERS PER MONTH

	1 Person	2 People	3 or More People
Male	70%	18%	12%
Female	77%	13%	10%

Women continue to be somewhat more loyal than men to a single partner, but overall, students' sexual experiences seem mostly to be confined to one person. A nearly equal number of men and women reported having three or more partners. In light of this, we asked students about communal living, including the sharing of sexual partners.

COMMUNAL-LIVING ATTITUDES

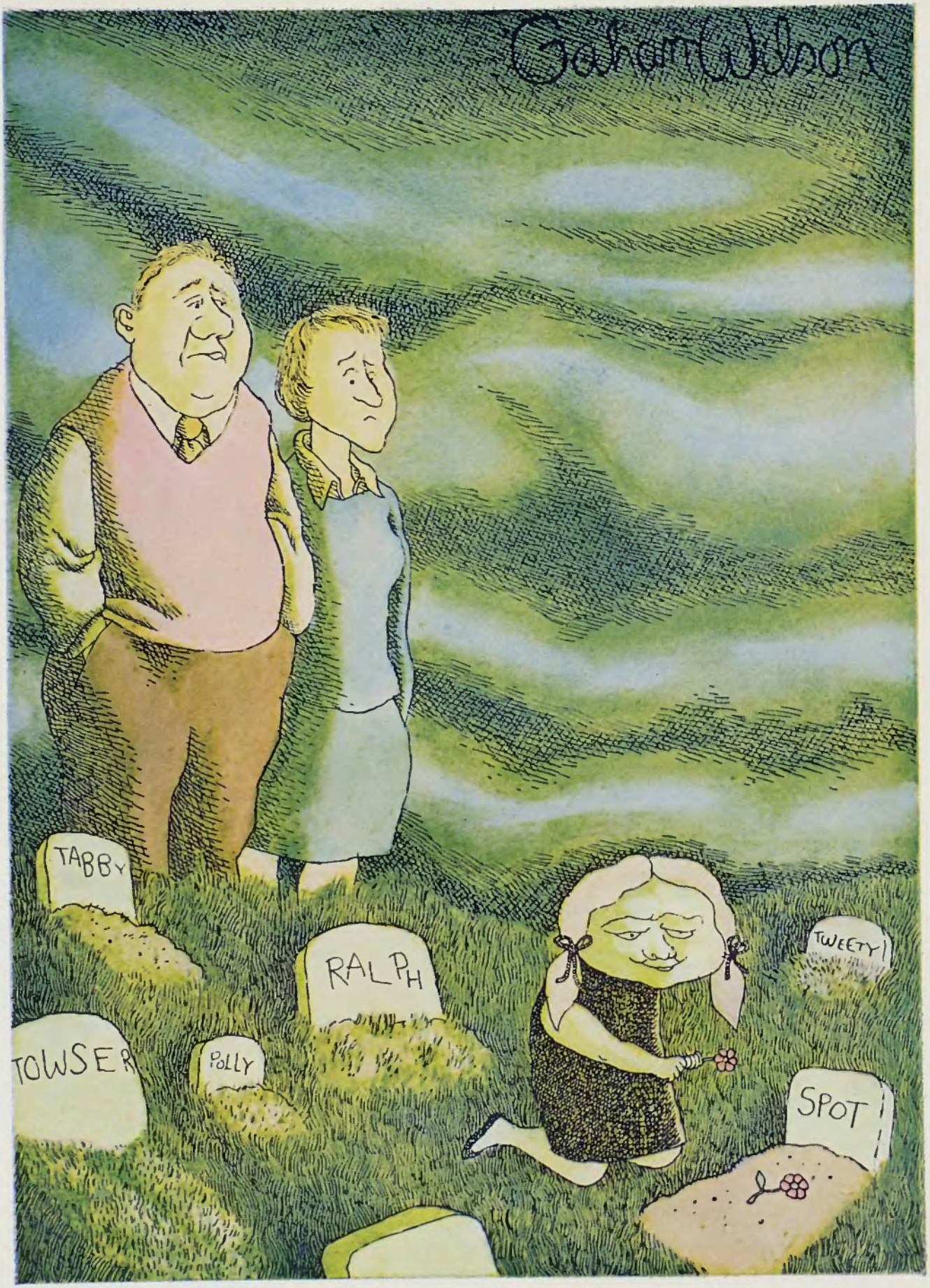
	Good Alternative	Bad Alternative	Don't Know
Male	16%	45%	39%
Female	15%	52%	33%

Men and women are very close in their generally negative attitude toward communes; however, one third of the women and slightly more than one third of the men haven't made up their minds. We got further clarification from this group by asking whether or not they would like to try communal living themselves.

(concluded overleaf)

COMMUNAL LIVING

	Now in Commune	Like to Try Sometime	Like to Try Without Sharing Sex	Don't Want to Try
Male	3%	38%	22%	37%
Female	3%	18%	31%	48%



"It's a good thing Effie likes these little funerals, she's had such awful luck with her pets."

Here, a majority—60 percent of the men and 49 percent of the women—said they would like to try it sometime, either with or without the open sharing of sexual partners. More men were for the sharing of partners (38 percent) than against it (22 percent). The women reversed the figures: Only 18 percent thought overt mate sharing would work, while 31 percent said they would prefer to try it without trading partners.

And 11 percent more women than men didn't want to try communal living at all. Whether or not, in fact, men are bolder about this than women is questionable. Among the small percentage of students reporting that they are living in a commune, the figures for men and women are equal.

Among the demographic differences of interest in the commune question were the results we found in relation to the student's economic background. Of those reporting that they grew up in a household that had under $5000 a year to live on, only 20 percent indicated any kind of interest in trying a commune. This figure increased directly in proportion to income, so that 33 percent—the high—of those students who came from over-$25,000 families said they would like to try communal living.

DRUGS AND SEX: Getting her stoned on booze used to be the way to get her to bed. Or so the old *machismo* folklore had it. In order to find out if this pattern is also true of the pot culture, we asked about the use both of alcohol and of pot prior to lovemaking.

ALCOHOL—SEXUAL ENCOUNTER

	Usually	Sometimes	Never
Male	24%	51%	25%
Female	17%	49%	34%

POT—SEXUAL ENCOUNTER

	Usually	Sometimes	Never
Male	10%	36%	54%
Female	11%	28%	61%

The figures for use of alcohol among men and women before intercourse indicate that men need whatever bolstering or relaxing effects alcohol possesses more than women do. Only four percent more men use alcohol than women overall (Alcohol Use chart), but nine percent more use it before they get involved sexually.

For marijuana, the difference is somewhat less. Ten percent more males use pot overall than females do, but only seven percent more males than females do before sex. In general, the figures seem to show that students like to get a little high before they make love.

REGIONAL DIFFERENCES: For our survey, we divided the country into five regions: West, Southwest, Central, South and East. The differences, for the most part, were minimal. The country is becoming increasingly homogeneous, as indeed it has been for a long time. Some notable regional differences did crop up, however. Both the East and the West lead, predictably, in their dissatisfaction with the war and the Nixon Administration in general. The East leads all others in general drug use (LSD, mescaline, cocaine, heroin) and shares highest pot use with the West. Western students drink less than those in the rest of the country and, surprisingly, have a higher population of virgins than any other region.

The South shows the most stalwart general support for President Nixon and has double the national average of hawks. Dixie also worries less about pollution and the one drug with a heavier use in the South than in the rest of the country is the amphetamines. And the central region—Middle America—was on the national average in almost all responses.

• • •

The calm on campus last year seems to have sprung, after all, from a deep and subtle change of consciousness in students. That part of the campus revolution that was dramatic and violent, that saw issues in all-or-nothing-at-all terms, seems to be gone. And though the postrevolutionary style is quieter, our survey reveals that the nation's campuses are no less concerned with the deep problems America continues to face.

It seems unlikely that there will be violent demonstrations soon, for the issues students now feel compelled to move against don't seem to call for the kind of confrontation that was the hallmark of the Sixties. Violent demonstrations against the war were always intended, their leaders said, to bring the violence of the war home. But pollution, the students' deepest concern now, is already home, and bringing pressure against those who are most responsible will be a far more prolonged and subtle battle. There is little doubt, however, that the students will play a great part in leading it.

And students now have another weapon with which to curb the injustices they see: the vote. By our statistics, nearly all of them say they are going to use it. Whether or not they will vote as a bloc is impossible to predict. But the solidarity of their movement over the past years indicates that this is likely. If so, it will represent a powerful and idealistic force.

Their personal style is one of self-exploration—dangerous, sometimes, but in general, the mark of a generation that's trying to move past the failures and hypocrisies of their fathers toward a more humane and equitable society.

At Northwestern University's commencement exercises last spring, many of the 3500 graduating students stood through the national anthem with a raised and clenched fist. Later, one of them said they did it because "There is a lot wrong with this country that needs to be undone. We want that fist to tell America that her students are still on the case."

CHOOSING THE SAMPLE

Just under 3000 students, from 60 schools, made up the sample that answered our questionnaire. Computers helped us find random schools in the five geographical areas of the country that would represent the national average of public and private, large and small, urban and suburban colleges and universities. Campus interviewers then gave the questionnaires to selected students who made up a nationally representative balance of males and females, freshmen through seniors, and the correct ratio of business, arts, education, science, agriculture and other academic majors. The answers were put onto punch cards and fed into a computer that printed out general results and then results by demographic categories of sex, class, major, religion, economic background, marital status and present living arrangement. The poll was compiled from these print-outs.

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french show with italian go

(continued from page 144)

and front-wheel drive, was, for 1934, extraordinary, even revelatory, and early professional testers made no attempt to bury their enthusiasms. Fifteen years later, it was still thought exemplary.

The Traction Avant was Citroën's greatest triumph—and his downfall. Development and tooling costs had run into millions of francs and the company was deep into the banks. There must have been days when Citroën thought bitterly of the piles of 1000-franc plaques he had thrown across the tables of Deauville. He was desperately ill, too, with cancer of the stomach. For a time, tossing money from one account to another like a virtuoso juggler, he managed to survive, but the wolves were on the watch and the secret didn't keep. A major supplier panicked and called a demand note. That tore it. The money wasn't in the box. For Citroën, the alternatives were to sell out or to go bankrupt. Michelin took 57 percent of the stock. The following year, in July of 1935, Citroën died, but the thrust he had put into his enterprise followed on like a jet stream. The original 4-cylinder Traction Avant, the 11, was increased in power from the original 45 hp to 59 and a 6-cylinder version, the 15, ran to 76 hp. In the last of the 15s, Series H, the rear was sprung by a hydropneumatic system presaging the notably far-out suspension of today's SM. Innovation pressed on innovation. In 1937, the Citroën works had on the road a vehicle—it was a little much to call it an automobile, although technically it certainly was—called the 2CV, for *cheval-vapeur*, or steam horse, the French horsepower unit. The 2CV was basic transport of an ilk the world hadn't seen since the Model T Ford: a cheap, indestructible, go-anywhere device. It didn't appear in quantity until 1948, when it was in such frantic demand that for a long time, a good used *deux chevaux* brought as much on the market as the list price of a new one, and sometimes more. The 2CV ranks in a dead heat with the Chrysler Airflow and the "tank" Bugatti race car as the ugliest motor vehicle ever built, but its virtues soared far above mere aesthetic values. The 2-cylinder air-cooled engine churned out just enough power to produce 50 mph downhill and 40 on the level, but it was well made of premium-grade materials. The ride was surprisingly comfortable, almost indifferent to road surface; the seats were quickly removable and the cloth roof rolled back, accommodating the 2CV to almost any odd-shaped load—a farmer could stuff a half-grown calf into it, for example. The *deux chevaux* was primitive but well thought out. If a half ton of something in back pointed the headlights to the sky, a wheel under the dash would crank them down—useful in fog, too. The windshield wipers were economically driven off the speedometer, so that they went fastest at high speeds, but if the rate was too slow for traffic, a hand crank could be cut in. Eventually, there was a two-engine, four-wheel-drive 2CV, the Sahara, highly regarded by desert travelers.

As big a noise as the original Traction Avant had made came out of the 1955 Paris salon. The Citroën company, always a bear for preannouncement security of new models, had an obvious sensation—obvious because, by nightfall on opening day, there were 12,000 orders for it on the books. This was the DS 19, a superlatively refined treatment of the 1934 groundbreaker. Power came out of a 73-hp version of the 1934 4-cylinder engine, but everything else was startlingly new: the stretched, shark-nose shape, much glassed, the sensuously comfortable and roomy interior, the first disk brakes on a production touring car and a multipurpose hydraulic system that provided suspension, shock absorption, level ride, jacking, power steering, power brakes and actuation of clutch and transmission. Early onlookers of a technical turn of mind were doubters. They thought it most unlikely that nitrogen gas and hydraulic fluid, in such a welter of reservoirs, lines and valves, could successfully be combined into the kind of genie Citroën was claiming. They were wrong. The system is into its 16th year now and even under the heavy demands of Paris taxi service, it has soldiered on. And as for comfort and roadability, a second generation of test drivers had to go to the thesaurus for new superlatives. One respected technician claimed that at 50 miles an hour, he couldn't detect a foot-wide, six-inch-deep pothole. A cheaper version of the DS 19, the ID, came along a year later; it had a simpler interior and manual controls. The DS 19 got an all-new engine—with a displacement of 2.2 liters—in 1966, when the model designation went to DS 21.

The Light 11 and the DS 19 were father and mother of the Citroën SM, the engine aside, that being a direct descendant of the 1929 V16 Maserati. It's a mark of the white-water rush of technology that the V16, thundering and shaking, would push a race car 150-odd mph and the 1971 V6, a bit over 12 inches long and 300 pounds in weight, will move a full four-seater coupe at 140 in near silence. The SM's fishlike slipperiness offers part of the answer. The Citroën body designers lay down their base lines on air-tunnel data, not on their concept of projected public taste. (The car is eight inches wider in front than in the rear.) The driver commands this power from a seat adjustable seven ways, single-spoke oval wheel in hand, through a 5-speed gearbox on which fourth *and* fifth are overdrive. The French like to call a fast car a *bolide*, a thunderbolt, but the SM is more than that, really a sports/limousine, a motorcarriage that makes one think of the characterization commonly tagged to the great 320-hp SJ Duesenberg of the Thirties: either the fastest luxury car or the most luxurious fast car that money can buy.

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GOLDEN WEST

(continued from page 170)

student-nurse mecca where Broadway and Sixth Avenue come together. Across the Willamette River on the city's East Side, eye the micromicrominis on the open-air ice-skating rink at the Lloyd Center. Seattle activity revolves around Pike Place Market, the Seattle Center—scene of the 1962 World's Fair—and the university district, home of the University of Washington. College campuses, in fact, are top-notch starting points for action throughout the West. Take particular note of USC, Los Angeles City College, the sprawling Claremont College complex, Cal at Berkeley and Santa Barbara, and Stanford in Palo Alto; Arizona State at Tempe; Portland State, the University of Oregon (Eugene) and Southern Oregon College (Ashland); and the University of Nevada campus in Reno.

Westerners are understandably proud of their female pulchritude and this pride is often manifested in the local beauty contest—sometimes part of a colorful civic festival presided over by the fairest of the municipal fair. Pasadena's Tournament of Roses on January first is perhaps the best-known example. Others include Prescott, Arizona's Frontier Days rodeo every Fourth of July; Seattle's Seafair—culminating in full-throttle hydroplane races beginning in late July, enthusiastically cheered in a watery area where 70,000 private pleasure boats, almost enough to float the city's entire population, are docked; Portland's Rose Festival in June; the Puyallup Valley, Washington, Daffodil Festival in April; the wild-West pageantry of Las Vegas' Helldorado Days in May; Washington's Ellensburg Rodeo and Oregon's Pendleton Round-Up, both in September. The last boasts, in addition to a court of fresh-faced cowgirls, a pageant called Happy Canyon, with its own royalty of American Indian maidens in beaded leather robes.

Indian is but one of the ancestral strains manifest in the girls of the golden West. You'll see flower-faced Orientals; sensuous Latins; *dashiki*-garbed black beauties, most of them second-generation Westerners whose parents manned the shipyards of World War Two and the aerospace plants that succeeded them; and a spectrum of southern and northern European nationalities, most of them thoroughly commingled.

When you arrive in the far West, you may discover a certain amount of native suspicion of visitors from the East—which can start, for someone from the Pacific Coast, in the neighborhood of Chicago. The local girls' objection to Easterners, however, is mainly that they're too formal—too hard to get to know—so a low-key approach may stand you in good stead. If you want to sound like a native, avoid the most common place-name boners: In California, La Jolla is pronounced La-*hoy*-a and San Rafael is San Ruf-*fell*; Yakima, Washington, is *Yack*-i-mah; and the city of Portland is situated on the Wil-*lam*-ette River in the state of *Or*-y-gun—never Ore-*gone*. You can also direly offend numbers of the resident citizenry by calling San Francisco—horrors!—Frisco.

Most important of all: When wooing a Western girl, don't come on too strong. You'll be taken for a phony. Janet Boyd, a native of Everett, Washington, who is now a featured dancer in a Las Vegas revue, expressed a common sentiment when she said, "Those manicured men from the East—I resent their always trying to impress people. You know, they're the kind of guys who carry a book on existential philosophy under one arm—but never read it. They're the worst lovers ever."

Whether or not Janet's right on *that* score, we can't be certain. But it's a sure thing that the high-spirited, independent girls of the West are uncompromising in their demand for sincerity. Like the heroine in Puccini's opera, they'll deal straight with you; but they expect nothing less in return.

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G*O*L*F IS THERAPY

(continued from page 186)

feller like you and I'm livin' on a fixed retirement income and you want to play me even."

"One more word and I'll operate on you with my driver."

"It could be worse, Roy," offered Dry Hole. "He could use a scalpel."

The first green at Wawenock is 349 yards from an elevated tee. A drive and a wedge. Stiff from riding, neither soothed nor relaxed by so much as one leg of the hat trick, I swung awkwardly, nearly fanning the ball, which went downhill about 100 yards.

"OK, Hawkeye, baby," said Rat, "not far, but you rammed it right down the middle."

For my second shot, I used a three wood and created a screaming duck hook that caromed off a rock to the left and 30 yards short of the green, bounced through a sand trap and came to rest eight feet from the pin. Dry Hole Pomerleau and Jenkins ignored me completely, but my partner, Rat, offered hearty congratulations. Just before putting, I looked back toward the clubhouse and saw a kid in a golf cart riding down the fairway. This always means a phone call for me and does not help my concentration. I stabbed the putt two feet short and way off line.

"The delicate hands of the surgeon," commented Dry Hole to Jenkins. "How'd you like to get operated on by *him*?"

"Hey, Hawk, emergency in Skowhegan," said the kid in the golf cart. He took me back to the clubhouse, where Joe Davis asked if he could send the patient to my hospital. I agreed, called there to leave orders and rode back to join my group on the second tee. Waiting for me, they'd had to allow another foursome, including Dud Clement, the undertaker, to go through.

"Well, well," said the prominent funeral director, "if it isn't the Doctor of the Year. I'm hoping for a quiet weekend. You haven't operated on anyone from this area recently, have you?"

"Hit the ball and shut up," I growled.

"We're having our annual convention at the Samoset next week," said Dud. "You're up for re-election. Just think of it. You got a chance of being Doctor of the Year twice in a row!"

"Hey, Dud," asked old man Jenkins, "is it true you and Hawkeye is splittin' fees?"

Finally, even without the hat trick, I got it going. After hitting a trap on three and taking a double bogey, I birdied four and was only two over after eight holes when the golf cart came again. No way out this time. I drove 50 miles back to the hospital, where the patient with the gunshot chest was, it turned out, in no real trouble, but I had to be sure.

Arriving home at 5:30, I poured out my woes. "Oh, my poor dear, you've had a hard day, haven't you?" Mary said as she sat on my lap and kissed me. "Tell you what—the tide's too low for swimming, but you could still have two thirds of a hat trick."

"Get away from me, you sex-crazy maniac," I ordered, pushing her out of my lap. "Just bring me a great big gin and tonic."

"My daughter doesn't understand me."

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 184)

has a great year, so will Yale. If he doesn't, forget it. He is that important.

Princeton's attack should be better balanced this year. Last season, a pair of the best running backs ever at Princeton was wasted because the passing was so feeble that opposing defenses could stack against the run. Since both runners, Hank Bjorklund and Doug Blake, return, the Tigers could be a big surprise if coach Jake McCandless can fix the passing attack.

At Pennsylvania, new coach Harry Gamble greets 34 returning letter winners, but only one of them, Gary Shue, is a quarterback. Presumably, the Quakers will not suffer a recurrence of last year's injury jinx and the added depth and experience will make the offense more potent. The defense is questionable, though. The Quakers should be able to score, but whether they can stop the other teams is doubtful.

Two of the most improved teams in the East will be Bucknell and Lehigh, who could give Delaware strong competition for the Lambert Cup. The Blue Hens, with their chickenbone-T offense, will be slightly less potent due to diploma attrition. At Temple, coach Wayne Hardin is doing a superb job of returning the Owls to respectability. The talent pool has been greatly deepened via recruiting, but the schedule has been strengthened so much that Owl fans won't notice any improvement in the won-lost column. Best Owl on the Temple roster is guard Skip Singletary, who would be a top contender for All-America honors if he were playing for a major school. Colgate will return to the dimly remembered prominence of past decades if the incoming sophs are even nearly as good as they look. Best of the new faces are quarterback Tom Parr and offensive tackle Bob Arotsky, who, his coaches tell us, is 6'5", 250 pounds, runs like a deer, doesn't have an ounce of fat on him and is still growing.

• • •

Midwestern fans will see an exciting scrap in the Big Ten this fall, because the league is better balanced than in any year we can remember. All of last season's second-division teams except Minnesota are noticeably stronger. One of 1970's top two, Ohio State, was riddled by graduation. That leaves Michigan, and the Wolverines, indeed, seem best qualified to take the championship in '71. At first glance, the biggest deficit would seem to be the departure of last year's quarterback Don Moorhead, but the arrival of two skilled sophs—Kevin Casey (how did he escape Notre Dame recruiters?) and Tom Slade—should ensure good passing. The running game,

with veterans Billy Taylor and Glenn Doughty joined by rookie Ed Shuttlesworth, a punishing runner at 235 pounds, should again be impressive. Best of all, the new quarterbacks have an abundance of good receivers and all those potent runners operate behind a solid offensive line. If the defense can be as sturdy as last year (and in spring practice it seemed to be), the Wolverines will be back in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	10-1	Indiana	5-6
Michigan State	8-3	Illinois	4-7
Purdue	6-4	Wisconsin	4-7
Northwestern	7-4	Iowa	4-7
Ohio State	5-5	Minnesota	2-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

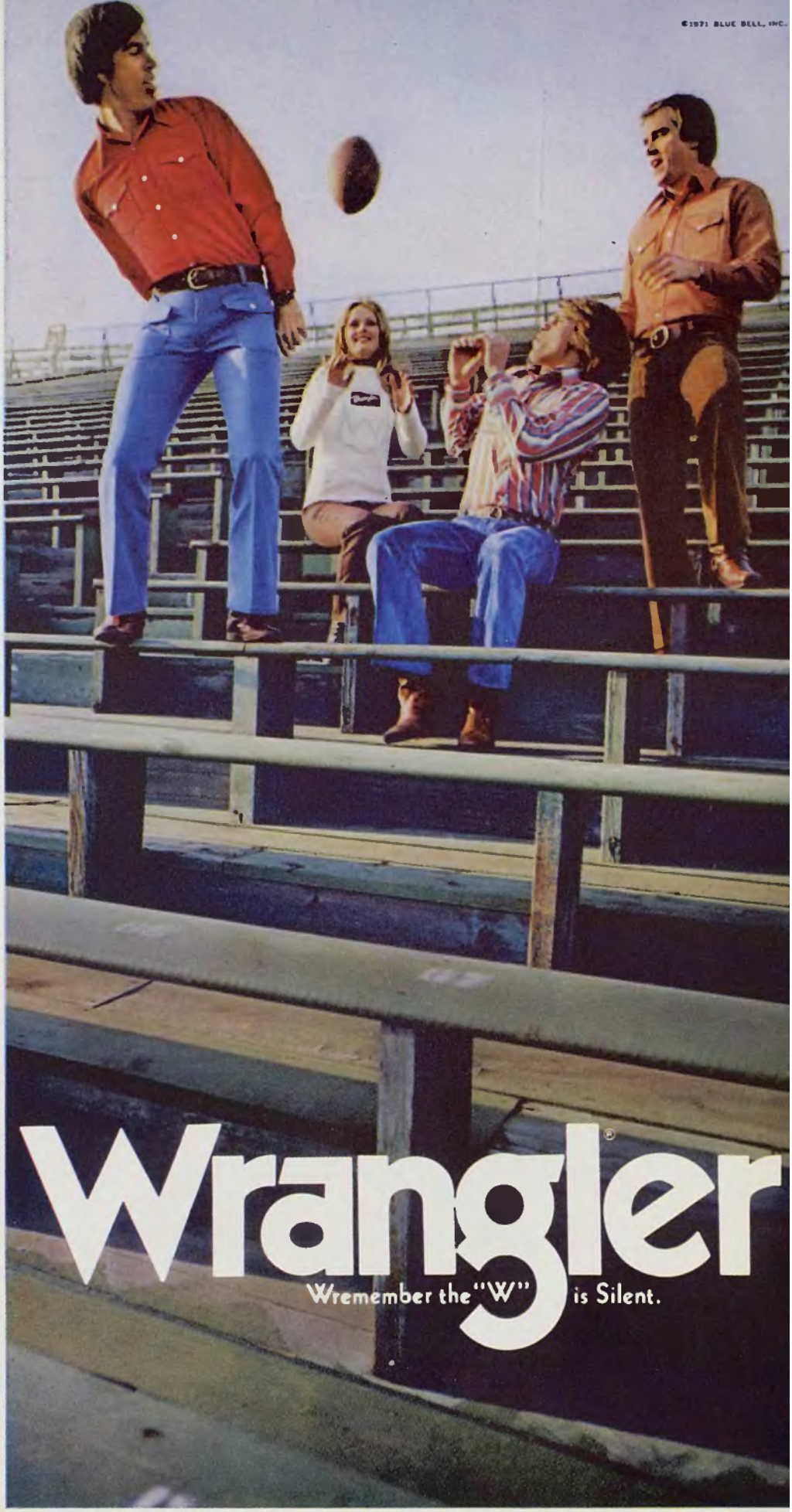
Toledo	11-0	Ohio University	6-4
Western Michigan	8-2	Miami	4-6
Bowling Green	6-4	Kent State	4-7

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9-1	Northern Illinois	5-5
Cincinnati	6-5	Xavier	2-8
Dayton	5-6	Marshall	1-9

TOP PLAYERS: Doughty, Billy Taylor, Mike Taylor (Michigan); Allen, Curl, Van Pelt (Michigan State); Bell, Luken, Teal (Purdue); Anderson, Hutchinson, Lash, Pearson, Robinson (Northwestern); DeLeone, Lamka (Ohio State); Byrnes, Morwick, Pawlitsch (Indiana); Bennett, Roberson, Wells (Illinois); Ferguson, Greyer, Mialik (Wisconsin); Clemons, Mitchell (Iowa); Cook, Light (Minnesota); Baker, Banks, Ealey, Fair, Long, Niezgoda, Saunders (Toledo); Elias, Slater (Western Michigan); Miles (Bowling Green); Allen (Ohio); Dougherty (Miami); Blosser (Kent State); Cieszkowski, Ellis, Gatewood, Gulyas, Kadish, Patulski (Notre Dame); Johnson, Weingart (Cincinnati); Kosins (Dayton); Wittum (Northern Illinois); Williams (Xavier); Ruffin (Marshall).

Michigan's main challenge will come from either Michigan State or Purdue, because both look much improved. Best chance to usurp the laurels probably goes to the Spartans. When the Michigan State publicity department—which is notoriously pessimistic—issues joyous pre-season estimates of its team, that in itself is a newsworthy event. Spartan publicist Fred Stabley says this year's team could be the strongest aggregation since State went undefeated in '65 and '66. Paradoxically, last fall's injury epidemic is largely responsible for this season's sunny prospects, because so many of last year's youngsters had an opportunity to gain valuable experience. Veteran runner Eric Allen is joined by supersoph speedster Jesse Williams. Other assets include the most stable quarterback situation the Spartans have enjoyed in years. Passers Mike Rasmussen and George Mihaiu both return, along with a collection



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of talented receivers. If coach Duffy Daugherty can put together a matching defense—and there is plenty of good material on hand—the Michigan–Michigan State game on October ninth could decide the Conference championship.

The Purdue Boilermakers appear to have finally established their passing attack with junior quarterback Gary Danielson (last year's starter, Chuck Piebies, has been moved to defensive secondary, where his coaches say he is a natural). If Danielson's passing is good enough to loosen defenses and take the pressure off what could be a sensational running combination in Otis Armstrong and Darryl Stingley, the Boilermakers will run up some high scores. Big problem will be the offensive line, which would be woefully inadequate were it not for the presence of PLAYBOY All-America guard Tom Luken, a young giant who is a one-man wave of blockers. Linebacker Jim Teal is the most underrated player in the Big Ten, a fact that next year's pro draft will point out, and he will be the leader of a Purdue defense that will, as usual, be huge and unyielding. Last year, when an unprecedented series of injuries scuttled the Boilermaker season, defensive middle guard Greg Bingham knocked his fist against the cast on his leg and said, "There are some people who are going to pay for this next year. Let's see, when do we open?" September 18th in Seattle against Sonny Sixkiller and the rest of the Huskies. If the Riveters win that one, look out.

The Northwestern team astonished everyone but itself last fall by nearly winning the Big Ten championship. All the elements for a rerun are present this year. Halfback Al Robinson, flanker Barry Pearson and safety Eric Hutchinson are destined for stardom if the Wildcats have a good season. Biggest question mark is a green offensive line. However, coach Alex Agase has produced a good new interior line on almost an annual basis and he will probably do so again. Agase is the best coach in the country at producing quality teams from average manpower. His teams are always better prepared for the first game of the season than any other team in the Big Ten. Keep this in mind when the Wildcats tackle Michigan on September 11th.

Rarely has a team been so hurt by graduation as was Ohio State. Twenty-three seniors, constituting the greatest single football class in the history of the school, have departed, and coach Woody Hayes is left with a monumental rebuilding job. From the wreckage, Hayes salvages only three offensive starters. Quarterback Don Lamka will attempt to fill Rex Kern's shoes and fullback John Bledsoe could be an adequate replacement for John Brockington. But all is not lost. Woody says he has the best crop of sophomores coming up since the Kern-Stillwagon-Brockington class of three years ago. When he makes noises like that, opponents had better listen. Before the end of the season, it could be the same old Ohio State.

A record run of injuries almost wiped out the Indiana team in '70, so coach John Pont's big objective in spring practice was to instill a winning spirit. He also needed to find a quarterback. Both objectives seem to have been accomplished. Passer Greg Brown proved he can do the job. New fullback Ken St. Pierre may be the big offensive gun the Hoosiers lacked last year. The defensive line will be awesome, featuring 6'6", 285-pound sophomore tackle Carl Barzilauskas and Joe Pawlitsch—a hard-lucker who missed his sophomore debut two years in a row because of injuries—who pro scouts say could develop into one of the best tackles around.

Although Illinois lost only nine lettermen from last year's dismal squad, the Illini are still young; only 19 seniors played in the spring game. But all the indications of vast improvement are present. For beginners, new coach Bob Blackman is a proven winner. A master of organization, he teaches a dazzling-fireworks brand of offense that is so inventive and ever-changing that opponents of his Dartmouth teams could never adequately scout the Indians. Best of all, Blackman found the necessary building blocks waiting for him when he arrived in Champaign. Thirty-eight lettermen return, best of whom are Mike Wells, who could be the top quarterback in the U. S. A. before he graduates, and defensive tackle Tab Bennett. Another good omen is the fact that departing coach Jim Valek (who was a phenomenal recruiter) left a flock of choice rookies, 11 of whom could be starters before the season is finished. New men to watch are fullback John Wilson, split end Garvin Roberson and halfback Ed Jenkins.

This may be the year that long-suffering Wisconsin fans have been waiting for. The Badgers are loaded with offensive potential, including what may be the best collection of plain and fancy runners in the country. If coach John Jardine could figure out how to get runners Alan Thompson, Gary Lund, Rufus Ferguson and Lance Moon on the field at the same time, opposing defenses would be alternately trampled and befuddled. Unfortunately, the Badger bulwarks are thin, so look for some extremely high-scoring games in Madison this fall.

New Iowa coach Frank Lauterbur will try to repeat the colossal building job he did at Toledo. He begins with at least two first-rate cornerstones—PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Craig Clemons and tailback Levi Mitchell, who could be one of the nation's great runners. Lauterbur's most immediate challenges will be fixing last year's pushover defense and the inept quarterbacking. He should have little trouble whipping the defenders into shape; his Toledo teams led the nation in total defense the past two seasons. Soph quarterback Rob Fick could be the answer in that department.

It will be a lean year at Minnesota. Most college teams run in cycles, depending largely on how the recruiting efforts pan out. Coach Murray Warmath seems to be running short of prime beef this season, especially in the lines, where six top-grade tackles are missing. The Gophers have a horde of good rookies and a flock of them will be shoved into first-line duty from the first game. So expect Warmath to play it close to the vest with a ground game built around devastating runner Ernie Cook.

Toledo should again dominate the Mid-American Conference, despite the loss of coach Frank Lauterbur. New coach Jack Murphy inherits a squad so deep in quality players that the Rockets will probably have more players drafted by the pros than any other team. These superseniors have never lost a game and are jealously protecting the nation's longest current winning streak (23 games). They would like to make it 35 by the time the Tangerine Bowl ends in December. If Toledo is challenged for the M. A. C. title, it will be by Western Michigan, which fields a veteran team with a new game-breaking runner, Larry Cates. Bowling Green also unveils a snazzy new speedster in Paul Miles. Ohio University will have a much-improved team, but the out-of-Conference schedule will play havoc with the won-lost record. Miami has enjoyed 28 consecutive nonlosing seasons, but the 29th will be very hard to come by, largely because of the lack of a take-charge quarterback to congeal a sputtering offense. At Kent State, new coach Don James takes over a young team. James is a tough taskmaster, so the Flashes should be very much improved by season's end. Best news is that Al Schoterman, a 240-pound N. C. A. A. hammer-throw champion, has decided he would like to join the team and take over for departed fullback Don Nottingham. He could be sensational.

Every year, Notre Dame comes close to winning the national championship. Usually, a couple of bad breaks and one below-par game keep it from the number-one position. We think this go-round the Irish will make it. Certainly, there is no problem with the defense, which features PLAYBOY All-Americas Walt Patulski, Mike Kadish and Clarence Ellis. There are some pro coaches who would like to swap defensive units with Ara Parseghian. The only pre-season question mark is the identity of the quarterback to get the ball to PLAYBOY All-America receiver Tom Gatewood. But if history is an indicator, that will

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have ceased to be a problem by the opening game with Northwestern. Parseghian is the best coach of quarterbacks bar none and he has no fewer than four talents to develop: Pat Steenberge and Jim Bulger were last year's backup men and Bill Etter (injured early in the season last year) hopefully will be given the green light by his doctors and could be the top signal caller. The big sleeper, though, is Cliff Brown, Notre Dame's first black quarterback, who is so loaded with natural talent that even his inexperience may not keep him off the first unit. We have a hunch Brown will make big waves his first season. Parseghian has a habit of springing brilliant sophomore quarterbacks on his unsuspecting opponents. Add to all this the fact that the Irish at last have an outside speedster in the person of Greg Hill and everything seems in place for an all-winning season. In that case, Ara Parseghian should be everyone's Coach of the Year nominee in December, just as he is ours in September.

Only a tough schedule can keep Cincinnati from a rewarding season. The Bearcat running attack, led by option-master Albert Johnson, will be awesome. Marshall begins from scratch after last season's tragic air crash that wiped out virtually the entire team. Only five lettermen return and they are joined by last year's sophs and this year's freshmen, who will be allowed to play varsity ball this year as an emergency measure. The "Young" Thundering Herd will be young, but it will obviously be a dedicated group that will form the cornerstone on which future Marshall football success will be built. We wish them the best of luck.

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Presumably, the Georgia squad has healed the attitudinal problems that scuttled the Bulldogs the past couple of seasons. A year ago, they demolished five teams and then looked sick in five other games. Consistency, obviously, was lacking, but that problem will probably be solved this year with the arrival of Andy Johnson, the most heralded sophomore quarterback to walk onto the Georgia campus since Fran Tarkenton. He operates behind the biggest and most experienced offensive line—led by PLAYBOY All-America guard Royce Smith—since the Bulldogs won the championship in '68. There are some speedy and strong rookie runners who presumably can hit the open holes better than last year's crew. If a few talented sophomores can come through at several defensive positions, the Bulldogs should be the best bet to win the S. E. C. championship.

Auburn enjoys a high pre-season rating based largely on the reputations of PLAYBOY All-Americas Pat Sullivan (quarterback) and Terry Beasley (receiver). The Tigers will have trouble matching last season's running game, however, and the defensive crew—although quick and aggressive—will be very small. But the air attack will be so potent that few teams will outscore the Tigers.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Georgia	9-2	Louisiana State	7-4
Auburn	8-2	Mississippi St.	4-7
Alabama	8-3	Mississippi	6-5
Tennessee	8-3	Vanderbilt	8-3
Florida	7-4	Kentucky	2-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Wake Forest	8-3	Duke	4-7
North Carolina	8-3	Maryland	4-7
Clemson	6-5	Virginia	3-8
N. C. State	6-5		

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

William & Mary	5-6	Davidson	4-6
East Carolina	5-5	Richmond	2-8
Furman	7-3	Virginia Military	2-9
Citadel	7-4		

INDEPENDENTS

Georgia Tech	8-3	Miami	3-8
Tulane	5-6	South Carolina	4-7
Florida State	5-6	Virginia Tech	4-7
Tampa	6-5	Chattanooga	5-6
Southern Miss	6-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Johnson, Nash, Smith, Wisdom (Georgia); Beasley, Casey, Hill, Sullivan (Auburn); Hannah, Musso, Parkhouse (Alabama); Majors, Walker, Watson (Tennessee); Abbott, Alvarez, Reaves (Florida); Casanova, Estay, Hamilton (LSU); Grubbs, Phares, Wardlaw (Mississippi State); Allen, Poole (Mississippi); Abernathy, Brown, Burger, O'Rourke (Vanderbilt); Fanuzzi, Federspiel, Kotar (Kentucky); Bobbora, Bradley, Stetz (Wake Forest); Cowell, Webster (North Carolina); Hefner, McMakin (Clemson); Smith, Walker (North Carolina State); Clayton, Jones (Duke); Roberts (Maryland); Selfridge (Virginia); Mosser (William & Mary); Crumpler, Peeler (East Carolina); Barton (Furman); Duncan (Citadel); Bourne, Cunningham, Ford, Horne, Lewis (Georgia Tech); Bullard (Tulane); Dawson, Thomas (Florida State); Gellerstedt, Mikolajczyk (Tampa); Guy, Orange (Southern Miss); Barnes, Trower (Miami); Harris (South Carolina).

Alabama has been on the threshold of recapturing the S. E. C. title the past two years and coach Bear Bryant's patience is wearing thin. Last year's Achilles' heel was the defense (an uncommon situation on Bryant-coached teams), but that fault appears to have been repaired during spring practice. Johnny Musso is one of the top runners in the country and he will benefit from an improved offensive line led by gifted tackle John Hannah.

Tennessee coach Bill Battle, making it big at the tender age of 29, will have to count on a seasoned defense—led by linebacker Jackie Walker and PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Bobby Majors—to hold the fort early in the season.

while the offense breaks in new quarterback Dennis Chadwick, who must operate behind a rebuilt line. If the blocking is decent, the running game should be dazzling with the return of fullback Curt Watson and the arrival of remarkable newcomer Haskel Stanback, who could develop into the best runner in Tennessee history before his sophomore season is finished. Unless the passing attack becomes better than adequate, however, the Vols will have a tough time matching last year's showing.

The Florida team is a vivid illustration of the often overlooked importance of an offensive line to a football team's success. Two years ago, the Gators fielded a talented all-sophomore backfield behind a mature line with spectacular results. Last year, the same backfield returned, of course, but the line had graduated and the replacements were green and the Gators fell short of their championship expectations. But the wheel of fortune has turned again and the offensive line has a year's experience and is vastly improved. It operates in front of that same quartet of '69 supersophs, who are now wise and hardened and presumably more capable than ever. Quarterback John Reaves is one of the three or four best passers anywhere and he has four outstanding receivers, best of whom is Carlos Alvarez, if his injuries heal properly.

The LSU squad will be nearly as strong as the '70 aggregation, but the schedule is horrendous. Besides the usual S. E. C. toughies, the Bengals face Texas A&M, Wisconsin, Colorado and Notre Dame. Last year's spectacular defense must be rebuilt around PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Tommy Casanova and tackle Ronnie Estay, but the attack unit's uncanny ability to produce the sudden big play will be unchanged. Receiver Andy Hamilton should break every school receiving record by season's end.

Mississippi State's emergence last season from its accustomed home in the S. E. C. cellar was powered by an excellent defensive unit that returns almost intact. A half-dozen offensive standouts must be replaced, however. Best of the new men will be tailback Wayne Jones, who will team with last year's running sensation Lewis Grubbs to give the Bulldogs a potent ground attack.

Ole Miss will probably survive the loss of Archie Manning better than most opponents expect. Shug Chumbler, Manning's backup for two years, is no slouch, but he may lose the starting-quarterback post to sophomore Norris Weese, a fiery runner and a good passer. The Rebs' chief asset will be their return to reality. After looking like national champions through their first four games last year, the Rebs grew fatheaded and were bushwhacked by Southern Mississippi. That problem was fixed by new coach Billy Kinard in spring practice, when he completely re-evaluated every one of the 100 squad members. Sixteen of last year's 22 starters went the graduation route, leaving a green but very talented squad, heavy with superb runners, best of whom will probably be sophomore Gene Allen, a 212-pound blocking demon. The Rebs will be shaking down the new troops the first half of the season, but by November they could be one of the strongest teams in the South.

Jess Neely, former coach at Rice University, took over as athletic director at Vanderbilt in 1967 with the announced intention of turning a sad Vanderbilt team into a winner. The transformation has been little short of miraculous. The Commodores could commemorate Neely's retirement with the first winning season in a long while. Vanderbilt's emergence from oblivion could have come last year, had it not been for a rash of injuries. The casualties—including wonderfully versatile quarterback Watson Brown—seem to be healed and 16 of last year's starters are joined by another group of premium rookies. Though the Commodores will be no match for the five or six stronger teams in the S. E. C., a very weak schedule should enable them to enjoy their best won-lost record in many years.

Coach Johnny Ray's rebuilding job at Kentucky is well under way, but there is still some progress to be made before the Wildcats can compete in the tough Southeastern Conference. Ray's biggest problems—lack of team speed and depth—will be greatly helped by the arrival of new quarterback Mike Fanuzzi and sophomore speedster Doug Kotar, who will be Kentucky's best running back since Rodger Bird. The new rookie backs are so excellent, in fact, that last year's top runners—Lee Clymer and Cecil Bowens—have been transferred to the defensive backfield. The entire attack unit will be so overloaded with sophs that the inexperience will probably be glaringly obvious in early games. But it is also obvious that the Wildcats are on their way back to respectability. Wait till next year, when all these wild kittens have grown up.

There were two big surprises in the Atlantic Coast Conference last season: The Wake Forest team, picked by almost everybody to be the door mat of the Conference, put it all together and, with explosive enthusiasm and team spirit, pulled off a breath-taking series of upsets to win the Conference championship. Conversely, South Carolina was picked by nearly everybody to take the Conference championship, but an inept defensive line dashed the Gamecocks' hopes. But now the situation is changed. Wake Forest returns with the slick

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backfield that pulled off so many big plays at crucial moments last season and the defense is bolstered by a trio of rugged linebackers. However, last year's prime asset—the surprise factor—is missing and everybody will be eager to square matters with the Deacons. South Carolina, on the other hand, has ended a long family quarrel with the other A. C. C. members by quitting the Conference and is now enjoying its independence. The Gamecocks could be a big surprise. A large contingent of able and willing sophs and red-shirts will help shore up a woefully weak defensive line. Quarterback Jackie Young may make Gamecock fans forget about graduated Tommy Suggs.

Although spectacular runner Don McCauley and seven other offensive starters have graduated, North Carolina will be as strong as the '70 team that fell somewhat short of its great expectations. Chief reason for this optimism is that ten players who helped make the Tarheels the best defensive team in the Conference have returned.

Hootie Ingram enters his second year as head coach at Clemson with 15 returning starters and the best group of rookies in the Conference. Quarterback Tom Kendrick has already broken nearly every school passing record and he will have a flock of good runners to help him. The defense, led by linebacker Larry Hefner (no relation), will resemble the stout Clemson bastions of years past.

North Carolina State unveils one of the most heralded supersophs of this or any year. Halfback Willie Burden brings a much-needed injection of speed and power to the Wolfpack running game and his presence should help heal one of last year's hang-ups—the inability to score touchdowns. Last year's youngsters are now older and tougher and the whole squad seems to have more enthusiasm and talent than it did a year ago. Yet another sophomore runner, fullback Charlie Young, will help give the Wolfpack an overpowering ground game.

With the graduation of the Leo Hart–Wes Chesson passing tandem, which rewrote the entire list of Atlantic Coast Conference passing records, the Duke offense will have to be redesigned. New coach Mike McGee will fill the void with a thunderous running attack led by fullback Steve Jones and tailbacks Bill Thompson and Bob Zwirko. A gritty offensive line anchored by Willie Clayton and Dale Grimes should be able to open holes for the Duke runners.

The Maryland squad will be tremendously improved over last year's entry, but it still has a long way to go. A horde of massive rookie linemen, best of whom is Paul Vellano, will give the Terrapins more muscle than anyone can remember.

Virginia will have a souped-up ground attack featuring lightning-fast Harrison Davis and rookie Kent Merritt. Last year's critical lack of depth appears to be less serious this season. If a few weak spots in the defense can be plugged, the Cavaliers could have a winning season, because the schedule is favorable.

Georgia Tech is back among the elite, as anyone who watched the Jackets' resurgence in '70 is well aware. The culmination of a long and tedious rebuilding job by coach Bud Carson should be even more noticeable this year, because all the offensive guns from last season return and are joined by a supersoph (Tech seems to have one every year), runner Greg Horne. Fears stemming from the departure of All-America tackle Rock Perdoni were stilled in spring practice by Brad Bourne, who finally seems ready to fulfill his potential for greatness.

Tulane faces a schedule featuring six teams that played in bowl games last season. The Greenies must prepare for this nightmare under a new coach, Bennie Ellender, whose first task is to reconstruct the gutsy defense that was the key to last season's success. At Florida State, new coach Larry Jones has the opposite problem, because only three offensive starters return. The Tampa team will be even stronger than last year's group, which won ten games, but the schedule has been so toughened that the Spartans will find victory much more elusive.

At Southern Miss, blazing new halfback Doyle Orange will provide Southerner fans with more excitement than they have enjoyed in years. One of the most interesting situations in the country exists at Miami, where coach Charlie Tate quit in disgust at the beginning of last season. New coach Fran Curci, who moved over from Tampa, found a dispirited and graduation-riddled squad waiting for him. He has partly solved the manpower problem with a massive injection of talent from junior college ranks and the gloom turned to optimism in spring practice, but a murderous schedule will prevent Curci from making much progress in his rebuilding efforts this season.

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It's rare, indeed, when a college football team wins a national championship two years in a row. But Nebraska just might do it. Last year's junior-led squad has returned virtually unscathed by graduation and the Cornhuskers retain last season's major assets—a potent and balanced attack, a rock-ribbed defense and a great team enthusiasm. They also have confidence, if one can judge by coach Bob Devaney's comment, "We were national champions last year and we're going to be even stronger this year." The confidence could be well founded. Nebraska has two dependable veteran quarterbacks, Jerry Tagge and Van Brownson, plus a soph passer, Dave Humm, who the Husker coaching staff insists is the best quarterback prospect in the nation. Humm may even take over from the two veterans before the season is out. Led by tackle Larry Jacobson, Nebraska's defense will be stronger—it was awesome during spring practice. In short, Nebraska has all the necessary ingredients for a championship team: great coaching, fine personnel and abundant enthusiasm. The big danger is that on a senior-dominated squad, the enthusiasm sometimes wears thin by the end of the season. If the Huskers can get past Southern California and Colorado—and if Notre Dame falters—the season's Conference finale with Oklahoma could decide the national championship.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	11-1	Kansas	6-5
Oklahoma	9-2	Oklahoma State	5-6
Colorado	7-4	Missouri	3-8
Kansas State	7-4	Iowa State	5-6

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	9-2	Texas Christian	4-7
Texas A&M	8-3	Baylor	3-7
Texas	7-3	Southern Methodist	3-8
Texas Tech	8-3	Rice	2-9

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Louisville	7-3	West Texas St.	6-5
Memphis State	6-4	Tulsa	4-7
Wichita State	5-6	North Texas St.	4-7

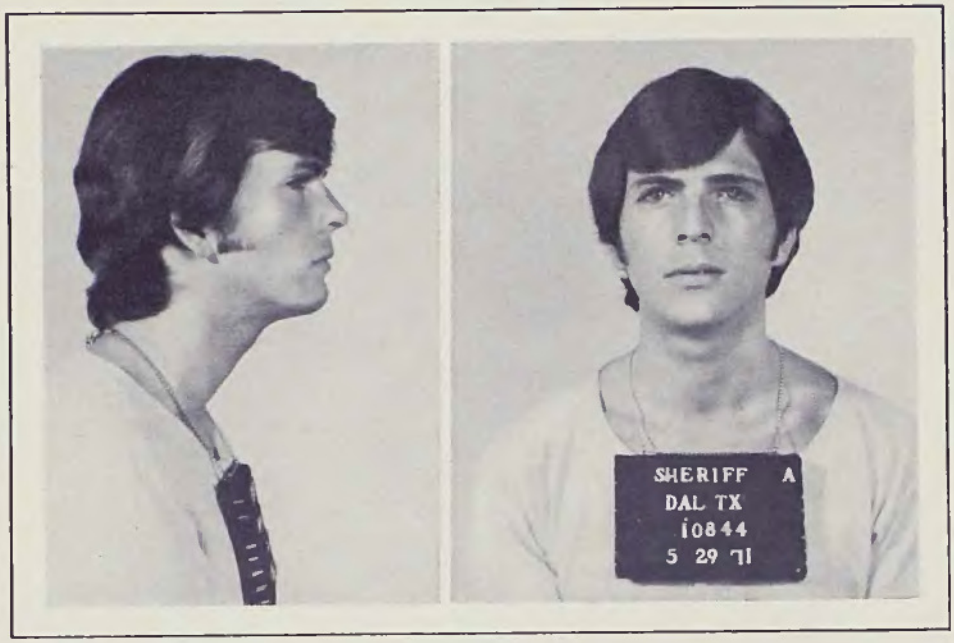
INDEPENDENTS

Houston	10-1	New Mexico St.	4-7

TOP PLAYERS: Humm, Jacobson, Kinney, Rodgers, Rupert (Nebraska); Aycock, Brahaney, Mildren, Pruitt, Wylie (Oklahoma); Branch, Davis, Keyworth, Orvis (Colorado); Butler, Jackson, Latimore (Kansas State); Childs, Conley (Kansas); Blackman, Cole, Graham (Oklahoma State); Henley, Stuckey (Missouri); Hunt, Moses (Iowa State); Ferguson, Kelson, McClard (Arkansas); Burks, Dusek, May (Texas A&M); Bertelsen, Dowdy, Sisemore (Texas); Ingram, McCutchen (Texas Tech); Judy, Steel (Texas Christian); Evans, Williams (Baylor); Hammond (SMU); Tyler (Rice); Brown, Jackson, Madeya (Louisville); Gowen, Stark (Memphis State); Baehr, Jackson (Wichita State); Garza, Pritchett (West Texas State); McGill (Tulsa); Ditta, Mozisek, Newhouse, Peacock (Houston); James, Pisarcick (New Mexico State).

Oklahoma's hopes for a big year are based largely on an offense that will be even more lethal than last year's, if quarterback Jack Mildren can stay healthy. Unlike Nebraska, the Sooners don't have other passing talent waiting in the wings. But they do have nine returning offensive starters, including spectacular runners Joe Wylie and Greg Pruitt. Wylie, Pruitt and Mildren can all break open a game with dazzling runs, a threat that has been so effective that Mildren hasn't often utilized his throwing ability. The Sooners face a couple of possible

POT SHOT



This photograph won't be in the high school annual. It won't be framed and set on the piano. It won't be carried in a billfold, attached to a resume or placed in the family album. It will last a lifetime. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, NORML, believes the present marijuana prohibition is unworkable and unjust. Thousands of otherwise law-abiding young citizens are given jail sentences each year for marijuana.

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Pamphlet analyzing marijuana laws in all 50 states.
Full size illustrated marijuana penalty poster.
Additional posters available for $2.00 each.
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TA

stumbling blocks to an all-winning season: The defensive depth is thin and the schedule (which features Southern California and Texas, along with the other Big Eight teams) is rugged. Says one Oklahoma sports publicist, "We could finish seven-and-four and still have a hell of a team."

Colorado might have the best running game in the country, if the sophomore-laden offensive line can jell in time. Not only do last year's top runners—Jon Keyworth and John Tarver—return but they are joined by flashy soph Charlie Davis, who is more deceptive than any previous Colorado back. Not far behind is another rookie, 225-pound Larry Thomas, who will probably spell Keyworth at fullback. If new quarterback Ken Johnson develops on schedule, the Colorado triple-option offense will be devastating. It will need to be, because the schedule is the toughest ever, including road games at LSU, Ohio State, Nebraska and Oklahoma. The defense, though young, may be even better than last year's. New defensive coach Jerry Claiborne is a past master at building great defenses and he has much material to work with, including PLAYBOY All-America defensive end Herb Orvis and superrookie linebacker Charlie Battle. And coach Eddie Crowder claims his sophs are the best young talent Colorado has ever had. If enough of them are able linemen (both on offense and on defense), Colorado could be the surprise team of the Conference.

There will be a new look at Kansas State. Passer Lynn Dickey has graduated, but coach Vince Gibson is blessed with a crew of nifty running backs and a strong offensive line to spring them loose. The offense is being revamped accordingly. Not that the passing game will be entirely missing: The squad is still loaded with fleet receivers and a new starting quarterback, Dennis Morrison, will have plenty of tempting targets. Physically, this will be Gibson's strongest team. Kansas State led the Big Eight in total defense last year and the defenders look even tougher this year. Keith Best and Joe Colquitt should develop into two of the better linebackers in the country and sophomore Isaac Jackson will be a premier runner his first season. With all this muscle on hand, Kansas State should be able to slug it out with most of the teams on its schedule.

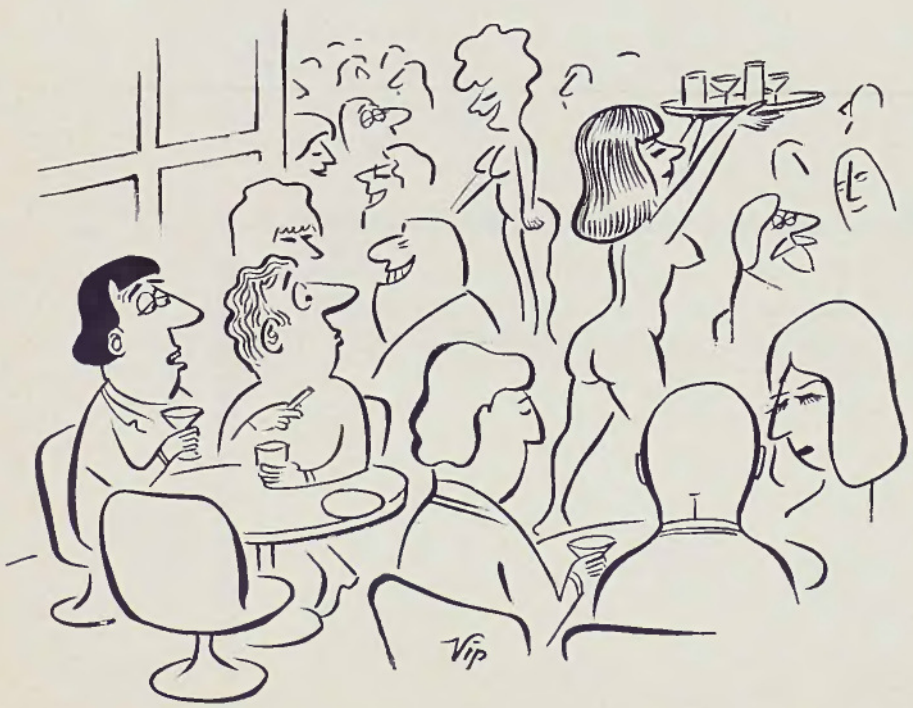
Kansas has a new coach, Don Fambrough, who inherits a squad that was both poor on defense and inept on offense last year. Fambrough's biggest problem is the lack of depth. His squad can match most of the teams it faces—starters against starters—but the quality of the Jayhawk troops drops off sharply after the first-stringers. Injuries, therefore, could be crucial. Perhaps the best news is the arrival of sophomore quarterback David Jaynes, who could make a big contribution his first year on the varsity.

Oklahoma State is another Big Eight team that claims the best crop of rookies in a decade. The nonpareils of the bunch are quarterback Brent Blackman and fullback Cleveland Vann. The youngsters will have to be good, because only three of last year's offensive starters escaped graduation. Despite this lack of experience, the Cowboys have more size, more speed and more potential, especially in the lines. Last year's offensive line was small and absorbed a fearful physical beating, and the defenders also took a heavy shelling in the trenches. The replacements have the raggedness of inexperience, but they are bigger and tougher and by midseason should be formidable. All this new talent will be thrown into action early, so by late October—if they learn well—the Cowboys could become a factor in the Big Eight race.

Missouri not only has lost its head coach (Dan Devine accepted the pro challenge at Green Bay) but eight of last year's 11 offensive starters are also missing. New coach Al Onofrio spent the spring trying to settle the quarterback problem, but recurring injuries to the two leading candidates—seniors Mike Farmer and Chuck Roper—leave the team's leadership still unsettled. A sophomore passer—Ed Johndrow—may be the answer. The Missouri defense, as usual, will be staunch, but there is reasonable skepticism about how well the Tigers can move the ball this year, with no one on hand who appears capable of filling the shoes of graduated Joe Moore and James Harrison, although tailback Jack Bastable could reach greatness by his senior year.

Coach Johnny Majors is still in the process of trying to build his Iowa State team to the level of the rest of the Big Eight. It's been a long, trying process, but Majors is making progress. Last year, the Cyclones almost reached the heights and this year they may do it, thanks to a schedule much weaker than the other Big Eight teams enjoy. Two high-quality sophomores, tailback Jerry Moses and tackle Lawrence Hunt, will make their debut. By the end of the season, most of the Cyclone starters could be yearlings. If they ripen early, this will be the finest team at Ames in a couple of decades.

The bridesmaid's role has become an accustomed one for Arkansas, because the Razorbacks have the misfortune of belonging to the same conference as Texas. This should be the year when they escape the second-best stigma. Their high hopes are based largely on junior passer Joe Ferguson, who is one of the top quarterback prospects in the country. His backup, Walter Nelson, may be the best second-string passer anywhere. The Razorbacks' green defense could cause some problems, but the high-power offense should keep the pressure off until the young defenders win their spurs. The Porkers will probably win a few close games with the gifted toe of PLAYBOY All-America place kicker Bill McClard.



"Did you notice how she snatched up the tip?"

For Texas A&M, last year's misfortune may be this season's strength. After winning their first two games, the sophomore Aggies lost nine in a row. Three back-to-back road games against LSU, Ohio State and Michigan left the team physically and mentally exhausted, since the first units had to play for their lives from start to finish. All that hard-earned experience will pay off in '71, because only two of last season's 22 starters have departed. All the physical assets are on hand for a banner year, if the Aggies can win early and gain confidence. Another upset of LSU or a surprise win over Nebraska could propel them to a Conference championship. We have a strong hunch they will come close to doing just that and we therefore tab them our Surprise Team of the Year.

Texas, for a change, isn't a top contender for the national championship. The reason is that graduation took 14 players who earned letters for three years while Texas was winning 30 consecutive games. All these quality seniors are being replaced with quality sophs, but, as coach Darrell Royal says, "That ain't a fair swap." The running game, at least, should be breath-taking, with PLAYBOY All-America Jim Bertelsen being joined by speedy new runners Glenn Gaspard and Don Burrisk, plus fullback Bobby Callison, a two-year letterman who missed last fall with a broken arm. They may not have much running room in the early games, because the entire offensive line—except for PLAYBOY All-America tackle Jerry Sisemore—was wiped out by graduation. The Longhorn squad is—as always—heavily laden with talent. Whether it can retain the Southwest Conference championship depends on how quickly the new men mature.

Coach Jim Carlen is in the second year of his campaign to bring Texas Tech to national prominence and he is well on his way. Carlen brings a kind of fiery evangelism to his job. He has been beating the Texas bushes for talent and fan support, making an average of almost one speech a day since he arrived over a year ago. His Red Raiders will have even more offensive punch than last year's crew, which won eight games. Only the defensive line, which will be small and callow, will keep the Raiders from challenging the Conference leaders.

There is a new look at Texas Christian, after a coaching change brought Jim Pittman from Tulane. First thing he did was shore up the porous defense. In spring practice, it was the most aggressive ever seen in Fort Worth. If Pittman can do the same job this fall on the offensive line, which still shows last year's mediocrity, quarterback Steve Judy and a flock of good receivers will have some room to operate. Despite 39 returning lettermen, the Horned Frogs aren't deep, so attrition by injuries could hurt by season's end. One reason for the lack of depth was the departure last January of a group of black players (best of whom were tackle Larry Dibbles and running back Raymond Rhodes) who decided they didn't like the *ambiance* of the Texas Christian campus.

If quarterback Si Southall comes through, Baylor could be a factor in the Conference for the first time in many years. Main reason is that the Bears have a good supply of grade-A linemen. The school song, *That Good Old Baylor Line*, could have real meaning this year. The defense, which was the Bear long suit last year, will be even better in '71. The running, led by Matthew Williams and transfer fullback Godfrey White, will also be improved.

SMU has Gary Hammond and not much else. Hammond by now would have been a consensus All-America if he could have concentrated on one skill, but his team's needs put him at split end as a sophomore and at tailback as a junior. He was All-Conference at both positions, but now coach Hayden Fry has shifted him again, this time to fix a desperate situation at quarterback. Hammond's incredible versatility will enable him to again be the best in the

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Conference and he will be working with a more diversified attack fashioned especially for him. But, unfortunately, he won't have much help.

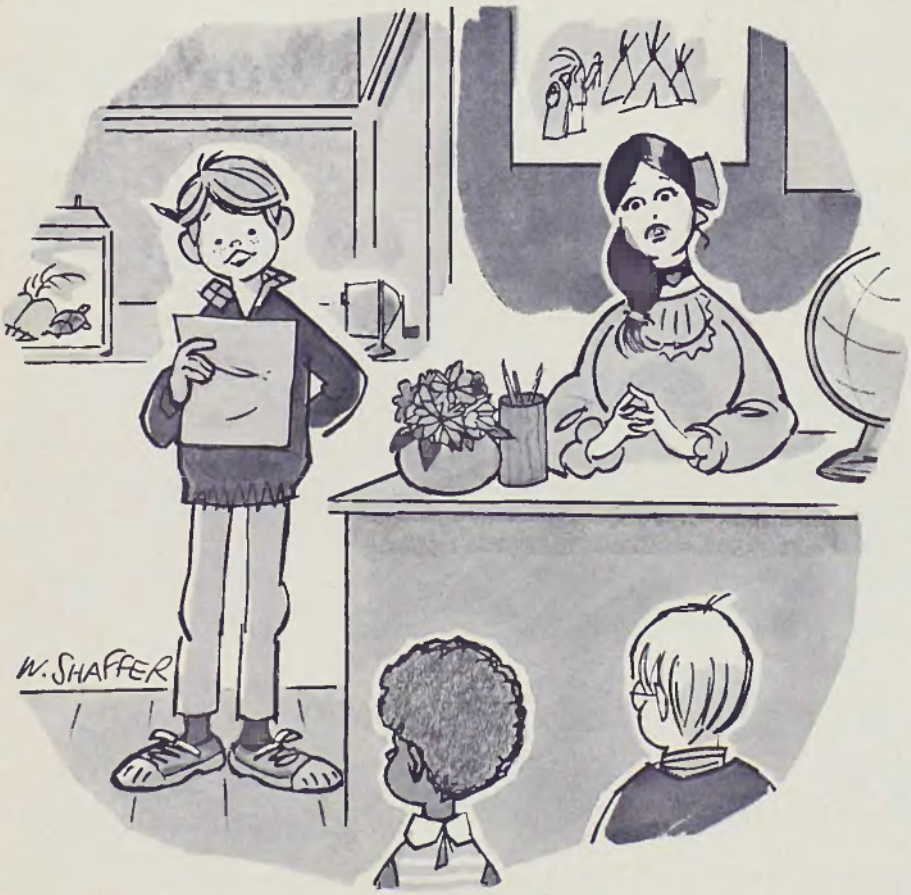
The Rice Owls will take on a new look this fall, due to the arrival of coach Bill Peterson. There were numerous position changes in spring practice to accommodate Peterson's wide-open, go-for-broke attack. Major problem is the absence of the first-rank passer necessary to make Peterson's system work. There are some fast horses in the corral, though, best of whom is runner Stahle Vincent, so the ground attack will carry the load until Peterson can develop a quarterback to his liking.

Louisville should once more dominate the Missouri Valley Conference. The Cardinals will resemble last year's edition but will be joined by transfer (from Randolph-Macon) Howard Stevens, who is probably the best 5'6" runner in the country. Memphis State will be stronger and can challenge Louisville if coach Spook Murphy can find a take-charge quarterback from among four talented candidates. Opponents expect Wichita State to be much weaker as a result of the plane crash that killed half the squad in midseason last year. But don't believe it. The Shockers had some of the best freshmen ever recruited at Wichita and they moved up to the varsity after the crash, gaining valuable experience. Supersoph quarterback Rick Baehr should provide the necessary leadership for a rapid Shocker resurgence.

West Texas State, a new member of the Missouri Valley Conference, will feature the footwork of diminutive kicker Matias Garza. He is only 5'8", 152 pounds, but he lobs the ball into the end zone every time.

The Houston Cougars are savoring the delights of being admitted to membership in the Southwest Conference, though they won't be allowed to compete for the Conference championship until 1976, because of scheduling conflicts. So look for the Cougars to start stockpiling bombs for the future in a couple of years, in the meantime sharpening their appetite on lesser foes. This year's team isn't as strong as the ones fielded the past five years, but the schedule is a great deal softer, so the Cougars will wind up in the top 20, as usual.

New Mexico State joins the Missouri Valley circuit next year and this season breaks in promising rookie quarterback Joe Pisarcick, who is expected to lead the Aggies to a Conference title before he graduates.



"'How I Spent My Summer Vacation'—or 'The Sexual Awakening of Stanley Quigley.'"

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern Cal	8-3	California	7-4
Stanford	8-3	Washington	6-5
UCLA	7-3	Oregon State	6-5
Oregon	7-4	Washington St.	1-10

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona State	7-4	Arizona	5-6
New Mexico	7-4	Colorado State	5-6
Utah	7-4	Wyoming	4-7
Texas at El Paso	7-4	Brigham Young	2-9

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Pacific	8-3	San Diego State	5-6
Cal State—Long Beach	8-4	Cal State—L.A.	4-6
San Jose State	7-4	Santa Barbara	2-9
Fresno State	6-4		

INDEPENDENTS

Air Force	7-3	Idaho	8-3
Utah State	4-7		

TOP PLAYERS: Cunningham, Hall, Jones, Vella (Southern Cal); Bunce, Lazetich, Siemon, Winesberry (Stanford); Dalby, Kendricks, McAlister (UCLA); Fouts, Graham, Moore (Oregon); Curtis, O. Z. White, Sherman White, Youngblood (California); Huget, Kravitz, Krieg, Sixkiller (Washington); Schilling, Sherbert (Oregon State); Busch (Washington State); Ah You, Eley, Hall, Tomco (Arizona State); Long, Ross (New Mexico); Bateman, Robbins (Utah); Croft, Hatch (Texas at El Paso); Arneson, McKee (Arizona); McCutcheon (Colorado State); Dobler (Wyoming); Gravelle (Brigham Young); Brown, Jordan, True (Pacific); Hughes, Kahler (Cal State—Long Beach); Chaney, Knott (San Jose State); Cummings (Fresno State); Reynolds, Sipe, Ward (San Diego State); Bream, Carlson, Mitchell (Air Force); Wicks (Utah State); Riley (Idaho).

The Pacific Eight has displaced the Big Eight as the toughest loop in the country and is so well balanced that only one team, Washington State, is out of the running for the Rose Bowl trip.

It's a seven-way tossup, but as the season opens, Southern Cal seems to have the best shot at the championship. The success that narrowly escaped the Trojans' grasp last fall should be more attainable in '71. Presumably, the rash of injuries that crippled the defense won't be a problem and the squad morale and attitude should be better. Coach John McKay's knottiest problem is replacing three 14-kt. receivers who have graduated. The arrival of supersoph receiver Lynn Swann eases the job. The Trojan defense appeared vastly improved in spring practice, so nobody is going to run up a big score on it.

West Coast fans who expect Stanford to be much weaker now that Jim Plunkett has graduated are in for a surprise. The Indians are as deep in talent as ever. Quarterback Don Bunce was a sensational replacement for Plunkett in

'68 and '69 and he was red-shirted last season to save a year's eligibility. He is a great roll-out passer and an exciting runner and, teamed with flanker Eric Cross and much-heralded soph runner John Winesberry, he could dim memories of Plunkett by season's end. PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Jeff Siemon heads the best defensive unit in the West, giving the Indians an excellent chance to make it two straight trips to Pasadena on New Year's Day.

At UCLA, new coach Pepper Rodgers takes over for departed Tommy Prothro. Whether he can duplicate Prothro's canny use of available material remains to be seen. He certainly has some gems to work with his first season, including PLAYBOY All-America center Dave Dalby and great soph runner James McAlister, whose advent is accompanied by more rave notices than anybody since O. J. Simpson. Principal trouble spot is quarterback, where Rodgers hopes to get an adequate job from transfer Mike Flores.

Jerry Frei begins his fifth year as Oregon coach and if he doesn't grab all the marbles this time, he will have to start all over again. The Webfeet are loaded with everything it takes. Eighteen of last season's 22 starters return. Junior college transfer Larry Battle, a receiver, whose credentials are right out of Jack Armstrong, teams with PLAYBOY All-America runner Bobby Moore to give the Ducks the most dangerous long-strike capability on the Coast. The only ominous portent is the fact that the Webfoot squad is senior-dominated, a source of trouble sometimes, when late-season ennui sets in and the seniors begin dreaming about pro bonus checks.

California (at Berkeley) was the most mercurial squad in the country last fall. It wiped out both Southern Cal and Stanford but got trampled, incredibly, by Rice. Coach Ray Willsey appears to be faced with a huge rebuilding job, but he has imported droves of superstud junior college transfers, so the Berkeley bunch should be as strong as ever. With Isaac Curtis and Tim Todd running the ball and Steve Sweeney and Lonnie Crittenden catching, Cal has its greatest offensive speed ever. The defense, bolstered by all those junior college transfers, will be improved. If Willsey can find even a garden-variety passer and if the Bears play with a bit more consistency, Pasadena won't be an unrealistic dream.

Sonny Sixkiller, the Cherokee sharpshooter, returns for his junior season at Washington. Coach Jim Owens has thoughtfully provided three glue-fingered j. c. transfer receivers for targets. If the bulwarks can be reinforced and a few runners can be found to take the pressure off Sixkiller, the Huskies also have a good shot at the championship.

Too bad Oregon State and Washington can't combine forces, because the Beavers, as usual, are loaded with bull-like runners. Coach Dee Andros has a thing about fullbacks. He is so fond of human juggernauts that he stockpiles them. Last year, in the Oregon game, he secretly worked in his second-string fullback, Mike Davenport, as a halfback in the same line-up with first-stringer Dave Schilling and the heavily favored Ducks were steam-rollered. This season, Andros has a big, experienced offensive line to block for Schilling, so the Beaver attack will resemble a stampede.

"Guilty. We figure where there's smoke, there's fire."

The Washington State team is experienced, mostly at losing. As usual, the ranks are thin in Pullman, though runner Bernard Jackson and quarterback Ty Paine are among the best in the Conference at their trade.

Arizona State should again be the class of the Western Athletic Conference, even without the peerless Joe Spagnola–J. D. Hill combo. The offense is now in the hands of senior slinger Grady Hurst, who will be working behind a green line. Nevertheless, speedster Monroe Eley will give the Sun Devils plenty of punch. New Mexico provides the main challenge to Arizona State. Nearly everybody returns from the '70 team that won seven games, so the Lobos will be considerably improved. Utah will be small but much faster and the kicking game, provided by PLAYBOY All-America Marv Bateman, should prove the winning margin in a few games.

Pacific, Cal State—Long Beach and San Jose State will fight it out for the P. C. C. championship. Last year's prime contender, San Diego, suffered much from graduation. Long Beach lost only three offensive starters, but one of them was Leon Burns, which is like losing half the team. However, if Burns's replacement, Jim Kirby, recovers from knee surgery, he will take up much of the slack and might run circles around the Rebels in the season opener against Ole Miss.

The Pacific team will be vastly improved. Coach Homer Smith took over in '70 and inherited what he terms "a nightmare," but he now has brought order from chaos. He has also brought in a busload of j. c. transfers. Look for soph passer Carlos Brown to make a big splash. San Jose has almost unprecedented depth and experience, and it also has PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Dave Chaney.

The Air Force Academy is still deep in talent, though the Falcons will have trouble getting past such opponents as Colorado, Oregon and Penn State. Coach Ben Martin, starting his 14th season in Falcon country, has a stable full of excellent runners to go with new quarterback Joel Carlson, who is a deadly option player. Center Orderia Mitchell, only a junior, should be tops in the country before he graduates.

And that's the way prospects shape up as millions of fans await the autumnal delights of college football. So see if the old raccoon coat can last another year, get the lap blankets out of storage, make sure your season tickets are in order and plan your tail-gate picnics. The preparation will be well worth it; college football gets more entertaining each year. The players are bigger and faster, the coaches are cannier and the talent is spread more evenly. Best of all, maybe your favorite team has been tabbed to wind up in a bowl game on New Year's Day. But don't make your travel plans yet. The football has a funny bounce.

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PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 74)

the idea of hierarchy, which moves some women to despise the work of their sisters who are homemakers and mothers. This sneering attitude has cost them the support of many women. Until feminists acknowledge that all labor has equal dignity, their movement will never get off the ground.

Frank Johnson
New York, New York

EXPENSE AND TRAUMA

Immediate divorce reforms are badly needed in this country, as several letters in *The Playboy Forum* have pointed out. The problem is obvious to anyone involved in a divorce action or to anyone who has looked into divorce procedures; an appalling number of judicial decrees are antithetic to our national principles of liberty and justice for all.

It is utterly irrational for today's divorce judge to automatically assume that the woman will be the better parent, regardless of the father's qualifications. The evil does not lie in the statutes, since they clearly declare the father and mother equally entitled to custody of the children. However, I personally asked several judges the conditions under which they would award custody of the children to the father, and all agreed that they would only do so if the mother were involved in outright criminal activity. So the children are not awarded to the better parent necessarily but to the mother automatically, except in cases of serious moral turpitude.

I, together with many people going through the expense and trauma of a broken marriage, appeal for some measure of justice in our divorce courts. I appeal to lawmakers to alleviate the deep frustrations of loving fathers who have lost their children by the decrees of an impersonal and blindly traditionalistic court system.

Luis Felipe Clay
St. Louis, Missouri

MAKING THE RULES

The June *Forum Newsfront* mentions Professor Harold T. Christensen's discovery that fewer people feel that they are breaking their own rules when they have sex outside of marriage. The sociologist is quoted as saying: "This is not to say that lowering standards is preferable to stricter control of behavior. Value-behavior discrepancy has undesirable effects, but the question of how best to reduce this discrepancy is for the policy maker, not the scientist."

Christensen manifests in this statement an unfortunate tendency of our society: the notion that rules for behavior should be made by some sort of authority. If we don't turn to clergymen, we ask scientists and philosophers, while Dr. Christensen, a scientist, says the proper source for rules of conduct is "the policy maker," whoever that may be. It seems to me—and I hope there are a few others around who think the same way—that questions of values and behavior are best left up to the individuals involved.

John Murray
Detroit, Michigan

SEX FOR FUN

I want to thank PLAYBOY for helping to refute one of this country's longest-held and most dangerous fallacies: that sex is justifiable only if it results in the production of children. I have to chuckle whenever I hear someone exclaim that *The Playboy Philosophy*'s endorsement of sex as a joy in itself is irresponsible. In an era when the conception of more than two children per couple is a blatant danger to the entire species, I can't think of a more responsible attitude than the one you espouse.

Barbara Epstein
Dayton, Ohio

SEX AND CIVILIZATION

A letter from John King published in the March *Playboy Forum* applauds the modern tendencies both to remove restrictions on sexual behavior and to permit portrayals of nudity and sexual activity to appear uncensored in all our arts and communications media. King writes:

> The reappearance of unrestricted sexuality holds out the promise that human society is about to transcend the civilization of discipline and enter a new Garden of Eden.

Some weeks after reading King's letter, I came across an article by New York University professor Irving Kristol, in *The New York Times Magazine*, titled "Pornography, Obscenity and the Case for Censorship." I was fascinated to see that, like King, Kristol is convinced that sexual freedom and complete freedom of expression will mean the end of civilization as we know it. He states:

> What is at stake is civilization and humanity, nothing less. The idea that "everything is permitted," as Nietzsche put it, rests on the premise of nihilism and has nihilistic implications. I will not pretend that the case against nihilism and for civilization is an easy one to make. We are here confronting the most fundamental of philosophical questions, on the deepest levels. But that is precisely my point—that the matter of pornography and obscenity is not a trivial one, and that only superficial minds can take a bland and untroubled view of it.

Kristol goes on from there to demonstrate (to his own satisfaction) that

permitting pornography and the use of four-letter words in public opens the gates to such revolutionary barbarians as Jerry Rubin, Mark Rudd and the SDS, and he declares ominously:

> Men who show themselves unwilling to defend civilization against nihilism are not going to be either resolute or effective in defending the university against anything.

Throughout this article Kristol uses the word animal in a pejorative sense; for example, "When sex is a public spectacle, a human relationship has been debased into a mere animal connection." In viewing pornography, one "can only see the animal coupling." Kristol paints a beautiful portrait of himself as the intellectual ashamed of the body, fancying himself lord of the universe because he is higher than the animals, protected in his ivory tower by the campus police and apparently unaware that the civilization he wants to defend has reached the point where, unless we begin listening to the radicals who shout four-letter words, it will destroy man, life and the earth itself.

I, for one, hope John King is right.

F. Lewis
New York, New York

VICTIMS OF SILENCE

The intelligent letter on venereal disease by James V. Balsamello (*The Playboy Forum*, June) clearly demonstrates how wrong those persons are who say the sexual revolution is over and PLAYBOY should shift its emphasis. Out there in the land of the silent majority, there are too many moralists who would do nothing to prevent the horrible deaths of advanced syphilitics, who would do nothing to educate young people on the prevention and treatment of venereal disease, who would do nothing to teach unmarried persons how to avoid unwanted children. These moralists have two reasons for this attitude: They fear that to act differently would lend approval to nonmarital sex, and they believe that those who sin must pay for it. These rationales have no validity in the overpopulated world of 1971.

When one contemplates the irrational cruelties perpetrated in the name of morality, which ignores basic human behavior and innate human needs, one might well wonder if humans are afflicted with a kind of madness. This possibility is further suggested by the fact that our elected leaders do so little to correct these tragedies: Many of them agree with the moralists and the rest are afraid of losing votes. And so victims still die, young people suffer needlessly and unwanted babies are born.

Don't change your emphasis, PLAYBOY. The sexual revolution is clearly on its way, but it still has a long way to go—and that is a national shame.

Harold C. Luckstone, Jr.
Forest Hills, New York

THE DEVIL AND CURTIS HARRIS

The Daily Oklahoman reports that an ordained minister and bookstore owner was sentenced to ten years in prison and also received a $5000 fine for distributing obscene material in Oklahoma City. I find it incredible that a jury anywhere in this country could impose such a harsh penalty on any man for this alleged offense. Curtis P. Harris, Oklahoma City's district attorney, who prosecuted this man, seems to think he has a mission to cleanse our city and county of its sins. The bookseller claimed that the works in question were cultural, scientific and educational, and that some were psychological studies that would be of interest to scholars only. In his summation, Harris dealt with that argument by referring to the Scriptures as follows:

> Saint Paul said that Satan appeared to man as the Angel of Light.
> And he tempted Christ, promising physical and spiritual things.

I hope the people of Oklahoma County wake up and see this ten-year sentence as a violation of personal freedom, free enterprise and constitutional rights. How strange that people who actually do bodily harm to others get lighter sentences than a man whose crime exists only in the minds of some.

Jack W. Dill
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

AND *SCREWED* AGAIN

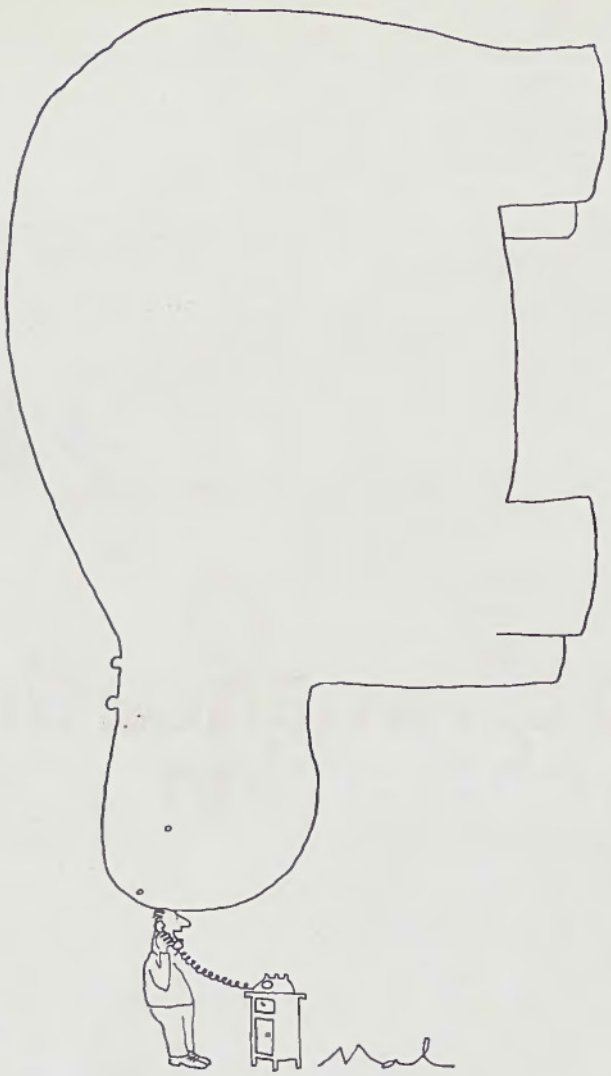
Screw newspaper, its publisher Jim Buckley and I, *Screw*'s executive editor, have been thriving on controversy and on obscenity charges for over 30 months in our nefarious battle against the forces of virtue (defined as sexual inhibition), but we may have met our match in a crusading D. A. (crusading for office, among other things) who possessed the ingenuity to get me falsely labeled as a child molester.

It all started when *Screw* published what seemed to be perfectly legal, though rather vague, classified advertisements. The ads solicited girl models, ages 8 to 14, for nude photo sessions and specified parental consent. Similar ads appeared in *The New York Times*, *Daily News* and *Village Voice*; but Nassau County district attorney William Cahn decided the photographers were pornographers and included me in his roundup of suspects. At a police station, I was handcuffed to some total strangers and photographed with them; then, the news was released to reporters that this gallant D. A. had cracked a nationwide ring of

"Right you are! Mine's so delightful, I think I just saw the olive smile at me!"

Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.



"Now you tell me the Sullivan show is canceled!"

pornographers and child molesters, with my name (plus home address) prominent among those charged.

The irony of this is: If I have a single strict scruple about sex, it's that adult sexual activity should never involve children, as I have stated publicly. Yet, in going over my pile of press clippings, which mention the accused being charged with rape, sodomy, sexual abuse, incest and other crimes against children, I can find only one paper that reported "Cahn said Goldstein's role was limited to accepting and running the ads." Except for this one sentence, every news story falsely implied that I had knowledge of or had participated in the acts the D. A. charged had occurred.

In the aftermath of this absurd distortion, I'm discovering the power of the police and the press combined. *Screw*'s bank of two years, Chemical Bank, dropped our account on orders from its president, charging that we were unfit; a business loan of $11,000 was summarily closed and the full amount extracted from our balance; 60 checks were then bounced on the closed account (we had never bounced a check before) at a cost to us of four dollars each. We applied to 16 other banks, all of which turned us down as undesirable. I was contemplating paying our bills with wampum when, finally, our lawyer came up with a bank (which he happens to represent) that would accept our account. Western Union refused to accept two telegrams from us the first week after the arrest because of our bad publicity, and a messenger service refused our business because, apparently, it didn't want its employees contaminated. The telephone company suddenly insisted on a $900 deposit (although we'd always paid our bills on time). More and more newsstands are refusing to handle *Screw*, which is like cutting a publication's jugular vein, and appearances on radio and TV talk shows were both canceled because I was under indictment and FCC rules prevent me from giving my side of the story over the air. To complete the leper treatment, the Post Office has demanded an advance mailing-cost deposit of $2000—while through the same U. S. mails I have received over 100 hate letters and death threats, many from Christian bigots who would like to kill me for being a pedophilic Jew, some from Jewish bigots who consider me bad for business.

Even my security blanket has been yanked away: My New York City hack license, a hedge against the vicissitudes of the erotica business, was revoked, presumably because any children in my cab might be exposed to my supposed lustful droolings. I'm still waiting to hear from our landlord, who received from the police (this is before any trial, remember) a written report of my alleged crimes, the obvious implication being that he's a fool to tarnish his reputation by harboring such a fiendish publication.

Sadly, in the face of our $90,000 in legal expenses, we have not had one iota of help from the American Civil Liberties Union. In fact, they have even refused to file an *amicus curiae* brief because, as one of their lawyers told me, we "give freedom of speech a bad name."

So much for the American dream.

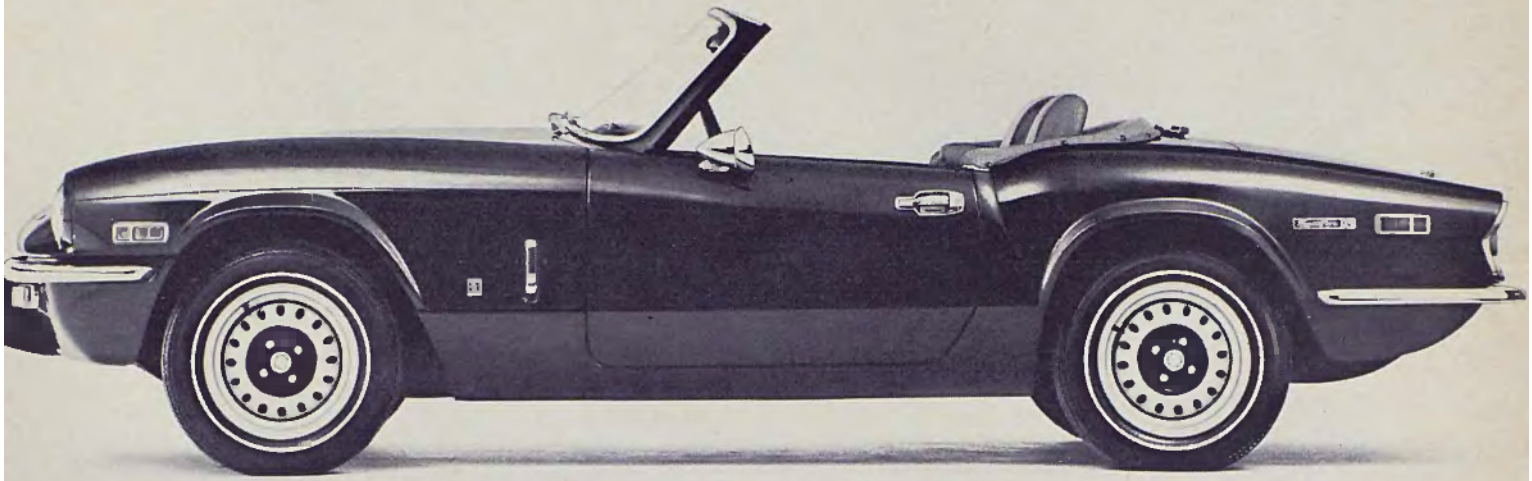
Al Goldstein
Executive Editor, *Screw*
Milky Way Productions, Inc.
New York, New York

Upon his return from Europe, Screw *publisher Jim Buckley submitted himself to the police for arrest and also has been charged on the ground that the ads accepted by his publication led to sexual offenses against children.*

FIGHTING SEX LAWS

My husband and my brother-in-law have been convicted and received the maximum penalty for operating a theater showing allegedly obscene movies. The city of San Francisco has managed to obtain very few convictions under the obscenity laws, despite many arrests, but when a person is convicted, even if he is a first offender, he usually gets the most severe penalty the law allows. Juries are bound to be stacked against the defendant in obscenity trials, since the first question the prosecution asks a prospective juror is, "Do you believe in the obscenity laws?" If the answer is no, the person doesn't get to serve.

Things could be worse, however, for my immediate family. I read in the *San Francisco Chronicle* that a man and a woman were held in jail without bail pending appeal of their conviction of conspiracy to commit oral copulation. At least my husband and his brother are free on bail while they await the outcome of their appeal. Lacking an impressive rate of convictions, the vice cops in San Francisco have lately been resorting to more exotic charges, throwing in conspiracy to make the charge a felony;



Sports Car Club of America drivers call it a champion.

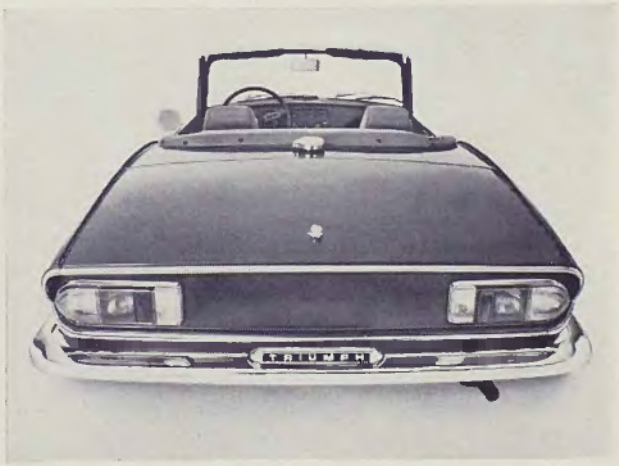
(Typical American understatement.)

In the SCCA National Championships last year, the Mark III Spitfire took first, second and third in its class.

Champion indeed! That's what the English would call a bit of all right.

But we didn't rest on our laurels. We radically reworked the 1970 champion to make it work even better for 1971. On our new Mark IV, we strengthened the engine bearings, designed a new close ratio all-synchro gearbox and modified the suspension for improved balance and road holding.

And while we were doing things for the inside, Ferrari body designer Michelotti did a lot for the outside.



As far as we can tell, the car is now—to use an American term—'A-OK' by anybody's standards. You try it at your Triumph dealer. The new improved champion for 1971.

Triumph Spitfire BRITISH LEYLAND

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer, call 800-631-1971 toll free.
In New Jersey, call 800-962-2803.

British Leyland Motors, Inc., Leonia, N. J. 07605.

conspiracy to commit any misdemeanor is a felony.

Many of the policemen we've talked to in the course of our legal hassles gave us their private opinion that our current sex and obscenity laws are obsolescent survivors from the Dark Ages and that most of the work of the vice squad consists of the unnecessary persecution of harmless citizens. There may be hope for the future, but what about now? They're still putting us away. I'm sick of hearing that the sex laws should be repealed. If anybody knows that, I do. I'd like to know what individual citizens can do now to get these laws off the books.

Meredith B. Mitchell
San Francisco, California

Here are some things you can do: (1) Join and support an organization dedicated to civil liberties. (2) Contact your local bar association and urge them to press for your state's adoption of a law based on the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, which removes sex acts between consenting adults in private from the sphere of criminal behavior. (3) Organize a group of like-minded people in your community to combat the activities of pro-censorship organizations such as Citizens for Decent Literature and the John-Birch-sponsored MOTOREDE (Movement to Restore Decency). (4) Use every opportunity to write and talk against these oppressive laws; make your opinions known to your neighbors, newspapers and magazines, radio and TV stations and to all members of government—local, state and Federal. Whatever you do as an individual will inspire others to speak out. Ultimately, the tactics you can use are limited only by your imagination, determination and courage.

"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.

"Take a couple of days off, Wendell, and when you come back, keep in mind that between the hours of nine and five, Miss Brewer is a no-no."

COLLECTING

(continued from page 156)

wonder whose stark lines fired the imagination of a generation of interior decorators and whose works fetched $10,000 or more in the early 1960s. Of the ten Buffet canvases auctioned in 1969, seven sold for under $2500 and only one even approached five figures. We rarely read about things like this, because somehow they are not news. Surely, it's a commentary on contemporary capitalism to observe that investments generally, and collector investments specifically, are the last area of human endeavor where the good news gets all the publicity and the bad news languishes in neglect.

Imagine yourself a newspaper reporter assigned to write something on the investment potential of, say, rare books. You know more about bourbon than you do about books, so you do the obvious: You go through the microfilm files of *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times* and locate a few reports, invariably about record-setting sales. Then you look up a rare-book dealer or two in the Manhattan Yellow Pages. (Most dealers in rare anything have their main galleries in New York or London and possibly a branch in Houston or Los Angeles.) When you reach a dealer, you are greeted with a telephonic orgy: "Best investment in the world . . . doubling every three years. . . . Nobody's buying stocks anymore. . . . We're all getting rich." If you're an especially ambitious reporter, you might call a few big-time collectors—and hear the same spiel. Certainly, you have a consensus, and the consensus makes colorful copy. Better: It comes from the experts, so who can deny it?

Of course, no one can deny it. No one else knows anything about it. But, unhappily, the experts are the least objective sources imaginable. The Wall Street comparison would have an investment analyst assessing a company's stock-market potential solely by talking with executives of the firm and its major stockholders. Of course they think it's good. Their whole lives are tied up in it. A rare-object dealer is rather like a grocer. He doesn't care which way prices are heading, as long as he has customers. His profit comes not from inventory appreciation (after all, rising prices mean he'll have to pay more to restock) but from the markup on each item he sells. The more goods he can move, the more profit he can make. If an investment rationale brings additional customers into the store—particularly *new* customers—then he will certainly try to create an investment rationale. This is not to imply that dealers are venal, just that they are human.

Collectors are the worst offenders of

all, and understandably so. They are probably the most misunderstood minority group on God's earth. Like acidheads and homosexuals, they live in a hostile and intolerant world and their personalities can unfold only in communion with their own kind. Thus the incredible proliferation of collector magazines, collector societies and collector correspondence clubs. (As an example, there's a club—and a quarterly magazine—for people who collect books about stamp collecting.) Fate forces the typical collector to spend most of his life in the company of noncollectors. In a moment of weakness, he might try to explain to outsiders the ineffable joy he derives from plunking gold coins into Plexiglas holders; from lovingly contemplating the cream bindings of his French first editions, whose uncut pages can never be read; or from caressing the silky-smooth and somehow sexual hemispheres that make up his collection of Clichy paperweights. But such explanations are rarely understood. The listener nods wanly and tries to change the subject. Depending on the seriousness of the collector's commitment, the outsider will regard him as a harmless and doddering eccentric or as a highly advanced case of galloping anal fixation.

Reluctantly, the collector turns to the investment rationale: "This is my paperweight collection; I get a charge out of it—also, it appreciates 30 percent a year." Here is an explanation with which noncollectors can identify. Eccentricity becomes shrewdness, madness assumes a method. Blowing half one's pay check on an old campaign button suddenly becomes justifiable, even in the wife's eyes, because the proceeds from that very button will someday cover a year of little Arthur's college. Of course, it seldom works out that way. When he reaches college, poor Arthur will find himself working weekends in a head shop, because Dad is not going to liquidate a lifetime's accumulation of Republican-primary campaign buttons just to subsidize his son's radicalization. Dad will die with his collection intact. Heirs will fall all over themselves in their haste to sell it, only to discover that it's worth a good bit less than it cost. The heirs will blame the dealers, the auctioneers or even the collector fraternity itself; but, in truth, the blame is theirs alone. They—the noncollectors—by their callous unwillingness to understand the collector mentality, forced a sensitive soul to resort to hypocrisy just so they'd leave him alone.

Literally, the collector mentality extends beyond the grave. Despite the enormous tax advantages that accrue from bequeathing a profitable collection to a public or semipublic institution, many serious collectors insist in their wills that their holdings be auctioned off or otherwise privately dispersed. The explanation, when there is one, is that the deceased owner wants other collectors, perhaps collectors yet unborn, to share the joy that he has known. Thus, the last will and testament of the late Frank Hogan, an important collector of autographed letters: "I do not deem it fitting that these friends of many happy hours should repose in unloved and soulless captivity. Rather, I would send them out into the world again, to be the intimate of others whose loving hands and understanding hearts will fill the place left vacant by my passing."

"When I was his age, I was just writing it on fences!"

Reflection will reveal how hypocritical the investment rationale actually is in the eyes of a serious collector. Above all, he doesn't want the things he collects to increase in price. That would mean he could add fewer and fewer items to his collection; his happy hours would be proportionately less friendly. The collector's interest, in fact, is precisely the opposite of the investor's, which is the main reason collector's items are so difficult to approach from an investment standpoint. The very phrase collector-investor is schizophrenic. The investor wants steady, heady appreciation. The collector wants prices that are both stable and low and he will do everything in his power to keep them that way. Moreover, his powers are not small. His instinct for his own kind will bring him in touch with others who share his particular interests and he and his fellows will make sure they are not bidding against one another when a desirable item appears at public auction. If an official catalog or magazine speaks for his pursuit, he and his correspondents probably write it—and set the prices, if possible. His group will know all the major dealers in the field; and if any one dealer begins to raise prices too exorbitantly, he will soon find himself without customers. And if a well-heeled and unknowledgeable newcomer enters the lists in hopes of making a quick killing, the collectors can do him in, much in the same way stock-market insiders gun down amateurs trying to poach on their preserves.

Most outsiders think that every collector's goal is to assemble a complete collection—of whatever it might be. Here, too, nothing could be less true. A

complete collection is a collector's nightmare, because nothing more can be added to it. It is no longer a collection but a museum piece. Most collectors instinctively avoid areas where completion is even faintly possible. If wealth and longevity should conspire to bring a collection dangerously close to the definitive, the collector will marshal every energy to postpone such a disaster. Instead of desiring simply one of everything, he will seek the finest examples extant or delve deeper into the scholarly arcana of the field in search of correlative or corroborative material or other peripheral (but highly collectable) trivia. And if all this fails, he will simply lose interest and start accumulating something else.

That prince of contemporary collectors, Josiah K. Lilly of Indianapolis, heir to the vast Lilly drug fortune and free all his life to indulge his even vaster collector idiosyncrasies, was once offered, by one of his rare-book scouts, all the first editions of the works of every author who had ever won a Nobel Prize in literature. The price was right and the books were in magnificent condition, but Lilly rejected the offer. "A splendid idea," he reportedly told his bookman, "but I'd rather do it myself." Whether Lilly accomplished this Nobel feat is not known. He died a few years ago and left, among many other effects, the finest collections of U. S. gold coins, unused U. S. postage stamps and lead toy soldiers that had ever been assembled. The coin collection, virtually complete, went to the Smithsonian, in a special tax transaction whose details have never been revealed. The toy soldiers are still in private hands. The stamps were dispersed at auction and realized over $4,000,000.

Lilly's stamp collection sold for much more than he spent to put it together. In other words, he made a profit, albeit a posthumous one. In fact, most great collections turn out to be profitable, and for good reason. They are assembled by fastidious, knowledgeable people who are blessed with patience, discernment and (usually) wealth. Those so singularly endowed will invariably put together a collection that is desired by other collectors when it is dispersed. But the outsider must realize that such a collection is assembled for love, not for money. Virtually every profitable collection one can name, in any area, was not mounted with an investment end in view. And almost every collection put together solely in the hope of profit has proved unprofitable, usually because the accumulator lacked the intangible elements of knowledge, patience, acquisitiveness, and even love, that seem to characterize the great collector. Trying to assemble a worthwhile showing of things you're not interested in is like aspiring to be a master chef without having a taste for fine food. Impossible.

• • •

Properly forewarned, the reader is invited to enter the thicket. Literary materials are a good departure point, being a subject few people know anything about. The collecting of literary rarities—manuscripts, autographs, letters and, especially, books—has historically been a preoccupation of people of literary taste. Now, however, well-heeled university libraries are also murking up the market, and they sometimes run prices up to dazzling levels, on the theory that Virginia Woolf's letters to her husband, for example, should be worth more to unborn generations of Ph.D. candidates than to Dallas computer-software magnates. *Fortune* recently estimated that 70 percent of rare-book sales are now made to universities and museums, compared with 40 percent in the early Fifties. This bodes well for investors, of course, because it means the available supply of desirable material is diminishing, so that what remains will command higher and higher prices. (To a greater or lesser extent, institutional buying puts similar pressure on all the other collector's items.) According to one index, collectable books generally increased in value by a factor of five during the 1960s.

First editions have always been treasured by book collectors, but very old works (just about anything before 1700 or so) and early editions of very great writers (Shakespeare, for an obvious example) are also valued. As a general rule —one that also holds true for most other collector pursuits—value is determined by demand, rarity, condition, historical importance and beauty, roughly in that order. Rare-book prices fluctuate wildly and, despite popular impression, they can go down as well as up. John Galsworthy, for example, an author who was lionized several generations ago, is now less highly regarded—the BBC's *The Forsyte Saga* notwithstanding. A so-so first edition of his little-known *The Island Pharisees* sold for $1375 in 1930; a much better copy, inscribed by the author, went for $60 a generation later.

Despite the academic pretenses, the last thing a collector would do with a rare book is *read* it, because that would surely diminish its value. In all the collector areas, condition crucially affects price. First editions of Boswell's *Johnson* (1791) sold at auction in 1968 for $400 or so and today bring perhaps $500. But in 1969, a copy in its original binding, with pages uncut (obviously never read), sold at auction in London for over $3000. This was the finest copy extant, as the price tag—about six times the then-current market—clearly showed.

Scholarly research can also affect values. Shortly after Indiana University published a definitive bibliography of the prolific writings of Daniel Defoe, bookworms began to note increases in the prices of his works. The Indiana scholarship, in the words of one expert, "by removing the element of doubt, pushed the value of books in the accepted canon sharply higher." After all, collectors can't know what they are buying until someone has told them.

Lavishly illustrated old books seem to command especially high prices, often because they can be split up individually and sold as art. *Connoisseur* magazine estimates that 70 percent of the old atlases sold at auction are transmogrified into interior decoration. William Blake's illustrations for the *Book of Job* (1825), which sold for $1725 in 1966, last year brought $4200—at a London print sale. A copy of Balzac's *Chefs d'Oeuvre Inconnus*, for which the illustrator happened to be Pablo Picasso, sold in 1966 for $1820 and fetched $6000 last year.

Modern books form a subcategory of their own. Besides first editions, this includes finely printed works, usually in limited, numbered and signed editions, produced solely to gratify bibliophilic desires, which seem insatiable. The fad for collector editions came of age in the Twenties, died abruptly with the Depression and came back strong in the Sixties. Today, more than a dozen publishers make a handsome living producing little else. Despite what seems to be a rigged market, such books, especially the earlier illustrated ones, have fared quite well in the past decade, increasing in value by a factor of five or so.

Among collected modern books originally sold for reading, rather than for collecting, first editions predominate and their value generally varies with the stature of the author and the size of the edition. Sudden changes in his literary status can trigger equally sudden reactions in the collector value of his works. Books that become fad hits years after publication—such as *Lord of the Flies* and *The Sot-Weed Factor*—are sought in first editions by collectors who speculate that the authors' new importance might endure. The film *Lawrence of Arabia* caused the value of first editions of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (1926) to double; this, by the way, is a scarce item, worth (in fine condition) perhaps $3000. Similarly, an author's death can rekindle collector interest; this happened with Hemingway and Faulkner and, more recently, with John O'Hara, whose *Appointment in Samarra* (his first book) sold for seven dollars in the early Sixties and now commands $75.

In all the collector investments, newcomers are well advised to confine themselves to as narrow a specialty as possible—preferably, a subject that already appeals to them. A novice bibliophile with a gourmet bent, for instance,

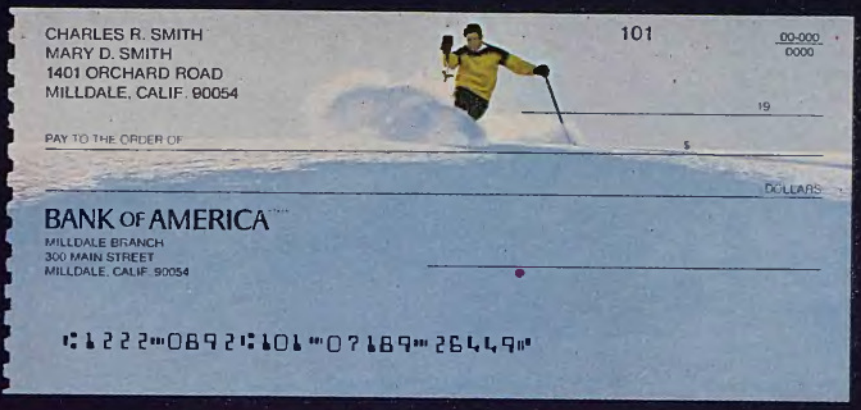
Left: the "Marshal"—uncut or 8-wale corduroy, lined with Monsanto's Acrilan® acrylic deep pile. $37.50
Right: the "Ski-Trail"—Monsanto waterproof nylon, fully lined. $35
Both available in a variety of colors at fine stores throughout the west.

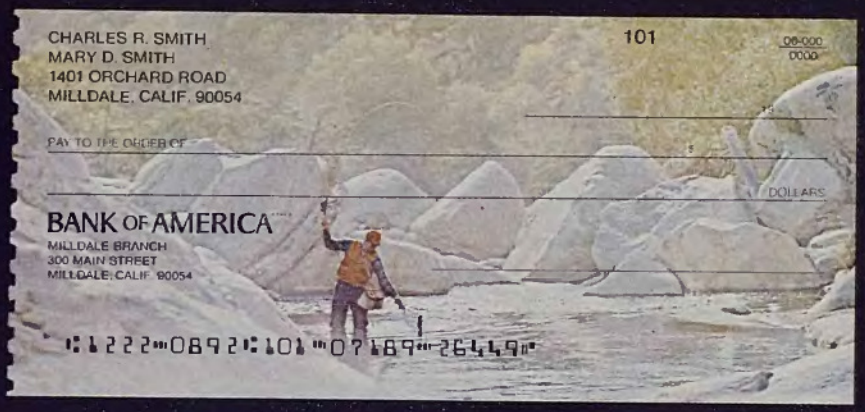
Pacific Trail
the jacket people
1310 Mercer Street, Seattle, WA. 98109

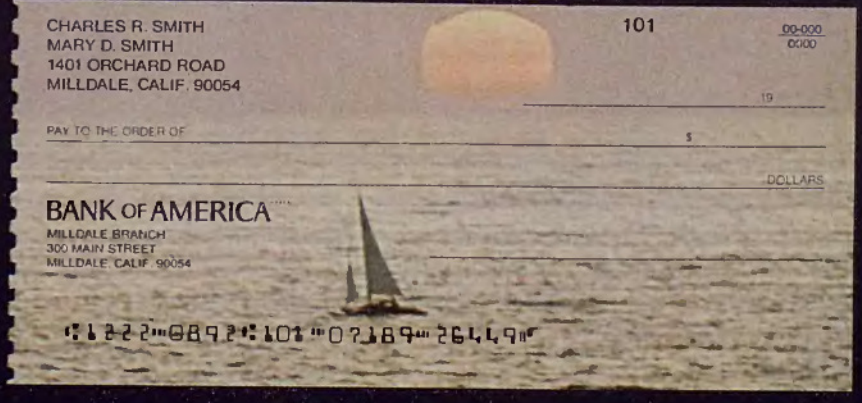
PACIFIC TRAIL Sportswear
ONE YEAR GUARANTEE
WEAR DATED
Monsanto

Guaranteed for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.

Hi there, sports







MEMBER F.D.I.C.

fans.

Personal Choice Checking offers a whole new ballgame—our Sports Edition featuring seven colorful scenes in one checkbook. It's available with any of our four Personal Choice Checking Plans.

Besides scenic checks, there are other advantages to checking at Bank of America.

The big news is our new simplified checking statement—the Timesaver. It lists your checks in the order you wrote them, and gives your check numbers. So it's easier to balance your checkbook.

On two of our checking plans, the minimum balance for a free checking account is now down to $300.

And you may be eligible for Instant Cash. A very handy arrangement. Once signed up, you're covered if you should write a check for more than your balance.

Personal Choice Checking is loaded with options.

BANK OF AMERICA

for the business of living

Playboy Throw Pillow . . . for delivering the old one-two (ever so gently). In black with permanently flocked white Rabbit, 100% cotton poplin, cord edged and kapok filled. MM329, $6.

Playboy Products, Dept. MF0601, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

- ☐ Send item(s) to me. I prefer to give them personally.
- ☐ Send gift(s) and gift card(s) in my name. (Attach recipients' names and addresses by item.)
- ☐ Payment enclosed. (Make check or money order payable to Playboy Products.)
- ☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Quantity	Item Code No.	Description	Color	Cost

Please add 50¢ per item for handling and postage.

No C.O.D. orders, please. TOTAL $

My Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

give her a fighting chance

Playboy gifts for swinging playmates

Playboy Wrap-arounds . . . for the preliminaries, his and her sarongs of 100% cotton terrycloth, white with black Rabbit on pocket. Playboys, one size fits all, MM326, $5; playmates (secured by buttons), S, M, L, MM327, $6.

The Playmate Nightshirt . . . an alluring candy-striped sleeper made for the clinches. Cuddle-soft cotton flannel adorned with the roguish Rabbit. One size fits all your favorite sleepy-time gals. MM201, $4.95.

The Playboy Garter . . . a sure TKO (thigh knockout). Smooth satin and frilly lace (in black or white) embroidered with our capricious Rabbit. MM200, $2.50.

"We're just testing the strength of his bonds."

FOR THE MAN OF IRON A WATCH OF STEEL

Starfire II was created for the rugged man who deserves a rugged watch. This unique watch, with its boldly notched stainless steel case and bracelet, is a Wyler exclusive. The shrink-proof crystal case is tested and guaranteed to a depth of 660 feet. And has our famous Incaflex balance wheel for protection against shock for the life of the watch. Starfire II: self-winding precision Swiss movement, automatic day and date. $100.

Try it on for size at your Wyler jeweler. Starfire II

Wyler Watch Corporation, 315 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010

Wyler incaflex

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 75.

might want to begin assembling a first-class collection of cookbooks. He will soon find that these have suffered ravages similar to children's literature, with older works especially difficult to locate in pristine condition. Historical figures from Lafcadio Hearn to Toulouse-Lautrec have written cookbooks, and a showing of these would surely be a treasure.

Magazines are a risky speculation. They are produced in quantity and vintage copies invariably boast more sellers than buyers. The first issue of PLAYBOY, for example, is generally thought to be quite valuable, because dealers have asked up to $125 per copy. But the same dealers will rarely offer more than $25 to a potential seller. For the record, only the first 14 issues of PLAYBOY have any special collector value, with retail offerings ranging between $100 (volume one, number one) and $12 (volume two, number two). Old movie magazines, especially those involving Shirley Temple, around whom a fanatic collector cult has swirled for decades, sell for between $2 and $100. Perhaps the most widely collected of all magazines, *National Geographic*, has no speculative appeal whatever, because the crafty National Geographic Society saved all its plates and reprints old issues.

Early comic books, once thought to contribute to the delinquency of minors, wound up contributing to the enrichment of the few *aficionados* who saved them. Comic-book collecting came of age in the Sixties, gathering scholarly magazines, hard-cash buyers, national associations and many of the other trappings that characterize a serious and enduring collector pursuit. Last year, when comics collectors convened at the Statler-Hilton in New York, over 2000 of the faithful showed up—a mammoth turnout for any such confab. Typically, first editions are the most valuable. The first *Superman* (1938) now sells for $300; *Famous Funnies* (1934) also brings $300; and *Batman* (1940), $150. All these, recall, originally sold for a dime and all could have been bought for under $50 five years ago. Some nonfirst issues, sought by collectors to complete full runs, are also valuable. The 44th *Terry and the Pirates*, for example, sells for $140 and the 328th *Donald Duck* brings six dollars. For those who think they might have a fortune tucked away in their parents' attic, Brooklyn's Grand Book Center publishes a catalog offering 15,000 comics at prices between 50 cents and $150.

The collecting of signatures, letters and other historical material was once confined to history buffs but now seems to have gathered an investor following as well, perhaps because of pronouncements such as that of New York autograph dealer Charles Hamilton (he sold the Jacqueline Kennedy letters), who recently told a *Business Week* reporter that "prices for fine American autographs have increased 25 times since 1960." This is true only if you define a fine American autograph as one that increases in value 25 times in a decade. Most signatures, while they have fared respectably, haven't done nearly so well.

"I'm warning you, Arnold . . . do this and you're no son of mine!"

Autograph prices depend on the fame of the signer-writer, the scarcity of his signature and the content of the letter, if any. All historical signatures have collector value, but if the signature is of a famous personality on an interesting letter, the price increases enormously. Notoriously scarce are signatures of Haydn, Poe (himself an autograph collector) and Shakespeare; only six Shakespeare signatures are known, spelled in varying ways.

Most popular with American collectors today are Revolutionary War material and Presidential signatures. Many speculators, not only in autographs but also in stamps, prints and other collector areas, are anticipating a run-up in Revolution-related material to coincide with the celebrations planned for 1976—the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson, so intimately associated with the Declaration, seems especially favored. A similar boomlet occurred in Civil War memorabilia on its centenary ten years ago but failed to reach the proportions that greedy speculators predicted.

Forgeries plague all collector investments, but they are most common in the world of autographs and letters. A prolific Frenchman of the last century supplied a prominent collector with no fewer than 20,000 fakes in eight short years, including letters (all in French) from Judas Iscariot, Alexander the Great, Aristotle, Cleopatra and Lazarus (this one dated two years after his resurrection). Contemporary collectors are somewhat more sophisticated, but the possibility of clever forgery still exists. Most high-priced autographs, as well as works of art, will carry not only a dealer's guarantee but also a provenance—a pedigree of sorts—tracing the collections in which it has previously reposed or the circumstances under which it was discovered.

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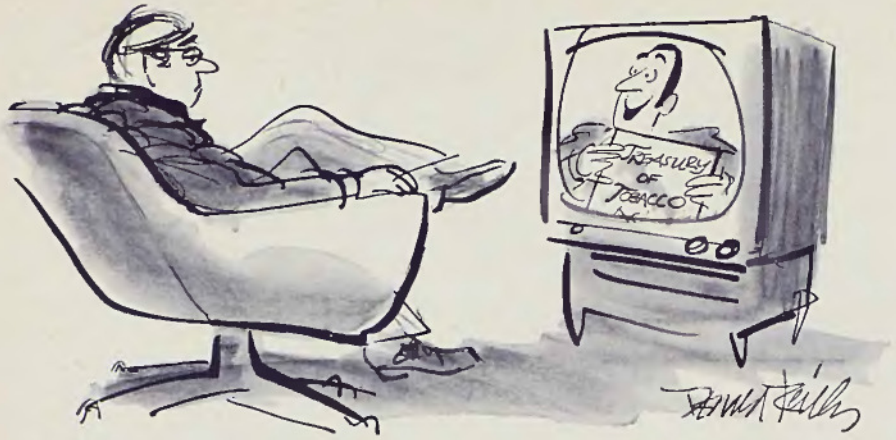
Art is usually regarded as the premier collector investment and, for the past 20 years or so, has certainly lived up to its billing. Prior to 1950, art prices (and those of many other collector investments) closely followed stock prices. A privately compiled index charting the price movement of the works of 125 internationally known artists, starting at a base of 100 in 1925, peaked at 165 in 1929, had fallen to 50 by 1933, did not reach 100 again until 1945 and stood at 150 in 1950. Anyone vaguely familiar with stock prices will recognize the close similarity to the meanderings of the Dow-Jones Industrial Average.

Between 1950 and 1960, the art index increased by a factor of six, while the Dow-Jones industrials, during the greatest bull market in American history, managed only to triple. Between 1960 and 1970, the art index quadrupled, while the D. J. I. A. just lay there. Of



"Remember 'Me and my Winstons,' 'You can take Salem out of the country,' 'You get a lot to like with a Marlboro,' 'You've come a long way, baby'? Well, now you can relive those memory years with this LP, 'Treasury of Tobacco Nostalgia.' . . ."

course, any art-price index is misleading. While the stock averages reflect huge sales of identical items exchanged every weekday of the year, a representative work of art may come onto the market only once or twice in a lifetime. Better pieces have the habit of leaving the market altogether, while, to a lesser extent, new discoveries and new favorites take their place. As a result, any generalization about art-price trends should be taken with a whole shakerful of salt.

The most serious and widely regarded charting of art-price movements is an ongoing collaboration between Sotheby's (*Suth*-er-bees), the huge London auction gallery, and the London *Times*, whose coverage of art-world developments is without equal. (A few years ago, Sotheby's acquired New York's vast Parke-Bernet (Ber-*net*) auction galleries, creating an international cartel that is the IBM of the art-auction world.) The *Times*-Sotheby indexes, as they are called, attempt to plot price movements in dozens of art categories. The compilers rightly stress that precision is impossible and that the figures should be taken only "as rough orders of magnitude," a caveat that often gets lost in journalistic transcription, possibly because the public is so hungry for digestible information about art profits and possibly, too, because the indexes are expressed in specific numerical quantities that belie the compilers' warnings. The indexes have been in existence for only three years, so they have been extrapolated back into the past, conveniently depicting the post-1950 period during which prices shot up so dramatically. (A stock-market analog would be to decide in 1971 to concoct a growth-stock index for the past 20 years and to select, as components of the index, those stocks that had grown the most; the result would be wonderful to behold, but its relevance to the course of stocks in general would be considerably less striking.)

Nonetheless, the *Times*-Sotheby indexes are a beginning and, since they are all we have, we must make the best of them. They are the source of some of the price generalizations made earlier and will be cited frequently in the paragraphs that follow. But readers must bear in mind that they are a far-from-perfect measuring rod. Their after-the-fact nature, plus their overrepresentation of museum-quality masterpieces (in the art world, a masterpiece tends to be anything that sells for six figures or more), means that they might overstate the performance of run-of-the-gallery works by a factor of three or five. Even granting such overstatement, the figures are impressive. The *Times*-Sotheby indexes show that since 1951 (base year for all the figures), French impressionist paintings have increased in value 17 times, 20th Century paintings 21 times, old-master drawings 22 times, British paintings 9½ times, Italian paintings 7½ times and old-master paintings 7 times. (This last figure will surely console the man who purchased Bassano's *Flight into Egypt* for $645,000 in 1960—and sold it in 1970 for $240,000.)

American works are not indexed, since not too many get to London; they are mostly bought by U.S. collectors. However, American works have risen in value tremendously in the past decade, perhaps by a factor of ten or so. Most knowledgeable observers think this is just the beginning. A significant sale of American paintings, held at Parke-Bernet in March 1969, seemed to herald a new era of collector interest and high bidding. American taste for art had traditionally followed European fashion ("aped it" might be more precise), but recently, American collectors have become both more nationalistic in their taste and more confident in their judgment. Today, in fact, Americans seem on the verge of becoming leaders rather than followers in the art world. And regardless of the soundness of their instincts, they certainly have the money, as current prices confirm.

Paintings by American "old masters"—John Singleton Copley, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart and Benjamin West, for example—actually declined in value during the early Fifties. But works that then sold for a few thousand dollars now command six figures. (American prairie painters, notably Frederic Remington and Charles Russell, have fared almost as well.) West's *Portrait of John Eardley-Wilmot*, which recently emerged from the hands of the subject's descendants, knocked down $86,400—then an auction record for an American master—when sold at Sotheby's in late 1970. An interesting feature of this canvas, which would have sold for perhaps $2500 15 years ago, is that its background shows a lost painting by West, this one an allegory of peace, included in the Eardley-Wilmot portrait because its subject was associated with the treaty that finally settled the American Revolution. The lost canvas, like so many other masterpieces of American art, probably reposes, unappreciated and neglected, in somebody's attic. American art, being such a newly fashionable field, still offers opportunities for significant discovery.

The *Eardley-Wilmot* price record lasted all of one month. The current auction record for an American work, a figure that might be shattered by the time these words are read, is $210,000, paid by an anonymous collector for Thomas Eakins' *Cowboys in the Badlands* in December 1970 at Parke-Bernet. Eakins may well be the greatest artist America has ever produced, but this is still a startling realization for a painting that is far from a masterpiece. Indeed, what most commends *Cowboys* is its Western subject matter—now very much in vogue—and the fact that it vaguely resembles a Remington. Underbidder on the Eakins canvas was the appropriately yclept Armand Hammer, board chairman of Occidental Petroleum Company. At the same sale, Hammer paid $205,000 for a Stuart portrait of George Washington—similar to the face on our dollar bill—and, once again, a work that hardly qualifies as the greatest thing an American artist ever put on canvas. Much of Stuart's livelihood came from knocking out portraits of Washington for post-Revolutionary patriots; he actually produced scores of them, all strikingly alike.

When each of these canvases was sold, collectors in the bidding audience burst

into applause—presumably their way of saying that if these paintings are worth six figures, many other American works are suddenly worth much, much more. After the sale, Lawrence Fleischman, director of New York's Kennedy Galleries, opined that before too long, a made-in-America canvas would fetch over $1,000,000. Eakins' *The Gross Clinic*, for instance, a grisly insight into 19th Century surgical procedures that now reposes in Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College, would surely exceed the $1,000,000 mark if auctioned today.

Many art lovers, whether collectors, speculators or both, have turned to print collecting. A print can be any reproduced picture, but the collector market is largely confined to those that are made under the artist's supervision. Many come signed, either by hand or on the plate, an embellishment that adds 25–100 percent to the value. Print dealers seem an especially cliquish group and, by and large, they caution against buying prints for investment—despite the fact that prices have increased dramatically in recent years. Abraham Lublin, now head of a huge print distributorship, recalls that in 1949, when he started selling graphics in the 42nd Street subway station, "You couldn't wrap up a loaf of bread in them and give them away." Today, the Leonard Baskin woodcuts Lublin jokes about command $250 each and his firm's annual sales exceed $3,000,000.

But prints have their problems, too. Those of James McNeill Whistler, of *Mother* fame, may never regain the popularity (and the price tags) they commanded 50 years ago. Prints are also easier to forge than originals; and unless the novice collector has done his homework, he'll have no idea how many of a particular print exist. At Parke-Bernet, a Renoir went for just $100—because it was from an edition of 1000. If it were scarcer, of course, it would be much more valuable. Condition is also a factor. The Kennedy Galleries recently showed two Rembrandt prints from the same plate. An early impression, pulled before the soft copper wore down, was offered at $15,000. The other, a much later (and therefore fuzzier) impression, was $4500.

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Fine antique furniture is art in its own right. Great furniture shows superb workmanship, the artist's eye for form and the craftsman's attention to detail. The French pieces from the golden age of the Kings Louis generally command the highest prices. In that era, the development of the medieval guild system, the appearance of exotic woods from newly exploited colonies and the emergence of a taste-conscious and affluent (not to say decadent) aristocracy combined to produce works of furniture—virtually all of them commissioned—that were regarded almost from the day they were made as the quintessential masterpieces of the cabinetmaker's art. (Of course, the 18th Century produced a lot of junk furniture as well; the fine pieces came only from those who had both taste and wealth, and even when new, they were far from cheap.) During the French Revolution, when the sans-culottes were burning every vestige of aristocracy that didn't conveniently fit the guillotine, the furnishings from Versailles were carefully set aside, eventually to be auctioned off by the state in what was surely the most dazzling furniture sale in all history. The current record furniture item, incidentally, is a Louis XVI marquetry commode from the Versailles sale, which sold for $176,400 in London in 1964.

According to the *Times*-Sotheby indexes, fine French furniture increased in value by a factor of five over the past 20 years, though it has managed only to double in the past decade and has recently retreated somewhat. Other 18th Century furniture has done better, increasing sixfold during the 20-year period. English and American pieces have fared less well, increasing by factors of three and three-and-a-half, respectively, though this lagging start may promise greater increases to come.

American collectors would probably do well to confine themselves to the British and American pieces already available here. Fine American works—not cobbler's benches nor thrift-shop bric-a-brac but the quality walnut or mahogany sideboards and highboys crafted in 18th Century Philadelphia or Newport—increase in value every year. Many of these are as rare—and almost as expensive—as their French counterparts. A Goddard-design kneehole desk recently sold for $104,000 in Philadelphia, an American record. Not long ago, a Queen Anne armchair from a famous Philadelphia cabinetmaker brought $27,500, at a time when the British pieces from which it had been copied sold for only a few

"Oh, just the same old bullshit, Maurie. What's new with you?"

thousand and similar American pieces, not from Philadelphia, could be had for a few hundred. Many observers note that American Queen Anne pieces are now about as highly priced as their French counterparts and thus may not go much higher. Experts at Parke-Bernet see increasing interest in American Federal- and Empire-period furniture, styles that taste makers have so far neglected. Here, at least, the price is right and good pieces can sometimes be found for sums comparable with the cost of contemporary equivalents.

Among dinnerware and similar items, silver pieces are the most widely collected, because they are both durable (unlike glass and porcelain) and useful. Despite a recent speculative sell-off, British silver ranks premier. Since the days of Chaucer, British gold- and silversmiths have marked their work with a special code (a hallmark) that not only dates each piece but also identifies the maker, thus assuring authenticity and making hallmarked objects more collectable. Eighteenth Century pieces are the most popular, because earlier works are few and derivative and later ones impossibly ornate. The 18th Century works were produced in uncomplicated shapes that appeal nowadays and the number of styles is limited. Many examples of each given type survive, which allows collector-investors to follow price changes. For the past 20 years, the *Times*-Sotheby indexes show 18th Century English silver up by a factor of eight-and-a-half, off considerably from the peak two years ago but a good showing nonetheless.

American silver, such as it is, is a less desirable investment, partly because it finds a market only on these shores. The *sine qua non* of any American silver collection is a piece by Paul Revere. While no more accomplished than many other Colonial silversmiths (most of whom were self-taught and none of whom produced works anywhere approaching Continental quality), Revere has had, in the venerable personage of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the world's most enduring press agent. A silver porringer (easy to mistake for an ashtray) bearing Revere's rectangular logotype would fetch $12,000 today; an identical porringer, just as old and just as well made but lacking the Revere emblem, would bring perhaps $150. Needless to say, such disparities offer rich opportunity for forgery. Even experts can be confused, which is why so many Revere pieces carry provenance. Many American silver collectors have turned to pewter. American 18th Century pewter is probably as good an investment as silver. It's also priced lower and (many would say) more attractive.

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Coin prices are just now recovering from the aftereffects of an enormous speculative bender that almost destroyed the coin world in the late Fifties and early Sixties. Back then, every other American was sifting through pocket change, looking for scarce dates and mint marks. Speculators were "reinvesting" profits even before they were made. Fly-by-night dealers, linked to nationwide teletype "coin exchanges," bought and sold coins by the roll, by the bagful, even by the carload, seemingly unaware that if a coin exists in carload lots, it can never become rare or enduringly valuable.

The Great Koin Kraze (as serious numismatists call it) collapsed under its own weight when a handful of big-time speculators made the tactical error of trying to cash their paper profits. Novice collector-investors shortly thereafter received what numismatists regarded as their very just deserts, and coin collecting returned to the engrossing (and sometimes profitable) hobby that it is.

Serious collectors avoid pocket coins; this is not the stuff of which an interesting collection is made. Coins that have seen circulation are usually scuffed and scarred, thus less desirable. Collectors prefer coins "uncirculated" or even "brilliant uncirculated" (still bearing original mint luster), a preoccupation that obviously has its counterparts in other collector fields.

The premier item among U. S. coin collectors is the 1804 silver dollar, a piece that has provoked much controversy among coin students, few of whom can agree on why only four examples should exist. One of them sold in 1954 for $8000, resold in 1960 for $28,000 and sold again in 1963 for $36,000. Last year, another one—from the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, originally from the collection of President John Adams—pulled in a world-record $77,500 at Stack's, New York's biggest coin dealership. The impressive gains scored by this rare item are extreme, but they do suggest something of the uninterrupted price advances that have accrued in genuinely rare coins.

From an investment point of view, the interesting thing about coins and stamps is that in most instances, they are not unique. Depending on condition, each variety of stamp or coin has its own value range. When one item fetches such and such a price, a collector will be able to estimate the worth of whatever similar ones he owns. In fact, sales are frequent enough to enable dealers and independent observers to publish price catalogs similar to a used-car dealer's *Blue Book*.

A long run of these catalogs arms the collector-investor with unique insights into the price performance of stamps and coins. But unfortunately, until very recently, this information was never fully exploited. Now, thanks to a new computer study, we can make hard-fact observations about postage-stamp price trends over the past 20 years (and, by extension, about price trends in other collector areas). Using catalog valuations (which don't reflect actual retail prices but do reflect long-term price *changes*), an organization called Mardis Industries International has studied 2117 collectable U. S. postage stamps—all in unused condition, which investors generally prefer. This total includes virtually every U. S. stamp, and many subvarieties, issued up to 1940.

The result, alas, gives the lie to all the ecstatic reportage about rare-stamp prices increasing 10 to 25 percent a year. It also makes one wonder how the other collector investments would stand up under similar high-intensity analysis. The 2117 stamps studied, over the 21-year period from 1949 to 1969, increased, on the average, at a rate of five percent per annum, compounded.

Those who invest in postage stamps will quickly counter that the five-percent performance figure is meaningless, since it includes the dawdling performance of loads of common stamps that only fools (and collectors) would buy. True, except that the rare stamps—the very ones that big-time investors favor—haven't done significantly better. The upside-down airmail stamp, for example, one of the most popular stamps among well-to-do philatelic investors and an item that garners headlines every time a copy sells for $30,000 or $40,000, increased at a rate of 8.4 percent. Not a bad return, to be sure, but a far cry from the 25 percent we have been reading about.

As it turns out, of all 2117 stamps in the Mardis study, only *one* returned over 15 percent. This particular item, a coil stamp (for vending machines) issued in 1929 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the light bulb, increased at a rate of 16.2 percent. But it isn't a rare stamp. Almost 134,000,000 were issued and they now retail for four dollars each. Any investor looking to make significant profits here would have been forced to hold more copies than the market could bear.

Worse, of the entire list, only 39 (counting the light-bulb item) returned ten percent or more, and more than half of these were what collectors call Government reprints—sort of nonstamps, many of them not even valid for postage, printed for souvenir seekers at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Altogether, only a few thousand of these have survived; they are so scarce as to be all but unobtainable. In a given auction year, no more than half a dozen of each will come up for sale. And of the rest of the ten-percent performers, most were so common, and priced so low, that anyone who bought them in the quantities needed to justify the

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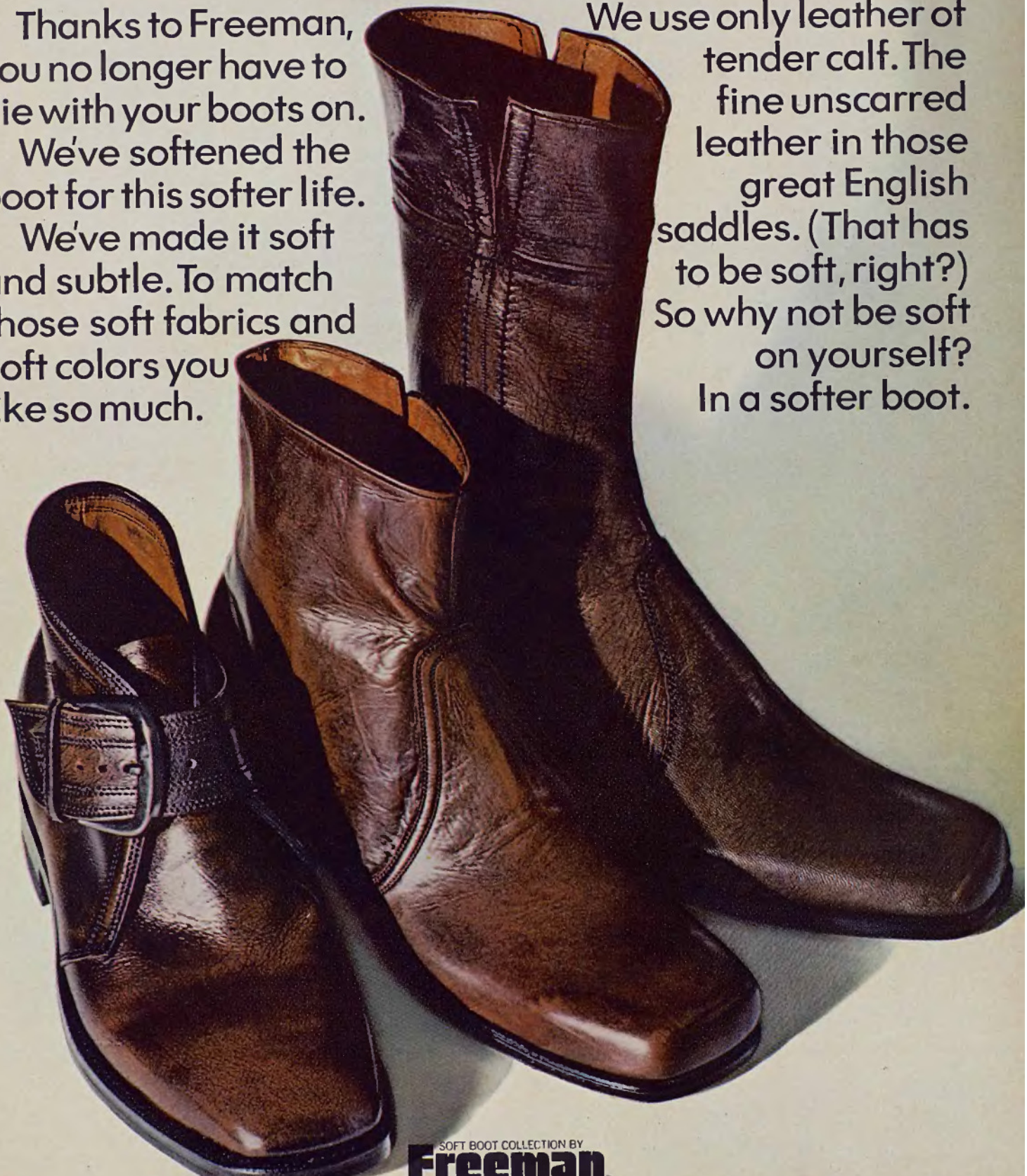

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investment could never unload without destroying the market. One of the top 19th Century items, for instance, was the two-cent Columbian commemorative, well known to anyone who had a childhood stamp collection. A staggering one and a half billion copies of this stamp were printed and unused examples now retail for around two dollars, up from 40 cents two decades ago.

Even an experienced collector of U. S. stamps, poring over the list of top performers, would be hard pressed to explain why the winners won and the losers lost. And if after-the-fact explanations could be drawn, no one in his right mind would have believed them 20 years ago, which is when investors should have bought these stamps. We might soon read a news item about an Ohio grandmother who purchased 1000 copies of the light-bulb stamp 40 years ago at the post-office price of $20 and who recently sold them for $4000. But if we do, we must resist the temptation to think she had some unique insight into the stamp-investment world. She was not prescient, just very lucky. And so, too, one must reluctantly conclude, are most of the other "investors" who make windfall fortunes in the collector world.

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There are many more collector pursuits than can be discussed in a single article or even in a full-length book. We have concentrated on the major ones, paying special attention to fields where investment profit, if far from certain, is at least possible. Before we turn to investment techniques, here, in the interest of completeness, are capsule appraisals of a random selection of similar but smaller fields.

Oriental rugs, at least those made before 1850 or so, have become an increasingly popular investment, though they have a long way to go to reattain the prices that prevailed in the Twenties. Most of the magnificent royal carpets of yesteryear are already in museums (such as the one that recently slipped out of the Rothschild collection—for $600,000), so collectors content themselves with the distinctive varieties produced by different Middle Eastern regions and tribesmen. Strangely, the U. S. is the primary source of these rugs, which were imported by the boatload around the turn of the century to decorate tycoons' mansions. In comparison with other art areas, price increases have been modest so far (a total of $200,000 for 21 carpets in a Sotheby's sale in late 1969 was reckoned astonishing by a rug-trade journal) and collectors feel that prices have nowhere to go but up. Typically, smaller carpets—more portable and more hangable—command proportionately higher prices.

Automobiles: PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy, himself a collector, wrote on this subject with such love and authority (*Classic-Car Collecting*, PLAYBOY, May 1969) that little can be added. The record auction price for an automobile is currently $59,000 (sold by Parke-Bernet, of course) for a 1936 58SC Bugatti; but, as is true in most collector areas, private sales have surely exceeded the auction record. One classic-car buff has rejected offers of $65,000 and $100,000 for his two Duesenbergs.

Barbed wire—don't laugh—is a recent collector pursuit that supposedly commands 10,000 devotees, mostly in Texas and points west. As is typical in new collector fields, the hobby was given a big boost by the publication of a semischolarly book, *The Wire That Fenced the West*, by Henry D. McCallum. Eighteen-inch barbed-wire strands have reportedly changed hands for as much as $140 each; but at this point, barbed-wire collecting is still in the "I'll give you two of these for one of those" stage, which means that it can't yet command serious investor attention. (Stamp collecting, however, was at roughly the same point 100 years ago and many pioneer collections were subsequently worth fortunes.)

Old weapons have done well in recent years, though it's difficult to credit one widely publicized estimate that values increased 1000 percent in 1970 alone. The high prices that characterized one of the major weaponry sales last year (at London's Christie's in mid-1970) reflected not so much the market in general as the astonishing quality of the material offered. A matched set of two pistols and a rifle (never fired, of course), with original case and equipment, from the Napoleonic master Nicolas-Noel Boutet, France's greatest gunsmith, garnered $103,320, more than double the previous record. Writing about this sale, *Auction* magazine commented that "the market for fine arms could not be stronger, having seen as rapid development over the last five years as any other field in the art world." (*Auction*, incidentally, while it still betrays its origins as a house organ for Parke-Bernet, is the best single source of information about happenings in the collector world. It's published monthly, for $12 a year, at 140 Cedar Street, New York, New York 10006.)

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The myth that the collector investments are a source of quick profits for all who are involved in them doesn't die easily. In fact, it is part of what economist John Kenneth Galbraith calls the "conventional wisdom" of our time. All the same, for those who feel, lurking somewhere in their vitals, a nascent urge

"I'll tell you one thing—I no longer feel so bad about his being an only child."

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to collect, and who wouldn't be averse to the prospect, however remote, of making a little money while they're at it, five approaches seem available. A choice among them would be dictated by the collector-investor's personal make-up and by his bank roll. The five approaches, which will be discussed in turn, can be labeled conservative, speculative, expert, synergistic and utilitarian.

The *conservative* approach involves buying acknowledged value in the expectation of continuing appreciation. A contemporary linguistic tragedy is the fall from grace of the word conservative. Readers of all political persuasions should note that a conservative investment technique—one that uses the lessons of the past to make reasoned guesses about the future—must never be thought of as benighted, antisocial or unprofitable. In many investments, the conservative approach is the most profitable one. Too often, we tend to think that millionaires are conservative because they are rich, without ever considering the equally plausible converse: that they are rich because they are conservative. In the art world, the conservative approach would involve buying the ever-diminishing number of museum-quality pieces still on the market. These are the finest works of the most important artists throughout history. Today, major French impressionists and old masters are favored. Prices have been rising for generations and, barring disaster, these increases should continue. In other words, despite the high initial cost, a purchase at current levels is most likely to show a profit in the future. Rather like betting on a sure thing.

The other collector fields have their museum-piece equivalents. In the rare-book world, they're the incunabula (books printed during printing's infancy—the 15th Century), the early editions of the literary giants (Shakespeare's first folios, Dante's first editions) and the earliest American works (*The Bay Psalm Book* or most anything printed in Boston before 1700). In antique furniture, the old masters would be the magnificent pre-Revolutionary French pieces. In autographs, the treasured signatures of the historically great: Napoleon, Washington, Shakespeare. In silver, the great Georgian coffee and tea services. In stamps, the classic rarities of the 19th Century, often from faraway colonies of the British Empire; in coins, many of the scarce and lovely gold items, the great pieces of Greek and Roman antiquity and the rare "common" coins of the U. S. A., such as the 1804 silver dollar. Whoever invests in any of these classic collector treasures (when he can find them) can be certain he is not caught up in a passing fad. Old masters such as these bear the imprimatur of generations of collector approval. They are also backed by a long and steady history of price appreciation.

As with conservatively selected stocks or bonds, the old masters of the collector world hold up well in times of stress. In the past few years, the inflation that accompanied the Vietnam war turned more and more investors away from paper securities. Many of these newcomers, unwilling or unable to pay six-figure prices for major French impressionists (or their equivalent in other fields) settled for second or sometimes third best. The art world witnessed a colossal run-up in prices of the works of minor impressionists. The speculative tidal wave in antique silver surged out of England and swept over both shores of the Atlantic. Even common western European postage stamps were bid up all out of proportion to their scarcity value. Inevitably, bust followed boom. Many items that had doubled, tripled or even quadrupled after 1965 fell back almost as sharply in 1968 and 1969. But the museum-quality pieces in every field held their own or even increased. In the spring of 1970, as the stock market touched a ten-year low, Van Gogh's *Le Cypres et l'Arbre en Fleurs* fetched an unprecedented $1,300,000 and the penny-magenta postage stamp reached its record $280,000. Obviously, such old masters aren't cheap. Their gilt-edged investment security is out of reach of all but the wealthy, so the less-well-off will have to look elsewhere.

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They might want to investigate the *speculative* approach. This technique involves buying relatively inexpensive items in hopes that they will become significantly more valuable. Given great timing or great good luck (or both), this can prove enormously profitable. But it's also highly risky and sure to produce many more disasters than successes. And, as we know, only the successes will be publicized. We read about Jasper Johns's *Coat Hanger I*—black-and-white lithographs that sold in 1960 (from an edition of 35) for $75 each and are today worth perhaps $4000 apiece. But we don't hear of the tens of thousands of other prints that also sold for $75 in 1960—and are today worth nothing at all. We read how Mickey Mouse watches increased in value 1250 percent in the past five years (while blue-chip stocks dropped 35 percent), but we don't read about all the other camp garbage that today could not find buyers at any price. Common seven-cent U. S. airmail stamps, of which almost 100,000,000 were issued 11 years ago, now sell for up to $25 a pair. But the vast preponderance of other U. S. stamps issued at the same time now sell, in quantity, for less than their face value. Anyone who bought 100 copies of each stamp at the post office in 1960 would have nice profits in his airmail but losses in everything else. Moreover, he might well have missed the airmail stamp. It was so common few people bothered to save any. That's why it became scarce.

With a carefully selected subject and enough cash to see a commitment through, the speculative approach offers the intriguing possibility of the collector's affecting the market himself. *Cognoscenti* of the art-object scene have noted the breath-taking price increases,

in the past decade or so, of exquisitely crafted glass paperweights, most of which were produced in the 1840s. *Auction* recently described a "single Clichy convolvulus" (a certain sought-after paperweight type) that sold in 1953 for $216, was resold in 1965 for $1152 and resold again in 1968 for $6120. Such growth is typical of classic paperweights during this period, and the increase seems attributable in part to the robust collecting habits of one man—Arthur Rubloff, the multimillionaire Chicago real-estate developer. Rubloff now owns around 900 classic paperweights (out of a floating supply estimated between 20,000 and 30,000). This is a serious and thoughtfully constructed collection, probably the largest and finest ever assembled. (Even King Farouk, whose name still looms as large as the man himself in the annals of collecting, had only 300 paperweights.) Rubloff, incidentally, would strongly deny anything speculative about his entry into the paperweight world, and he would surely be correct. As is typical, his collection was mounted without thought of profit. In fact, Rubloff views his role in the great paperweight run-up with something close to distaste and insists that his collection will never come onto the market. Perhaps this is for the best. Rubloff's buying impetus is no longer supporting prices and they have dropped off somewhat.

Similarly, candid cameraman Allen Funt has sparked a minor revival in the paintings of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema—one of those artists, mentioned earlier, whose work commanded six-figure prices in the 19th Century and subsequently declined to virtually nothing. Alma-Tadema was not only knighted but apotheosized during the Victorian era. He produced historical canvases of flawless and soaring mediocrity, works that today evoke the memory of *Late Show* movies and Cecil B. De Mille. Funt, who has the money, is tickled by these paintings (Alma-Tadema called them opuses) and has managed to pick up perhaps one tenth of the artist's total output—no mean feat. So Alma-Tademas, which once sold for tens of thousands, now sell for thousands instead of hundreds. But even in 1970, one of the artist's many didactic works, engagingly titled *The Strangling of Galeswinthe at the Orders of Fredegonde*, was knocked down for $96.

While it's rewarding to get in at the ebb point in a new collector wave, the man who speculates in collector's items runs the constant risk of being caught in shifting tides. Andy Warhol's *Campbell Soup Can with Peeling Label*, a battered vegetable-beef version of the supermarket standby he was selling for peanuts in the late Fifties, went for $60,000 at auction in 1970—then a record auction yield for the work of a living American artist. (It was recently broken by Roy Lichtenstein's *Big Painting No. 6*, which realized $75,000.) Surely such canvases speak to the mindless materialism of mid-century America, and presumably they still fire whatever passes for imagination in the New York cocktail-and-communications set. But whether they will prove enduring works of art—or profitable investments—remains to be seen.

In fairness to pop-art fans, the Philistines said the same thing to Mrs. Potter Palmer, who, during the 1890s, was paying outrageous three- and sometimes four-figure sums for the innovative and impressionist works of a group of young Parisians. The first impressionist paintings she purchased—four Renoirs, for which she paid a total of $5000—are worth millions today, and her entire collection, the nucleus of the dazzling impressionist showing at the Art Institute of Chicago, represents a fortune almost beyond counting.

Such is the problem the speculative art buyer—or the speculative buyer of any of the collector investments—must confront. Taste and a good eye are the oft-cited prerequisites—but no one knows whose eye is good and whose taste enduring until after the fact. What's exalted in one generation is often ridiculed in the next and forgotten by the third; and yesterday's atrocity is tomorrow's masterpiece. In retrospect, nothing is easier than saying what should have been bought 20 years ago. It's easy to say, in 1971, that the advent of psychedelia ten years earlier would rekindle an interest in its spiritual ancestor, *art nouveau*, so that the timely purchase of Aubrey Beardsley drawings, Tiffany lamp shades and all the other flotsam of that peculiar and fascinating epoch would be richly rewarding. (Tiffany wisteria lamps, available for $100 or so in the Fifties, now command $15,000–$20,000; Truman Capote, you will be happy to learn, owns *two*.) It's equally easy to say that pop and op art would create demand for their forebears—old comic books and trompe-l'oeil paintings—so that the purchase of these, at the proper time, would also have proved profitable. And it's just as easy to say that the awakening of black cultural

"If you feel that you're not getting enough from your relationships, maybe you should charge more."

awareness was bound to increase the value of Negro- or slavery-related objects or documents (a field, incidentally, where prices are a long way from their peak). These statements are easy to make, because they are all made after the fact. But without the advantage of hindsight, who in the world can know? Sixteen years of American involvement in Indochina has *not* kindled any new interest in its magnificent Khmer artifacts nor in anything else Indo-Chinese. (A stunning Cambodian head of Buddha, dating from the Seventh Century and surely something of a minor masterpiece from the early days of a civilization that was to produce the miracles of Angkor Wat, sold for just $175 at Parke-Bernet in 1970.) The trend toward sexual freedom has aroused no new longings for the pornographic art and literature of yesteryear. And the assassination of President Kennedy sparked no new infatuation (as many history collectors had expected) in Lincoln's assassination nor in Lincolniana—though it did set off a frenzied speculative scramble for Kennedy-related coins, stamps, manuscripts and other mementos, a search that must have culminated, in a way, when a Nashville collector of Kennedyana purchased the Texas School Book Depository building in Dallas for $650,000—because he "just didn't want to see it torn down or turned into something distasteful."

In short, nothing is more fickle than popular taste and nothing more hazardous than a bet placed on it. Then, too, even if you wager correctly, you may not have the satisfaction of spending your profits. In the middle of the last century, when wealthy American taste makers were paying boxcar figures for the cloying Barbizon canvases you now find over the player pianos at plastic Gay Nineties bars, one eccentric collector, James Jackson Jarves, spent a decade in Italy (and $60,000, then a goodly sum) gathering an unbelievably exquisite collection of Italian primitive paintings—Madonnas on gold backgrounds and the like—which at that time were universally ignored. Jarves subsequently fell on bad times and found, to his chagrin, that he couldn't sell his collection for one third of its cost. The cultural meccas of Boston and New York rejected his offers outright. Yale University finally took the paintings, as collateral on a $20,000 loan. When Jarves defaulted, Yale had to swallow the collection, because no one else wanted it. The paintings—including masterpieces by Gentile da Fabriano, Antonio Pollaiuolo and Sassetta—blushed unseen for 50 years, wasting their sweetness on the dank air of a New Haven warehouse. Thereafter, when their place in art history was acknowledged, Jarves came to be known (posthumously, of course) as a collector of great genius and rare discernment—a man far ahead of his time. Too far ahead for his own good.

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The *expert* approach is much less hazardous and can be extremely profitable—if you are an expert. This simply requires an ability to recognize value that has not yet been recognized by others. Usually, a serious collector will be quite knowledgeable in his own field. He certainly should be, for his own protection: The possibility of forgery or other fraud exists whenever collectors are willing to pay high prices for items that can be reproduced cheaply. If a collector is very serious, or if his specialty is relatively narrow, he can count on knowing more than most dealers. The exigencies of business make dealers carry such a broad spectrum of wares that they can rarely appreciate the manifold subtleties of any one item. So the knowledgeable and eagle-eyed collector can sometimes perceive great value where the dealer sees only merchandise. Dealers actually enjoy being "conned" in this fashion. After all, they make a profit on everything they sell. The "find" will certainly bring the collector back and the attendant publicity from a major discovery will bring out droves of bargain hunters, most of whom will buy junk at inflated prices.

PLAYBOY Contributing Editor J. Paul Getty is renowned for his expertise in other areas, but possibly the best investment he ever made was a painting, or, as he describes it, "an unprepossessing canvas . . . in somewhat poor condition," that he purchased for $200 at a London art auction in 1938. It turned out to be Raphael's long-lost *Madonna of Loreto*, worth literally millions today. More recently, a suburban Chicago collector of religious prints, attending a local church rummage sale, purchased an extremely rare Rembrandt etching—*Jesus Healing the Sick*, worth perhaps $15,000—for a dime. And a diligent search through old Philadelphia court records led Alfred Frankenstein, an expert on 19th Century American painting, to two spinster sisters whose home was a minor treasure-trove of "lost" paintings and other memorabilia of the great American trompe-l'oeil master William Harnett. One of the most important paintings from this find, *Front Face*, a portrait of a Negro child in a soldier suit, realized $67,500 at Parke-Bernet in 1970.

An even more astonishing art discovery involved a hapless New York junk dealer. During the Depression, before he became famous, Jackson Pollock, like so many others in every creative field, labored for the Works Progress Administration. Dozens and dozens of Pollock's early realist canvases wound up in a Government warehouse in Queens. At the height of World War Two, during an acute shortage of piping insulation,

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the junk dealer purchased the lot—for four cents a pound. He was disappointed to discover that their insulating value was negligible, but he managed to unload them on a Greenwich Village bric-a-brac shop, which, in turn, retailed them for between $3 and $25. Today, these paintings sell for anywhere from $6000 to $12,000.

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The *synergistic* approach is among the least rewarding financially, but is highly gratifying in spiritual terms and especially attractive to the interested amateur who has neither a great fortune at his disposal nor a great store of expertise to draw upon. This approach takes advantage of a quirk of collecting: In many instances, as a collection develops, the whole becomes progressively more valuable than the sum of its parts. Sometimes you don't need many parts. A small yellow envelope, bearing a U.S. five-cent stamp from 1847 (the first year the Government issued stamps) and socked with a blue oval steamboat cancellation, is a lovely collector's item, worth $500 or more. A similar envelope from the same correspondence, addressed in the same hand to the same place and bearing the companion ten-cent stamp, is even more desirable, worth over $1000. But when the two are gathered together, they form a matchless and unique philatelic showpiece. Value? Close to $10,000 when last auctioned, perhaps $15,000 today. Similarly, a single Blue Fitzhugh teacup is a quaint curio worth a few dollars. A cup with matching saucer is much more interesting—$50 or so. A matched pair of cups and saucers is quite desirable—$300, at least. And a full service is a pearl beyond price.

The appeal of this approach to the novice collector-investor is obvious: If you can find one of something, chances are you might someday find another. Magically, both increase in value just by being brought together. Note, however, that the synergistic approach applies only to objects that (for whatever reason) are more desirable grouped than individually. Sixty random Picasso prints are no more valuable en masse than singly. But if each of the 60 is dated a different year between 1909 and 1970, then the owner has a marvelous insight into a great artist's development—as well as an extremely valuable collection, worth many times what its parts would yield separately.

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The *utilitarian* approach also provides benefits more spiritual than financial; but, in addition, it offers material comforts of the have-your-cake-and-eat-it-too variety and it holds a special appeal for relatively young newcomers to the collector-investment field. This technique takes advantage of the fact that many pieces of antique furniture (as well as other useful or decorative household items) are just as comfortable and attractive as their latter-day equivalents, no more expensive and decidedly better investments. Faced with furnishing an apartment, for instance, a man could easily spend a few thousand dollars on stainless steel, walnut and Plexiglas right off the floor at his local department store. Later, when his taste changes, he'll be lucky to emerge with a decent tax write-off by donating it all to the Salvation Army. But the same amount of money would have gone a long way toward purchasing a suite of genuine antiques that, assuming normal wear and tear, would ultimately be resalable at a price very close to the original cost or perhaps even at a profit. Of course, furniture masterpieces are out of the question here. Even given the $50,000–$100,000 purchase price, no one in his right mind would ever *use* a Philadelphia escritoire or a Louis XV *salon* chair—least of all in the chaotic and hostile surroundings of a mid-city apartment. But great numbers of antiques, in many styles and from many eras, sell for prices close to their contemporary equivalents. American furniture from the Federal and Empire periods, for instance, is still available at bargain-basement prices; Federal-period pieces, especially, seem to wear well with modern decor. At every third antique shop on the Eastern Seaboard, you can buy those comfortable English-country captain's chairs, circa 1830 or 1840 (the round-backed type, with back and arms formed from the same curve), sturdy as the day they were made and glossy with the patina of generations of use, for between $75 and $100. Contemporary reproductions, of inferior material, workmanship and design, begin around $80. In London, you can still purchase 17th Century coffers, heavy oak chests, usually strapped in leather or metal, the earliest pieces of household furniture that survive, for under $100. Many of these predate the pilgrims and all served in the age when everything of value in a typical household could be locked up in one heavy trunk. Besides being starkly beautiful in their own right, these ancient pieces work well in any modern surrounding and without desecration can provide first-rate accommodation for tape decks, turntables and similar 20th Century necessities.

The utilitarian approach works even with art, as evidenced by Theodore Pitcairn, a Pennsylvania theologian who vaulted into the headlines three years ago, when he released an item from his long-cherished collection of French impressionist paintings. The work was Monet's *La Terrasse à Sainte Adresse*. Pitcairn had purchased it for $11,000 in

"Harry has never come to terms with fluoridation!"

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the Twenties and then must have had trouble justifying it to his clerical friends. The painting sold at Christie's for $1,411,200, an impressionist record. After the sale, when eager reporters pressed him to explain his investment genius, the perplexed clergyman thought for a while and declared, "I bought things that I wanted to hang in my house."

Granting the extremity of this example, the technique also applies on a more modest level. The price of a few Keane children and a pink-hatted clown will buy a worthwhile Chagall lithograph or a signed-on-the-plate Picasso print. And out-of-the-way antique shops or even thrift shops will occasionally yield fairly complete settings of Victorian flatware, in ornate patterns that are just now re-emerging as popular, for a fraction of the cost of a modern imitation. High Victorian fainting couches and settees—resplendent with hand-carved mahogany cherubim—still can't find homes at $100 each, despite what is supposed to be a renascence of Victoriana, and despite the observable fact that they couldn't be reproduced today at almost any price.

Obviously, purchases employing this technique can't be made with a straight investment end in view. Comfort, style and setting must be considered as well. Virtually all low-priced antiques are bought for use, not for contemplation, so appropriateness, comfort and durability should loom large in the mind of the would-be purchaser, if not for his own satisfaction, then for protection when he sells. The much-heralded Victorian revival, for example, despite a decade of ballyhoo, has yet to affect the price of Victorian furniture. In years to come, the boom in Victoriana might well turn out to be just another journalistic fantasy. In truth, most high Victorian furniture is hideously ugly. The kindest thing to be said about it is that it doesn't wear well in a contemporary setting. Unless you own an unconverted brownstone or are decorating a *fin-de-siècle* brothel, there's almost nothing you can *do* with it. On the other hand, *art nouveau* furnishings work well in modern surroundings and are already priced accordingly.

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Whichever technique the novice chooses, he'll soon find there are only two major sources of material: dealers and auction houses. As a general rule, the newcomer should start out with a dealer, avoiding the auction market until he has attained a bit of expertise. Some dealers are obviously better than others, but instinct and spadework will soon locate one who's *simpatico*. Most dealers know their field; if they didn't, they wouldn't last in it. Often they have become dealers after being collectors themselves. Either their collection or their love of it grew so great as to demand their total energies. Such men discuss their field knowledgeably and endlessly, delighting in leading the newcomer through its nuances. (Of course, they're developing a good customer in the process.) Additionally, dealers have their reputations to guard. As noted, collectors are notoriously cliquish. One collector's good will can mean three or four new customers. Toward this end, many dealers back their wares unconditionally, forever. Instances abound in which they have taken back items, even after decades, that have been found to be other than what they were sold as. Dealers also extend credit—usually interest-free—to favored customers. For anyone more investor than collector, this can be crucially important. Even the expert collector will rarely dispense with dealers' services. First, such a collector would probably number dealers among his closest friends. Then, too, a successful dealer has lines out the world over and good connections with fellow dealers. Once he knows a collector's interest, he'll be able to unearth material that no collector, no matter how dedicated, could hope to locate on his own.

The dealer's services don't come cheap. Especially if his goods are bulky—furniture or paintings, for example—he will need a costly showroom, usually in an elegant neighborhood. Just to break even, he's got to mark up his goods considerably. There's not a rare-object dealer in the country who has a markup per item of less than 50 percent. For slow-moving material, 100 percent is typical. Dealers will usually repurchase things they've sold; but unless considerable time has passed or the item has been extraordinarily popular, the collector shouldn't expect to recoup his original price or anywhere near it.

The desire to avoid the dealer markup attracts collectors to the auction market. Auctions, after all, are where dealers get many of their wares. The collector who buys at auction can expect to save perhaps 50 percent off dealer prices. However, buying at auction is fraught with perils. The need for expertise is great and immediate, since goods cannot be returned unless instantly proved counterfeit. Also, the prospective buyer at auction is never certain he's bidding against real competition. This doesn't faze the collector, but it should the investor. Sometimes an agent of the owner will attempt to bid the price up; other times, the auctioneer will be pulling bids off the wall, in an attempt to meet an undisclosed minimum price (called a reserve) below which the owner will not sell. (For more details, see *Auction Action*, PLAYBOY, March 1969.) An additional difficulty, and one that is generally not appreciated even by million-dollar art investors, is that, speaking strictly from an investment standpoint, the auction market is a poor place to buy blue-ribbon material. Assume a first-class and undeniably authentic Rembrandt painting were to be discovered and offered at auction. The attendant publicity would reach collectors the world over. Every serious potential buyer would be represented at the sale. Bidding would be spirited and high. And the ultimate winner would be forced to pay more than any other informed buyer thinks the painting is worth. That's how auctions work. If the successful bidder is a collector or a museum director, fine, he has his Rembrandt and doesn't care what he paid. But if he is an investor, he finds himself in a difficult position. The people he outbid are the very ones to whom he could reasonably hope to sell later on—and he's already paid more than they are willing to.

That is why so many big-time art purchases are private transactions, in which price is never a matter of public record. Auctions are wonderful places to buy items whose value has not been appreciated by others. But strictly from a profit-and-loss point of view, they are not the best way to invest in museum-class pieces, about which everything is already known.

But if all you're interested in is profit, you shouldn't be dabbling in collector's items at all. As money machines, the stock and commodities markets are much more attractive. After all, there are only 50-odd commodities and 1200-odd major stocks. But the universe of rare books, autographs, paintings, antiques and God knows what else contains millions or even billions of collectable items—and no two of them are exactly alike. Only if you are willing to forgo a chunk of the profits (and the losses) that you might make in the more traditional investment media, and only if you have a genuine desire to collect, should you take the plunge.

However and whatever you buy, you'll be better off, both monetarily and spiritually, if you know what you're doing. In the collector investments perhaps more than anywhere else, knowledge pays rich dividends. No matter what you elect to collect, you'll find, if you look long enough, specialized books, magazines, monographs and other collectors—all good sources of advice. But such advice consists of just words. Words can be helpful but not as helpful as an intimacy with the objects themselves, an intimacy that can come only by finding, buying, holding and cherishing them—in other words, by collecting them. You'll probably make false starts and you'll surely make bad buys. But if you select a compatible subject and keep at it, you'll eventually find that you're learning things, that you're enjoying yourself—and perhaps even that you're making some money.

Don Madden

I WANT A GHOUL

(continued from page 110)

madman's solitary mania on a never-ending theme. . . . But the Flying Dutchman, his father's ship, lay out there somewhere in the cloaking gray mist. It had to be found. Philip Vanderdecken knew not how he knew, but he sensed, ever since his father's ship had been reported missing, that he, Philip, should be the one to locate it, to help guide it homeward, to——

Something flickered in the fog! There, ahead of them, directly ahead, motionless despite the strange surging tide that bore them onward through this chill, windless clime, was the silhouette of a ship!

"Helmsman—hard aport!" Philip shouted, whirling toward the man at the wheel. Above, invisible in the gathering gray plumes of heavy cloud, the lookout was shouting a warning as their ponderously moving vessel bore down on a direct collision course with the inexplicably becalmed ship ahead of them. A crazily dancing blood-red firefly was the port light, snatched by a crewman now running forward to signal anyone aboard the other vessel. And then the bowsprit splintered with a sound like an agonized shriek and Philip felt himself flung brutally against the rail as the ship yawed horribly . . . and then icy salt water closed over his hurtling body.

When, with bursting lungs, he had fought his way up through the cold blackness of the water, he could hear, but not see, the commotion of the men upon his injured vessel, far off in the all-encompassing mist. Something loomed nearby, something solid was struck by his flailing arm . . . and his fingers closed over an iron rail. The next moment, he had somehow drawn himself from the clutch of the open sea and stood gasping on a strangely silent deck. This was not his father's ship . . . this was a ship with no mast, no sails . . . and—he realized with a thrill of terror—the reason he had been able to draw himself aboard so easily was that the ship was slowly, remorselessly sinking into the sea. Icy waters already washed across the metal decks. Frantic, Philip rushed about, seeking a lifeboat, seeking another person. But he was alone on the foundering vessel, there, somewhere off the southeastern coast of the North American continent. There was something painted on the bulkhead before him. Philip Vanderdecken peered at the inscription and then the moon drifted silently outward from behind a cloud and Philip Vanderdecken could read the words—NERVE GAS.

"Frankly, I don't feel qualified to hire instructors. I only feel qualified to fire them."

DRACULA

By Bram Stoker

Jonathon Harker's Journal—

An untoward event has occurred. The door of my room has been locked, bolted from the outside. When I discovered it this morning, I at first thought there had been some error and waited patiently for the servants to come to my door with the announcement of breakfast. About midday, when no one had yet turned up, I grew worried. Then, I heard footsteps in the stone passageway outside and hurriedly moved to my door to attract the attention of whoever was passing. But something—some instinct, I know not what—restrained my hand just before it would have rapped upon the heavy oaken portal. There was a cadence—how can I describe it?—not *right* about those steps in the passageway. Even as I stood listening to them, to my nostrils came the musky animal odor that one associates normally with the deepest woods where sunlight seldom penetrates. And softly mingled with the strangely shuffling steps came the sound of a low growl—a sound that surely never emanated from the throat of any human. I remained where I was, not so much as daring to lower my hand from where it hovered near the wood of the door, until the sound of the

footsteps faded down the passageway. I am terribly, mortally, frightened.

Later—

The sun is setting over the black crags outside my window. Half a dozen times, now, I have gone to the brink of that cold dark abyss that lies just beyond the casement and have had to withhold myself by sheer dint of will from casting myself out into space, toward the tenderer mercies of the rocks below. I do not know precisely what it is that I fear will happen when the last rays of the sun have gone, but fear it I do. I know I cannot bear to face once more the count, should he reappear, as is his wont, shortly after sunset. I am still not over the terrible shock I received the other morning when he came up behind me as I shaved and I could not detect his approach in the glass of my shaving mirror—nor can I forget the way his eyes lingered, fairly dwelt, upon the slight trickle of blood down my throat, caused by my uncontrollable start at finding him so close, and so inexplicably near at hand. I have a plan. I pray I have the strength to carry it to fulfillment. I will continue later—if I can. . . .

Moments later—

I have done what I can. I have placed one of my slippers at the foot of the open casement and by careful aim have managed to drop from that same casement my white silken scarf, so that it caught upon a rough projection of the stone some feet below the window over the sheer drop to the valley below the precipitous castle wall. It is my hope that when the count appears and finds the slipper, he will look from the window and espy the scarf. Then, thinking that I have taken that dread plunge to which I am so fearfully drawn in reality, he will rush from the room and—if luck is with me—not bother to refasten the door behind him! Then, when I am certain he has gone, I shall creep stealthily from this cramped closet in which I am presently secreted and somehow make my way down to the gates of the castle, and thence to freedom. I can hear the count coming, even now. I can hear his hand upon the bolt of the door—there, he has pulled it back! Now, all I can do is remain here, huddled fearfully in the suffocating confines of this closet, and hope with all my heart that my plan works. I dare not so much as even breathe now, as I hear his soft footsteps treading across the ancient stone of the roughhewn floor. He must go to the window. He must! It is my only salvation! If only—oh, if only—this electric portable typewriter on which I am constructing my journal did not rattle so loudly as I write!

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

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

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

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

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

Fond of things Italiano? Try a drink with Galliano.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO., 1970

small saturday

(continued from page 122)

had a place up in Maine with horses and he had a 60-foot ketch at Center Island and he didn't have to bother with anything boring like working. As she sometimes said to her lovers, if he hadn't been so insanely and irrationally possessive, it would have been the marriage of the century.

He had called her the evening before from the Racquet Club, where he had been playing backgammon. When she recognized his voice on the telephone and he said he was calling from the Racquet Club, she knew he had been losing, because he always got horny when he lost at backgammon, especially on weekends. She'd canceled the man she was supposed to go to Southampton with—after all, husbands, even ex-husbands, came first—and Scotty had come over and she'd opened two cans of turtle soup and they'd been in bed ever since 9:30 the night before. It had been such a complete night that sometime around dawn, he'd even mentioned something about getting remarried. It was almost noon now and they were hungry and she got out of bed and put on a pink terry-cloth robe and went into the kitchen to make some bloody marys, for nourishment. She was always strict with herself about no drinks before 11 o'clock, because she had seen too many of her friends go that route. She was dashing in the Worcestershire sauce when the phone rang.

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What Christopher liked about her, he thought, as his hand hovered over the phone, preparing to dial, was that she was wholesome. In the polluted city, she was a breath of fresh country air. If you didn't know about her and her family's steel mills and her divorce and her expulsion from the social register, you'd think she was a girl just in from the farm, milking cows. She came into the shop often, breezing in with a big childish smile, hanging onto a man's arm, a different one each time, and buying large, expensive, color-plate books about boats or horses. She had an account at the shop, but usually the man with her would pay for the books and then she would throw her strong firm arms around her escort and kiss him enthusiastically in gratitude, no matter who was looking.

She had kissed Christopher once, too. Although not in the shop. He had gone to the opening of a one-man show at an art gallery four doors down on Madison Avenue and she was there, too, squinting over the heads of the other connoisseurs at the geometric forms in clashing colors that represented the painter's reaction to being alive in America. Extraordinarily, she was unaccompanied, and when she spotted Christopher, she bulled her way through the crowd, smiling sexily, and said, "My deliverer," and put her arm through his and stroked his forearm. There was something unnatural about her being alone, like a free-floating abalone. Her predestined form was the couple. Knowing this, Christopher was not particularly flattered by her attention, since it was no more personal than a swan's being attracted to a pond or a wildcat to a pine tree. Still, the touch of her capable ex-social-register fingers on his arm was cordial.

"I suppose," she said, "clever man that you are, that you know what all this is about."

"Well. . . ." Christopher began.

"They remind me of my trigonometry class at Chatham Hall. That distressing pi sign. Don't they make you thirsty, Mr.—uh?"

"Bagshot."

"Of course. Why don't you and I just sidle out of here like true art lovers and go out into the night and snap on one or two martinis?"

They were nearly at the door by now, anyway, so Christopher said, as brightly as he could, "Right on." The owner of the gallery, who was a business friend of his, was near the door, too, looking at him with a betrayed expression for leaving so quickly. Christopher tried to show, by a grimace and a twitch of his shoulders, that he was under the sway of powers stronger than he and that he would come back soon, but he doubted that he communicated.

They went to the Westbury Polo Bar and sat in one of the booths and ordered martinis and Caroline Trowbridge sat very close to him and rubbed her knee against his and told him how lucky he was to have a vocation in life, especially one as rewarding as his, involved in the fascinating world of books. She had no vocation, she said sadly, unless you could consider horses and sailing a vocation, and she had to admit to herself that with the way the world was going—just look at the front page of any newspaper—horses and boats were revoltingly frivolous, and didn't he think they ought to call a waiter and order two more martinis?

"He owed me a month's wages when he died and he's going to work it out."

By the time they had finished the second martini, she had his head between her two strong hands and was looking down into his eyes. She had a long torso as well as long legs and she loomed over him in the semiobscurity of the Polo Bar. "Your eyes," she was saying, "are dark, lambent pools." Perhaps she hadn't paid much attention in the trigonometry class at Chatham Hall, but she certainly had listened in freshman English.

Emboldened by alcohol and lambency, Christopher said, "Caroline"—they were on a first-name basis by now—"Caroline, have dinner with me?"

"Oh, Christopher," she said, "what a dear thoughtful thing to say," and kissed him. On the lips. She had a big mouth, that went with the rest of her, and she was pleasantly damp.

"Well," he said when she unstuck, "shall we?"

"Oh, my poor, dear, beautiful little manikin," she said, "nothing would give me greater joy. But I'm occupied until a week from next Thursday." She looked at her watch and jumped up, pulling her coat around her. "Rum dum dum," she cried, "I'm hideously tardy right this very moment and everybody will be cross with me all the wretched night and say nasty things to me and tweak my ear and suspect the worst and never believe I was in an art gallery, you naughty boy." She leaned over and pecked the top of his head. "What bliss," she said and was gone.

He ordered another martini and had dinner alone, remembering her kiss and the curious way she had of expressing herself. One day, when she was a little less busy, he knew he was going to see her again. And not in the shop.

• • •

Oh, damn, she thought as she reached for the phone hanging on the kitchen wall, I forgot to switch it to the answering service. When she expected Scotty over, she made a practice of instructing the service to pick up all calls on the first ring, because nothing infuriated Scotty more than hearing her talk to another man. She loved him, divorce or no divorce, but she had to admit that he was a neurotically suspicious creature.

"Hello," she said.

"Caroline," the male voice said, "this is Christopher——"

"Sorry, Christopher," she said, "you have the wrong number," and hung up. Then she unhooked the phone, so that if he called again, he'd get a busy signal. She still had the bottle of Worcestershire sauce in her hand and she shook a few more spurts into the tomato juice. She added a double shot of vodka, to calm Scotty down, if by any chance he didn't believe that it was a wrong number.

Scotty was lying with his eyes closed,

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all the covers thrown off, when she came into the bedroom with the bloody marys. He really filled a bed, Scotty; you got your money's worth of man with her ex-husband. His expression was peaceful, almost as if he had gone back to sleep. The phone on the table next to the bed didn't look as though it had been moved, she noted with relief.

"All up on deck for grog," she said cheerily.

He sat up, monumentally, muscles rippling, and swung his legs over the side of the bed. He reached out his hand and took the glass from her, looked at it consideringly, then hurled it against the opposite wall. A good part of the room turned red.

"Oh, Scotty," she said reproachfully, "don't tell me you're being seized by one of your unreasonable moods again." She backed off a little, being careful to avoid broken glass, and took two swift swallows of bloody mary for her nerves.

He stood up. It was an awful sight when he stood up naked like that in a comparatively small bedroom. It was like seeing the whole front line of the Green Bay Packers wrapped into one moving in on you. The funny scar on his forehead that he had had since his brother had hit him with a baseball bat when they were boys, and which stood out when he was angry, was turning a frightening bright pink.

"Scotty Powalter," she said, "I absolutely forbid you to touch me."

Thank God he only slapped me with an open hand, she thought as she reeled back into a chair, still miraculously holding onto her drink.

"You're unjust," she said from the depths of the chair. "You're a fundamentally unjust man. Hitting a girl for a little old wrong number."

"Some wrong number," he said. "Who's Christopher?"

"How should I know who Christopher is? This voice said, 'Hello, this is Christopher,' and I said——"

"This voice said, 'Caroline,' " Scotty said.

"Sneak," she said. "Listening in on other people's conversations. Is that what they taught you at Yale?" Scotty wasn't really unintelligent, but his thought processes were cumbersome and sometimes you could fuddle him and make him forget his dreadful intentions by attacking him.

"I suppose he was calling up to remind you you had a date to screw him this afternoon," Scotty said. "Knowing how dizzy you are about little matters like that."

"You're fully aware of what I think about your vocabulary, Scotty," Caroline said with dignity.

"Fuck my vocabulary," Scotty said.

"If you must know, and I don't see where it's any business of yours, anyway, considering the nature of our relationship," she said, "I haven't had a date with anybody since a week ago last Tuesday. And if your poor little brain isn't drowned in the mists of alcohol, you'll recall that a week ago last Tuesday, you didn't get out of this very bed until six P.M. Wednesday." As she spoke, she began to believe herself and tears of self-pity formed in her eyes. It was almost like being married again.

"Who's Christopher?" Scotty said. He began to prowl dangerously, like a berserk elephant, and she feared for the lamps and other glassware in the room.

"I'm perfectly willing to tell you," she said, "if you'll stop marauding around like some mad beast in the jungle. You know I've never hid anything *significant* from you."

"Hah," he said, but he stopped prowling.

"He's just a poor little table-model clerk in a bookstore on Madison Avenue," Caroline said. "He's just a little Shetland pony of a man, you'd be ashamed of yourself being jealous of him if you ever saw him."

"He called you, no matter what size he is," Scotty said stubbornly.

"Sometimes he calls me when he gets in a book he thinks I'd like."

"*The Child's Manual of Sex*," Scotty said. "*A Thousand and Three Indian Positions*. I can guess what kind of bookstore he runs."

"That's hardly the way to talk to a woman who's been your wife," Caroline said fastidiously. "If you want to see with your own eyes and convince yourself once and for all, just you get yourself dressed and I'll take you over to Madison Avenue and I'll bet you'll take one look and get down right then and there on your bended knee and beg my forgiveness for the bestial way you've treated me this morning."

"I don't want to get dressed," Scotty said. "I want a bloody mary and I want to go back to bed. In that order. Make it snappy."

He was like that. Anger aroused other emotions in him.

He was stretching himself on the bed like some huge beached vessel as she went out of the bedroom toward the kitchen to make another batch of bloody marys. Her head was ringing a little from that Yale-sized slap along the side of her jaw, but she was pleased with her over-all handling of what could very easily have developed into a crisis. As she shook the bloody marys, she hummed to herself. She might, later on, at the proper moment, remind Scotty that along about dawn he had mentioned the possibility of getting remarried. And she was damn well going to get him to write a check to have the bedroom repapered. And if he turned ugly again this afternoon, as he was likely to do, there was always that dear little man waiting patiently on Madison Avenue.

• • •

Wrong number, Christopher thought, staring at the dead phone in his hand. Who is she kidding? That was no wrong number. He had an annoyed impulse to dial her again, just to show her that he wasn't being fooled, but decided against it, out of tact. He could imagine all too well why she had said it was a wrong number.

Luckily, a spate of customers entered the store and he was too busy wrapping books and ringing up cash to brood about it.

By the time the store emptied in the lunchtime lull, he had almost convinced himself that it didn't matter at all to him what Caroline Trowbridge did with her Saturday afternoon.

He sat down at the desk by the cash register and took out his address book.

• • •

*Toye, Dorothea***. He would never have given her two stars on his own, although she was pretty enough and if she wasn't exactly five feet, eight inches tall, she was certainly in the neighborhood of five feet, seven and a half. She was not a flashy woman. She was shapely, but in a polite way, and wore simple, sober-colored, almost college-girl clothes, or at least the kind of clothes that girls used to wear in college, and although he guessed she was 28 or 29, her appearance was demure, her voice low and hesitant, her smile rare. The first two or three times she came into the shop, he had hardly remarked her. But then he had noticed that if there were other men in the shop, even old men or men who at other times seemed to lose themselves in the books, they would slowly begin following her with their eyes and then somehow drift helplessly in her direction. He regarded Dorothea Toye more carefully to see what it was that acted so magnetically on his male customers. He decided that it was probably her complexion. She was always a light tan, with a glow, like a touch of the sun, on her silken skin. She was brilliantly clean. If Caroline Trowbridge looked like a girl just in from a farm, Dorothea Toye looked like a child who had just splashed out of the sea to be dried with a rough towel by her mother. He had been surprised when she had ordered a book of prints by Aubrey Beardsley.

He had been even more surprised when one of his old customers, Mr. O'Malley, who to the best of his knowledge had never spoken a word to the lady, had followed her out of the shop one afternoon at three o'clock and gotten into a cab with her. It was then that he had awarded her her second

"Agnes, you're supposed to be out shopping. Is something wrong with our credit rating?"

star. Seeing her get into a cab with Mr. O'Malley heightened his interest in her.

She didn't buy many books, but concentrated for the most part on the small record library against the rear wall, buying albums of every new Broadway musical. At the cut-rate music stores and discount houses farther downtown, she could have gotten the same albums much more cheaply, but as she once told Christopher while he was wrapping the album of *Hair* for her, "I don't go downtown much. I'm really a homebody."

She was an outside chance, Dorothea Toye, but the day was passing swiftly.

He dialed her number. The phone rang and rang and he was just about to give up when it was answered.

"Yes?" The voice was businesslike, but it was Dorothea Toye's.

"This is Christopher Bagshot. . . ."

"Who?" Now the voice was cold and suspicious.

It was a dream of Christopher's that the day would come on which people would not say, "Who?" when he said, "This is Christopher Bagshot."

"From the bookstore, Miss Toye."

"Oh, yes." The voice was warmer but had a hint of puzzlement in it.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," Christopher said.

"Oh, no, I'm just making myself a bit of breakfast." Christopher looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock, and he realized he was hungry. He wondered briefly where Miss Toye could have been the night before to be having breakfast now at one P.M.

"I guess you're surprised, my calling you up like this, I mean," Christopher said, "but I thought——"

"Oh, I get a lot of calls," Miss Toye said. She sounded husky and not demure over the phone.

"I'm sure you do," Christopher said gallantly. "What I am calling about is —I mean, what are you doing tonight?"

Miss Toye laughed peculiarly.

"I could see if I could get some tickets to a show," he said hurriedly, "unless, of course, you've seen them all."

"I'm booked from eight on tonight, honey," Miss Toye said, "but if you want, you could come over right now."

"I can't leave the store," Christopher said, confused by the bluntness of the invitation. "And I don't close till around seven and. . . ."

"Well," Miss Toye said, "I can handle it at seven, if you don't waste any time getting over here. Fifty dollars."

"What was that, Miss Toye?" Christopher said faintly.

"I said my price was fifty dollars." She sounded annoyed at something.

At that moment, the front door of the shop opened and June came in, wearing a raincoat, although there wasn't a cloud in the sky. She waved gaily. Christopher tried to frown in a businesslike way as he cupped the telephone in both hands. He felt himself getting very rosy. "I'm afraid that isn't exactly what I had in mind, madam," he said.

"Look, Mr. Bagshot," Miss Toye said crisply, "you don't give *books* away free, do you?"

June was approaching him swiftly.

"I'll talk it over with my father," Christopher said loudly as June came into earshot, "and perhaps we can come to an arrangement."

Miss Toye's second laugh was even more peculiar than the first one had been. Christopher put the telephone down decisively as June kissed him on the cheek.

"My idea," June said, "is that you close the shop and take me to lunch."

"You know I can't do that." He walked away quickly from the phone and June followed him.

"You have to eat," she said.

"I call the deli and they deliver," he said. He wondered what he could say, without actually hurting her feelings, to discourage her from these raids at all hours.

"You look like someone in the final stages of *mal de mer*," June said. She was studying French at Berlitz in case she ever had the occasion to go to France. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter. Nothing."

"My God, we're emphatic today," June said. "OK, nothing. You glad I came?"

"As always," he said. His conversation with Miss Toye had done something cramping to his throat and he had difficulty in pronouncing words correctly. Ordinarily, he would have been happy to see June come into the shop, she was a sweet girl, darling, even, at certain times, but her coming in just when Miss Toye was laughing that bruising laugh on the telephone showed an unfortunate, even if unconscious, sense of timing on June's part.

His nose began to run. It was a familiar symptom. Whenever he was under tension, his nose leaked. In school, he always went to exams with three large handkerchiefs in his pockets. He pulled out a handkerchief and blew vigorously.

"Are you catching a cold or something?" June asked.

"Not that I know of." He sneezed. He wondered if any other of Miss Toye's potential clients were affected the same way after a telephone call.

"I know an absolutely fabulous pill that——"

"I am not catching a cold," he said. He blew again.

"You don't have to snap my head off just because I show a normal human interest in your health," June said.

"June," he said, "I'm having a rough day. All alone here in the store and——"

"I'm sorry," June said, instantly contrite. "That's why I came. I thought I might cheer you up. Maybe even help you a little this afternoon. . . ."

"That's awfully sweet of you," he said, aghast at the thought of having June there with Miss Anderson coming in around five o'clock and maybe even Beulah Stickney, too, if she got rid of her aunt. "But it's too complicated with someone who isn't familiar with the stock and all."

"Anyway," June said, "I'm going to have lunch with you. No protests." She certainly was a bossy girl. "I'll go to the delicatessen myself and buy us both a perfectly scrumptious lunch and we'll have a picnic in the office."

There was no getting out of it, so he pulled out his wallet and took a five-dollar bill from it. But June waved it away. "This lunch is on me," she said. "I've had a big week." She worked out of an office that supplied temporary secretarial help and some weeks she made as much as $150. She wouldn't take a permanent job, because she had come all the way East from Pasadena to become a singer. She studied with a man who said he had been responsible for Petula Clark.

Christopher put the five-dollar bill back into his wallet.

"Aren't you insanely happy now I came by?" she asked.

"Insanely," he said.

"Then smile," she said, "and say something nice."

"I love you," he said. That's what she meant when she said say something nice.

"That's better," she said. She kissed him briefly and went out, blonde and small, lovable and intent on marriage, in her raincoat. She always wore a raincoat to protect her throat, just in case.

He thought of Miss Toye and had to blow his nose again.

"Isn't this cozy?" June asked as they ate their roast-beef sandwiches and pickles and drank their milk at the table in the little back office. June was against alcohol because of her throat.

"Uh-huh," Christopher said, chewing hard on a piece of gristle.

"Sometimes, when I'm alone," June said, "and I happen to think of this little room, I'm almost tempted to cry."

The reason she was tempted to cry was that the first time they had kissed, it had been in the little back office. If you wanted to look at it that way, it had all started there. The kiss had been wonderful and it had led to other and better things and there was no denying they had had a lot of fun together and she was a pretty and lively girl, nubile and often gay; but still the dark little office was hardly a shrine, for heaven's sake.

He tried to make himself think unkindly about her. When he was exposed to her for any length of time, he felt himself melting in her direction and once or twice he had been perilously close to asking her to marry him. Maybe

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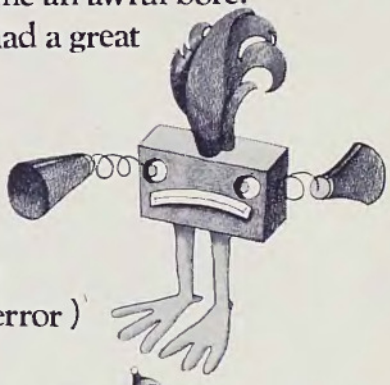

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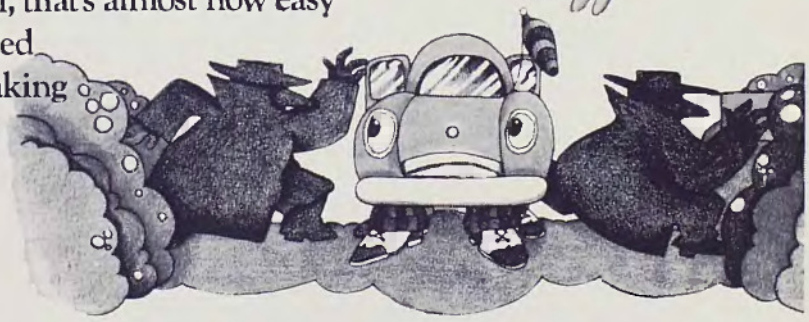

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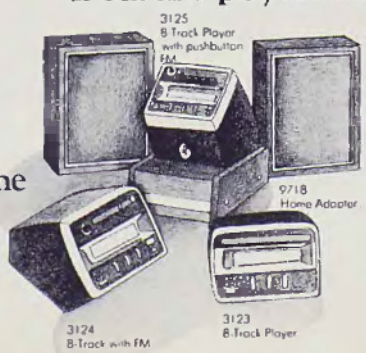

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if before he had met her he'd known a lot of tall girls intimately and had a standard of comparison, they'd be married already.

Sitting there in the cluttered little office watching her lick mayonnaise off her finger with delicious unself-consciousness, he was tempted to forget his whole damn crusade and ask her to have dinner with him that night, even though he'd lied to her successfully and told her he had to have dinner with his mother and father in Westchester that night—they were getting uptight about never seeing him anymore, now that he'd found a girl. But the front doorbell rang just as he was about to speak and he had to go out into the store and stand around for almost a half hour while an elderly couple shuffled around the poetry counter denouncing Allen Ginsberg and finally buying a play in verse by Christopher Fry that must have been on the shelves since the year one.

While the old couple were still fussing around the store, June had come out of the back office, putting on her raincoat, and had whispered, "I have to go now." She had a date with a girlfriend in front of the Museum of Modern Art and then, since he was busy tonight, maybe they'd go to a concert at Town Hall. "Call me tomorrow. And have a nice evening with your family," she said, and kissed him quickly, at a moment when the old couple had their backs to them.

He had a severe twinge of guilt as he watched the brave little raincoated figure vanish through the doorway. Perfidy did not come easily to him. He even took a step toward the door, to tell her to come back, but at that moment the old lady called, "Young man, I believe we'll take this one," waving the Christopher Fry about like a captured bird.

When he escorted the old couple to the door and opened it for them, he looked across the street and could have sworn that he saw Paulette Anderson walking uptown, holding the arm of a man with wavy gray hair. They seemed to be in earnest conversation.

One more shot, he decided, and then the hell with it.

He went through his address book with the utmost care. He didn't want to have any more Dorothea Toyes sprung on him.

He stopped at the Ms. *Marsh, Susan***. She wasn't preternaturally tall, but she was a good size and you could be sure she wouldn't ever ask a man $50 for the pleasure of her company. She was a dark girl with green eyes who was politically advanced, although in a quiet, unpushy way. The reason Christopher knew she was politically advanced was that the only books she ever showed an interest in were written by people like Fanon and Marcuse and Cleaver and LeRoi Jones and Marshall McLuhan. She had beautiful legs. It was unsettling to sell books of that nature to a girl with legs as beautiful as that.

She had once told Christopher that he had a good mind. It was then that he had put her name in his address book and given her two stars. She had been caught in the shop by a rainstorm and they had got to talking. It turned out she was from a wealthy family in Grosse Pointe that she despised. She had been one of the youngest girls ever to graduate from Radcliffe and had intended to take her master's in philosophy when she had seen the irrelevance of it all. She expressed disapproval of every book Christopher was displaying at the moment in the window and he said, "Actually, the whole world would be better off if they didn't print another book for the next fifty years."

That's when she said he had a good mind. "Books are dividers," she said. "They form a false elite. To immerse ourselves in the masses, we need song, ritual and bloodshed." She had invited him to a meeting that night that she said might interest him, but he had a date with June and he had to decline.

Now, seeing her name in his book, he remembered the rainy afternoon and the quiet beauty of her green eyes and her sensational legs. A girl with legs like that, he thought, doesn't use them just for walking, no matter what her politics are.

He reached for the phone. But just as he was about to pick it up, the front door opened and a huge young man without a hat entered the shop, took three steps into the room and stopped, staring the length of the shop at him with a pensive but at the same time somehow threatening expression on his heavy, handsome face. Six feet, four, Christopher thought automatically. At least.

Christopher moved away from the phone to the new customer, who remained planted and silent in the aisle in a tentlike raglan tweed coat, his face ruddy and athletic, with an old diagonal scar pinkish on his forehead, running down almost into one eye.

"May I help you, sir?" Christopher said.

"No," the man said, continuing to stare fixedly at him. "I'm browsing. This is The Browsing Corner, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm browsing." But the man never looked at a book, just at Christopher, as though he were measuring Christopher for some unpleasant uniform or deciding whether he could use him for some unpleasant purpose.

Christopher turned away to fuss with a display of books on a table. The man didn't move and the only sound from him was a rather hoarse breathing. He was too well dressed to be a stick-up man and he didn't have the look of somebody who was interested in books. Naturally, Christopher couldn't call Susan Marsh with a customer like that in the shop.

Christopher was pleased when a young couple came into the shop and negotiated their way around the huge man in the middle of the aisle and asked if he had a copy of *The Red Badge of Courage*. Christopher knew he didn't have a copy, but he told the young couple to wait while he looked in back. He stayed in back as long as he dared. By that time, the young couple were gone, but the man was still there, still with that fixed, pensive, animallike stare.

"Have you found anything you like?" Christopher ventured.

"I'm still browsing," the man said. He had the gift of immobility. While Christopher moved nervously from Popular Fiction to Drama to Biography to Greeting Cards, the man stood there, still, mountainlike, only unblinking his eyes, flicking in their sockets, to follow Christopher's movements.

This is the worst Saturday afternoon I have lived through in my life, Christopher thought, after it had gone on for what must have been at least half an hour.

Finally, the man said, "Hah!" and shrugged. He smiled slowly. "Thank you," he said, "it's been a nice browse, Christopher." Massively, he departed.

Christopher looked after him, confounded. Christopher! How did the man know his name? He could have sworn he had never seen him before in his life. The city is full of nuts, he said to himself. And it's getting worse.

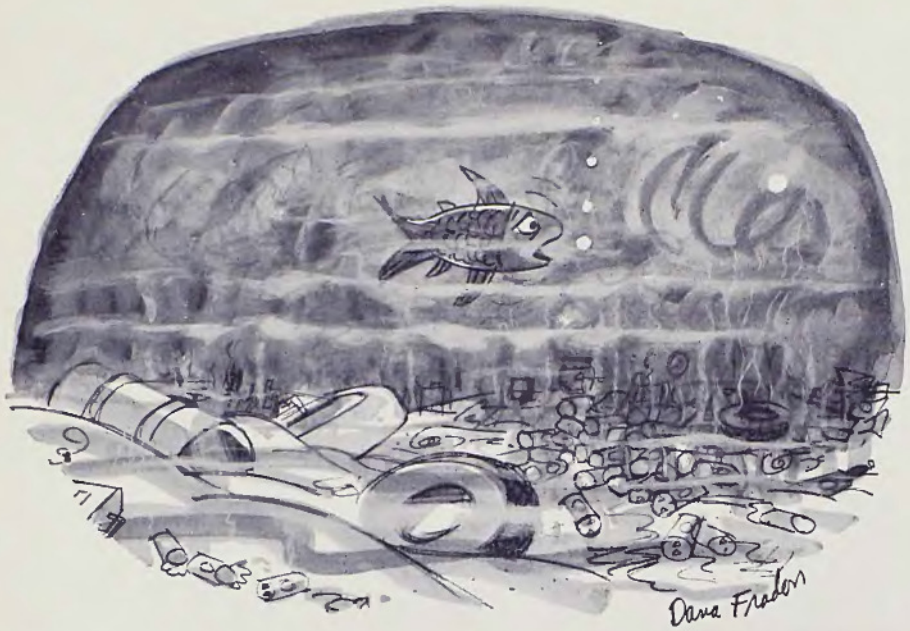
For some reason, he was trembling and he sat down to calm his nerves. Then he remembered he had had his hand on the phone to call Susan Marsh when the tall stranger had come into the shop. It was a lucky thing he wasn't in the middle of an intimate conversation when the door had opened.

He strode over to the phone, determined not to let himself be shaken. His hand was almost steady as he dialed Susan Marsh's number.

• • •

Sue watched closely as Harry Argonaut put the machine together on the carpet in her living room. The time might come when she would have to do it herself and there was no room for error. Harry Argonaut wasn't his real name. It was his nom de plume or, more accurately, his *nom de guerre*. He was a small, pudgy, slow-moving man. Although he was only 24, he was already bald. Fred Drabner, who had brought over the detonating device after lunch, was seated in an Eames armchair, watching Harry Argonaut attach the last two wires. The machine was to be used that

"No, no! Work now, play later!"



"Water . . . water!"

night in Newark. Newark had been picked for the demonstration because it was one of the most explosive communities in America and the bombing of a bank in the heart of the city would create maximum confusion and with luck provoke some shooting by the police and perhaps a few spectacular arrests of innocent passers-by.

The room was quiet as Harry worked. It was a nice room, luxuriously furnished, because Sue got a whopping allowance from her family in Grosse Pointe. Now she gave almost all her money to the movement, but she had leased the apartment and furnished it before she had seen the light. Since it was on a very good block just off Park Avenue, in a converted town house with high-rent apartments and no doorman, it was a perfect place for making bombs.

Harry Argonaut, whose accent could have come from any part of the country, hadn't told them yet who was going to take the machine to Newark. He gave out information sparingly and at the latest possible moment.

He was caressing the little machine lightly when the telephone rang.

Sue looked inquiringly at Harry, waiting for orders.

"Answer it," he said.

She went over to the leather-topped English mahogany desk in front of the windows and picked up the phone. She was conscious of Harry Argonaut and Fred Drabner watching her intently in the lamplight. All the curtains were drawn and the room looked like evening.

"May I speak to Miss Marsh?" the man said on the phone.

"This is Miss Marsh."

"This is Christopher Bagshot, Miss Marsh."

"Who?"

"From the bookstore."

"Oh, yes." Her tone was noncommittal and she watched Harry Argonaut for signs.

"I was wondering if you'd like to have dinner with me tonight, Miss Marsh."

She thought the man sounded strange, as though the simple sentence was for some reason costing him a great deal of effort to get out.

Harry Argonaut was moving his lips elaborately, silently mouthing the question. "Who is it?"

"Hold on for a moment, please, Mr. Bagshot," Sue said. "A friend of mine is just leaving and I have to say goodbye." She put her hand over the phone. "It's a man called Bagshot," she said to Harry. "He works in the bookstore on Madison Avenue."

"What does he want?" Harry asked.

"He wants to take me to dinner tonight."

"Let me think," Harry said. That was one reliable thing about Harry—he always took time to size up every situation and figure out what advantage might be drawn from it. "Do you know him well?" he asked.

"I've spoken to him four or five times, that's all."

"Do you think he suspects anything?"

"Oh, no. He's a harmless little man." She regretted the little. Harry was no taller than Mr. Bagshot.

"Why is he calling at this hour on Saturday to ask you for dinner?"

Sue shrugged. "Maybe his girl stood him up and he's lonely."

"How did he get your telephone number?"

"It's in the book, for one thing," Sue said. She was used to Harry's intensive questioning by now. "And I have a charge account with him besides."

"Get an unlisted number first thing Monday," Harry said.

Sue nodded. She wondered if Bagshot was still on the phone.

Harry thought for 30 seconds, kneeling on the carpet, his eyes closed in concentration.

"Tell him you can't give him an answer now," he said, "but that you have to pass by his shop in a half hour or so and you'll drop in and tell him then. Go ahead."

Sue nodded. She didn't know what was in Harry's mind, but whatever it was, it was part of a greater plan.

"Mr. Bagshot," she said, "are you still there?"

"Yes." His voice was eager.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but——"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right, Miss Marsh," he said.

"I'm a little up in the air right now," Sue said, "and I'm late for an appointment. But I'll be passing by your shop in a half hour or so. I ought to be sorted out by then, and if I can possibly make it, I'd adore having dinner with you." Being in the movement was a lot like being in the theater. The better you were as an actress, the more effective you were as a revolutionary.

"That's fine, Miss Marsh," Bagshot said. The way he said it, you could tell his life was full of postponements, if not worse. "I'll be waiting."

She hung up.

"Well done," Harry Argonaut said.

She flushed with pleasure. Coming from him, that was high praise, indeed.

Without speaking, Harry got up off his knees and went to the hall closet and took out the blue tennis bag that a small boy had delivered to her apartment three days before. She had asked the boy no questions and had put the bag in the closet, hiding it behind a leather-and-canvas valise from Mark Cross that her father had given her as a Christmas present.

Harry brought the tennis bag into the living room and opened it. It was jammed with crumpled sheets of the *Newark Evening News* and the *Newark Star-Ledger*. While Sue and Fred Drabner watched him silently, he took out some of the newspapers and made a nest of those that remained and lovingly fitted the machine into the nest. Then he zipped up the bag and snapped a small padlock through the two overlapping eyelets in the brass zipper tags.

"Now," he said to Sue, "you're going to put on your nicest, most respectable dress and you're going to walk over to Madison Avenue carrying the tennis bag. You'll go into the shop and tell this fellow Bagshot that you haven't been able to get hold of this man you have a tentative date with, but you'll know

definitely by six o'clock. You have some shopping to do, meanwhile, you say, and can you leave the bag there until you come back. You've got all that now?"

"Yes," Sue said and repeated word for word what he had told her.

"It's always safer policy," Harry said, "to store material in a place other than the one where the material is assembled. That way, if one cover is broken, all the others remain intact."

Sue wished Harry would let her take notes when he delivered his rare instructive generalities, but she knew it was out of the question.

"After you deposit the bag," Harry Argonaut said, "you come back here. I will not be here and neither will Fred. At a quarter to six, your phone will ring. A voice you will not recognize will say, 'I'll meet you at a certain corner.' If the person adds, 'At the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, at six-thirty,' you will do the following. You will add ten to twenty-three, that makes Thirty-third Street, subtract one from eight, that makes Seventh Avenue, you will add one hour to the time, that makes seven-thirty, and you will reverse the compass points, that makes northeast corner. Got it?"

"Repeat, please," Sue said.

Harry repeated his instructions patiently. Then he made her repeat them back to him twice, until he was satisfied there would be no mistake. When he was certain that she knew what she was to do, he went on, "At six o'clock, you will go to the bookshop. You will tell the man that you'd be delighted to have dinner with him, but you have to go to a cocktail party, but that you'll meet him at a restaurant at eight-fifteen. Choose the restaurant yourself. Make sure that it is a crowded one, where you are well known. After you have made the contact and delivered the bag, take a taxi downtown to the Village. Get out in front of a restaurant there. When the taxi has gone, hail another taxi and go to the restaurant where you're going to meet the man from the bookstore."

"All clear," Sue said.

"Keep him out as late as possible. If he suggests going to his place, by all means do so. Just be back here at four A.M., for possible further instructions."

Sue nodded, then frowned.

"What is it?" Harry asked. He was terribly alert, even for the smallest signs.

"I have no money for all those taxis," Sue said. "I gave Fred my last ten dollars yesterday. And my allowance doesn't come in before the first."

Harry thought patiently about the absence of money. "Cash a check," he said.

"It's Saturday afternoon," she said, "the bank is closed. Anyway, I'm overdrawn this month."

Harry thought patiently again. "Cash a check in the bookstore. Is he good for a hundred, do you think?"

"I can try."

"Do the best you can," Harry said. "Now go get dressed." He was stuffing the extra newspapers from the tennis bag into the fireplace and once again Sue had to admire him for his foresight. If anything went wrong and the tennis bag were found, with the Newark newspapers in it, there would be nothing in her apartment that even by the wildest chance could connect her with the event. As she was pulling on a soft brown wool dress with a midiskirt, she could hear the crackling from the fireplace in the living room as the papers went up in flames.

She went back into the living room and put on a tweed coat over the brown dress and picked up the tennis bag. How invariably clever Harry was, she thought. Who would suspect that a well-dressed, aristocratic-looking girl carrying a tennis bag had destruction at her finger tips; saw, in her mind's eye, Park Avenue in ruins, Madison Avenue smoldering in the cleansing fire of revolution? She wanted to ask Harry when she was going to see him again. But she knew better and all she said was goodbye.

• • •

One hundred dollars, Christopher thought as he watched the door close behind Miss Marsh. I wonder if I wasn't a little excessive. He took the check out of the cash-register drawer and examined it once more, interested in the handwriting. It was bold but controlled, generous but intellectual. He put the check back into the cash-register drawer and picked up the blue tennis bag and carried it into the back office for safekeeping. He tried to keep his excitement down. The bag was a hostage, a guarantee that she would return. And she had said that she was almost 100 percent sure that she would be free to have dinner with him tonight. And she hadn't been political at all during her brief visit, but sort of twinkly and almost coquettish, especially when he had been enterprising enough to say that it was a shame a girl like her, with legs like that, thought she had to wear a midiskirt, to be in fashion.

It was the most hopeful thing that had happened to him all day, he thought.

• • •

When Sue opened the door to her apartment with her key, she didn't have the time to be surprised that Harry and Fred were still there. There were four other men in the living room and they immediately turned out to be detectives.

Harry had handcuffs on his beautiful slender wrists, and he spoke to her quickly in a loud clear voice, "Don't say anything until we get a lawyer."

• • •

At exactly the moment that Sue Marsh was arrested, Beulah Stickney was

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in the glassed-in visitors' gallery at Kennedy peering down at the floor where the passengers from Zurich were waiting for their baggage before going through Customs. Quite a few miles away to the west, in a one-room apartment on East 87th Street that Omar Gadsden used, he said, when he was kept in town too late to go to his home in Mount Kisco, Paulette Anderson was fighting weakly to keep the silvery-haired commentator from tearing off her cashmere sweater.

"Please," she said plaintively, struggling to sit up on the day bed on which she somehow had been trapped. "Please. . . ." He had gotten one hook of her brassiere undone. It was like wrestling with a man with ten arms. It was obscene for a man with that much gray hair to be so strong. "You mustn't, Mr. Gadsden," Paulette said, half smothered by a shoulder that butted into her mouth. "Really, you mustn't."

"Come on, treasure," Mr. Gadsden said hoarsely, all his ten arms working at once.

It was nice being called Treasure, even nicer than Angel of Hygeia, but she would have preferred it at a distance.

His behavior had come as a complete surprise. He had been fatherly and wise at lunch, suggesting delicious dishes and talking authoritatively about campus disorders and the ABM and Nixon's Southern strategy and integration and the relation of the G.N.P. to ecological decay in America. She didn't remember ever having a more informative lunch. He hadn't even tried to touch her hand in the restaurant. It had been so friendly and he seemed to be enjoying her company so much that she had ventured to say that she was invited down to a party in the Village that evening where he would meet some young people who would be wildly interested to hear his views. And he had said yes, he'd like to go, he knew a nice little place on Ninth Street where they could have dinner first. She had hoped that he would take her to a movie to fill in the time between lunch and dinner, but he said he was exhausted from the morning session with Dr. Levinson, as well he might be, poor man, and why didn't they go to this place of his that he kept for emergencies and play some music on the hi-fi and just relax until it was time to go downtown. Although she was disappointed about the movie, she told herself that she could go to a movie any time and when would she ever get the chance again to have Omar Gadsden for an entire afternoon, with the knowledge that when the evening came, she was going to give her friends something to talk about for months to come.

But in the meantime, Mr. Gadsden was working powerfully on her stockings. There was a fiendish ingenuity to his attack. When she defended one place, the assault shifted, with demonic energy, to another. If this was the way he was when exhausted, he must be perfectly shocking when fresh. If his public were to see him now, she thought, they might take his pronouncements on public morality with a grain of salt.

Suddenly, he stopped. He didn't move away, but he stopped. He looked at her, wrinkling his lovely gray eyebrows inquiringly. His hair was tousled and he looked sad and disturbed. As long as he didn't move, she liked him very much. If you had to do it with an old man, she thought, he wouldn't be a bad one to start with. She lay on the couch, dishevveled, skin showing here and there.

"What is it?" he asked. "Are you a Lesbian?"

She began to cry. Nothing as bad as that had ever been said to her before, she said. What she didn't tell him was that she was something even stranger. She was a virgin. She felt that she would die of shame if Mr. Gadsden found out that she was a virgin.

She sobbed bitterly, not knowing whether it was because Mr. Gadsden had asked her if she was a Lesbian or because she was a virgin. He took her in his arms and stroked her hair and kissed her tears away and said, "There, there, treasure," and in eight minutes she was lying naked on top of the day bed and Mr. Gadsden was taking off his shirt. She kept her eyes averted from him and looked at the photographs on the walls, of Mr. Gadsden with President Kennedy and Mr. Gadsden with Mayor Lindsay and Mr. Gadsden with John Kenneth Galbraith. When the moment comes, she thought, I'll close my eyes. I can't bear the thought of doing it in front of all those important people.

Mr. Gadsden seemed to be taking a long time and she looked over at him out of the corner of her eye. He was putting his shirt on.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You'd better get dressed. I can't go through with it."

She closed her eyes to shut out the sight of Mr. Gadsden, President Kennedy, Mayor Lindsay, John Kenneth Galbraith.

But she couldn't shut her ears. "I looked down at you, lying there, so young and perfect," Mr. Gadsden was saying, "and I thought of you in your white uniform performing those humble necessary tasks in Dr. Levinson's office, peering in at my bleeding jaws with all those weird little stumps of teeth, the ugly maw of age, and I thought, Omar Gadsden, you are trading on innocence and pity, you despicable old lecher; it is unbecoming and disgusting."

It was too bad that she was in no condition to appreciate him at that moment, because later on she realized he had never been as eloquent or convincing on any of the programs on which she had seen him.

"Get dressed, Paulette," he said gently, living up to his image. "I'll go into the bathroom until you're ready."

He left the room and she dressed slowly, half hoping he would come out and say he'd changed his mind. She didn't know how she'd ever be able to get this far with a man again.

But he didn't come out until she was fully dressed and had put up her hair, which had fallen loose in the scuffling.

He poured stiff whiskeys and they sat in elegiac silence in the dying light of the late October afternoon. When she reminded him timidly that he'd wanted to go to the party downtown, he said his jaws were hurting him and he was going to stay home and nurse them.

They had another drink and it was dark when she left his apartment, leaving him sunk in a chair, swishing whiskey around his wounded gums.

She remembered that she had told the boy in the bookstore that she'd come in around five. She didn't really make a decision, but she started across toward Madison. She had to go downtown tonight anyway, she told herself.

• • •

People came crowding into the baggage and Customs area from Immigration in clotted lumps of tourism and there was so much milling around that it would have been hard to pick out your own mother from the visitors' gallery, let alone a man you had only seen for 30 days in your whole life nine months before. Beulah peered through the plate glass anxiously, trying to spot Jirg, with people all around her waving spastically to relatives on the floor below and holding up babies and waving the babies' hands for them.

Finally, she saw him and she took a deep breath. He was wearing a long black-leather coat, down to his ankles, like an SS officer, and a green Tyrolean hat, with a feather. He was warm and he opened his coat and took off his hat to fan his face. Under the coat, he was wearing a bright-green tweed suit. Even from where she was standing, the bumps on the tweed looked like an outbreak of green boils. And when he took his hat off, she saw that he had gotten a haircut for his trip. A good economical haircut that would last a long time, probably until next spring. A wide pale expanse showed under the high, sharp hairline on the back of his neck, and his ears, she noticed for the first time, stuck out alarmingly from the bare pink scalp. Out of a sense of style, he was wearing long pointed Italian blue-suede shoes and fawn-colored suede gloves.

She regretted that she was farsighted.

Before he could see her, she shrank

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back away from the window to think. She wheeled and ran down a corridor and went into the ladies' room. She looked around her wildly. There was a Tampax vending machine on the wall. "Thank God," she said. She pushed past a square little Puerto Rican lady with three little girls and fumbled for a coin and put it into the machine.

When she came out of the ladies' room, she didn't bother to go back to the visitors' gallery, but went directly to the exit where the passengers came out after clearing Customs. She fixed a wan smile on her lips and waited.

When he finally came out of Customs, he was thriftily carrying his own bags and sweating. He had put on weight since the end of the skiing season and his face was curiously round. He was short, she noticed, almost as short as the bookstore boy. Was it possible that he could have shrunk since last winter? When he saw her, he dropped his bags, making an old lady behind him stumble, and roared, "*Schatzl*," at her and nearly knocked down a child of three running over to embrace her.

The leather coat smelled as though it had been improperly cured, she noted as he kissed her, and he had doused himself with airline lavatory perfume. If I have a friend at this airport who recognizes me, she thought as she permitted herself to be chucked under the chin, I shall sink through the floor.

"Here," she said, "we'd better get your bags out of the way. I'll help you."

"Finally in your country I come," Jirg said as they gathered up the bags and started toward the taxis. "Where is the nearest bed?"

"Sssh," Beulah said. "They understand English here." Her eyes swiveled around uneasily. The people on both sides of her looked very thoughtful.

"They giff me a big party for farewell, the boys," Jirg said. For the first time she realized his voice had been trained for shouting instructions to people caught in distant avalanches. "They know you wait for me. You should hear some of the jokes they make. You would laughing die."

"I bet," Beulah said.

They got into a taxi, Jirg holding onto the little air travel bag he was carrying.

"Where to, lady?" the driver asked.

Oy, she thought. "I'll tell you when you cross the bridge to Manhattan," she said.

The driver gave her a look. "Games," he said. He was one of those insufferable New York taxi drivers. He started his car with a neck-snapping jerk.

Jirg put his hand on her knee and looked conqueringly into her eyes. He had his hat on again.

"And what was the weather like?" she asked lovingly. "In Austria this summer, I mean."

"Always rain," he said. "Sometimes hail." He stroked her knee. In Austria it would have sent her through the ceiling with desire. His hands were horny with callus and she could hear him making snags in her stocking.

"Did you enjoy your trip?"

"Filthy," he said. "The plane was all *Amerikaners*. Maybe they are all right in their own country, but they haff no *Kultur* when they voyage. Except for one *Amerikanerin* I know." He leered selectively at her. He had had his teeth fixed since she had seen him last and one molar and one front tooth were pure gold. His hand went up her thigh, snagging thread.

"How was the food on the plane?" she asked, grabbing the other hand fondly, to immobilize it. She regretted not having worn culottes that day. They didn't offer much protection, but they offered some.

"Swiss food," he said. "For cows. And they make you pay for drinks. The Swiss love one thing. Money."

"All airlines charge for drinks in tourist class," she said, sweetly reasonable.

"Drink," he said. "Oh, that reminds me." He smiled benevolently. "I brought my *Amerikanisches Schatzl* a gift."

In the rearview mirror, she saw the taxi driver grimace, as though he had a gas pain. Jirg took his hand off her leg and dug in the air travel bag on the seat beside him and took out a small squarish unlabeled bottle. She recognized the shape of the bottle and felt her duodenum contract.

Jirg proudly held up the bottle. "See," he said, "I remembered."

It was a drink she loathed, a Tyrolean home product made up of odds and ends of herbs and poisonous weeds that grew in dank spots near precipices in the Alps. Jirg imbibed it in huge quantities, like a giant intake valve. She had pretended to be one of the boys in Austria and had expressed her enthusiasm for the foul stuff. He twisted the cork and offered her the bottle. A smell came out of the neck of the bottle like old and ill-cared-for animals.

She took a ladylike sip, managing not to gag.

He took a huge swig. "Ach," he said, nostalgically, "the nights we drank together."

"Hey, lady," the taxi driver half turned his head, scowling. "No drinking allowed in this cab."

"You'll have to put the bottle away, luv," Beulah said. "He says it's against the law."

"It is not believable," Jirg said. "Drinking against the law. He is making fun of me. I believe he is a Jew." Jirg's face turned a sudden Master Race purple. "I haff heard about New York."

"He isn't a Jew, luv, he's an Irishman." She looked at the driver's ticket, stuck in its frame at the back of the front seat. The man's name was Meyer Schwartz. "Put the bottle away, luv. We'll drink it later."

Muttering in German, Jirg put the bottle back in the air travel bag. The driver swerved the taxi in front of a truck, missing it by seven inches.

By the time they reached the cutoff to Shea Stadium, Jirg's hand was all the way under her skirt, sliding under her panties. She was surprised it had taken that long. Luckily, she was in the right-hand corner of the back seat and the driver couldn't see what was happening in his mirror.

Jirg panted convincingly in the region of her neck, while his hand worked expertly between her thighs, his middle finger amorously exploring. She lay back, tense but waiting. Suddenly, the middle finger stopped moving. Then it moved again, two or three sharp scientific probes. Jirg took his hand away abruptly and sat up.

"*Scheisse*," he said, "*vas ist das?*"

"That's fate, luv." Beulah sat up, too.

"Fate? I do not know that word."

"It means what will be will be."

"Speak slowly."

"It means I have the curse, luv."

"Who cursed?" he said. "So, I said *Scheisse*."

"It's a word American girls use when they are temporarily out of commission. Not in working order. Not ready for visitors."

"Four thousand miles I flew," Jirg said piteously.

"Mother nature, luv," Beulah said. "Take heart. It only lasts a few days. For most girls." She was preparing him for the moment when she would tell him it sometimes went on with her for months, especially in the autumn.

"Vat vill I do for a vew days?" Jirg whined.

"Sight-see," Beulah said. "I think the boat that goes all around Manhattan Island is still running."

"I did not come to New York to go boat riding," Jirg said. He looked bleakly out the window at the passing architecture. "New York is a pigsty," he said.

He sat in silence, disapproving of New York, until they had crossed the Triborough Bridge.

"We are in Fun City, lady," the taxi driver said. "Where to?"

"That hotel on Ninth Avenue," Beulah said. "I forget the name." She had never been inside it, but it looked clean, efficient and inexpensive from the outside. It had the added charm of being distant from her flat. She was sure there would be ice water for Jirg, probably running out of the taps, which should entertain him for a day or two.

"If we were all sweet sixteen right now, we'd be naked in a pile, grooving to the Mothers of Invention."

"We are not to your apartment going?" Jirg asked.

"I was going to explain about that, luv," Beulah said nervously. "You see, I have a roommate."

"Does she ski?"

"That isn't the point, luv. She . . . she is neurotically puritanical. Religious."

"So?" Jirg said. "I am also religious. Nobody is more religious than Austria. I will talk religion with your roommate."

"She believes it is immoral for unmarried girls to sleep with men." Beulah was briefly thankful that Rebecca was not there to overhear this comment.

"I did not come to New York to be married," Jirg said warily.

"Of course not, luv. But just to keep peace in the apartment, it would be better if you stayed in a hotel for the first few days. Until she gets used to you."

"In Austria," Jirg said, "I haff slept in the same room with two girls. In the same *bed*."

"I'm sure you have, luv," Beulah said soothingly. "But we have different customs here. You'll catch on in no time."

"I do not like New York," Jirg said gloomily. "I do not like New York at all."

At the hotel, which was not as inexpensive as it looked, Beulah got Jirg a single room with shower. He wanted her to go up with him, but she said she was poorly, because of her malady; he could see how pale she was, she wouldn't even have stirred from her bed that day if he hadn't been arriving from Zurich; and if she didn't go home and lie down with a cold compress, she probably would faint right there in the hotel lobby. She gave him $30 in American money, because all he had with him was Austrian schillings and Swiss francs, and told him to eat in the hotel so he wouldn't get lost. If she was strong enough that evening, she said, she would call him.

She watched him follow the bellboy with his bags to the elevator. When the elevator doors slid shut behind him, she sprinted for the main entrance.

She walked blindly cross-town. By Eighth Avenue, she had decided she was going skiing in Sun Valley this winter. By Seventh Avenue, she had decided to take an offer for a modeling job in Brazil that meant leaving by Tuesday. By Sixth Avenue, she decided she wasn't going home before midnight, because she wasn't going to give Rebecca the satisfaction. By Fifth Avenue, she realized that that meant having dinner alone. By Madison Avenue, she remembered Christopher Bagshot. She went into a bar and sat alone over a white lady, trying to decide which was worse.

• • •

It was past six o'clock, 6:15, to be exact, and Sue Marsh hadn't shown up

at the bookstore for her tennis bag. Christopher was beginning to worry. He could not keep open, waiting for her. He was disappointed in her. He hadn't thought of her as a flighty girl who made idle promises. And Miss Anderson hadn't come into the store at five o'clock, either, as she had said she would. He knew he should be angry at the type of girl who treated a man with so little consideration, but what he really felt was desolation.

Then the door opened from the comparative darkness of Madison Avenue and a tall girl with straight blonde hair came into the store. She was wearing a miniskirt that showed a great length of leg, and a hip-length fun fur, more or less electric-blue in color. He had never seen her before and from the uncertain way she moved around the shop, it looked as though she had never been in a bookstore before. He moved briskly toward her. "Is there anything I can do for you, miss?" he said.

She had big gray eyes that seemed to be imploring him. She was beautiful, in a strange, haunted way, like some of those movie actresses in Swedish pictures who have affairs with their brothers or sisters. An incoherent, unreasonable hope stirred in his breast. "Do you have any cookbooks?" she said.

"We have a selection. This way, please."

"Thank you very much," she said, in a near whisper. Her voice trembled. He wondered if she was a young wife who had a fancy dinner to prepare that evening for her husband's boss or somebody and who had met disaster in the kitchen an hour or so before the guests were to arrive. Saturday evening at 6:15 was a queer time to buy a cookbook. He didn't catch sight of a wedding ring, though.

He hovered near. "Just what sort of cooking are you interested in? French, Italian, American . . . ?"

"Oh, any kind."

"There's an amusing one that has come out fairly recently," he said. Because it was getting so late, he resolved to be daring. "*The Myra Breckinridge Cook Book*, by a friend of the author, Gore Vidal. It's quite risqué." He chuckled, to show that she could take his risqué or leave it alone. "Here, let me get it down for you." He reached for the shelf. It wasn't there. He had seen it when he closed the shop the night before and he knew he hadn't sold it since. Somebody had stolen it during the day. "I'm afraid I've sold the last copy," he said lamely. "If you'll give me your name and address, I'll order one and——"

"Oh, there's no need to bother, thank you," she said softly. Just from the tone of her voice, you knew she wasn't the sort of girl who would say she'd come by at five o'clock and never show up, or the kind of girl who deposited a tennis bag and then irresponsibly left it with you while she consorted with New Left agitators who made love in public parks.

The girl took down a huge illustrated book on French cooking and opened it at random to a page on which there was a color photograph of *poularde de Bresse en cocotte*. She stroked the page absently. "Chicken," she said.

"You like chicken?" It was awfully pedestrian, but he had to keep the conversation going. If she had been at the literary-criticism counter, the dialog would have been more inspiring.

"I love it," the girl said. "Chicken. My mother used to kill two every Sunday. Whenever I have chicken, it's like a day I don't have to work."

"What do you work at?" The conversation was getting more intimate in long leaps and heady bounds. Although the picture of the girl's mother wringing the heads of two chickens every Sunday was a little disquieting.

"An actress. A dancer. A little bit of both," the girl said.

A dancer. That explained the legs. "Where are you working now?"

"No place for the moment." She kept stroking the picture of *poularde de Bresse en cocotte*. "I'm up for a part off-off-Broadway. One of those naked plays." She kept looking down at the cookbook and her voice was so low he wasn't sure that he'd heard correctly.

But whether he had heard correctly or not, it was making an effervescent impression on him. To have a beautiful girl, with pretty nearly the longest legs in the world, who had been walking around in the nude all day before dozens of people, just wander in off the street like that. And just before closing time!

"If you like chicken," he said, putting everything on the one throw, "I know a place on Sixty-first Street where they do it better than anyplace in New York. A French place."

"I wouldn't mind a good chicken dinner," the girl said.

"By a lucky accident," he said, "I'm free tonight."

"By a lucky accident," she said, "so am I."

He looked at his watch. "I close up here in about forty minutes. There's a nice bar around the corner on Lexington. Smiley's. Why don't you have a drink there and I'll be right along and then we can go on to dinner at this great place?"

"You're sure you won't forget and leave me there?" she said, sounding dubious.

"You just don't know me, Miss——"

"My name is Anna. Anna Bukowski. I'm going to change it if I get the part."

"My name is Christopher Bagshot."

"It's a good name," the girl said, "for a man who works in a bookshop. What time did you say you'd be there?"

She was eager, to top it all. "No later than seven-fifteen. Are you hungry?"

"I can eat," she said. She gave him the Swedish-actress incest smile and went out of the shop in her miniskirt and electric-blue fun fur.

He raced catatonically around the store, getting things in order before closing up and speeding over to Smiley's Bar. Now he knew that voice in his dream hadn't spoken for nothing.

• • •

Anna Bukowski walked slowly and deliberately over toward Lexington Avenue. She had to walk slowly to conserve her energy. She hadn't eaten for two whole days now and she was dizzy from lack of food, and every step she took was like dragging through hot tar. She wasn't on a diet or anything like that. She was just flat broke. She was just in from Cleveland and she had had no idea New York was so expensive. She had spent her last money on subway fare downtown for the tryouts that morning and she had walked all the way up from St. Mark's Place after parading around naked all day, which was also fatiguing, even though it didn't seem like much. But people didn't count the nervous strain.

The reason she had gone into the bookstore was to see if she could steal a book and sell it to a corrupt little man in a basement. Somewhere, she had heard that was a thriving industry. But then that young man had stood so close to her she wouldn't have had a chance to steal a rubber band. And she had asked to see cookbooks because she had been thinking about food all day.

Her landlord had thrown her out that morning, too, and kept her bag, and she was standing in all the clothes she possessed in this world, in a miniskirt that was two centuries out of style. If that man in the bookstore was as wild to get laid as he seemed and if she didn't ruin things at dinner, she might be able to swing getting him to ask her to spend the night with him in his place. If he didn't live with his dying mother or something. And that would mean at least breakfast, too, the next morning. As an old dancer had once told her in Cleveland, "I was in Buenos Aires and I was living off coffee and rolls. My stomach was shrinking to the size of a pistachio nut and I had to make a decision, and I made it. I sold one part of me to support another."

When she got to Lexington Avenue, she had forgotten which way the man had told her to turn, uptown or downtown, for Smiley's Bar. Hunger wasn't good for the memory. Well, there were only two ways to go. She chose uptown. She stepped down off the curb without looking which way the lights were on and a taxi made a wild swing, with a loud screeching of tires, to avoid hitting

"Jeremiah, I can't sleep. Tell me again about what the savages do to the women they capture."

her. She jumped back, but fell down. She was safe, but the day had been so awful and she had come so near to being killed that she just sat there on the cold pavement of the city of New York and began to weep.

A man who had been waiting for the lights to change came across the street and said, "Please, let me help you."

She didn't say anything but, still sobbing, allowed the man to pull her to her feet.

"You really have to watch the lights," the man said gently. "All things combine in an attempt to destroy you in this town."

She sobbed uncontrollably. She was in no mood to hear lectures on safety precautions at the moment.

"What you need is a drink, young lady." She looked at him, conscious of rivulets on her cheeks. He was about 40 and wore a nice dark topcoat and a hat.

She nodded. Her tears stopped. If the nice man took her to a bar, maybe it would be Smiley's; it was in the neighborhood. And even if it wasn't, there would probably be potato chips there and olives and salted peanuts and she could put down a little foundation so she wouldn't disgust the man from the bookstore with her gluttony at dinner and ruin her chances for a bed for the night and Sunday breakfast.

"It's very good of you, sir," she said.

The bar he took her to wasn't Smiley's. It was a dark, elegant small place, with candles on the restaurant tables in the rear. There were plenty of potato chips and olives and salted peanuts and she just couldn't help from tearing into them as she drank a bull shot, which was good for dulling the appetite, too, because of the bouillon. Bull shot, Bagshot. It was funny having a bull shot before going to dinner with a Bagshot. She giggled, the liquor getting to her swiftly in her condition. The nice man watched her with a smile on his face as she ravaged three plates of potato chips and two of salted peanuts.

"Have you been on a diet?" he asked.

"Sort of," she said.

"But you're off it now?"

"Thank God."

"Do you know," he said, "I think the best thing I could do would be to march you to a table and order us dinner."

"I'm expected in a half hour or so," she said, although it took a great effort to say no.

"We'll just have one dish," the man said, taking her down off the bar stool. "And then you can flitter off."

She couldn't refuse an offer like that, so she allowed the man to lead her to a table. She asked the bartender where Smiley's was and he said it was just down Lexington Avenue two blocks, so there was plenty of time.

The menu looked so tempting that with a little coaxing from the nice 40-year-old man, now without his hat and topcoat, she ordered the whole thing. Hors d'oeuvres, cream-of-tomato soup, steak with broccoli with hollandaise sauce and French fried potatoes, salad, cheese, and strawberry tart for dessert. It seemed like a lot to cram into a half hour before going out to dinner, but the waiter assured her he would hurry.

• • •

Christopher was just about to lock the front door and go into the little lavatory next to the back office and shave. He would be cheating his father of about five minutes' worth of service, but he felt he really had to shave. He had shaved in the morning, but although he was small he was manly and he needed to shave twice a day. But just as he was about to turn the handle of the lock, through the glass of the door he saw Beulah Stickney striding toward him, like a model advertising health food. He stepped back and she entered briskly.

"Hi, luv," she said, morning-fresh, vital and friendly. "Auntie folded like last year's violets. Aren't you the lucky boy tonight? Let's celebrate. The night is young and you are beautiful. Where're you taking your friend Beulah to dinner? I hear there's a new place over on First that's——"

"I'm afraid tonight is out," Christopher said, with a delicious sense of power. "I've made other arrangements. Perhaps if I'm free some night next week. . . ."

"You mean you're feeding another bird, luv?" Beulah asked, a slight edge of what he thought was sharpness in her tone, and what she knew was hysteria.

"If you mean do I have an engagement for dinner with another lady," Christopher said, liking his language round tonight, "you're correct."

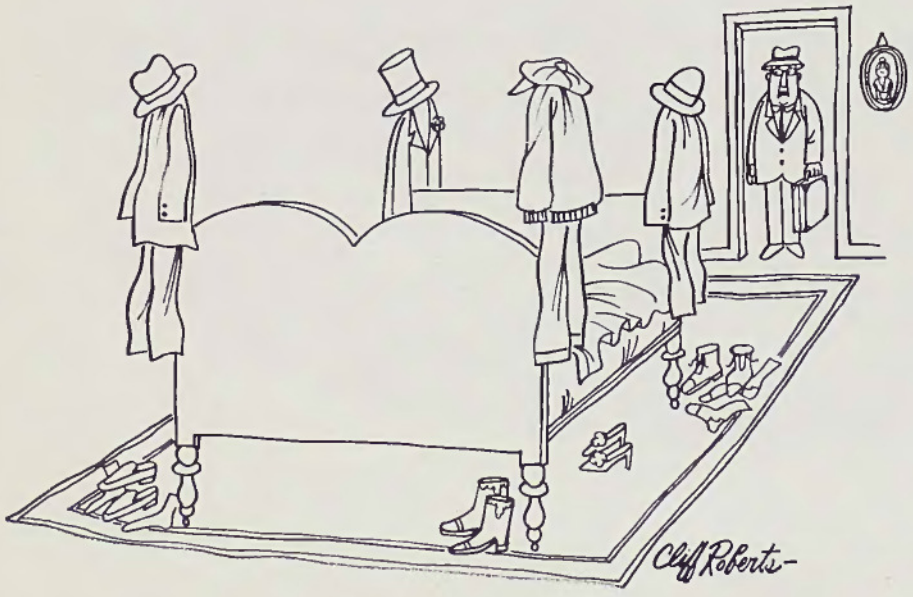
"Pah, luv," Beulah said airily, "let's make it *à trois*. It can be a load of laughs. May the best woman win." She didn't ordinarily descend to lures like that, but it was Saturday night and seven o'clock.

"Well. . . ." He hadn't thought about that possibility and it intrigued him. He hesitated, thinking hard. But then the door opened and Paulette Anderson came into the shop.

All I need now, Christopher thought, is for Sue Marsh finally to show up for her bag and Caroline Trowbridge to come in to apologize for saying it was a wrong number and Dorothea Toye to pass by, offering to cut her price.

"Why, Beulah," Paulette cried, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"This is my friendly neighborhood think tank, luv," Beulah said. "I was just passing by on the way home to change and I saw the beckoning light of literature and I came in to see if he had the new *Harper's Bazaar* or the latest Mailer to read in the tub." Her eyes flashed a clear signal to Christopher, and with a sudden maturity and understanding of women that he had never had before, he knew that she was warning him not to let Paulette Anderson know that she had come in to get him to take her to dinner. And certainly not to let her know that she had been turned down. "What brings you to these parts at this hour yourself, luv?" Beulah asked, her voice rising infinitesimally.



"Harriet . . . didn't you get my wire . . . ?"

"I was going to invite Mr. Bagshot to a party," Paulette said.

Dental assistants, Christopher realized, did not observe the same rules of feint and parry as models. Paulette looked as though she had had a wearing day and her clothes didn't seem to be on just right, but she had taken her glasses off and there was a winsome fluster to her hair.

"I see you ladies know each other," Christopher said. He hoped they didn't know each other too well.

"We're cap-and-crown sisters, luv," Beulah Stickney said. "I patronize the sainted Dr. Levinson and Paulette holds my hand to keep me from screaming while he wreaks his will on me. I have also taken her shopping in the rag bazaar on Seventh Avenue at wholesale rates so that she can be beautiful enough to invite popular young men like you to parties."

Bitch, Christopher thought. It gave him great pleasure to say this in his mind. "Oh," he said, "so that's how you know each other."

"Well, I must be toddling along," Beulah said. "I'm late as it is." She picked up a copy of the French *Vogue*. "Put it on my bill, luv. The next time I have a toothache, Paulette, you can tell me how the party turned out."

She left, smiling, the air perfumed and polar behind her.

"I'm always a little in awe of her," Paulette said. "Aren't you?"

"Not really," Christopher said.

"Well, I suppose men are different," Paulette said. She breathed loudly. "I hope I'm not too late. But the afternoon was just one thing after another and I just took a chance that you might still be open and. . . . Well, anyway, I'm invited to a party and if you still want to. . . ." She ran down and stopped. The way he was looking at her, with this new light in his eye, she was sure he knew that she had been lying naked on the day bed of Mr. Gadsden's emergency apartment as late as 4:30 that afternoon.

He just remained silent, silent and powerful, looking at her.

"Of course," she said. She was nervous, even if she did tower over him and she had thought of him only as a last resort until this very minute. "Of course, if you don't want to go to a party, I'll understand. . . ."

"I'd love to go, Paulette," he said easily. "It's just that I'm taken for the evening."

"Naturally," Paulette said. "At this hour. Well, maybe another time. Good night."

"*Ciao*," he said. He had never said *Ciao* before to anyone. "Good of you to drop by."

He opened the door for her. She heard it locking behind her.

As she walked heavily down Madison Avenue, she was overcome with the awful certainty that she was going to be a virgin for the rest of her life.

Humming, Christopher shaved. He felt marvelous. He didn't remember feeling this marvelous since the day he got his 4-F classification in the draft. Before going in to shave, he had tripped over the blue tennis bag and put it out of the way under the table. Looking at it, he decided he'd have it delivered on Monday by messenger to Miss Marsh's apartment, with a big bunch of forget-me-nots from that florist on Fifth Avenue. That would be ironic.

He shaved slowly because he didn't want to bleed. Even if he were late, that girl in the miniskirt with the great legs, what was her name, Anna, would wait. Tonight women waited for Bagshot.

• • •

It would have been all right if the steak hadn't been so good. But it was more than an inch thick and so tender you hardly needed the knife to cut it and it tasted the way steaks look in advertisements. It had just disappeared from her plate while the nice 40-year-old man was barely beginning on his and he had said, "My dear girl, I haven't seen anything like this since I played football in college." And he had insisted, it was the only word you could use, insisted, that she have another one, and what with the wine and all, and three kinds of cheese that she had never tasted before and the strawberry tart and the Cointreau with the coffee, well, it was 10:30 before she looked at her watch again and there was no use searching up and down Lexington Avenue at that hour like a lost soul for Smiley's Bar. And when she got out of the nice 40-year-old man's apartment at five o'clock the next day, which was Sunday, after a pancake and bacon-and-eggs brunch, served by a butler, there would have been even less use, wouldn't there, to look for Smiley's Bar?

She got the job in the off-off-Broadway naked show and two good reviews, mostly for her figure, if you wanted to be honest, and the nice 40-year-old man was as generous as nice 40-year-old men are supposed to be to tall young naked actresses, and all she had to worry about that autumn was her weight.

Lying idly in bed right before Christmas, reading the "Society" section of the Sunday *Times*, she saw an announcement that Mr. Christopher Bagshot, son of Mr. Bernard Bagshot, the owner of the well-known chain of bookstores, had been married the day before at St. Thomas's, in Mamaroneck, to a girl by the name of June Leonard.

So it had turned out well for everybody. It gave her a nice feeling.

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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

AH, THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY. WHEN YOU GET AFFLUENT, YOU GET FAT AND YOU GO TO A HEALTH SPA AND KILL YOURSELF WITH EXERCISING. THESE PROBLEMS THE SKINNY MASSES OF INDIA DON'T HAVE, LUCKY BEGGARS.

ANNIE HAS EXAMINED HER BODY AND DECIDED SHE MUST LOSE TEN POUNDS··· WHICH IS WHY SHE HAS GONE TO A SUPER SPA. LET US DO LIKEWISE ··· NOT LOSE TEN POUNDS BUT EXAMINE HER BODY.

HEALTH! HEALTH! HEALTH!

WHEN I STARTED HERE, MY VIOLIN WAS AS FAT AS YOURS.

-JUST OVER FROM LONDON, MY FIRST WEEK HERE, I LOST **TEN POUNDS!**

-FROM ME BLOODY **PURSE**, THAT IS.

IF EVERY-ONE WOULD WORK OUT ONCE A DAY, THERE'D BE NO **TIME** FOR A VIETNAM!

THERE ARE NO ATHEISTS IN SQUAT RACKS.

HI, THERE. YOU SAY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHOSE MEASUREMENTS ARE 40-24-38, WITH A FABULOUS SEXY, SLINKY WALK, WHO NEVER WEARS A BRA? WELL, **HERE I AM!**

FASTER, MARVIN. (MY CHAUF-FEUR DOES EVERYTHING FOR ME.)

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'LL CURE INFLATION— **SIT-UPS!**

SWEETIE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR **DAYS!** YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BACK IN NEW YORK LAST **WEEK!** I'VE GOT A SHOW LINED UP FOR YOU—

GOLLY, SOLLY··· I CAME TO LOSE TEN POUNDS, AND I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I DO!

SAY! **YOU** CAN USE SOME EXERCISE, AND, JEEPERS! **—WHAT FUN!**

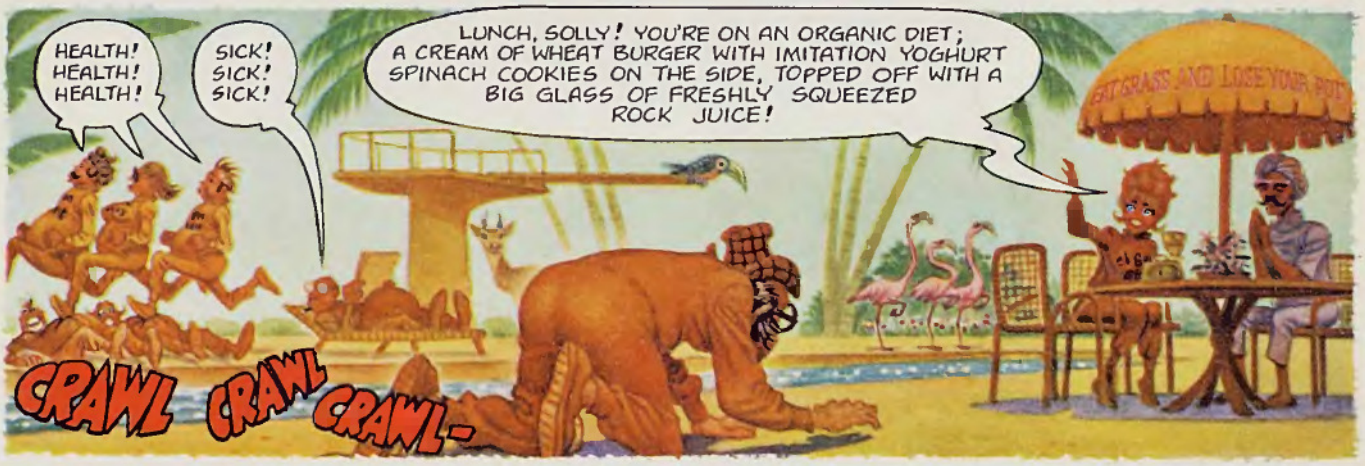
UGH!

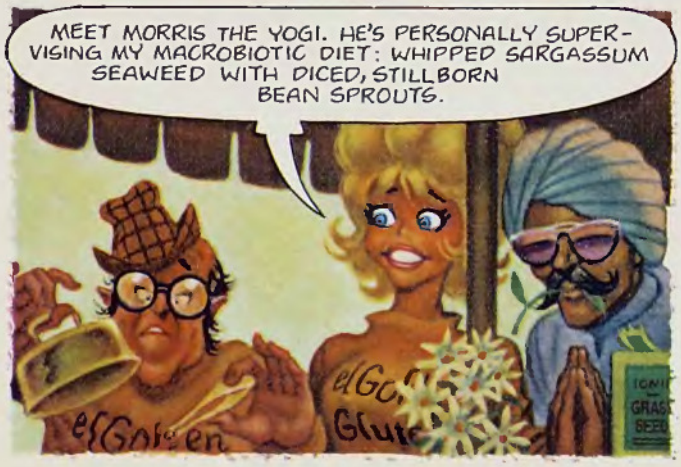
AGH!

YAAH!

ACHTUNG! I AM ZE BEAST OF ZE HEALTH SPA! YOU VILL NOW EXERCISE!
HI, FEL-LAH.
IT IS GOOD TO FEEL ZE PAIN! PAIN IS HEALTH! YOU ARE USING UNUSED MUSCLES ... ZE BICEPS FEMORIS, ZE PECTORIS MAJOR, ZE MUSCLES CONNECTING ZE UPPER NOSTRIL VIZ ZE BIG TOE-
LADIES! LOSE 150 POUNDS! GET RID OF YOU HUSBAND
YOU VILL NOW GO TO ZE SHOWERS!
YOU VILL IGNORE ZE FAINT ODOR OF GAS. YOU VILL BELIEVE WHEN I SAY ZEY ARE SHOWERS!
MOVE IT!
GEE-WINKIES... I STILL HAVEN'T LOST MY TEN POUNDS.
HELP!
THWAP!
OOOH! DOESN'T THAT FEEL GOOD?
IT'S KILLING ME!
NEXT, YOU VILL BATHE... IN STEAM TO OPEN ZE PORES! ... IN WHIRLPOOLS TO CLOSE ZE PORES! ... IN SAUNA TO SWING BACK OPEN ZE PORES AGAIN! ... AND IN ICE WATER TO SLAM ZE PORES SHUT VIS A BANG!
WHO'S ASKING YOU?
WE LOVE IT!
SPRONG! PTUNG!
SNAP! POP!
IS SOLLY HERE?
I'M JUST TAKING OFF HIS PARAFFIN WRAPS.
PHRZ UM NUM.
(HERE I AM.)
SOLLY, GOLLY, GOLLY, SOLLY... YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! THEY MADE YOU INTO A WHOLE NEW SOLLY BRASS.
I'M SOLLY RUMPELMEYER. WHO'S SOLLY BRASS?
STEAM ROOM
HE USED TO BE A HAPPY, FAT AGENT.
CRAWL! CRAWL! CRAWL!
THEY DIPPED ME IN HOT! THEY DIPPED ME IN COLD! THEY RUBBED ME WITH OILS! THEY WRAPPED ME IN SPICES AND HERBS! THEY BAKED ME! THEY BASTED ME! I MAY NOT GET MUSCLES, BUT I'LL TASTE DELICIOUS!
YOU LOST FIVE POUNDS! YOU VILL LOSE FIVE MORE POUNDS. SOON YOU MAY LOSE YOUR LIFE!
BUT DON'T BLAME ME. I AM ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS ... JACK LALANNE MADE ME DO IT!
OK, FELLAH, CALISTHENICS! MOVE OUT!
GOL-LEE! I CAN'T SEEM TO LOSE MY TEN POUNDS!

-THE PAIN ... THE PAIN-
YOU VILL LIKE ZE PAIN. YOU VILL LOVE ZE PAIN. YOU VILL HUG AND KISS IT!
YOU VILL COUNT AFTER ME ... VUN, TWO, VUN, TWO-
VUN. TWO-
HI, FELLAH!
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR JOG TODAY? ZE JOGGING IS GOOD FOR YOU. IT MAKES ZE BLOOD SLOSH BACK AND FORTH, YOU SEE ... RINSING, RINSING ALL OF ZE CLUMPS OF POISON ZAT GET STUCK IN ZE CORNERS OF ZE VEINS, YOU SEE ... AND ONCE YOU'VE GOT ZE POISONS SWISHING AROUND, LOOSE, YOU JUMP IN ZE SAUNA, WHERE ZE SWEAT FLUSHES ALL ZE POISONS OUT ... AND BEFORE ZESE POISONS REALIZE IT, YOU LEAP INTO ZE SNOW, SNAPPING ZE PORES SHUT, YOU SEE -
EX-CUSE ME, BUT-
LOOK AT THAT TRAPEZIUS.
-ONE, TWO, ONE, TWO, ONE, TWO, UN-
- SO WHEN ZE POISONS TURN AROUND TO GO BACK IN, ZEY FIND ZEMSELVES LOCKED OUDT!
TODAY ZE TRAPEZIUS! TOMORROW ZE DELTS!
HI, FELLAH.
-I JUST WANTED TO TELL SOLLY TO MEET ME BY THE POOL WHEN HE'S FINISHED!


HEALTH! HEALTH! HEALTH!
SICK! SICK! SICK!
LUNCH, SOLLY! YOU'RE ON AN ORGANIC DIET; A CREAM OF WHEAT BURGER WITH IMITATION YOGHURT SPINACH COOKIES ON THE SIDE, TOPPED OFF WITH A BIG GLASS OF FRESHLY SQUEEZED ROCK JUICE!
EAT GRASS AND LOSE YOUR FAT!
CRAWL CRAWL CRAWL-


MEET MORRIS THE YOGI. HE'S PERSONALLY SUPER-VISING MY MACROBIOTIC DIET: WHIPPED SARGASSUM SEAWEED WITH DICED, STILLBORN BEAN SPROUTS.

GOLLY, THEY HAVE SUCH WONDERFUL WAYS WITH THESE FOODS. THEY MAKE IT ALL TASTE LIKE MALTED MILK AND CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.
STILL-BORN BEAN SPROUTS?
WE'RE OFF TO YOGA CLASS. MORRIS THE YOGI IS GIVING ME PRIVATE LESSONS.
Pain Water

MORRIS THE YOGI, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE LATEST YOGA?
WE WILL NOW PRACTICE BLACK-BELT YOGA. DO NOT SPEAK. CONCENTRATE ON INNER PEACE –
OMMMMMMMMM –
WE WILL START WITH AN EXERCISE TO ROLL UP THE SPINAL COLUMN.
YOU WILL PUT ONE FOOT HERE –
OMMM!
– AND ONE FOOT HERE –
OMMM!
– AND ONE FOOT HERE!
JEEPER-EENIES !!
MORRIS THE YOGI WILL HELP. – ONE ARM UNDER HERE ··· ONE LEG OVER THERE ··· THE OTHER LEG OVER THERE ··· AHH ··· NOW YOU WILL FEEL THE SPINE ROLLING UP –
JINKIES! I CAN'T MOVE! ARE YOU SURE THIS IS YOGA?
CRASH!
HI THERE.
Staff
HOLD IT!
PRIVATE LESSONS, EH? TAKE HER TO MY CAR! WE'RE GOING HOME!
MORRIS, YOU FINK! WE ARE THROUGH !
EFFENDI! DO NOT TAKE AWAY THE MEM-SAHIB. THE YOGI, MORRIS, LOVES THAT LITTLE BROAD!
LOOK AT THAT FANTASTIC DELTOID.
KISS!
– SO YOU SEE, SWEETIE, THE YOGI KEPT GIVING YOU MALTED MILK AND CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE DISGUISED AS DIET FOOD. THAT WAY, YOU'D NEVER LOSE WEIGHT AND WOULD NEVER LEAVE THE JOINT.
YOU MUST ADMIT, SOLLY, NOW THAT THE MASSAGES AND EXERCISES ARE OVER, YOU DO FEEL GOOD, DON'T YOU?
THE TROUBLE IS, YOU'RE NOT USED TO EXERCISE AND YOU'RE A LITTLE RUSTY. IT'S JUST A MATTER OF KEEPING IT UP.
YOU KNOW, BABY, YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO JOG.
END

PLAYBOY
READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Altec Hi-Fi Stereo Components 207
American Tourister Luggage 44
Bass Shoes 35
Book-of-the-Month Bind-in Card ..... Between 16-17
Brass Studs by Robbee 11
BSR McDonald Turntables & Stereo Systems 69
Buxton Belts 35
Campus Sportswear 87
Career Club Shirts 28
Chads Signatures by Carwood 255
Clarks of England-Trek 32
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CRESCO Coats 52
Cricketeer Clothing 5
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Dexter Shoes 62
Dingo Boots by Acme 93
Dunham's Waffle-Stompers 43
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Freeman Boots 247
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Frye Boots 29
Gant Shirtmakers 33
General Electric Electronics 31
Golden Vee Shirts 247
Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes 28
Harwick Blazers 250
Mr. Hicks Slacks 42
Hitachi Electronics 6
Hush Puppies 41
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Jarman Shoes 217
Jaymar Slacks 36-37
Kenwood Components 34
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Memorex Electronics 85
Merit Clothes 61
MG Auto 54-55
Panasonic Electronics 1
Paris Belts 2
Pendleton Sportswear 33
Playboy Club Key Sales Bind-in Card ..... Between EA8-EA9
Prince Gardner Leather Goods 40
RCA Electronics 91
Resillo Neckwear 48
Roberts Tape Recorder 44
Sears Needs n Grubs 24-25
Securoslax Silver/Gulfstream 49
Sony Electronics 53
Sony Superscope Tape Recorders 80
Time/Life Books Bind-in Card ..... Between EA4-EA5
Toyota Corolla 213
Triumph Spitfire 237
Van Heusen Shirts ..... 3rd C
Volare Shoes 52
Wrangler Sportswear 223
Wyler Watch Corp. 242

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

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We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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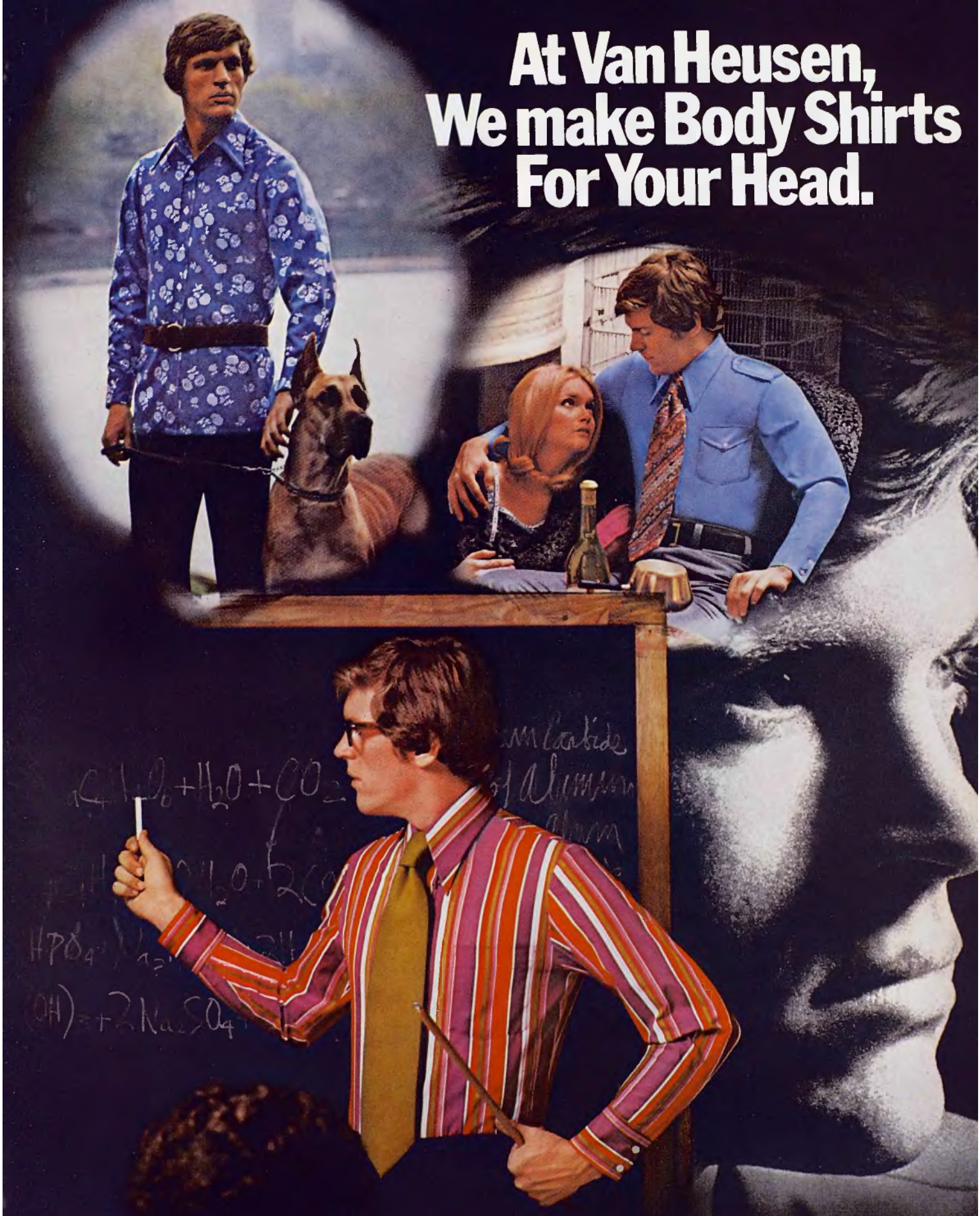

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