

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

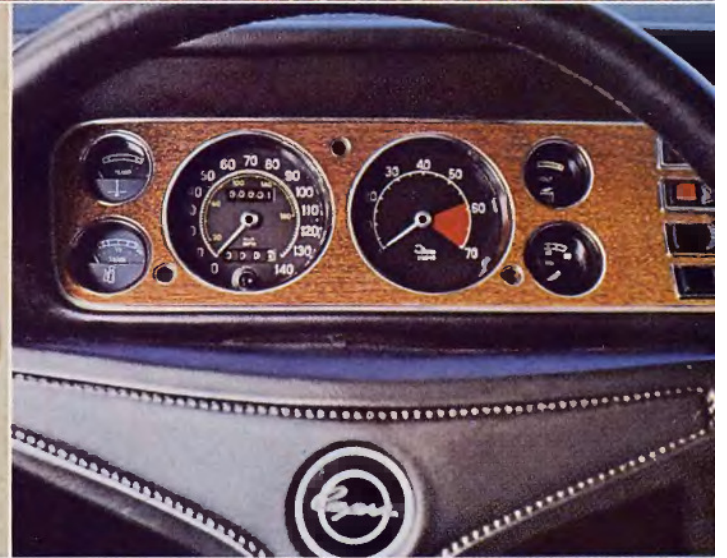
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For all its unpredictable mayhem, this era doesn't really give you much chance to test yourself, to take calculated risks, to feel the exhilaration of teasing death. You have all kinds of opportunities to die, of course: You can be drafted and sent off to some esoteric war; you can be knocked off by a junkie desperate for a fix; you can make a reservation on that statistically negligible plane that happens to fall out of the sky. But in the course of your average day, you're not likely to perform any task that—if you failed at it—could kill you. Yet there is something bred deeply into the species, an instinct that seeks those dangerous situations, finds some ineluctable thrill in facing and beating them; hence all the weekend sky divers, spelunkers, hot rodders and mountain climbers. Risking life and limb for its own sake is part—a regrettable part, some would say—of our history, of the very definition of what it is to be a man. In *You Bet Your Life*, Brock Yates considers some of the implications of laying it on the line for the sheer hell of it. Yates, who has been an editor of *Car and Driver* for seven years, likes to take a chance or two himself in his spare time—understandable after being around race drivers and writing about them as much as he has. In fact, he has competed in several Trans-American events, and—just to establish his credentials for this month's article—nearly cashed it all in on a qualifying lap. Seems his Camaro left the track at about 80 mph and sailed over a 30-foot ditch. There was no fire and Yates walked away. This and other experiences on the Trans-Am will become part of his book, *Sunday Driver*, to be published next fall by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

There is no end to the anomalies of these times. The most eloquent and sustained voice in defense of civil liberties is—ready?—that of an old-guard Southern Senator, Sam Ervin of North Carolina, a man almost compulsively suspicious of the Government, especially this Administration, and its tendency to play fast and loose with the Constitution. Robert Sherrill, Washington correspondent of *The Nation* and a frequent contributor to *PLAYBOY* and *The New York Times Magazine*, analyzes the paradoxical Senator in *Big Brother Watching You? See Sam Ervin*. If it isn't curious enough having a Southern Senator in agreement with the A. C. L. U., then how about the



SHERRILL



YATES



SCOTT



SUSSMAN



MALKO



LAFFERTY



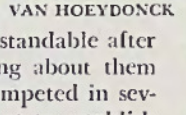
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GUNTHER

new American émigrés? They're not aesthetes going to Europe to escape the provincials. Today's exiles are off to Australia in flight from libertinism; from drugs, crime and pornography; from the social upheaval of late years. George Malko's *America: Loved It and Left It* is the result of two years' research into the exodus of staunch middle Americans.

Back during the Depression, Nelson Algren worked briefly as a carnival shill in Texas. Honest labor apparently didn't take, and he reports, "I've been unemployable ever since." But he's certainly written prolifically in the interim, most recently this month's story *The Last Carousel*, about a carnival shill who bugs out. Other fiction includes a medical fantasy, *Rangle Dang Kaloof*, by R. A. Lafferty, and Robert F. Young's *Chicken Itza*, science fiction with a touch of irony. A collection of Lafferty's stories, *Strange Doings*, will be published by Scribner's later this year. The sculpture illustrating *Chicken Itza* is by Paul van Hoydonck.

Who Are We? is a nine-page montage of sensory-awareness techniques developed by Bernard Gunther and photographed by Paul Fusco, who collaborated with Gunther on two books: *Sense Relaxation* and *What to Do till the Messiah Comes*. Gerald Sussman's parody, *The Hole Earth Catalog*, will be part of his forthcoming book, *Sussman's College Manual That Gives the Kind of Knowledge You Can't Get from Books* (William Morrow).

A venerable institution currently in a very sticky wicket is Rolls-Royce. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy asserts in "Incredible, Mr. Rolls!" "Mind-Boggling, Mr. Royce!" that RR should have stayed with automobiles and away from jet engines. And, of course, there is much more to this issue: the results of our 16th Jazz and Pop Poll (the All-Stars' All-Stars are illustrated by Thomas Upshur) and Contributing Editor Nat Hentoff's review of the year's high points and trends; a pictorial on Playboy Productions' first film, *Macbeth*, directed by Roman Polanski; an interview with R. Buckminster Fuller; and Henry Miller's comments on Japanese erotic art. Plus: Jack Denton Scott's instructions on microwave cooking, a package of satirical valentines and a leap-year Playmate. All of which, we think, makes for an exciting issue. Not quite as exciting, perhaps, as vaulting a 30-foot ditch at 80 mph, but still, a pretty fast track.

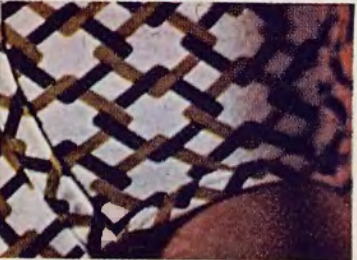
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You Bet P. 84



Angel Tompkins P. 87



Super Skivvies! P. 123



Sensory Awakening P. 139



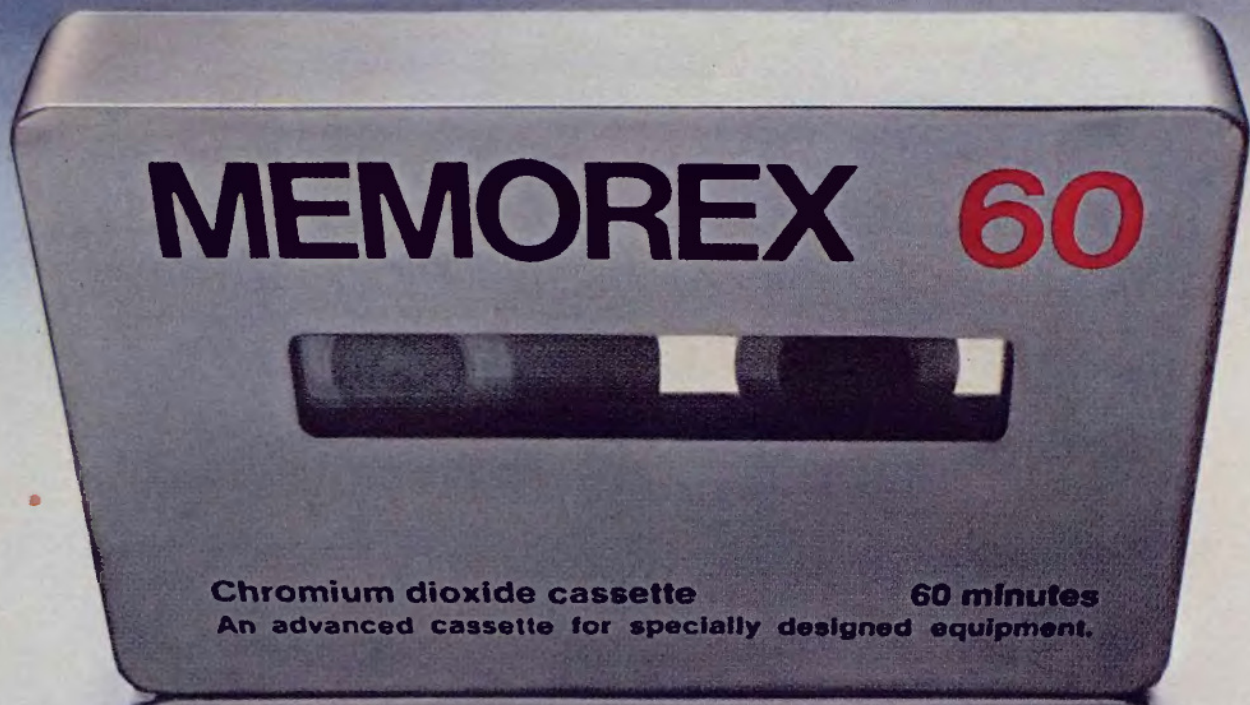
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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GET LEFT WITH GOD

Garry Wills's article *A Revolution in the Church* (PLAYBOY, November 1971) will astound many spectators of Catholic radicalism unaware of the conservatism from which it springs. The best and most profound of the Catholic radicals are likewise radically Catholic men and women: spurning materialism, thriving on discipline and sacrifice, caught inextricably in the tension between a transcendent God and a human Jesus and, finally, inflamed with the irrational conviction that protestations of prophetic witness (such as napalming draft files) will somehow change vicious and indifferent hearts. Like all fools before them, including the Fool on the Hill, they will fail and die, only to be followed by a new generation of fools who will swear that they have risen.

Orlando Barone
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

To be raised with a yearning for personal martyrdom is a dubious blessing. I share this yearning with Wills. It leads to celibacy, virginity, intense dedication, proselytizing, absolutizing and, of course, fighting: heretics, Communists, racists and, latterly, the FBI. Somehow the martyr, whether left or right of center, always ends up a unique "good guy" fighting those "insensitive bastards" of the other side. After I had lived a variety of martyrdoms—emulating Saint Lawrence, who was fried on a skillet, Saint Lucy, whose eyes were gouged out by Rome, Saint Isaac Jogues, whose fingers were chewed off by Indians, not to mention Saint Joe McCarthy and Saint Bishop Sheen—each variety gradually seemed to be another psychological power play to avoid being ordinary and human. Assuredly, as Wills suggests, we all need roots. Hopefully, we will find them within ourselves, in concerned neighbors, caring friends, home, work, growth, love—not in our religious traditions, nostalgia nor another species of martyrdom. Perhaps the Berrigans in jail are an important symbol to the radical Catholics who need heroes that make more sense than an infallible Pope. But perhaps, too, hero-making is still another way of feeling unique and exceptional, of remaining a

true believer, of avoiding a self-confrontation by turning Agnew and the FBI into a new, chic enemy. It may well be we have really moved past the priesthood and even Christianity to where the superstar priest, like the superstar Jesus, has become a more acceptable way for man to seek some energy source other than himself and the neighbor he tries to love.

James Kavanaugh
San Francisco, California

Ex-priest, poet and activist Kavanaugh last appeared in our pages in last July's "The New Salvationists."

Garry Wills's masterful article converted me. I am now convinced that those who feel a moral imperative must defy our laws and radicalize our society. Therefore, I move that we immediately canonize a great man who so rejected such mundane concepts as law, order and justice that he not only radicalized his own nation but radically altered the world. I refer to Adolf Hitler.

Danny McKendree
Cambridge City, Indiana

After my long crusade against certain policies of the Catholic Church, it is a delight to see that certain leaders of that Church are now criticizing it more severely than I did in my book *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. Of course, I do not quite share Wills's charitable attitude toward a serious religion that tends to be "politically radical and theologically conservative." Why not be radical on both fronts? After all, it is conservative theology, particularly the theology of Pope Paul, that still blocks birth control in many countries where it is desperately needed and that now impedes the abortion movement. Overpopulation, as I see it, is a twin evil with war. Perhaps the Berrigan crusade against war and my own crusade against the conservative sexual code of the Catholic hierarchy belong together, even though it is perfectly clear that in matters of fundamental philosophy we are miles apart.

Paul Blanshard
Orlando, Florida

Bertrand Russell quipped that our society has persecuted equally men who rejected Christ and those who took him

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seriously. Secularization has stopped us from burning atheists, but those rare heroes who live the spirit of Christ still share his fate. The Berrigan brothers, as reported in *A Revolution in the Church*, testify to the realism of the Gospel record. Loving others puts one at odds with the Sanhedrin as well as with Pilate, with the church as well as with the state. Garry Wills depicts moral prophets among us at a time when old institutional heroes—from Green Berets to their Commander in Chief, from Billy Graham to Cardinal Spellman—have been discredited. An equally talented writer should portray the disproportionate and exceptional role of young Jewish activists during the Sixties to move the rudder of this misguided national ship.

Kenneth L. Brown
Associate Professor of
Religion and Philosophy
Manchester College
North Manchester, Indiana

WALKING THE DOG

Dog Days (PLAYBOY, November 1971) was a delectable Oriental treat. Paul Theroux established a real feeling of place that made me yearn to go back to the Asia I once knew. I felt delightfully satisfied, much like I do after enjoying Oriental cuisine. One hour later I wanted more.

Martin Lannon
Tulsa, Oklahoma

CAROLINA ON MY MIND

The Tom McMillen Affair, by Lawrence Linderman (PLAYBOY, November 1971), reveals college athletics for what it really is: a big business. I feel if college administrations simply admitted that athletics is a money-making business, the entire enterprise wouldn't be so hypocritical. But they don't. No wonder the kind of pressure the author describes is applied to high school athletes.

Troy Phillips
Mesa, Arizona

Being a North Carolina Tarheel fan, *The Tom McMillen Affair* brought back disappointing memories. The article was well researched and well written, but it seemed to make Dean Smith—coach of the Tarheels—the villain without giving him the benefit of a defense. Dr. McMillen calls him a liar and Linderman sees him as the source of discomfort for the McMillens. The liar charge resulted after Tom was "ordered" by his mother not to telephone Tom Burleson, another high school star, but he did so anyway. When Mrs. McMillen was informed by Smith that Tom had "insisted" on making the call, Dr. McMillen replied that the coach's statement was "an outright lie." Was Tom's father in the room during the incident? If so, why did he not forbid his son to telephone Burleson, as his wife had? If not, there is surely reason to get

Smith's side of the story. Linderman further writes that Smith said Tom's parents had changed their son's mind about attending Carolina, resulting in "threatening and obscene letters from people in North Carolina." At that time, however, Smith was in Germany conducting basketball clinics at American bases. I realize that basketball recruiting is not a savory aspect of American college life and I sympathize with the McMillens, but surely coach Smith deserves better treatment than he received in this article.

Gary D. Norris
Kannapolis, North Carolina

JOHN, GEORGE, RINGO & ALLEN

What Allen Klein reveals in his harshly candid interview (PLAYBOY, November 1971) is not so much value judgments about the Beatles, the Eastmans, the record companies or himself but a society cancerous with greed. Simply put, the music of the Beatles transmogrified the world, made it cleaner and less unbearable, giving an entire generation joy and hope. Yet what happened is sickening history. Not only were the Beatles exploited into near bankruptcy, their genius was corrupted in the process. All are stumbling up blind alleys. Starr is attempting absurdly to be an actor, Lennon is an exhibitionist, McCartney is a stubborn loner and Harrison stew in his own juices. Only Klein, with his elephantine hide and vulgar push, has survived intact. He and the Eastmans calling one another pricks in bank vaults is irrelevant, though all share responsibility for the exploitation of the artist. If the Beatles could reason as well as vibrate, they'd get together again, re-electrify the world and jettison all the vultures, including Klein.

John Bright
North Hollywood, California

My first thought upon reading the interview with Allen Klein was that it would be most interesting to hear the other sides of the stories. It seems the situations that Klein describes are much more complex than the cut-and-dried pictures he paints. Anyway, I would love to hear or read what John Eastman has to say.

Jeff Barry
Jeff Barry Enterprises
New York, New York

Composer-producer Barry has penned such rock classics as "Tell Laura I Love Her" and "Sugar, Sugar" for such rock groups as *The Archies* and *the Monkees*.

I'd like to thank Craig Vetter for a gas of an interview with what must have been one tough subject. Klein certainly qualifies as a genius at some level or other, but he's been into legal games for so long that he must have a hard time talking straight. But Vetter seemed really to get the truth

out of him—and as a result, we know a lot more about what's going down with the power behind the throne. Many thanks.

Earl Duke
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As an attorney in the entertainment field and a business manager of talent, I can readily sympathize with many of Allen Klein's comments in his interview. It is quite true that we were scorned by record companies when we fought for the best possible deals for our clients, but this was years before the industry reached its present level of sophistication. I would now prefer dealing with any major record company than with many of the so-called blue-chip concerns. However, when interviewed in the capacity of record-company executive, Klein did an about-face. Suddenly, "asshole lawyers" were always seeking to make trouble. Doesn't he think there are others besides himself who seek to protect their artists? James Taylor stayed dormant on Apple Records, yet Warner Bros. was able to promote him into a leading artist of our times. Who failed? Not Taylor. And then, of course, there is the reference to the amount of money Klein made for the Beatles as compared with what Brian Epstein earned for them. This, put in proper context, is comparable with a recent sale of an apartment building in Manhattan as compared with the \$24 purchase price of Manhattan Island from the Indians. In spite of his reputation, Klein appears quite just and angelic in all his conversations.

Alfred Rosenstein
New York, New York

Rosenstein has advised and managed such rock stars as Joe Cocker, Elton John and Eric Clapton.

Thank you for the interview with Allen Klein. It's such a grand surprise to find that you haven't forgotten that things other than crusades and campaigns are still much in the minds of us Americans. I'm glad Klein spoke. It certainly is nice to know that such good people as the Beatles are being cared for by one so apparently capable—even if he does seem a bit full of shit.

Bobby Branton
Charleston, South Carolina

COUNTRY COMFORTS

David Standish's *Shenandoah Breakdown* (PLAYBOY, November 1971) was excellent in portraying the mood of a festival as it appears to an outsider. He failed to actually depict the music itself—but he's forgiven, since bluegrass, like jazz, has never had a truly accurate verbal portrait. I've followed bluegrass since early childhood both as a listener and as a performer and have always found it fulfilling, stimulating and powerful. Viewed

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aesthetically, it can be valued as highly by the intellectual as by the hick; and with the present back-to-the-roots movement, its earthiness, cleanliness and sincerity should place it in high esteem among music lovers. PLAYBOY has taken a great step forward in giving bluegrass the recognition it deserves, and I appreciate it.

Tony C. Williamson
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

You sent a man to Berryville who knew when the New Deal String Band was doing a Bob Dylan number but didn't know that a song on Dylan's first LP had been recorded by Ralph Stanley 25 years ago. The truth is that when bluegrass festivals started, many of the bands had spent a quarter of a century playing Podunk bars, school cafeterias and the tops of concession stands at drive-in theaters. It takes some time to learn how to play a concert. If the musicians are too mercenary, it's because so much of their living has come from a hard-sell; if they're unpolished, it's because for years, so was their audience. However, I don't think Standish was malicious—he was simply unperceptive and unsympathetic. Any tension between red-necks (and these are not always so easy to identify) and freaks was simply a product of Standish's imagination. The information he presents, seemingly as background, is typical of what a person who is initially experiencing a bluegrass festival thinks is going on. Standish implies that a pecking order existed in the seating arrangements, but there wasn't one—as any picture of the crowd will verify. Also, the statement by the lawyer that the performers don't play their best stuff onstage is simply not true. What lawyers call hard stuff is generally not bluegrass at all.

Ron Thomason
Formerly with the
Clinch Mountain Boys
Yellow Springs, Ohio

I'm tempted to go into a long dissertation on why I liked Standish's story on the bluegrass festival, but I'll just leave it that I thought it was beautiful. A strange rush of emotion came over me when I read the section that ends "America like we wish it was." I hope that America *is*, somewhere. If not, maybe we can bring back in modern dress that feeling of communication, understanding and empathy it once represented. You've made it sound worth it—and I'm not even sure that I like bluegrass. Thanks a million.

Kent McKeithan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I was so impressed with *Shenandoah Breakdown* that I would love to meet David Standish and tell him. If ever an

I-was-there feeling lingered after a piece, this is it. Having heard and loved bluegrass music for many years, I took a very special interest in his treatment and thought it was great. Bluegrass lovers have a lot in common with bluegrass pickers. We love hard, fight hard and pick hard! Long live us!

Minnie Pearl
Nashville, Tennessee

Country comedienne Minnie Pearl is a longtime member of Nashville's "Grand Ole Opry."

GRAVE DIGGER

In addition to the traditional mamillary titillation and variegated vengery in the November 1971 PLAYBOY, I found Curt Siodmak's story *The Thousand-Mile Grave* most entertaining. Siodmak is a good storyteller who presents a rather bizarre triangle and develops it to a suspenseful climax with an excellent twist.

F. D. Langton
San Jose, California

THANKS FOR THANKSGIVING

I've read *Thanksgiving in Florence* (PLAYBOY, November 1971) twice. I shall several times more. I have never been in Italy, so John Clellon Holmes's marvelously clear descriptions of present-day Florence evoke no memories—only a desire to see it for myself, however corrupted by tourism and the 20th Century. The beautiful and moving passage describing the Medici chapel made me think it unimaginable that any reader could be unresponsive and unable to identify with Holmes. I'm not a critic, and it is difficult for me to express what I felt as a reader. I can say only that I shared the experience with the writer, a thing that does not often happen to me. I have often admired, acclaimed and envied another's work, but to share it is something else. I congratulate Holmes and PLAYBOY.

Faith Baldwin
Norwalk, Connecticut

Prolific novelist Baldwin is best known for her "American Family."

John Clellon Holmes is so right: Florence is a museum surrounded by a traffic jam, a nervous wreck, and is no sexy city. Yet, as he notes, a strange redemption lurks in its beauty. Holmes is undoubtedly one of our finest and most poetic reporters.

William Harrison
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Thanksgiving in Florence is a kind of Laurentian celebration of the body that is, I think, more hopeful—because it is somewhat more democratic—than what D. H. Lawrence had to say. Whether art can be a kind of religion, or whether religion at its most powerful is a kind of

art, is a complex and always stimulating question. Holmes reaffirms Lawrence's deep faith in the tactile and adds his own hope for the redemptive power of art, made most vivid by his narrative, his portrayal of his own consciousness. And there isn't that terrifying tyranny of Lawrence—the *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*—that seems to exclude most human beings, intelligent or otherwise.

Joyce Carol Oates
London, England

"Wonderland," Miss Oates's newest novel, recently followed her best-selling "Them."

CHILDREN'S HOUR

Gabriel García Márquez' *The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World* (PLAYBOY, November 1971), while a trifle macabre on first reading, was, to me, a hypnotically compelling tale that wonderfully illuminated the workings of the minds of trusting children.

Samuel Gulliver
Richmond, Virginia

LIFE AFTER LIFE

Alex Comfort's well-written article *To Be Continued* (PLAYBOY, November 1971) neglects the possibility of a partial or complete reversal of senescence. If aging, like growth and puberty, is genetically programed into the development of man and not due to damage nor information loss, it may be possible to reactivate the genes for youth that have become dormant in the tissues of the aged and rejuvenate the individual. And though Alex Comfort's article articulates a much-needed plea for the support of research in aging, certain of us immortalists are calling for a total attack on aging and death based on a full mobilization of the life-extension sciences. A project in this field handled like the space program would undoubtedly reap rewards far greater than a mere 20 percent increase in life span within this century. The expenses are far less than those of the space program and the rewards may allow most of us to taste the fruits of a future we helped build.

Paul Segall, M. A.
Research Scientist
Negative Entropy, Inc.
Brooklyn, New York

Comfort does a good job of describing the technological advances made in the science of geriatrics. Medicine may allow man to live longer and a little more vigorously, but at what price? Every gain in our ability to stave off death may increase our respect for life—our own and others'—but would it be morally beneficial? Life has become so taxing and fast-paced that old age is the only time when human beings can relax. But

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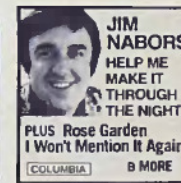
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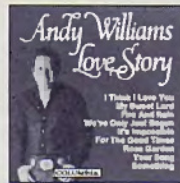
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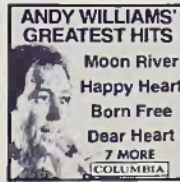
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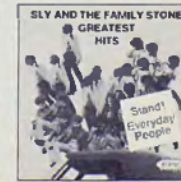
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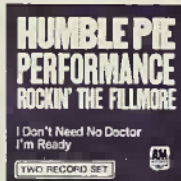
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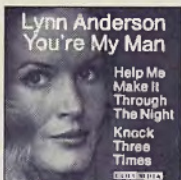
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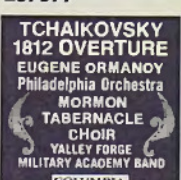
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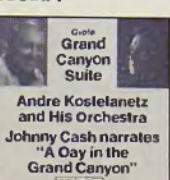
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are nursing homes an answer to relaxation? Are get-well cards and a bowl of chrysanthemums a token of love? If longevity is to be achieved, the present concepts of society have to change.

Shyam P. Mehta, M. D.
Evanston, Illinois

Alex Comfort's article is a much-needed plea for the support of research in aging. But the author failed to mention the work of several people, one of whom is Dr. Benjamin Frank, a New York City physician who claims to rejuvenate people through nucleic-acid therapy. Notwithstanding this omission, it may be that the goal set by Comfort in his article has already been achieved. If this is true, we can push forward with added enthusiasm to the one long-range goal that is the key to all others—total victory over aging and death.

Saul Kent, Editor
Immortality magazine
Bronx, New York

For a magazine committed to youthfulness, it is both commendable and courageous that you publish an article that deals primarily with the everyday concerns of the aged. *To Be Continued*, though undoubtedly of interest to specialists, was a double treat for us laymen. It was engagingly written and successfully presented complicated information in terms that were clear to all.

Frederick Hauser
Cheyenne, Wyoming

CELLULOID SEX

Regarding the uncertainty whether Arline Hunter appeared as the Marilyn Monroe in *Hollywood Blue's* short *The Appleknockers and the Coke Bottle*, in *Sex in Cinema—1971* (PLAYBOY, November 1971), the most obvious challenge to the authenticity of the claim that MM starred is the fact that no piece of film on Marilyn of such a sensational nature could possibly have remained underground for two decades. Arline Hunter is, indeed, a reality, and the most notable proof of her existence can be found in the pages of your magazine. For your August 1954 centerfold, Arline re-created one of MM's nude calendar poses. Your January 1956 issue carried a review of the 1954 Playmates, complete with a photograph of Arline that was captioned: "She made like Monroe." My upcoming book, *Marilyn and the Other Monroe Girls*, will fully detail Miss Hunter's career as "the poor man's MM."

James R. Haspiel
New York, New York

Ever since you began publishing your series on cinema sexuality, the movies have been trying to outdo you. In fact, your pioneering use of the documentary technique in recording the history and

analysis of eroticism in the flicks has become so popular that movie producers themselves now copy it.

F. F. Flint
Key West, Florida

OVER AND OUT

I live in South Dakota, but Doris Lessing's *Report on the Threatened City* (PLAYBOY, November 1971) still scared the hell out of me. Not only is it the best warning yet on the upcoming disaster, it is also the clearest and most objective view of our ignorance. I, like all others, felt that the mere fact of my existence would keep me alive until I was ready for death. No one is ready for death; neither is anyone capable of immortality. Thank you, Doris Lessing, for giving back the humility I lost so easily.

Jeff Smith
Dell Rapids, South Dakota

OH, HENRY

Some 20 years ago, I was in the Gotham Book Shop in New York and on a bulletin board I read an open letter from Henry Miller asking his friends to send him a few dollars. I am happy to see that he is comfortably ensconced in a fine home, surrounded by warm flesh. Today I feel like sending him money. Almost every writer owes him an artistic debt. Miller's comments in *The Life and Times of Henry Miller* (PLAYBOY, November 1971) are pro life, sans syrup. Your article and his forthcoming autobiography come at an appropriate time, when we are celebrating the birthdays of Picasso and Casals. It makes one feel that you can't trust anyone under 75.

Robert Reisner
New York, New York

Humor writer and editor Reisner has written a variety of works on jazz and contemporary life.

There is a small inaccuracy in the article *The Life and Times of Henry Miller*. I designed the book, not Bradley Smith, as you state in the article. The promotional and advertising materials on the book also ignored my credit as a designer and gave the credit to Bradley.

Nicole de Jurenev
New York, New York

Artist-designer De Jurenev did, in fact, design Playboy Press's "My Life and Times," by Henry Miller. We regret the error.

Nothing ever pleases me completely, and that goes for the PLAYBOY coverage of *My Life and Times*. But I did enjoy seeing that beautiful Israeli actress Ziva Rodann, whose picture was attributed to my friend Bradley Smith but which was actually taken by photographer William Webb a few years ago.

Henry Miller
Pacific Palisades, California

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES REPORT

I'm glad you clearly labeled *And Now, Direct from Fairy Godmother Headquarters* by Dan Posin (PLAYBOY, November 1971) a product of the rival National Network News. Certainly none of my more experienced colleagues on any of the older networks would have referred to the two stepsisters as "ill-tempered." The proper form is, of course, either "reportedly ill-tempered" or, preferably, "accused by Cinderella spokesmen of being ill-tempered." Internetwork rivalry aside, I feel the transcript gives a false impression of my 3N colleague Mr. Derek Everside. He is a country boy, no matter what high U.S. Administration officials may say, and would certainly recognize a pumpkin at once. He would never refer to one as "a heap of garbage." I have often heard him quote the French poet Mallarmé: "*Parmi les fleurs de la nuit, / La pumkin engorgée y suit.*" Parenthetically, he never quotes Martin Buber. As to the unfortunate remark of my opposition friend and colleague Melvin Sludge: "If he isn't in love, I'm a Doberman pinscher," I can only say this was a Freudian slip and should not be dwelt upon. Sludge, as an infant, was badly bitten by one of that breed and has, in consequence, been a compulsive Doberman pincher ever since. In conclusion, I feel you must repair the grave injustice done to 3N's Mr. Benton Fenton by an unfortunate typographical error, where he is quoted as saying of Cinderella's putative pregnancy: "It's possible a chimney sweep slid down the shaft." Fenton is a scholar and etymologist of wide renown and would never have stooped to using, on the air, the 12th in order of acceptance of 15 definitions of the word shaft. Listening at home, I distinctly heard him more correctly say: "A chimney sweep slid up the shaft."

George E. Herman
CBS News
Washington, D. C.

Correspondent and commentator Herman hosts CBS's "Face the Nation."

In your November 1971 *Playbill*, you reversed my picture with that of Curt Siodmak. For a week, I was quite despondent that my moment of glory as a PLAYBOY contributor had been flawed by this error. Then, I decided that if art could not imitate life, life would imitate art. Thus, I shaved my head, donned horn-rimmed glasses and bought a pipe. I've also started writing science fiction, which is Siodmak's forte. I'm writing you now to ask for a list of that author's favorite foods, the kind of car he drives, the kind of women he likes and the name of his tailor. By God, I'll make it come out right yet.

Dan Posin
Washington, D. C.



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We have it on good authority that the following telegram has been sent to Chinese premier Chou En-lai in Peking:

"IN THE INTEREST OF EXTENDING MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE PEOPLES OF OUR TWO GREAT NATIONS AND IN FURTHERANCE OF THE SIGNIFICANT STRIDES ALREADY EFFECTED IN THIS AREA THROUGH PING-PONO DIPLOMACY, WE HEREBY INVITE THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA TO FURTHER EXPAND THE SPECTRUM OF INTERACTIONS BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES BY PITTING ITS FASTEST RACING TURTLES, TRAINERS AND JOCKEYS AGAINST THOSE REARED, NURTURED, TRAINED AND RAISED AT SCHLUMPFELDERS, HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.: SAID CONTEST TO TAKE PLACE AT A LOCATION AND TIME OF YOUR CHOOSING AND TO BE COMPATIBLE WITH THE TURTLE HIBERNATION HABITS OF BOTH OUR FAIR LANDS. YOU CAN BE ASSURED THAT ALL JUDGING, SALIVA TESTS AND TIMEKEEPING WILL CONFORM TO NORMALLY ACCEPTED INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION AND WILL BE CONDUCTED IN A MANNER CONSISTENT WITH THE MUTUAL INTEGRITY AND TRUST THAT EXIST BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES. BECAUSE OF THE LASTING BENEFITS TO MANKIND WHICH MAY ACCRUE FROM SINO-U. S. A. TURTLING, WE PRAY THAT YOU WILL CONTACT US THROUGH APPROPRIATE CHANNELS TO EXPLORE THE FEASIBILITY OF IMPLEMENTING THIS APPROACH TOWARD IMPROVING GLOBAL STABILITY. LEST YOU HAVE CONCERN REGARDING THE AVAILABILITY OF TURTLE-RACING FACILITIES, REST ASSURED THAT ADEQUATE FACILITIES ALREADY EXIST AT SCHLUMPFELDERS, WHERE 16 CHAMPIONSHIP-CALIBER TURTLE RACES ARE HELD EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT STARTING AT 9:30 P.M. RESPECTFULLY YOURS.

JACK MARTINEZ, PH.D.

PRESIDENT, HERMOSA ENTERTAINMENT CORP.

22 PIER AVENUE

HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

P. S. IF THIS IS A TIGHT-BUDGET YEAR, LET ME SUGGEST THAT YOU CONSIDER ECONOMIZING ON TRAVEL EXPENSES BY ASKING EACH OF THE MEMBERS OF YOUR OUTSTANDING PING-PONG TEAM TO SLIP A CHINESE RACING TURTLE OR TWO INTO THEIR DUFFEL BAGS BEFORE THEY DEPART FOR THEIR FORTH-

COMING VISIT TO THE U. S. A. THAT WAY THEY WILL BE ABLE TO DOUBLY REPRESENT THEIR GREAT PEOPLE."

From time to time, somebody comes along with an oblique observation that—like a spotlight from the side, casting sharp shadows—shows us an aspect of our technological society of which we otherwise might have been less than fully aware.

Such was the case in a column by Ed Zern, who for many a long year has had the very last page of *Field & Stream* magazine to himself—a case of reverse chic, reminiscent of the Biblical saying that the first shall be last and the last shall be first. Month after month, Zern shares his wise and witty insights with a multitude of fans among whom we consider ourselves fortunate to be.

An example of Zern's highly personal way of looking at things neatly fulfills what we started talking about; i.e., an oblique and unique view of something we all subliminally know is going on but have never really confronted head on. Zern's subject was an invitation he'd received from the English gunsmiths Holland & Holland to go to a champagne party celebrating the completion of five very special sporting shotguns, completely handmade, with stocks cut from a single Persian tree, gold-engraved sporting scenes on detachable side locks, and all on display in a rosewood, leather-lined fitted cabinet. A selected group of invitees would gaze upon this \$55,000 example of the survival of craftsmanship in a mechanical age. Zern points out that \$11,000 apiece may seem a bit much for shotguns that can miss just as well as less expensive sporting arms, but he goes on to say that the 1300 skilled man-hours entailed in the fabrication of this sportsman's arsenal makes the price something of a bargain.

A bargain? This is where the special Zern insight enters: He did the necessary arithmetic to figure out that at the going union rate for plumbers, \$11,000 a gun is, indeed, cheap, since 1300 man-hours of a union plumber's time—at the rate of

\$12 an hour—would have put the price of having plumbers make these guns at \$15,600 each, or \$78,000 for the set, and that's for labor alone, without materials and without the rosewood case and bottles of bubbly.

Zern leaves it to the reader to decide whether all this adds up to progress, retrogression or running very fast to stay right where we are in an affluent technological society. We don't propose to do less ourself nor presume to do more.

Maybe life really does imitate art, after all. At least that's what we're led to believe after publishing Allan Sherman's *Criselda and the Porn-o-Phone* in our December issue and then running across this "Personal" in *The Chicago Reader*, a neighborhood newspaper: "GIRLS, do you feel neglected? Do you not receive obscene telephone calls? Old practitioner will take on several more clients. \$37.50 per week. 22 obscene calls between 12:30 and 6 A.M. guaranteed each night. Heavy breathing, \$15 extra. Box 477."

Finally! They gave a war and nobody came. Way back in 1846, U.S. Cavalry troops fought the Mexicans in the Battle of San Pasqual, and folks in Escondido had planned not long ago to re-create the scene. But it had to be called off when they couldn't round up enough men and horses.

Sign of the times posted on a church in Oregon: THE WAGES OF SIN ARE NOT FROZEN.

At last Alabama has gone on record as officially endorsing equal rights for women. The state legislature passed a bill allowing females over the age of 18 to work in coal mines.

Similar tales from opposite ends of the nation: Stewards at Boston's Suffolk Downs were slightly unnerved when a urinalysis of race horse Sunrise Time revealed the presence of caffeine and nicotine. Seems the groom had grown

impatient waiting for Sunrise Time to produce evidence for the test and provided his own sample. And an Oakland, California, parolee was told to bring in his specimen to see if he'd been using narcotics. He had been, so his wife furnished the sample. That's fine, except it showed he was pregnant.

When a British judge jailed a man for bonking his wife with a hammer, he noted, "I realize that you found yourself in a domestic and emotional situation in which you and others were behaving in a way that would make the inhabitants of a monkey house blush." The situation: In addition to his wife and four children, living with the man were his mistress, whom he had met at a psychiatric center where he went regularly for treatment, and his wife's lover.

Our Impeccable Taste in Advertising Award goes to Tidewater, West Virginia's Rosewood Memorial Park for an ad that began, "NOW YOU CAN ENJOY DYING. Call today for information about clean, dry, ventilated entombment at special preconstruction prices."

We hail the trustees of Deganawidah-Quetzalcoatl University, the nation's only college for Indians and Mexican Americans, for adopting a sensible resolution to shorten its name—to Delihuayto-Quetzalcoatl University.

In response to the question "Are oral-genital relations fairly common among married couples?" Robert Athanasios, assistant professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins, said, "Whether or not to indulge in oral-genital activity is a joint decision."

We know that publishing has its problems, but the Newspaper Guild aims to take care of them. At its last convention, the guild adopted a bargaining-position statement calling for company-paid psychiatric care, abortions, vasectomies and treatment for drug addiction and alcoholism among newspaper workers.

The ladies of the Ontario Medical Secretaries Association were recently treated to a talk on "Helpful Hints for the Defenseless Female" by William Ferguson of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Break and Enter Squad.

The San Diego chapter of Zero Population Growth endorsed Jack Walsh—the father of seven—in his unsuccessful campaign for mayor. Z. P. G. rationalized its approval by noting that Walsh's last child was born five years ago—"about the time he was beginning to take real notice of the connection between pollution and

overcrowding." All of which confirms the old saw that there's no moralist more zealous than a reformed sinner.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

It's hard to remember, but time was when *Elvis Presley* was an *evil* dude, True Grease in the flesh: He looked like his idea of a good time was to kick ass at the Friday-night rumble; he waggled his crotch like he knew how to use it; and he sang dirty ole *rock 'n' roll*—an unbeatable combination. You had to look up to anyone who so thoroughly offended everybody from college age on up. So when we heard The King was back on the road again, we hopped a plane for . . . Cleveland, just the right dreary place, since that's where Alan Freed started it all. We knew Elvis had been killing the high rollers in Vegas lately, but even so, we weren't prepared for the painted middle-aged ladies standing in the Convention Center lobby, all decked out in dead mink and floor-length gowns. This was not exactly a Grand Funk crowd. Nearly everyone was over 25 and white and abloom with *bouffants* and blazers. Three foxy ladies called The Sweet Inspirations, backed by a soul combo and a big horn section, opened the show with Sly's *Higher* and went out with Steve Stills's *Love the One You're With*—putting more lovely guts into Stills's song than we'd heard before. They were followed by a Canadian comedian named Jackie Kahane, whose stock in trade was anti-homosexual, anti-hippie, anti-urban jokes. After intermission, down went the lights and up went the horns, with—what were they trying to tell us?—the theme music from *2001*. The millennium didn't come, but Elvis finally did, sauntering out, clearly digging the waves of sexually unhinged screams that he still inspires. No matter that they now came from housewives a long way from their last pajama party.

And he was worth it: Jumped right into *That's All Right Mama*, 37 years old, sporting a white supernudie skin-licking outfit designed to prove the boy is *in shape*, and shake-shake-shaking the old money-maker. His face might look puffy up close, and his borderline-hip black hair might be dyed, but he is still *Elvis!*—and even when he's parodying himself or screwing around purely for the band's amusement, an evening of him working through *I Got a Woman*, *Proud Mary*, *Love Me Tender*, *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'*, *Johnny B. Goode*, *Blue Suede Shoes* and *Hound Dog* ain't bad. His voice is deeper and stronger than it was back in winkle-picker Ed Sullivan days, but some of the old hillbilly fire has gone out—proof, maybe, that you can sing *Heartbreak Hotel* only so many times and still really give a shit. Same with his moves: He practically invented singing

with your crotch, but it frequently looks mechanical now, like choreographed *déjà vu*. Small matter. We were all there for the *presence*, to witness the live flesh, to see if we were really so far from making out in a Hudson Hornet. And it turned out we weren't: By the time Elvis got to *Fools Rush In*, his standard Vegas road-show finale, at least one bleach-blonde 30-bopper, hysterical tears on her cheeks, rushed the stage gasping, "I love him! I love him!"—while her boyfriend looked on depressed. And another, *bouffant* rising like a summer storm cloud, was crying, "I touched him with this hand!" How can you argue with that?

He's been belting it out for over 40 years, ever since his first gig at the age of four with the Coon-Sanders band at the Blackhawk in his native Chicago. And for most of his career as singer, lyricist, composer and Jack-of-most-musical-trades, *Mel Tormé* seemed to many to be too hip musically for his own good, always in a process of becoming. Today, Tormé—whose career has been freshly boosted by a popular television summer series (*It Was a Very Good Year*) and by book authorship (*The Other Side of the Rainbow: With Judy Garland on the Dawn Patrol*)—is fully evolved. During his recent three weeks at the Century Plaza's Westside Room in Los Angeles, the entertainer offered a singing presence that was bolstered by humor, comedy, showbiz savvy and great helpings of musical integrity—which is what Tormé is all about, anyway. Backed by pianist Al Pellegrini's orchestra, Mel gave fully of himself on the night we caught him for a solid hour of fast-paced musical showmanship. He drew a capacity audience to the Westside Room as he ranged from a contemporary lyric to his own *The West Coast Is the Best Coast (California Suite)* to a shank-of-the-night "sing-along with Melvin" on *Bye Bye Blackbird*. Mel's baritone ukulele is much more than prop. It's the size of a small guitar, tonally mellow, and he used the instrument to accompany himself on a bossa-nova medley, torchers such as a sensitive *In the Wee Small Hours* and—get this, camp followers—a Ralston cereal singing commercial from his preteen Chicago radio days. On the ballads, his voice was deeply melodic, warm and mature; the vocal-instrument style he's made a trademark was never more tellingly utilized. A *Porgy & Bess* selection drew Tormé to the piano. "The most important song in my act" turned out to be Tom Paxton's lament for unsullied ecology, *Whose Garden Was This*. The vocal arrangements were Tormé's, showing up especially well (as he conducted) in five of the newer songs, including *I'll Never Fall in Love Again* and *Something's Comin' On*. One of his most popular tours de force, a "bring back the bands" routine, had Mel, on drums, playing—and

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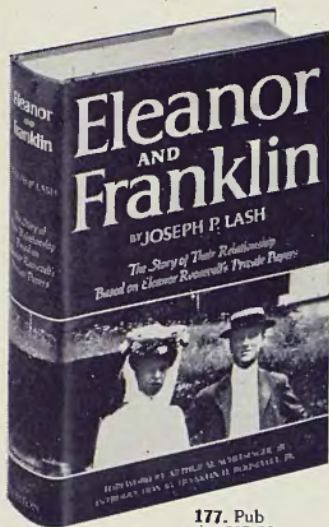
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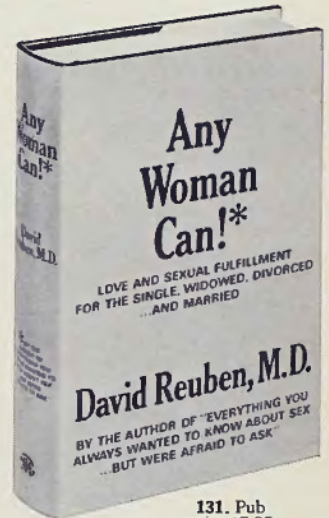


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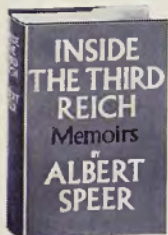
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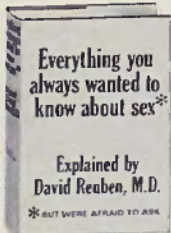


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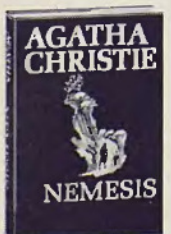
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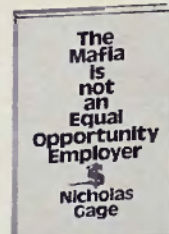
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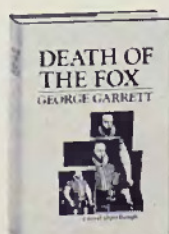
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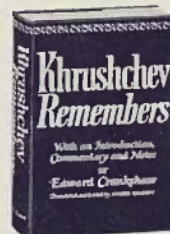
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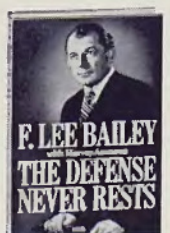
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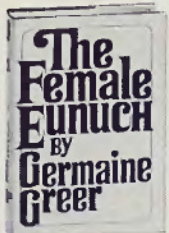
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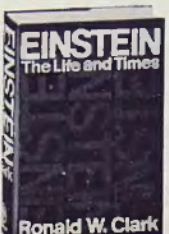
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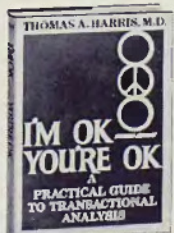
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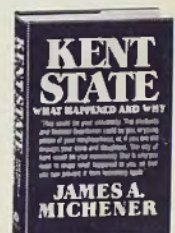
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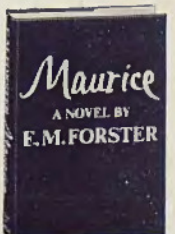
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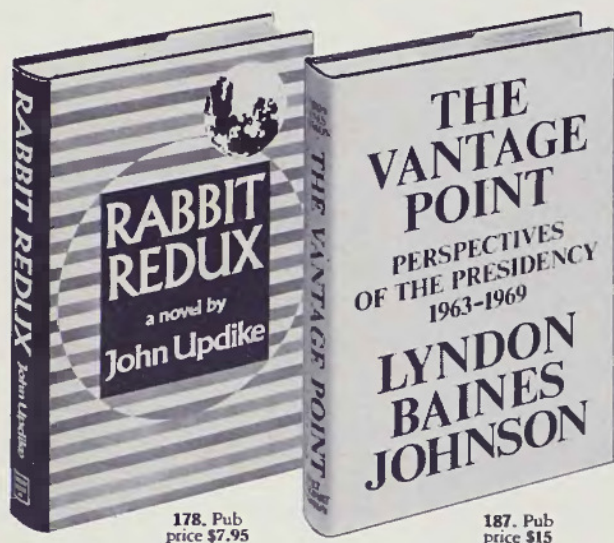
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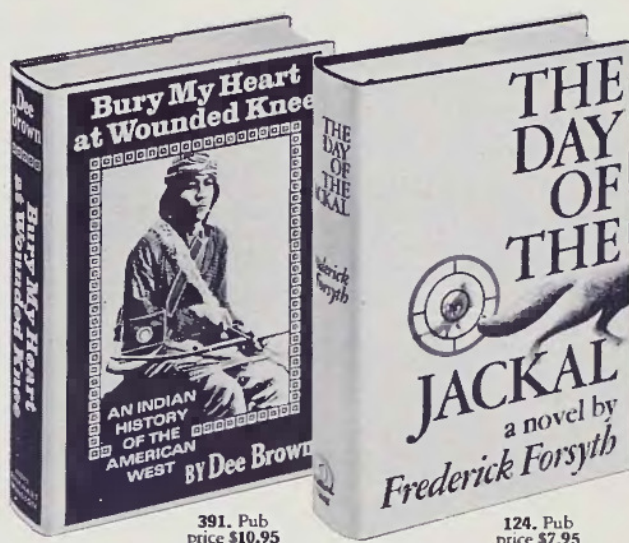
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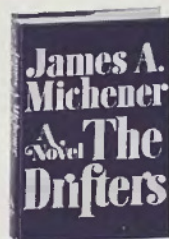
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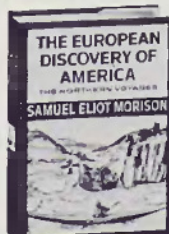


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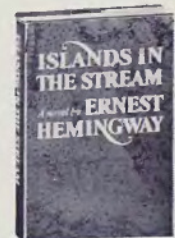
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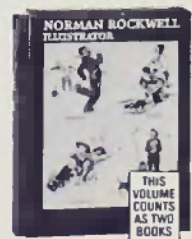
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mugging—amusing take-offs on Gene Krupa, Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney and Sal Mineo. All this multi-instrumentality Tormé self-effacingly preambled as “the Sammy Davis Jr. versatility-syndrome shtick.” Tormé was scheduled to be selling his vocal wares to the Japanese on a Nippon tour the beginning of the year. There are, of course, other gigs, hotel and otherwise, and television appearances to be made. He's writing yet another book—a novel about a singer. But Tormé insists the book is not autobiographical. You heard him.

BOOKS

Christopher Isherwood's biographical “undertaking” (for want of a better word), *Kathleen and Frank* (Simon & Schuster), is a big work in every sense—concept, scope, effect. It is a singular achievement that invents the means necessary to its execution. What Isherwood has done is tell the story of his parents' lives through their own minds, hearts and hands. Kathleen Isherwood was a faithful diarist, as perhaps only a Victorian lady could have been. She committed to her diary her life, day by day, in all its fullness and intimacy. And Frank Isherwood, Christopher's father, was such a Victorian gentleman that all his letters—in courtship, in marriage and in his military career—could be preserved with good conscience. The mother's diary and the father's letters are the stuff of this work, with the author providing exquisite selectivity and interpolation; the very organization of the book becomes a glowing testament of love. What emerges is one of the most vivid portraits of Victorian England ever to find its way to print. Perhaps it needed just this strange mixture of data, art and ingenuousness to bring it off, but brought off it has been, most beautifully and poignantly. *Kathleen and Frank* is a rare thing in this time of snarling change: an irresistible book that subtly yet powerfully carries the reader into the pain and wonder of other lives in another time.

Louis-Ferdinand Céline has been called the progenitor of such writers as William Burroughs, Norman Mailer and Günter Grass. His latest novel to be re-created from the French by the brilliant translator Ralph Manheim is titled *North* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence) and it continues the story of Céline's wanderings in Europe during the last, apocalyptic days of World War Two. It also shows why, when it comes to total, comic negation, Céline is still the master and most writers in the black-comedy bag are earnest, rather moralistic pupils. In this zany, onrushing account of his travels and his jumpy, scrounging stay in a weird

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German country town, Céline evokes the atmosphere of hatred, suspicion, stupidity, murderous fear and somnambulistic frenzy that clamped down on Europe when the Nazis were finished but kept on fighting. And he does it with the mundane materials of his everyday existence—so that his picture of hell on earth is never melodramatic nor far-fetched but the plain truth told in gasps, eloquent outbursts, tirades, comic asides and a jumbled time sequence that reflects the broken, jagged, crashing world he is depicting. Never has the underside of history been more fully and sensitively captured in imaginative writing—not that Céline bothers his head about old-fashioned distinctions between reportage and fiction. He has found the way to break down the barriers between the personal and the historic, so that what happened to him, his wife, his cat and an actor friend becomes what was happening to all of Europe. War, Céline tells us, is “the travels of the peoples”—and here is his small personal journey amid the vast one that was prelude to the end of a world and an epoch. (A superb experiment in biography, with Céline as the subject, has been carried through by Erika Ostrovsky. *Voyeur Voyant* [Random House] catches the man's tormented life in his own writings and in the recollections of contemporaries. A portrait of an authentic mad genius.)

Even when Arthur C. Clarke is only literarily marking time, he manages to be provocative and entertaining. Witness *Report on Planet Three and Other Speculations* (Harper & Row), a collection of essays variously based on Clarke's magazine articles, lectures and excerpts from his book *The Challenge of the Spaceship*, published 13 years ago and now out of print. When Clarke sticks to what he does best—predicting the emotional and technological future of man's journey outward into space—he cannot be faulted. Indeed, the astronautic accomplishments of the past decade have confirmed many of Clarke's early speculations and made others, though still unfulfilled, quite plausible. His book's title essay neatly skewers the establishment scientists who wrote off the possibility of life on Mars when the first Mariner photographs of that planet “proved” it to be uninhabitable. *Report on Planet Three* is a Martian astronomer's statement “proving” that intelligent life cannot exist on Earth, because it is mostly covered by water, surrounded by the poisonous element oxygen and sustains a crushing gravity. When Clarke speculates on such possibilities as interstellar travel, communicating with extraterrestrials and exceeding the speed of light, one is inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. Less seminal are the essays on

such stand-bys as extrahuman sense organs, UFOs, intelligent computers and perpetual-motion machines. For the devotee, this book offers a chance to fill in gaps in his Clarkeiana. For the neophyte, it's a stimulating introduction to a most stimulating thinker and writer.

Jack Kerouac, the father of beat writing, died in 1969, but just before that he managed to finish a short novel, *Pic* (Grove), which, more than any other book he wrote, gives us a convincing picture of perfect, freewheeling, life-loving bliss. Pictorial Jackson, the ten-year-old Negro boy from North Carolina who is the hero of his book, is charming without being cute, sharp-eyed and self-reliant without being soppy; his cross-country adventures with his big brother, Slim, who works in a fudge factory but would like to play the trumpet in a band, have an unforced, innocent delight that puts Kerouac on a par with Mark Twain and Sherwood Anderson, if only for this last, wholly admirable moment. The talk that pours out of Pic's breathless mouth is real, fantastic, fanciful and utterly enchanting. Kerouac began *Pic* in 1951 and then returned to it during his last days. It creates a world that might make many of us, hassled as we are by racial and generational conflict, dreamily nostalgic for the good old days when kids like Pic still could exist. And yet Kerouac's novel is no more escapist than *Huckleberry Finn* or *Winesburg, Ohio*. A lovely book.

Ever since the Schlesingers and the Sorensens offered up their gilded versions of John F. Kennedy, it was only a matter of time before revisionist historians applied some paint remover. In *Cold War and Counterrevolution* (Viking), Richard J. Walton scratches away a bit too vigorously, perhaps, but the picture that emerges will nonetheless sadden and sober J. F. K. admirers. Walton's harsh thesis is that Kennedy was a younger, more charming version of John Foster Dulles. His evidence is drawn largely from four major foreign-policy gambits. The Bay of Pigs, Walton argues, was an armed intervention the President probably welcomed when he assumed office (the plan was already under way) because it matched his own hard-line view of how to deal with Castro. In Berlin, Kennedy threatened war when he could have accepted Khrushchev's invitation to jaw-jaw. The Cuban Missile Crisis brought the world back from the brink of Armageddon on terms that could have been achieved without brinksmanship. Finally, in Vietnam, Kennedy embarked on a course whose disastrous consequences are yet to be fully reckoned. Every gesture toward *détente*, such as the partial nuclear-test-ban treaty, Walton feels, was overbalanced

by rigid reliance on conventional post-war diplomacy. The thesis might be more convincing if it were not frequently argued so glibly and simplistically. Too much is attributed to J. F. K.'s *machismo*. Too little skepticism is shown toward Communist aims. Walton avoids posthumous analysis that would involve speculation about whether or not Kennedy might have turned over a new leaf with the test-ban-treaty signing in 1963. On the existing basis of judgment—those 1000 days—Walton clearly would not have expected an ideological change of heart. An ungenerous judgment, perhaps, but not entirely unpersuasive.

In *Girl, 20* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), Kingsley Amis proves he can be as funny tilting at youth as tilting at the establishment. Yet the most distinctive feature of this latest novel (whose title alludes to the compulsive addiction to young girls of certain older men) is its muzzled sympathy for its subject. The civilized code in whose name Amis dispenses his acid appraisals of the manifold barbarisms of current youth—its politics, social manners, speech, dress and, above all, music—reveals itself upon closer inspection to be little more than a mass of crotchety assumptions and presumptions. Thirty-three-year-old Douglas, Amis' alter ego for the occasion, is a music critic who is assigned by the wife of Sir Roy Vandervane the task of preventing that eminent, wealthy and reluctantly aging conductor from wrecking his marriage by running off with a teen-aged savage. Douglas assigns himself the task of stopping Sir Roy from wrecking the good name of music by trying to enter the pop scene. But at story's end—after Sir Roy has demonstrated the absurdity (and hypocrisy) of his effort to be both a middle-aged “have” person and a youthful “be” person, both a classical conductor and a pop swinger, and Douglas has exposed the follies of nearly everyone in sight, including his several girlfriends—it is Sir Roy, a sort of engaging rogue elephant running amuck on the wrong side of the generation gap, rather than Douglas, who has caught the reader's sympathy. Amis has such sport dissecting the theatrical personality of Sir Roy's wife that her husband's defection becomes understandable—a clue, perhaps, that Amis' own heart is not entirely where he pretends. *Girl, 20* is more loosely constructed than most Amis novels, yet that much can be forgiven an author who makes his reader laugh out loud.

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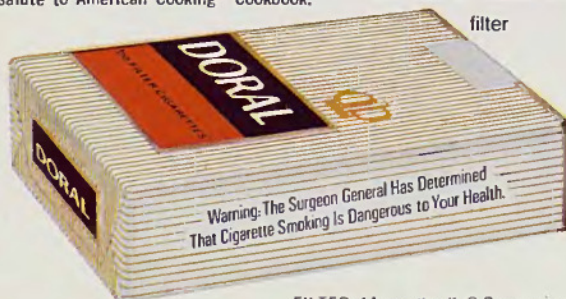


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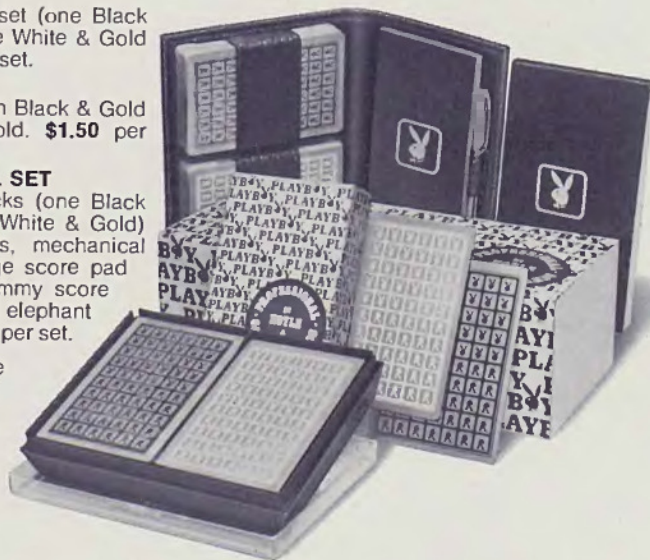
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and Wall Street flimflam, and eventually carried him back to his starting point—Harvard—a poor but wiser man. Not until the ride was ending did he begin to understand what had been going on: "I was like a person entering a steam bath for the first time. It seemed dangerously hot—but then I knew it was supposed to be hot. If things were hotter than normal, one of the regular bathers in there with me would surely turn down the steam before anyone keeled over." He was wrong; almost everyone in his corporate steam bath, and in quite a few others, shared his naïveté, illusions, adventurousness and the confidence that *somebody* knew what he was doing and could be trusted to avert disaster. The way things turned out, either nobody knew or nobody could be trusted. *The Funny Money Game* (Playboy Press) is Tobias' *mea culpa* for his role in building one of the great financial bubbles in recent Wall Street history—the National Student Marketing Corporation, whose stock rose to \$146 and plummeted to \$3.50 in less than three years. Tobias was less a villain than a victim, though by his own account a most eager and cooperative victim, who learned how to rationalize before he learned the ins and outs of high finance or how to interpret cryptic footnotes in financial statements of the highflying \$100,000,000 conglomerate in which he was flattered to be named a vice-president (at the age of 22). He survived the experience with his sense of humor, if not his paper fortune, intact, and out of it all he has produced an entertaining and educational book that reveals corporate machinations and financial finagling more clearly than could any professor in the Harvard Business School—to which he has returned in the hope of learning some economic theory to match his practice.

Also noteworthy: Lewis Cotlow's *The Twilight of the Primitive* (Macmillan), a portion of which ran in our October 1971 issue, is a meticulous examination of civilization's continuing assault on the cultures of a number of "backward" peoples. Explorer Cotlow ranges from the arctic to the Amazon to Africa to reveal the same heartbreaking results of contemporary society's rapaciousness. A poignant call for help for mankind's "endangered species."

MOVIES

Cameramen, first elevated to a loftier plane when they became known as cinematographers and now billed as "directors of photography" who seldom man a camera themselves, have emphatically come into their own in the past decade or two. Last year, France's formidable Raoul Coutard, having practiced

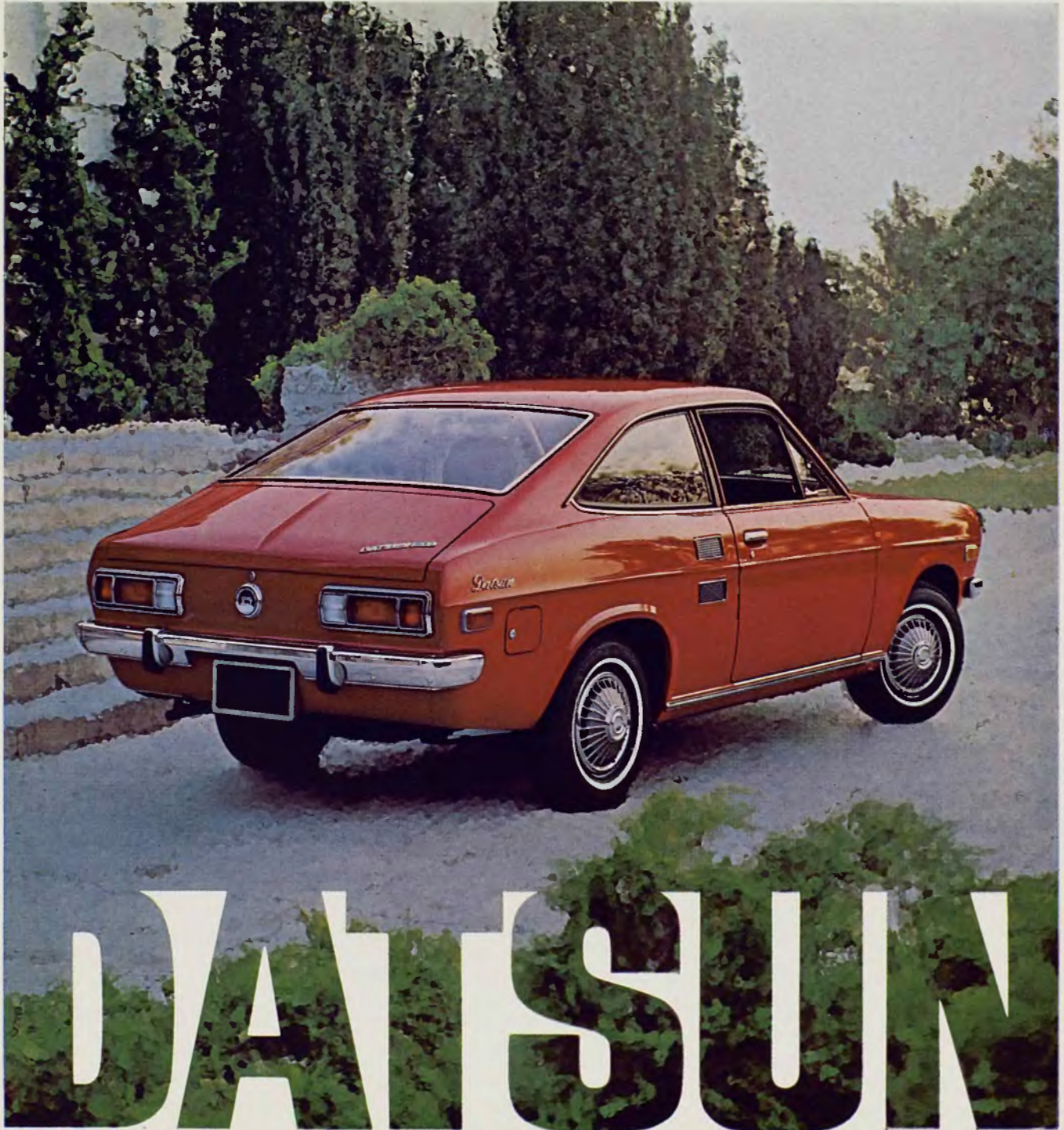
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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

his filmic wizardry for Godard and Truffaut, turned director with *Hoa-Binh*, and won an Oscar nomination on his first try. And Nicolas Roeg picked up the megaphone to do *Walkabout*, a visually beautiful adventure tale that has reaped plaudits along with lusty box-office returns.

Is their success based on miraculous new equipment or the discovery of revolutionary aesthetic principles governing the making of films? Not according to Dick Kratina, a New York-based pro who was a mere camera operator as recently as *Midnight Cowboy*, then graduated to top-rank director of photography for *Love Story*. "The film we use nowadays is more light-sensitive and fine-grained," he grants. "During *Born to Win* [reviewed on page 34], we shot many scenes along Broadway at night with no added lighting. But otherwise, there is virtually nothing done today that pioneer cameramen didn't do during the hand-cranking era of D. W. Griffith. They worked out split-screen and other special effects right in the camera, learning by trial and error how to achieve things that we now do very easily with opticals in the lab. The results are not so different, and seldom better."

British director of photography Walter Lassally, best known for *Tom Jones* and his Oscar-winning work on *Zorba the Greek*, observes that the biggest change in the way films look relates to the new realism, which favors location shooting and natural lighting rather than the lifeless studio look of Hollywood films. Since hand-held "combat" cameras came into general use following World War Two, says Lassally, "the only major breakthrough has been the reflex-viewing system, so you can see exactly what you shoot, even with big 35mm cameras. Sound recording, on the other hand, has made fantastic advances and revolutionized film making in certain respects. Because of it, you can go anywhere to shoot, use live sound anywhere, with miniaturized recorders you hold in the palm of your hand."

In Lassally's opinion, the public's growing awareness of photography is attributable to television and the transformed sensibility of a generation whose minds have been flooded with images since infancy. "Cameramen can use more daring effects," he says. "Everyone understands time lapses, ellipses, unconnected images. These things have become second nature to today's moviegoers, possibly with far-reaching unconscious effects. There are disadvantages, however. The public's hip attitude also encourages superficiality and flashiness—you need more to stimulate and arouse people. You've got to have an explosive opener, for example. The dice are loaded against serious work, because

you're under constant pressure to do something dazzling."

A successful young American director, Richard C. Sarafian, scoffs at talk of technical tricks in cinema by telling his favorite trade joke—about a celebrated Japanese cinematographer who visited Hollywood when Japanese films were being extolled for their exquisite composition and texture. Asked how he did it, the inscrutable genius answered: "With film you buy comes a little pamphlet." Sarafian's latest work, *Man in the Wilderness* (photographed by England's Gerry Fisher, who also contributed to the visual splendor of Joseph Losey's *The Go-Between*), is a striking example of what he calls the symbiotic relationship between an intelligent director and a creative cameraman. "But some directors," he says, "have become too camera-conscious; they try to shoot films as commercials for themselves. I think that will change. The public wants to see pictures that speak for themselves, in terms of content, without a nervous camera."

While there is evidence to support Sarafian in the success of such current films as *The Last Picture Show* and *The French Connection*—traditional storytelling movies bolstered by superlative but straightforward camerawork—the vogue for optical shock treatment may not yet have run its course. Both trends are visible in the new releases.

Close collaboration between director Sarafian and cinematographer Fisher brings strong visual impact as well as elemental force to *Man in the Wilderness*, starring Richard Harris in a kind of sequel to *A Man Called Horse*. This time around, Harris' enemy is not just a tribe of savage Indians but nature itself, and he contributes a remarkably modest, unhurried performance as a lone trapper cruelly mauled by a grizzly bear and left to die in the wilderness by a band of hardy frontiersmen whose eagerness to explore—or exploit—the country will brook no delay. As leader of the trapping expedition, hambone John Huston also shows surprising discipline in a role that borrows a fillip of philosophical resonance from *Moby Dick*—for this is a man who knows he has a date with destiny. Set in the Northwest Territory (with rugged Spanish landscapes standing in for the real thing), *Wilderness* features Indian ambushes and hand-to-hand encounters with wolves and bears but mostly plays down the conventional excitement in preference for ecological drama. Sarafian's reliance on photography makes the movie a kind of Sierra Club essay, and Harris moves against a background of wonderfully fluid images that fulfill one of contemporary man's fondest dreams—finding himself by losing himself in a

cruelly beautiful world where words like vengeance, power and money finally mean nothing at all.

Spooing the current boom of sexploitation movies, *Is There Sex After Death?* toys with answers to such cogent questions as "Can a person suffocate from fellatio?" Or, to take another sequence, writer-actor Buck Henry, playing a doctor in residence at the Bureau of Sexological Investigation, declares, "Once, in Ireland, I examined a woman whose vagina was so large that I had to take an aerial photograph of it." Obviously, *Sex After Death* steers clear of subtlety and at times resembles a juvenile imitation of the sex epics it sets out to parody. Written, directed and produced by the husband-and-wife team of Jeanne and Alan Abel (he's the professional hoaxer who once launched a nationwide drive against indecency by advocating clothes for naked animals), the film is technically crude and comically unsure. The action ranges from interviews that suggest an old *Candid Camera* show hosted by Peeping Tom to sequences featuring veteran publicist and practical joker Jim Moran—hard at work on "the perfect dildo"—plus a concert by the first topless string quartet. Appropriately enough, *Sex After Death* comes to a rousing climax with uncoverage of an event identified as the International Sex Bowl in Houston (another Abel enterprise), where nude couples from potent nations try to make it together in the finals, while a hysterical announcer handling the play-by-play prattles about demerits for "dribbling" and "a ball-holding penalty for the Italian team."

Having become a kind of underground classic through a series of midnight screenings at Manhattan's venturesome Elgin Theater, *El Topo* surfaced with a splash on Broadway and drew closer attention to the shock waves of excitement created by Chilean writer-director-composer-star Alexandro Jodorowsky. While Jodorowsky's ultimate importance as a film maker remains in doubt, no one who staggers away from *El Topo* can deny the visceral and visual impact of this metaphysical Western in which Jodorowsky plays the mythic hero—a supercowboy character in search of spiritual redemption but prone to wet-dream fantasies. *El Topo* ("the mole") is an Everyman on horseback but has less in common with Gary Cooper than with the anguished misfits of those complex modern morality tales told by Fellini, Bergman and Buñuel. The mole, Jodorowsky informs us in a legend at the beginning, "digs tunnels under the earth, looking for the sun. When he sees the sun, he is blinded." Make of that what you will. Before the self-immolation scene that ends his life, *El Topo* castrates a power-mad militarist



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who has ravaged a town and created his own Sodom in a Spanish mission full of handsome young priests. El Topo himself rapes women, murders four prophets in the desert and narrowly escapes assassination. In a new incarnation, he appears as a sort of messiah, idolized by a clan of dwarfs and cripples who expect him to deliver them from their underground caves to the sunny promised land above. And so he does, though the normal world they seek to enter, a tacky frontier town, turns out to be rife with hypocrisy, cruelty, treachery, perversion and greed. Jodorowsky seldom pursues a straight narrative line. His hero, after abandoning one son, who turns up years later as a priest, impregnates a Madon-like dwarf woman and presumably dies leaving a second son of El Topo to carry on his quest. Loaded with snob appeal, Jodorowsky's sleeper is obviously the handiwork of a gifted, eccentric artist with a sure instinct for double-whammy effects.

The profligate screen version of *Fiddler on the Roof* opens with a violin solo by Isaac Stern, whose virtuosity adds little to the play's value but provides a clue to the values of producer-director Norman Jewison and playwright-adaptor Joseph Stein. Having repeated its Broadway success in cities throughout the world, the musical smash based on Sholom Aleichem's stories about poverty-stricken peasants in czarist Russia cannot, it seems, be treated as anything less than a blockbuster. The result of this commercial bigthink is a noisy, lumpish, aggressive spectacle that crushes both the spirit of the stories and the easygoing charm of the original show. Part of the problem can be traced to director Jewison's peculiar ideas about casting—particularly his decision to bypass Zero Mostel in favor of the Israeli star Topol, 36, celebrated for his knack of playing characters twice his age. He gives a forced and unfeeling performance, overstretching his broad smile to fill a Panavision screen but seldom evoking the humanity and wisdom of a delightful old Jew with five marriageable daughters on his hands. Most of the cast appears to have been recruited from one of *Fiddler's* less-distinguished touring companies. Only Rosalind Harris as Tevye's eldest daughter and Leonard Frey as the simple tailor she loves prove capable of asserting themselves as believable individuals against the movie's intimidating pomposity. The filming on location in Yugoslavia merely heightens the flaws of Jewison's over-all conception, for the glimpses of a real peasant village seem strangely out of sync with a production so smooth and studied that every song cue sets off an avalanche of sound—as if the Red Army Chorus were concealed in a nearby barn. *Fiddler's* familiar score (by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry

Bock) also suffers from overzealous cinematography, which reduces big numbers to lively but meaningless blurs. Once again, moviedom's merchant princes have proved that a golden theatrical showpiece can be transformed into dross.

The tiny village of Newport, Oregon, was headquarters for the location filming of *Sometimes a Great Notion*, adapted by scenarist John Gay from Ken Kesey's novel about a family of raw-boned lumberjacks whose menfolk have outlived their time. A kind of pioneer *machismo* drives the patriarch of the clan (Henry Fonda), who preaches free enterprise and the puritan ethic of "work and screw and eat and sleep, and keep on goin'." And so they do, putting the family's logging business ahead of the general welfare. How "that goddamn family" comes to grief is a strong story, but director-star Paul Newman misses the point by a country mile and manages to apply a veneer of Hollywood slickness to everything around him—the town, the people, even the overdone details of logging operations. There are several harrowing scenes, particularly one in which Newman, as the oldest and toughest of the Stamper boys, watches his brother (Richard Jaeckel) slowly drown in the river under a fallen tree and can do nothing. Fonda, however hard he works at behaving like a tough old son of a bitch, is miscast in a role that John Wayne, say, might have played without acting at all; while Lee Remick and Linda Lawson, as the Stamper women, and Michael Sarrazin, as a hippie half-brother who comes home to ask honest questions after ten years' absence, respond to the requirements of the plot with formula performances. The basic trouble is that director Newman tries to preach *Great Notion's* message out of both sides of his mouth—for he fritters away most of the movie proving the American dream of rugged individualism to be fraudulent and sterile, then reveals that he actually admires this tribe of dinosaurs and accepts them on their own terms.

"Peter Brook's film of William Shakespeare's *King Lear*," the billing puts it, and rightly so—for there's as much of Brook as there is of the Bard in this movie version of the stage production that won acclaim for director Brook (of *Marat / Sade*) and actor Paul Scofield back in the early Sixties. Though he's a brilliant man of the theater, Brook becomes frenetic when anyone leaves a camera within reach. Consequently, his *Lear* is a mass of contradictions—stylistically severe, powerful and authoritative in its performances, but also incoherent and mannered. When Brook can curb his fondness for monstrous close-ups or other obtrusive cinematic gimmickry,

Henning Kristiansen's grainy black-and-white photography uses bleak landscapes along the northern coast of Denmark to bring home the harsh physical and emotional climate of the play. Here, royal robes resemble sackcloth and the interiors of primitive castles offer little comfort from the blasting winds outside. All the actors—including Scofield as Lear—look prechilled and read their lines as if they were condemning one another to death. As, indeed, they often are. Irene Worth, repeating her stage performance as Goneril, the eldest and worst of Lear's three thankless daughters, heads a superior supporting cast from the Royal Shakespeare Company—with an especially beautiful stint by Alan Webb as the pitiable Gloucester. Otherwise, the Brook-Scofield interpretation of *Lear* inspires respect but smothers feeling and robs the tragedy of its force.

France's Jean-Louis Trintignant shares his table with Tony Musante, Annie Girardot and svelte Florinda Bolkan in *One Night at Dinner*, a jet-set drama described by optimistic flacks as "a film for supersophisticates." The sexual switch-hitting of these aristocratic Italians makes an A.C./D.C. love story like *Sunday Bloody Sunday* look quite proper. Let's see, now, how does it go? Trintignant's wife (Florinda) is having an affair with his best friend (Musante), but Trintignant doesn't mind too much, because he intends to write a play about it. The best friend, who craves kinks, introduces the wife to his gorgeous male hustler (Lino Capolicchio), while the *wife's* best friend (Annie) goes to bed with Trintignant. All of which is dandy, except that the hustler falls insanely in love with Florinda and even decides to hang himself, thus introducing a note of headlong passion that threatens anyone's philosophical detachment. Playing head games with affairs of the heart, according to pretentiously derivative writer-director Giuseppe Patroni Griffi, is a contemporary phenomenon related to uneasiness about our future, which will probably be determined, anyway, by several billion industrious Chinese. A cupful of Antonioni insights cooked into a Fellini-Visconti stew.

Foreign film makers at work in the U. S. tend to immerse themselves in the youth cult, the drug scene and/or the sexual revolution. Czechoslovakia's Ivan Passer, whose fragile *Intimate Lighting* was a choice import from eastern Europe, takes drugs as his subject in *Born to Win*, co-starring George Segal, Karen Black and Paula Prentiss. His first American film offers ample evidence of Passer's talent: He is meticulous, compassionate and sensitive enough to allow his actors time and elbow room for working out the natural rhythm of a scene. The picture ogles New York from Segal's

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home base at Broadway and 47th Street with a properly knowing eye (supplied by cinematographer Dick Kratina) and the best of intentions. Yet *Born to Win* never gets off the ground, because it lacks insight in depicting the aimless life of Segal, as an addict who lies, steals, lets his wife (Paula) sink into prostitution, bungles a chance to turn stool pigeon for the police and finally allows a kookie but harmless chick (Karen) to get busted on his account. While the movie has the decency to avoid easy moralizing, Passer and his scenarist fall into the trap of accepting these characters at face value, as if there were no need to tell anything about them beyond the fact that they are still human and even retain a degree of charm. *Born to Win* merely skin-pops when it intends to mainline.

Even as a screenplay author adapting a novel by someone else, Erich Segal continues to write *Love Story* style. In *Jennifer on My Mind*, Segal mourns for an idle young millionaire (Michael Brandon) who meets a neurotic girl (Tippy Walker, nicely grown up since her debut as the teeny-bopper in *The World of Henry Orient*). An Oyster Bay bird, rich but not *that* rich, Tippy winces when her suitor tells her, "I'm going to take you out of this." Evidently, he means to save her from suburban languor, swimming pools and drug addiction; but meanwhile, she dies in his arms from an overdose of heroin, which provides *Jennifer* with something like a plot. How to dispose of her lovely body is the crux of it, and the hero drives around Greater New York with a corpse in his car trunk and his eyes peeled for flashbacks. "This is the most time I've ever spent with Jennifer," he muses, ". . . maybe I'll keep her." He has already kept her quite a while, sealed inside the frame of an 18th Century clavichord. The movie has flashes of bright black—director Noel Black, to be precise—comedy, but the Black magic doesn't work for Segal, the kind of writer who has sad young lovers confiding secrets to their mirrors, or enjoying whimsical chats with the ghost of a pot-puffing grandpa, or traipsing off to Venice, where dead loves can wither away against a pile of splendid scenery.

You don't have to be under 30 to fully appreciate *200 Motels*, but you must be willing to suspend the customary rules of taste and judgment in favor of almost anything new or freaky or far-far out. Squares old enough to remember the Beatles' movie debut in *A Hard Day's Night* are apt to grow wistful when Ringo Starr, playing a character identified here as Larry the Dwarf, says, "Every musician likes to find some pussy." *Motels* was composed and con-

cocted out of sheer *chutzpah* by Frank Zappa, musical mentor of the Mothers of Invention, who calls his flick a surrealistic documentary. This optically cockeyed wonder suggests an uninhibited home movie superimposed over a psychedelic light show—featuring the Mothers, with guest shots by Ringo, Theodore Bikel and some befuddled-looking members of Britain's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. There are also a couple of birds cast as groupies in Zappa's mad musical fantasy, which purports to describe some of the strange trips taken by musicians on tour. From the quality of their clowning, we predict that the Mothers will never replace the Marx brothers, though they will probably get rich churning out sophomoric screen comedy full of crude sight gags and witty ditties (rhyming dick with prick, for example). Compared with the better musical comedies of yesteryear, *200 Motels* is Muzak.

RECORDINGS

Since Jim Morrison's death, The Doors have been trying to regroup their musical forces. Judging from *Other Voices* (Elektra), they haven't been wholly successful. The disc contains good songs and instrumental work often spoiled by mindless lyrics and tasteless experiments in styles. As usual, Robby Krieger and Ray Manzarek are more than competent on guitars and keyboards, while John Densmore's drumming leaves much to be desired. *Ships w/ Sails* is an example of how a dumb lyric can mar an otherwise interesting and well-played piece. *Tightrope Ride* and *Hang On to Your Life* are the best things here, the latter driving all the way to the speeded-up cacophony of the coda and, in the process, telling us something of how The Doors have reacted to Morrison's death. R. I. P., Jim.

There is no one—no one—who can use a big band as dynamically as does Quincy Jones. *Smackwater Jack* (A&M) is pure excitement from beginning to end, and that includes the more lyrical items. There are several of Quincy's TV and movie themes (*Ironsides*, *The Bill Cosby Show*, *The Anderson Tapes*). Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On* and an old favorite of Jones's, Vince Guaraldi's *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*, among others, and the personnel is studded with superstars. As they say, everybody who was anybody was there.

On the cover of his first album, the somewhat improbable-looking Barry Drake leans on an old service-station tire inflater. This innocent gesture reveals the wily stratagem of producer Terry Knight, who has taken Drake's clean, agile tenor voice and pumped it up with the kind of flatulent overproduction for which he is famous. *Happy-*

landing (Capitol) buries Barry beneath lush string arrangements and songs (all but one of which he wrote) that are mostly derivative and thin. Still, Drake fills *Jasmine* and *Jack of Spades* with vigor and clarity. Will this young male version of Joni Mitchell escape the clutches of Terry Knight, the overlord of Grand Funk? Keep listening.

John Sebastian is not yer common cornball folkie. He has traveled to places like Red Wing, Colorado, which "showed us just how much is really unimpaired . . . still and country aired"; and then it was on to (are you ready?) Hollywood. After visiting Domenica (*sic*) in the West Indies ("Hey, Missy Breadfruit Lady, do ya have a papaya, maybe?"), the next stop was New Orleans, an encounter with a femme fatale, one Lashes LaRue, and time in the Big Slam, where he is thrown for "mailing kilo bags to my friends in prison." This somewhat sappy saga of a cross-country truck trip is recounted at length in *The Four of Us* (Reprise), which also contains seven more typical Sebastian numbers and is, withal, rather delightful, notwithstanding John's particular hip brand of corn.

The Bill Evans Album (Columbia) is all it should be and more. Aided by bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Marty Morrell, the master pianist plays his own material, switching to the electric piano when the situation warrants, as he holds the listener absolutely in thrall. To say that Evans is the thinking man's pianist is a truism, but his sensitivity is instantly communicated throughout; *The Two Lonely People*, *Waltz for Debby* and *Re: Person I Knew* speak eloquently of the complete musician.

Get set for Bonnie Koloc. If *After All This Time* (Ovation) is any indication, you are going to be hearing a great deal from and about her. Miss Koloc's voice, crystalline and with a range that is astonishing, is showcased in front of a small supporting cast of musicians that knows its place. There are a half-dozen Koloc tunes, including *Rainy Day Lady*, a haunting thing made more so by some thoughtful overdubbing, and a couple of beauties—*Jazz Man* and *Victoria's Morning*—by Ed Holstein. You'd better join the Koloc band wagon before it gets too crowded.

There is some very accomplished three-part singing on *Colours of the Dawn* (Vanguard), a splendid album by The Johnstons, who have brought Irish folk singing up to date. These two men and a girl accompany themselves in polished, vibrant songs that deal mostly with protest, past and present. They sing about Angela Davis and George Jackson, about Crazy Anne and the Man (who is "power without conscience"), but also about the

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truths of love, as in Gordon Lightfoot's song *If I Could*. Except for Peggy Seeger's saccharine racial salutation, *Hello, Friend*, there isn't a phony note anywhere. But there is vigor, projection and great musical skill.

From the church choir to recording spirituals to backing such singers as Percy Sledge and Elvis, Jeanie Greene has moved into a Gospel style something like Bonnie Bramlett's. She has a fine talent, and the only problem with *Mary Called Jeanie Greene* (Elektra) is the heavy revivalist focus of most of these songs. When she cuts through the hokey religious sentiment to the direct feeling, as in *Pre-Recognition*, or to rocking Gospel, as in *Put Your Good on the Line*, Jeanie Greene is a powerful singer.

Harry Partch is a 70-year-old American eccentric whose time seems to have come. Using his own homemade instruments—cloud-chamber bowls, elongated violas, chromelodeons, bass marimbas—he has spent an unpublicized lifetime creating an exotic yet peculiarly American kind of incantatory music. Now he is seen as a pioneering precursor of the likes of John Cage and Frank Zappa. Partch's most recent work is a longish mimed ritual called *Delusion of the Fury* (Columbia), and it serves admirably as an introduction to the man's style and substance. The set includes a bonus record on which Partch describes and demonstrates his unique battery of instruments.

The Modern Jazz Quartet, now celebrating two decades as a continuing, cohesive unit, offers *Plastic Dreams* (Atlantic) by way of an anniversary present to its followers. The group has gained maturity without becoming sedentary. The seven compositions are all by leader-pianist John Lewis and are wide-ranging; two of the tunes, *Variations on a Christmas Theme* and *Piazza Navona*, make use of a supplementary brass section. Happy anniversary. M.J.Q.

Mamou syrup, snake powder and bird-eye vine to lace your Filé Gumbo with a little Familiar Reality. Whether or not you groove on spooky voodoo nonsense, you will dig Dr. John, the Night Tripper, who comes on with the guttural voice of a late-hours d.j., free-associating, preaching, conjuring out of New Orleans folklore a marvelous musicocultural ragout. *The Sun, Moon & Herbs* (Atco) contains some of the best rock musicians in the business, whom Dr. John inspires to perform his own peculiar blend of jazz, Creole congas and funeral music with propulsive and fascinating rhythmic textures. There are many high points on this weird record, but none better than the fables of *Pots on Fiyo (Filé Gumbo)/Who I Got to Fall On*

(*If the Pot Get Heavy*), whose title may give you some idea of Dr. John's approach to cooking.

Guitarist Grant Green has never sounded better than on *Visions* (Blue Note). Tackling everything from blues to Mozart to the beautiful ballad *Maybe Tomorrow*, by Quincy Jones and the Bergmans, and backed by a stalwart rhythm section, Green displays the unpretentious, engaging style that has echoes of the immortal Charlie Christian in it. Grant lets you hear the melody, which in this age of overkill is refreshing, indeed.

With the Count of Basie around, what could *Have a Nice Day* (Daybreak) be but a relaxed, swinging session? The tunes and charts, which are all by Sammy Nestico, a formidable toiler in the Basie vineyards, are imaginative yet straightforward. The Basie orchestra is, of course, a thing of fluid joy, surging ahead effortlessly in a felicitous unanimity of spirit, with Basie's less-is-more piano surfacing from time to time. *Have a Nice Day* is a wonderful way to Count your blessings.

Five years after he died—fucked up and broke—the world has decided that it cares about Lenny Bruce. That doesn't do him much good, but he might have enjoyed watching himself turn into merchandise—Lenny Broadway shows, Lenny records and Lenny magazine articles, with Lenny soap dishes and Lenny TV dinners waiting in the wings. The latest entry is *Lenny Bruce Live at the Curran Theater* (Fantasy), and it suffers only by being part of the glut. With lengthy and moving liner notes by critic Ralph J. Gleason, this three-LP set is not Lenny at his funniest, but it does show him at the height of his humanity. The two-and-a-half-hour rap is mainly a tour through his sadness and confusion over his obscenity bust; but the guide delivers the pitch with spiraling wit and break-on-through ironic insight into what's really happening here—whether he's dissecting cops, drunks, bombs or moms. As Coltrane did with jazz, Lenny altered the form of stand-up comedy, turning it into a long, intimate, improvised trip that covered considerable strange ground before heading home—and *Live at the Curran* captures that beautifully. The only trouble is, as they say on TV, we're a little late, folks.

TELEVISION

It's one of the ironies of history that King Henry VIII, monarch of the bed-chamber, sired a Virgin Queen. Not that Elizabeth didn't share her father's lusts. She toyed with male admirers from the time she was a young girl until close to her death at 69—when her favorite companion was a man young enough to be her

grandson. But Elizabeth never wedded nor bedded, because fear and ambition overrode desire; she didn't want to share her throne with a king. That's the backdrop for *Elizabeth R*, a highbrow serial that won the largest audience in British TV history when it was shown on the BBC last year. Like *The Six Wives of Henry VIII* and such earlier BBC series as *The First Churchills* and *Jude the Obscure*, *Elizabeth R* has been imported by WGBH in Boston for the Public Broadcasting Service, a noncommercial network. It will run on six Sunday evenings starting February 13 over the 211-station network of PBS. The American presentation of these imports, grouped under the heading *Masterpiece Theater*, is funded by a \$1,000,000 grant from the Mobil Oil Corporation. Glenda Jackson, Oscar winner for *Women in Love* and star of *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, plays Elizabeth with brilliant range. She is a bawdy tease during the brief reign of her sickly half brother Edward, a young woman hungering for the throne during the reign of her older half sister Mary, a coquettish monarch who leaves the Earl of Leicester waiting at the church, the great Queen Bess who wins the love of her people and, finally, an embittered old woman whose popularity has waned. Although the six segments of *Elizabeth R*, each by a different author, mesh flawlessly, and urbane Alistair Cooke appears onscreen (in this country only) with before-and-after briefings, nothing short of a genealogical chart and a cram session in 16th Century English history would enable the U.S. audience to identify the conspirators bustling in and out of palace chambers and tower cells or the warriors lunging onto battlefields. We'll probably feel more at home with the next series to be imported, starting March 26—an eight-part dramatization of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*.

THEATER

His life is a flood of urban anxieties. The walls of his high-rise apartment are wafer thin, adding neighbor noises to the already high decibel count. Open the door to the terrace—on which even cactus cannot survive—and in pour pollutants and gusts of hot air. Peter Falk is *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, choked by his environment and trapped by the recession. He is the hero of Neil Simon's new comedy, one that is aimed straight at its audience's despair. To add to Falk's woes, he is fired. As he subsides into nervous breakdown, and as his wife, Lee Grant, rises to breadwinner, the jokes fly fast, Falk and Grant neatly serving aces at each other. As people, they never really come to life, but as

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personifications of New York man fighting for survival, the characters are heart-warming. Occasionally Simon stoops to contrivance, and Falk's last-act confrontation with his three widowed sisters and a rich brother, though amusing, seems largely a digression from the theme. Some of the funniest moments are Simon at his most bitter. In TV news breaks, comic disasters build to the mugging of a newscaster. Another newscaster, devilishly played (offstage) by director Mike Nichols, briefs the audience, dryly, on the day's strikes, robberies and nightmares. Even the hysteria is gracefully understated. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street.

David Rabe's *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* was about the crippling effect of war, specifically the Vietnam war, on an average bloodthirsty American youth. Rabe's new play, *Sticks and Bones*, takes another such youth and brings him home, blind, to face the blank wall of his family. In combination, the two plays, though each is flawed, reveal an astonishingly mature talent. *Sticks and Bones* might be described as a black comedy, with the blackness terrifying and the comedy cartoon. The family is Ozzie and Harriet and David and Rick, and every allusion to the Nelsons of TV is intentional. Ozzie has strait-jacketed himself into middle-class suitability. Harriet ignores pain, proffering fudge. Rick lugs a guitar, says "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad," even as the horrors of war infect the household. It is David who has returned from battle, eyeless but psychologically deep-sighted. The self-satisfaction and callousness of the family—their anxiety is not over the war but over their son's Oriental mistress—is scathingly depicted. Faced with impassivity, David uses his knowledge of man's bestiality to probe and prod. Rabe walks a breath-taking path with a fiendish wit and a deadly malevolence. Finally, in a surge of absurdity the play spins away from the author. The end is shaky, the climax seems appended. But even with its weaknesses, this work grapples with profundities yet never loses its comic balance. We think David Rabe is on the verge of becoming a major American playwright. At the Anspacher, in the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street.

In 1944, women wore snoods and Wedgies, everyone danced the lindy and sailors on a 24-hour pass in New York went to see *On the Town*, which was about three sailors on a 24-hour pass in New York, New York (it's a wonderful town). Wars end, fashions fade, memories wither, but hit musicals are revived to remind us of the vagaries of taste. Not only is this show's landscape hopelessly out of date—

the city being now a risk for lung and limb—but 28 years later, *On the Town* itself seems humdrum. Perhaps what made the original show such a success was that author-lyricists Betty Comden and Adolph Green, composer Leonard Bernstein and choreographer Jerome Robbins were bursting with newness. But newness is a perishable commodity. The book is a gag-filled guided tour of New York—the Museum of Natural History is up, Coney Island is down—and the lyrics are clever, when they aren't banal. The music is still lively, particularly such ballads as *Lonely Town*, but almost obliterated by the powerhouse production of director Ron Field, who had the unfortunate idea of replacing Jerome Robbins' dances with his own. Field's choreography is far from fancy-free. It manages to make even the lead dancer, lovely Donna McKechnie, almost unwelcome. Most of her cohorts—Bernadette Peters, Phyllis Newman, Remak Ramsay—have been directed to overplay. Miss Peters, especially, swaggers through her role as a lady hack driver with all the subtlety of a careening cab. Field has managed to finish off whatever charm and innocence may have once been in *On the Town*. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

Old Times is Harold Pinter's memory play, in which the present encompasses the past and defines the future. The past is seen, dimly, through psychological smoke screens. It is evoked, imagined and revoked. This is a play about love, a lyrical expedition into the sensual—a divergence for Pinter, although, like his previous plays, *Old Times* has its sinister aspects. Memory plays tricks, and so does Pinter. Deeley and Kate, husband and wife, happy (or is it complacent?), sit in their country house. Their idyl is interrupted by a visit (or is it an intrusion?) of Anna, Kate's roommate of 20 years ago. Did Kate and Anna have a Lesbian relationship? Did Deeley know Anna? Pinter teases. The characters taunt, the truth is elusive. Deeley and Anna may never have met, but as they party and as they woo Kate (plying her with memories of old songs and intimate moments), their relationship occurs in the present. This is a tantalizing play—brief, tightly structured, with flights of poetry and moments of high comedy. It has been impeccably staged by Peter Hall on John Bury's precisely organized, precisely lighted sets. The cast plucks the words, the pauses, the silences of Pinter's music: Rosemary Harris as the mysterious visitor from the past, Mary Ure as the placid, desirable wife in the present and, most particularly, Robert Shaw as the haughty but vulnerable husband in a sensitively shaded performance. Finally, the three lovers—rivals?—become an arrangement, like a sculpture garden: Miss Harris recumbent, the wife remote,

the husband in despair. A resonant evening. At the Billy Rose, 208 West 41st Street.

A theater grows in Brooklyn. *The Chelsea Theater Center* has blossomed from an adventurous workshop into a hardy resident company, the most exciting professional ensemble in the land. It lures Broadway-weary audiences over the river and into a 200-seat free-form theater tucked away on the fourth floor of the Brooklyn Academy of Music (30 Lafayette Avenue), a stately building that has served generations of Brooklynites as a concert and lecture center. Chelsea's current season opened in November with a bold, large-cast production of Jean Genet's *The Screens*. Genet awarded first American rights to his play—long a staple in European theaters—to Chelsea on the basis of its international reputation for daring. Another coup is the world premiere this month of Allen Ginsberg's *Kaddish*, a stage adaptation of the famous poem and the author's first theater work. For its next production, Chelsea dips into the 18th Century with John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, scheduled for March 21 through April 9. In May it returns to what its producers call "the crazies" with the American premiere of *The Water Hen*, written in the Twenties by Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz. This season's freewheeling Chelsea spirit. Its artistic director, 37-year-old Robert Kalfin, and executive director, 29-year-old Michael David, are a cool pair of graduates from the Yale School of Drama who speak in terms of "turning audiences on." Kalfin founded the theater in 1965 in two churches in Manhattan's Chelsea area. He produced 27 new plays the first season, an astonishing total for a fledgling organization on a shoestring budget. But the pace was too fast; worthy plays got lost in the race. Yet, Chelsea established enough of a reputation to be invited in 1968 to join the Academy of Music. That was the giant step toward professionalism. The past two years Chelsea hit its stride, with *Slave Ship*, LeRoi Jones's bitter indictment of Whitey; Edward Bond's *Saved*, a British drama that offended virtually everyone; *Tarot*, a rock musical devised by San Francisco counterculturists; and *AC/DC*, Heathcote Williams' McLuhanesque puzzler that the critics blasted. Clearly, Chelsea isn't concerned with commercial success. Periodic grants—mostly from the New York State Council on the Arts, the Rockefeller and Ford foundations and the National Endowment for the Arts—help keep it afloat. A few of its productions—notably *Slave Ship* and *Saved*—moved to off-Broadway, but Broadway itself seems immune to Chelsea's philosophy. "If one of our plays ever goes on to Broadway," says Kalfin, "it will be a crazy accident."



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am engaged to a great girl who feels that she has me wrapped around her little finger. As a matter of fact, she probably has—but I'm not the one who's objecting, she is. She has told me that she would feel much happier if I started wearing the pants in the family before we get married. I love her very much, seldom disagree with her—her views are nearly always the same as mine—and I see no reason to assert myself just to assert myself. How do you think I should handle this?—T. D., Reno, Nevada.

There are a couple of ways. You can try taking the initiative more and show her that you have the traditional masculine characteristics of decisiveness, strength and courage. But we doubt this would work. Unless you really have these qualities, and have been concealing them, it's not likely you'll develop them at this late stage. Move realistically, you can discuss with your girl the fact that some men and some women simply do not conform to the behavioral patterns assigned to them by society. It seems silly for a man to go around on a charger trying to kill tigers, when he's been trained to teach music, and vice versa. If you both recognize this, accept each other as you are and make the necessary role adjustments, you might become a statistically unusual couple—and happier than average, too.

Recently, I had an argument about addiction with my hippie son. When I tried to warn him about the dangers of marijuana in this regard, he just laughed and told me that I was risking addiction by using sleeping pills. The ensuing verbal battle did little to bridge the generation gap, but it made me realize that I don't understand addiction. What causes it?—F. E., Wheaton, Illinois.

Addiction, or physical dependence, is produced by a substance that fulfills two requirements: First, it must create a tolerance in the user, so that his body requires ever-larger doses to produce the same effect; second, it must cause a withdrawal sickness when its use is discontinued. The classic addictive drugs are heroin and the other opium derivatives, but commonly used drugs such as alcohol and barbiturates (sleeping pills) also meet these criteria. Stimulants (uppers) are characterized by only one of the qualities: tolerance. Marijuana has neither. The requirement of tolerance contradicts the myth that a person becomes a junkie after a single shot of heroin; even that takes at least two weeks of daily usage in increasing dosages to produce physical dependence. For the same reason,

the occasional user of sleeping pills has little reason to fear addiction to them. Any drug, however, can be abused, and those that are addictive need not produce physical dependence to be dangerous. A nonaddict can die as the result of a last drink "for the road" or too many sleeping pills, as well as an overdose of heroin.

Although my husband is an educated, intelligent man, you'd never know it from the vulgar terms he uses when we're making love. Perhaps because our sex life itself is so fulfilling, I hesitate to tell him how his language distresses me. Have you any suggestions?—Mrs. T. T., Fort Worth, Texas.

Tell him what you've told us. He may be surprised. Men often use these words in bed to excite two people—themselves and their bedmates. When he understands that you respond negatively rather than positively, he may try to find terms that are more acceptable to you. Meanwhile, in fair exchange and to enrich your own life, you should try to understand why many men and women find this phallic language, as D. H. Lawrence called it, exciting; a good way to start is by reading Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

Most beer cans have pop tops nowadays, but not too long ago it took a punch-type can opener to get at the suds inside. What I'm curious about is why the opener was called a church key. Any ideas?—S. H., Cleveland, Ohio.

Major breweries recall that in the early days of brewing, when beer was available only in bottles, a heavy bottle opener was required to pry off the crown. The openers were usually of cast iron with a circular open end that resembled the upper portion of the large, heavy key used to open the massive church doors of the period. The name church key was also applied humorously to beer-can openers.

I'm 20 and in love with a 19-year-old girl whom I've known for five years. Last year, we dated for about six months and I was thinking seriously of marrying her. Then we had a fight and broke up. She got serious with my best friend, who, in turn, talked of marrying her. He's now in Vietnam and they've put off getting engaged until he returns. He thinks I'm keeping an eye on his girl, but the truth is that I am desperately in love with her. She claims she doesn't want to get serious until he returns and then "we'll see what happens." I feel guilty about pursuing this

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girl during my friend's absence, but I also feel that my love exceeds what should be considered my devotion to friendship. What do you suggest my next move should be?—L. D., Detroit, Michigan.

Accept her condition and wait as patiently as possible for the return of your mutual friend. If you're unable to defuse your feelings about the situation, bear in mind that you may explode an issue that's not yet ready to develop. Marriage, in such confusion and at such a delicate age, should be the farthest thing from any of your minds.

I'm having a birthday party, but the fact that it's more than an ordinary Saturday-night get-together isn't mentioned on the invitations, since I hate to give the impression of soliciting gifts. I know that some of my friends will be bringing presents, however, and I'm wondering if I should open the packages as they're given to me or merely thank the donors and put the gifts aside to open later, after my guests have gone.—J. B., Madison, Wisconsin.

Ideally, you should open the presents as they arrive, though you needn't feel shy about waiting until later in the party, if your hosting duties interfere with the immediate ripping of paper and ribbon. It's nice to express surprise that the donor knows it's your birthday, unless he or she is your brother or another relative; this will keep empty-handed guests from feeling embarrassed. Of course, no one should feel guilty about not bringing a present if there was no advance notice of the special occasion.

When I was traveling in Europe some months ago, I met a lovely English girl with whom I shared a brief but intimate relationship. My vacation is coming up soon and the state of my finances is such that I can just barely manage another trip abroad if I watch my wallet. I have suggested to the girl that we spend two weeks in Majorca and she has enthusiastically accepted. But I wonder if she realizes that my plan is to go Dutch, even though I didn't specify this. Should I now do so, or will it make me look like a penny pincher?—D. P., New York, New York.

It probably will, but the sooner she knows, the better. Americans have a reputation for being big spenders, so it's quite possible that she has made assumptions unwarranted by your finances.

Two months ago I moved in with my boyfriend and we have developed a much deeper and more meaningful relationship ever since. We fight together, laugh together, love together and enjoy life together. My problem is not with our relationship but with myself. I'm 23 and just getting divorced after an unhappy two-year marriage and, perhaps

because of this, I feel that I cling too much. As a result, I'm afraid I'll eventually drive my boyfriend away. What can I do to stop from being a clinging vine and become more the helpmate that I want to be?—Mrs. F. T., Ames, Iowa.

First of all, you should determine whether or not your analysis of the situation is shared by your boyfriend. You may feel that you cling too much, but it's quite possible that he likes it. As for yourself, you may still be suffering from the effects of a disintegrated marriage and the fears you have of losing a new love. With time and understanding—which will come about more quickly if you discuss your insecurities with your boyfriend—your fears will probably vanish and you'll feel the inner strength that's lacking now.

My girlfriend's sister had triplets after taking fertility drugs. My girl says that multiple births resulting from use of these drugs aren't unusual and that the record is eight. I don't recall reading anything about this and thought the previous record was five. Have I missed something?—D. J., Nashville, Tennessee.

You've missed quite a bit. Last June, a woman in Sydney, Australia, gave birth to nine babies after having taken fertility drugs. All died within a few days of birth. The record for a multiple pregnancy is held by a woman in Rome, who miscarried in her fourth month and lost all 15 children—ten girls and five boys—because, according to the doctors, they lacked "vital living space."

I've noticed that on every cover of PLAYBOY there appears a series of little stars next to the letter P in the title. I've asked friends what these mean and their explanations have ranged from some sort of area code in the U. S. to the number of times Mr. Hefner has bedded the Playmate of the Month. What do they mean?—N. C., New Haven, Connecticut.

To paraphrase Shakespeare: The clues to Hefner's personal life, dear reader, are not in our stars. Hence, these are not galactic goodies signifying some kind of droit du seigneur regarding the Playmate; they're identifications of our regional editions. All editions are, of course, identical in editorial matter, but each is distributed only in a specific area, as a convenience to advertisers who wish to reach that area. One star indicates the Central edition; two, New York Metropolitan; three, Eastern; four, Southeastern; five, Southwestern; six, Southern California; seven, Northern California; eight, Western; nine Canada; ten, International; 11, United Kingdom; 12, Military; no stars, our base of operations, the Chicago Metropolitan.

While in London on a business trip recently, I decided to treat myself to a custom-made Savile Row suit. When the

tailor measured me for the trousers, he asked whether I dress on the right or on the left. I said on the right, since I'm right-handed, thinking that was what he meant. But I must confess I've wondered ever since what being right-handed or left-handed has to do with one's trousers. —A. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Nothing at all—but that wasn't what the tailor was asking you. What he wanted to know was whether you tuck your testicles into the right or left leg of your trousers when you dress—granted the question is more relevant if you wear boxer shorts rather than Jockey shorts. Since you told him that you dress on the right, he allowed extra space in your right pants leg when he cut your suit.

After any kind of sexual play with a girl, I usually find I've lost respect for her. I think this is a reflection of a sexual guilt complex, the result of my strict Catholic upbringing. Currently, I'm stationed in Vietnam and planning to marry when I return, but I still feel remorse about the last time I was with my girl, when we got into some heavy petting. Though she claims she doesn't feel any guilt whatsoever, I'm worried that my own guilt will continue even after we're married, and especially after we've had intercourse. How realistic are my fears? —S. J., APO San Francisco, California.

If your guilt is solely because of religious prohibition of premarital sex, the problem may well vanish with marriage. On the other hand, strict religious training sometimes results in an unhealthy attitude toward the whole subject of sex and you may find that your hang-up doesn't disappear with the recitation of the nuptial vows. Considering that you still feel remorseful about a petting session of some months back, that seems quite possible. It would be wise to read as much about sex as you can—including Masters and Johnson's "Human Sexual Inadequacy," which deals specifically with religiously engendered inhibitions—and try to view it as a wholesome activity, one to be shared joyously with your partner. If your guilt persists after you return from Vietnam, seek professional help. Sadly, as essayist Morton Irving Seiden once put it: "It is only too easy to compel a sensitive human being to feel guilty about anything."

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 Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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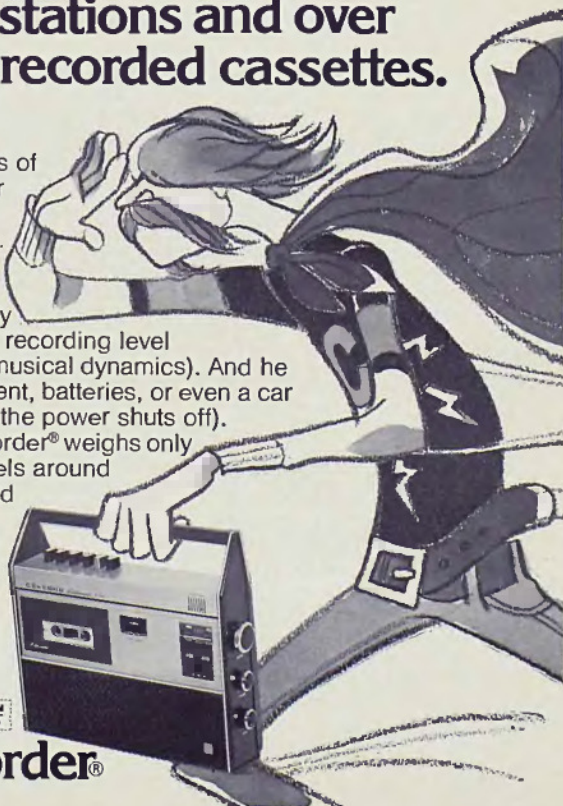
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Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Holtville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Devendorf
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 8/9, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Afton, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly

1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Lake Afton, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck

1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Meyer
Stuttgart, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray
Summit Pt., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton
Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Cajun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

RAPISTS, BEWARE

Reacting to several rapes near their campus, a group of University of Michigan coeds have formed an anti-rape patrol; they call themselves the Mounties. The Mounties, it is said, are attempting to fend off the mounters.

James Walter Miranda
Drayton Plains, Michigan

SEX-LAW REFORM DEFEATED

A bill to repeal a 100-year-old statute by legalizing all sexual conduct between consenting adults in private has been defeated by the California assembly. Opponents of the bill used such arguments as: "Unnatural acts are immoral and repealing the statute would encourage homosexuality." (Apparently they really believe that homosexuality can and should be influenced by laws.) One legislator added the brilliant observation that "The capital of California is Sacramento, not Sodom and Gomorrah."

I was slightly encouraged to learn that the bill's author, assemblyman Willie L. Brown, Jr., will submit his bill again; this gives California residents a chance to write to their assemblymen and senators and encourage them to remove the policemen from their bedrooms.

Mrs. Patricia Johnson
Palmdale, California

SKINNY-DIPPING COMES OF AGE

The age-old tradition of skinny-dipping in the water hole has finally been given legal blessing in Vermont. Acting on a request by police for guidance in arresting violators of local ordinances, Patrick Leahy, state's attorney for Chittenden County, has set down guidelines for the use of "any law-enforcement officer lacking in other criminal matters to investigate."

In researching the nude-swimming issue, Leahy—after granting immunity to his informants—discussed personal experiences of this nature with some of Vermont's "prosecutors, judges, law-enforcement officers and sailboat operators." He came to the conclusion that "most Vermonters I've talked to have engaged in such scandalous activity at some time in their life." Taking into consideration the allowability of this practice "in most movies, in the *National Geographic* magazine but by no means in the pristine streams and rivers of Vermont," he decided to change all that.

The opinion calls for a summons to

court for failure to stay clothed in public and semipublic areas, but on private land out of view of the public, the state has no legitimate interest. In secluded areas sometimes publicly used, if no member of the public present is offended, no disorderly conduct has taken place.

The rule then is look before you leap.
Robert Davis
Baltimore, Maryland

BEHAVIOR THERAPY

A number of past *Playboy Forum* letters, as well as your responses, have implied an interest in the possibility that behavior therapy may offer an efficient and relatively inexpensive means of accomplishing some specific, desired behavioral modifications. Therefore, you, and any of your readers who are professionally involved in marriage counseling, might be interested in my recently published book (September 1971), *Marriage Happiness: A Behavior Approach to Counseling*, by the Research Press Company of Champaign, Illinois. The book details the application of behavior-therapy technique to marriage problems, including frigidity, impotence, premature ejaculation, conflicts regarding frequency of intercourse, etc. While it doesn't deprecate traditional psychotherapy, with its emphasis on the unconscious and "insight" philosophies, it does offer a useful alternative to marriage counselors whose clients want simply to change a particular aspect of behavior.

And, incidentally, although the book is written for marriage counselors, it's clear enough so that almost any interested reader will be able to understand and apply many of the basic procedures.

David Knox
Department of Sociology
East Carolina University
Greenville, North Carolina

LOST CHILDREN

Letters to *The Playboy Forum* have pointed out the price a man pays in our divorce courts, but have failed to stress the highest price a man must pay: the loss of his children.

Nothing causes deeper pain than seeing another man and his son enjoying life together fishing, hunting, camping or whatever, while your son is not allowed to be with you. Or seeing a father and his daughter laughing together, while your own daughter is miles away. Your

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heart breaks when your ex-wife uses the child-support money to pay bar bills, while your children get just enough so the law will not bother her. You are ripped apart when your ex-wife's new lover mistreats your children in front of you for spite.

The only sure way to prevent this is never to marry and have children. It is now becoming possible for single men to adopt children. They are not biologically yours, but you can love them just as much. The main thing is that there is no woman to steal them away. There is nothing a man can have in marriage that he can't have outside of marriage except a mother-in-law—and who needs one!

John L. Judd
Lansing, Michigan

MALE STERILIZATION

Thanks to a generous grant and loan from the Playboy Foundation, the Midwest Population Center is very much alive and well here in Chicago. We are the only medical facility in Illinois devoted to vasectomy, the male sterilization operation.

Over 1500 men, married and single, with and without children, have had vasectomies since our first patient had surgery on March 17, 1971. All reports indicate that the men are very pleased with the results of their operations.

In 1970, 750,000 American males opted against procreation and for recreation via vasectomy. To make vasectomy more readily available, the Midwest Population Center has established a fee formula, based on annual income, number of children and other factors. The scale ranges from a nominal charge to \$150. Fee reductions can be made when indicated, for we believe that vasectomy should be available to every man, regardless of his ability to pay. We are able to do this so soon after opening due to the initial assistance of the Playboy Foundation.

Don C. Shaw, Director
Midwest Population Center
Chicago, Illinois

EFFECTIVE BIRTH CONTROL

Fifty-three years ago, I had a vasectomy to avoid fathering a probable victim of hereditary muscular dystrophy. The operation was painless, simple and inexpensive. Perhaps most important, a vasectomy is 100 percent effective, unlike any other means of birth control—including the pill. As for the effect, it actually increases sexual pleasure by freeing both the man and the woman from worry about the possible failure of other methods.

Paul T. Vickers
McAllen, Texas

GUILT AND ECOLOGY

I have read the *Playboy Forum* debate about ecology and luxury consumption

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

WHO DID WHAT TO WHOM

AUSTIN, TEXAS—Conflicting claims of rape left Austin police trying to figure out who to charge with what. A woman telephoned that she was being assaulted, but a squad car rushing to the scene was met by an agitated man who claimed that he had just been raped five times by five women. He reportedly told the officers that he was walking home when he was abducted at gunpoint by the women, who drove to a secluded place and ordered him to "get it up or lose it," or words to that effect. Confronted with such an interesting crime, the police at first failed to connect their male rape victim with the woman who claimed she had been assaulted. By the time the complainants were sorted out, the man had disappeared. In any case, he could not have filed rape charges as such, police said, because under Texas law, rape is strictly a male prerogative.

ABORTION SUPPORT

A Government-sponsored survey reveals a dramatic change in the public's attitude toward abortion over the past four years, with 50 percent of all adults now favoring complete legalization of abortion and another 41 percent approving abortion under certain circumstances. A similar survey in 1968 found that 85 percent of the public opposed any liberalization of abortion laws. The chairman of the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future, for which the survey was conducted, expressed surprise at such a large change in popular sentiment and attributed it to increasing public concern over population expansion.

• Dr. David Harris of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital reports that the city's maternal death rate has declined by more than half since the state legalized abortion in 1970.

• In Tucson, Arizona, a superior-court judge has appointed an attorney to be the legal guardian of a fetus carried by a 23-year-old woman who is challenging the state's abortion law. The case could set a precedent by establishing the age at which a fetus legally becomes a human being in Arizona. In 1970, the supreme court of California ruled that a fetus does not enjoy the legal status of a human being until after it is born, but since then the state legislature passed a law making it murder to kill "a human being, or a fetus, with malice aforethought," except in compliance with abortion laws.

• Two student newspaper editors have challenged state sex laws by publishing information on how to arrange for an

abortion. Ron Sachs, editor of the University of Florida Alligator, has been charged with a felony for publishing a list of abortion-referral agencies in defiance of an 1868 state law. Ric Moser, editor of the University of Wyoming Branding Iron, published similar advice and has been threatened with prosecution under an 1890 abortion law as well as the state's recently enacted criminal-conspiracy statute.

• In Holland, a documentary film showing a clinical abortion was broadcast over television after a Hague court ruled that the Dutch Association for Sexual Reform had the right to air its pro-abortion opinions and whether it did so by interview or by film was irrelevant.

FATHERS IN LAW

PARIS—The French National Assembly has approved a controversial new law under which a judge may order more than one man to assume financial responsibility for a child born out of wedlock. The purpose of the measure is to improve the lot of illegitimate children, who have enjoyed few legal rights under Napoleonic decrees dating back to 1804. What has upset Frenchmen is the provision that if more than one man has intercourse with a woman during the period when she conceived, all may be held equally liable for child support, if there is no medical proof of paternity. The law must still be approved by the French Senate, but this is usually a formality.

EQUAL PROTECTION FOR POT

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—The supreme court of Illinois has set a national precedent by voiding the state's old marijuana law because it arbitrarily placed pot in the same legal category as heroin. The court ruled that the drugs so differ in their known harmful effects that to hand out similar punishments for each violates the equal-protection clause of the Constitution. Although the decision does not affect convictions under the state's new drug statutes (which were enacted last August and provide lesser penalties for marijuana), it means that several hundred persons convicted under the previous law have grounds for filing appeals or asking for executive clemency.

HOMOSEXUAL HORMONES

ST. LOUIS—A study of 80 college-age men has provided more evidence that homosexuality is associated with hormone deficiency. Researchers at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation (Masters

and Johnson) report that of 15 subjects with strong homosexual orientation, all had significantly lower concentrations of testosterone in their blood than the heterosexual control group, and that most of those with the lowest concentrations also showed impaired sperm production. Last year, three California researchers discovered that the chemical by-products of testosterone were conspicuously out of balance in homosexuals ("Forum Newsfront," August 1971). However, both groups have cautioned that their findings do not prove homosexuality is caused by hormone imbalance; the imbalance may indicate that endocrine function is psychosomatically altered in persons who are strongly oriented toward homosexuality.

KEEPING ENGLAND CLEAN

LONDON—England's Court of Appeal has handed down a stringent obscenity ruling in the case of three editors of *Oz*, a popular underground newspaper devoted largely to sex and radical politics. It reversed their obscenity convictions on a legal technicality, but, in deciding the appeal, the court set down the future prosecution guideline that any magazine or newspaper now can be found obscene on the basis of a single item and need not be judged as a whole. The court reasoned that while the writer of a book might argue that his work was a single artistic entity, the editor of a periodical can exercise selective judgment in assembling material for publication. The court also ruled that British juries hereafter must decide what is or is not obscene without benefit of expert testimony for either side.

KEEPING AMERICA CLEAN

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK—U.S. immigration officials asked a stupid question, received an honest answer and then turned down a Hungarian refugee's citizenship application on grounds of moral turpitude. The 30-year-old immigrant revealed himself an adulterer when he admitted to the interviewer that he had had sexual relations with his fiancée, whose divorce was not yet final. The officials of the Naturalization Service thereupon rejected his application, but told him he could reapply later if he and his fiancée marry, which apparently erases his sex crime and restores his moral standing.

LOVE IT OR DON'T LEAVE IT

"If you don't like it here, why don't you go to Russia?" is the time-honored rebuttal of all good men to critics of the American way.

—RUSSELL BAKER

The New York Times

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Because of a new State Department ruling, native malcon-

tents and subversives may now have to perjure themselves if they want to leave the country. Secretary of State William P. Rogers, clarifying Government policy on passport oaths, has declared that no more U.S. passports will be issued to or verified for persons who refuse to swear that they support, defend and bear true allegiance to the Constitution. Five years ago, State Department legal experts recommended that the oath be dropped and since then the Passport Office had not held that it was mandatory.

SUING THE SECRET POLICE

PHILADELPHIA—The American Civil Liberties Union has asked a U.S. District Court to halt what it calls the FBI's unconstitutional surveillance and intimidation of peaceful political groups and individuals, and to produce for destruction all existing files on such people. The suit challenges the "right of the Government to maintain a political police force" and cites as evidence copies of documents, stolen from an FBI office and released to the press, which include bureau surveillance orders. An A.C.L.U. spokesman said that a number of similar cases are now pending against Army and state agencies, but that its suit against the FBI represents the first class action on behalf of several named plaintiffs and "all American citizens and organizations who wish to exercise their rights . . . to engage in lawful political expression, association and assembly without being the objects of covert and overt surveillance."

H-LINE

TAMPA, FLORIDA—Tampa's Turn In a Pusher (TIP) project celebrates its first anniversary this month with a progress report of some 5000 anonymous tips, at least 37 arrests and 11 convictions of hard-drug dealers. Advertisements have urged local citizens to dial a number and, without identifying themselves, give information that may lead to the arrest of a narcotics seller. TIP offers rewards of \$100 to \$500 (depending on the value of the information), but only \$1600 has been paid out because many of the tipsters have never claimed their money despite measures to assure their complete anonymity. Because TIP is a civic project managed independently of the police and is aimed only at sellers of hard drugs, the response from young people in the area generally has been favorable; even the student FM station at Tampa's University of South Florida has promoted the idea through public-service announcements. A number of other cities, including Texas City, Texas; Columbia, Mississippi; Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Hollywood, Florida; Barstow, California; and Vineland, New Jersey, have started similar programs.

with some interest. In my opinion, the people who bear most of the responsibility for using up our resources at such a high rate are not the few who purchase luxury items. The guilty ones are those who beget more than two children. Two children per family would result in a stable population, but three or more will continue the population explosion until all our resources are squandered.

An extra child in the family leads, eventually and indirectly, to more consumption and more pollution than the most expensive new automobile.

Norman I. Cowan

Head of Science Department

The Peterborough County Board of Education

Peterborough, Ontario

Blaming people for having too many children is as fruitless as ranting against luxury consumption. Guilt has been a traditional way of manipulating people throughout most of history, but it works only sporadically; as cynics have said, it usually doesn't change our behavior but only makes us depressed afterward.

Specifically, attempts to curb population growth in the underdeveloped nations with techniques based on guilt have failed conspicuously. Now bribery is being tried; the Indian government, some time ago, began giving various kinds of gifts to any man who would be sterilized. Meanwhile, the rate of population growth has declined in all the more affluent nations, and has declined most significantly among the more affluent portions of their populations. R. Buckminster Fuller (subject of this month's "Playboy Interview") concluded from his own study of demographic trends that, as the second Industrial Revolution, or cybernation, spreads to the Third World, a similar decline will occur there. As Dr. Elmer Pendell points out in "Sex Versus Civilization," the people in the most dilapidated housing, according to the 1960 U.S. Census, were still having the most children. Thus, reforming people seems much less effective than reforming the environment, which causes people spontaneously to wish to change their traditional ways. Anthropologists have also noted that a large family is a positive immediate benefit in a poverty-level culture, since the children can help support the parents as they age. The long-range bad effects of overpopulation are less visible to such people than this short-range gain. In other words, making the poor feel guilty about having large families will not stop them from continuing this practice; making them less poor, however, will indirectly lead them to adopt the small-family pattern of the better off and better educated.

NEW KIND OF CRIME

I was intrigued by the description of right-to-life organizations in the September 1971 *Playboy Forum* report titled

"The Abortion Backlash." These people seem to have invented a new category of crime: depriving a nonexistent person of his likelihood.

John Fitzgerald
Chicago, Illinois

RIGHTS OF THE EMBRYO

In the October 1971 *Playboy Forum*, David B. Shear states that, since any human cell could conceivably develop into a human being, the fact that an embryo has this potential is not an argument against its destruction. If it were, he says, "then all surgery must be prohibited." While it is true that any cell in the body has the potential to develop into a human being, only the embryo has the ability to do so without the aid of scientific intervention. Shear also says that technology will soon make it possible for a fetus to be grown outside the body of its mother and, from this, he concludes that it is meaningless to say that doctors should not abort a viable fetus. I would conclude that this technology will make it more feasible than ever to guarantee rights to the fetus, since termination of pregnancy will not necessitate destruction of the fetus. Meanwhile, however, I can only concur with Shear's opening sentence: "The only serious moral argument against termination of pregnancy is that the embryo has the potential to develop into a human being and, therefore, must be accorded full human rights from the moment of conception."

George C. Salmas
University of California
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY sympathizes with those whose concern for the preservation of life moves them to oppose abortion, but we sympathize much more with women who are pregnant and don't want to be. Potentiality is not actuality, we believe, and the needs and desires of human beings take precedence over claims made for an organism whose life as a human has not yet begun.

THE COMPLETE WOMAN

I've read many letters published in *The Playboy Forum* on the dilemmas of male-female relations, but the one titled "On Being a Woman" (September 1971) was the most irritating to date. Being a woman, for God's sake, means more than lighting candles, chilling wine, putting on a clean outfit and looking pleasant. Surely, one half of the human race has more talent than the minimum required to do those things.

I'm a feminist of sorts and, paradoxically, this is because I far prefer men to women. Men seem more interesting, more active, more outreaching than women do at present. The thing is, it need not be so. If women would confront the outside world and realize themselves as distinct intellectual and sexual beings, they might find themselves more interest-

ing and less rapacious, possessive and petty.

A woman who won't admit this, is cheating her man of the greatest gift she could give him: all she is capable of being.

June Nefford
Albany, New York

SHEAF OF SAD GAGS

The November 1971 issue of *Esquire* contained an article titled "Bad Dudes" in which feminist spokeswomen Gloria Steinem, Caroline Bird, Florynce Kennedy, Anita Hoffman and others list the men they consider the chief enemies of women's liberation and explain their choices. The results raise serious doubts about the political intelligence, sense of priorities and just plain wit of this group of women's leaders. Apparently, their worst objection to Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, is that he runs "yet another organization where women have only 'auxiliary' status." With equal disdain, they dismiss Dr. Benjamin Spock as "responsible for brainwashing a whole generation of women into staying home with the kids." About novelist Philip Roth, they complain. "It doesn't occur to him that Mrs. Portnoy might have a complaint—stuck at home with nothing to do but fuss over her family." It doesn't occur to them that Roth made that very fact abundantly clear to any sensitive reader. Obviously at a loss to find something bad to say about Jules Feiffer, they offer the debatable criticism: "How come the women in his cartoons are always less human than the men?" These spokeswomen are even more tongue-tied when it comes to denouncing Joe Namath, declaring feebly. "His public actions, statements, image say it all," and Hugh Hefner—"Are you kidding?" The most off-target attack of all, however, is the charge that Attorney General John Mitchell is one of the "hostile, closeted misogynists who oppress women profoundly." Who has done more—through his permissive, indulgent attitude toward Mrs. Mitchell—to demonstrate the value of allowing women a voice in national affairs?

M. Murphy
Phoenix, Arizona

BEAUTY VS. IDEOLOGY

The letter titled "Beauty vs. Ideology" in the November 1971 *Playboy Forum* states that the women's lib criticism of *PLAYBOY's* nude photography is "just a modern form of puritanism" and "a regression to the days when the Church forbade artists to paint nudes." I disagree. There are subtle differences between artistic photography and the kind found in your magazine. The portrayal of half-clad women and women with lines where the sun's rays have been blocked by a bathing suit suggests that they have undressed just for the reader's delectation.

This is an appeal on a level different from that of the even-colored completely nude body ordinarily associated with nude photography. Similarly, the way *PLAYBOY's* women look directly into the camera (appearing to be staring into the eyes of the reader) and the settings (bedrooms, couches or fur rugs) of the photographs separate *PLAYBOY* photography from photography as art.

It seems fair to say that in a non-sexist culture, women could not trade on pure physical appearance as they can in *PLAYBOY*. To defend the magazine on grounds of artistic merit or other rationalized qualities seems to misstate its obvious purpose.

Joan Kent
Worcester, Massachusetts

The author of the letter to which you refer also wrote, "The new feminists can't seem to see humanity, beauty and sexuality as a personal trinity; they insist on separating these categories and setting them in opposition, just as the old Puritans did." You've just demonstrated his point. You've listed features of PLAYBOY's photographs that arouse male sexual interest, and you've said that the presence of those erotic qualities prevents the photos from having aesthetic merit. We can only infer that you believe a picture must be drained of sexual appeal in order to qualify as art. We say that's puritanism, and we say the hell with it.

PROGRESSIVE PLAYMATES

Critics of *PLAYBOY*, when they are unable to find fault with the magazine's editorial content, frequently fall back on the claim that the pictorials, particularly those of the Playmates, are symbolic visual put-downs of women. Dennis A. Newman is right to condemn the cliché repeaters who charge that *PLAYBOY* portrays "women as sexual objects" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971). This accusation is a misreading of the meaning of the Playmate.

In his new book on the sexual revolution in America, *Nun, Witch, Playmate*, theology professor Herbert W. Richardson states:

What is especially unusual about the playboy-Playmate symbolism is that the sexually attractive woman is here conceived as a friend and equal. The very name "Playmate" carries with it reminiscences of pre-adolescent childhood when sexual differences were not decisive for friendship groups. . . . The Playmate is not of interest simply for her sexual functions alone. The photomontage that surrounds the Playmate portrays her in a variety of everyday activities: going to work, visiting her family, climbing mountains and sailing, dancing and dining out, figuring out her income

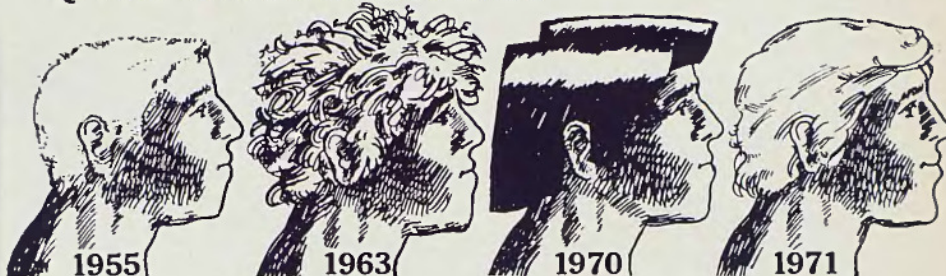
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Q. What's all this talk about Soft Hair?



A. Stiff sticky hairsprays leave your hair stiff (clunk!) and sticky. So we invented New Brylcreem® Soft Hair Dry Spray. It gives you the control you want, but leaves your hair feeling soft and natural.

Q. What was it like before Soft Hair?



1955
Man does not know he has hair. All you can see on his head is ugly stubble. Grooming is easy.

1963
Man grows his hair longer. Longer hair means better grooming aids are needed. Man's hair is a mess.

1970
Man tries to control his longer hair. Men's hairspray becomes popular, but it is basically the same stuff women use, and it leaves man's hair stiff and sticky.

1971
We introduce Soft Hair Spray. It gives man the control he wants for his longer hair, and leaves it feeling soft and natural; a small step for man, a giant step for man's hair.

Q. Was Soft Hair spray invented for your hair or her hands?



A. A good question. Actually it was invented for both. Soft Hair gives you the control you want, but leaves your hair soft to her touch.

1. First comb your hair. Then start to spray. You want the top to look full, not overstyled or plastered down.

2. This is where you need the most control. Keep the can in motion. Once over lightly will do.

4. You may not see this but the girl behind you does. You can keep soft control without spraying again, by recombining with a damp comb.

3. Your sideburns should be soft too. Hold the can 9-12 inches away at all times.



Q. Will Soft Hair help bald people?



A. Some people think that Soft Hair is actually hair in a can. This is not true. Soft Hair just makes the hair you already have soft.

Q. How long should your hair be to use Soft Hair?



A. As long as you want. Soft Hair is an equal opportunity hairspray.

Q. How do you know Soft Hair will work for you?

A. Does this picture appeal to you?...then Soft Hair is for you.



Q. Why should your hair be soft?



A. Stiff is brittle. Stiff sprays leave your hair sticky and brittle.

Wet is ugly. Wet hair is ugly and drippy looking.

Soft is nice. Hair that's soft looks and feels alive and natural.

Softness counts. That's why we invented Soft Hair. The first dry spray to treat your hair softly naturally. Never leaves it stiff or sticky. With Soft Hair, your hair feels as soft as it looks.

Soft Hair. We didn't call it Soft Hair™ for nothing.

tax. She is, first and foremost, the playboy's all-day, all-night pal.

Richardson sees what many of those who attack PLAYBOY are unwilling to acknowledge, that the man-woman relationship portrayed by the magazine and typified by the Playmate is an enormous improvement on former American roles for the sexes. In the old, unliberated days, sex was full of aggressive meanings; it was seen as something the man did to the woman, a way of conquering her, or else it was looked on as a favor the woman granted to the man, thereby placing herself in the superior position. Although physically heterosexual, Richardson suggests that men and women were psychologically homosexual; that is, their activities and interests were so different that sex was virtually their only meeting ground, while friendship was possible only between members of the same sex. As a result of the evolution of sexual attitudes in recent years, however, Richardson reports:

In contrast, the psychologically bisexual society (symbolized by PLAYBOY) brings men and women into constant relation with each other so that all their activities are heterosexual. In fact, in the playboy-Playmate symbol, there is no longer a "man's world" and a "woman's world." . . . The equalitarian, non-aggressive relation between the playboy and the Playmate stresses the similarity between the two. He enjoys sex, she enjoys sex. (It would be impossible to guess which is the aggressor.)

Of course, when one is interpreting pictures, he may read into them whatever he wants to. Nevertheless, I must say I don't think the Playmate photographs reduce women to less-than-human things. The Playmate symbolizes a new relationship between men and women, one that reflects the progress of egalitarian and libertarian trends in our society.

Mrs. L. Rosen
New York, New York

COFFEE-TABLE READING

My wife and I have always kept PLAYBOY on the coffee table in our living room, and we never worried about our young daughters or their baby sitters picking it up and reading it. However, beginning with your pictorial of very young nude girls (*The Age of Awakening*, August 1971) and continuing through your November issue, which is full of photos in which pubic areas are not concealed, we feel you have exceeded the bounds of good taste. We are reluctantly considering removing PLAYBOY from our coffee table.

The editors of PLAYBOY may feel that it is their right to make decisions on the

basis of their own taste and judgment, but such decisions should take into account the comments of those who foot the bill.

Robert B. Adams
Montoursville, Pennsylvania

We have great respect for the comments of those who "foot the bill." But, frankly, we're not sorry that our decision to show pubic hair has upset some readers. If everyone had agreed that it was time PLAYBOY changed its picture policies, then it would mean the decision had come too late. We've always tried to be irreverent, rebellious and ahead of our time, and we do not aspire to be safe coffee-table reading or suitable for children if it means giving up those qualities.

UNION-MADE CENSORSHIP

What's happened to the American workingman? I had always thought union members were liberty-loving, down-to-earth people, the sort who would be exceedingly sensitive to violations of rights and infringement on freedom; however a story in *The Providence Journal* states that Local 1203 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers wrote to the state's attorney general, asking him to rule certain issues of PLAYBOY obscene.

How or why a union should crusade for censorship I don't know, but the *Journal* story indicates that Local 1203, which in the past has supported stronger state anti-pornography laws, has gone into the campaign with both feet. The *Journal* quotes Harold E. Doran, president of the local, as saying, "A union, above all, cannot infringe on the rights of adults, but I am concerned about the permissiveness with which PLAYBOY depicts sex." With this confused statement, Doran himself indicates a sense that something is wrong when members of the labor movement start hollering for censorship. I can only express the hope that Local 1203's flirtation with oppression is, indeed, local—a fluke that does not represent the attitudes of American workers generally.

John Collins
Hartford, Connecticut

WITH ENEMIES LIKE THIS . . .

While doing research for an article on today's right-wing racist groups in the U.S., I came across a magazine titled *The Cross and the Flag*, published by Gerald L. K. Smith. Smith is an anti-Semitic reactionary whose record goes back to before World War Two, when he was a leader of the pro-Hitler America First Party. If a magazine, like a man, can be measured by the kind of people who are its enemies, PLAYBOY should be proud of this editorial in the April 1970 issue of *The Cross and the Flag*:

I have never opened a copy of PLAYBOY magazine. It would do something to my self-respect to even buy one copy. It is evil, pornographic and negative in all its aspects. So-

called prominent citizens who allow their names to be used in giving prestige to this degenerating journal are doing the American people a disservice. The circulation is something over 5,000,000, the publisher is a self-confessed libertine, the magazine promotes pimpery, prostitution, free love and premarital sex relations. God save America from these gigantic enterprises dedicated to the justification of evil and the undermining of our traditions of self-respect.

Kenneth Arfa
Flushing, New York

CULTURAL PLURALISM

It was a pleasure to read such civilized sentiments on the potential for revolutionary change in America as those of Norman Spinrad quoted in the October 1971 *Playboy Forum*. I was surprised, however, that when he stated that cultural pluralism would preclude the realization of various ideological utopias, Spinrad included laissez-faire capitalism on the list. As a lot of libertarian philosophers and economists, such as Ayn Rand and Murray Rothbard, have pointed out, in a laissez-faire society no man may coercively interfere with the activities of others. It seems to me that a laissez-faire society would be a necessary precondition of cultural pluralism.

M. Nathoo
London, England

Many an eye was opened, I hope, by the letter that quoted science-fiction writer Norman Spinrad's proposal that all the cultural subdivisions in America learn to respect one another and leave one another alone. My own youth culture has practiced segregation, not by race but by cultural stereotype. We have demonstrated repeatedly that we're just as intolerant as our middle-class parents. We plead to be understood and we refuse to try to understand others. I don't know if we can change, but where there is awareness there is hope. People like Spinrad are helping us know ourselves.

Jennifer Jobe
Tampa, Florida

THE PROBLEM OF HAIR

Like many people in my age group (I'm 24), I am repelled by the hypocrisy of the establishment, by police brutality and by the total ignorance of bigots with their AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT slogan. But nobody expects anything better from such people. What disturbs me even more is the snobbery of so many of today's long-hairs. I happen to prefer to wear my hair short. Whenever I go to a head shop, a record store or a rock concert, I meet with automatic hostility from the beautiful freaks, many of whom are just as bigoted in their own

(continued on page 214)

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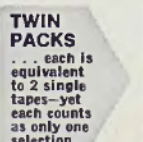
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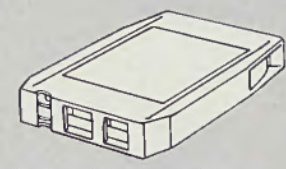
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... and from time to time we will offer some special selections, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases! This is the most convenient way possible to build a stereo tape collection at the greatest savings possible!

Cut along dotted line — seal (paste or tape) and mail as Business Reply Envelope. No stamp needed.

Please accept my membership application in the Club. I am interested in this type of tape: (check one only)

Be sure to check one box only

- 8-Track Cartridges (PG-W)
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Send me the eight selections indicated at the right, for which I will be billed only \$2.86, plus processing and postage. I agree to buy seven selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming year, and may cancel membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for your bonus plan. All selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do not want any selection, I'll return the selection card by the date specified — or use it to order any selection I do want. If I want only the regular selection, I need do nothing — it will be sent automatically. From time to time, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form.

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- Easy Listening
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'Why I Smoke Vantage.'

I read the papers.
I watch TV.

I hear the things some of them are saying about smoking.

All I know is that I enjoy smoking and I don't plan to quit. Last year, maybe the year before, I did get on to one of those low 'tar' brands. Worked at it for a solid month.

Trying to pull flavor through one of those cigarettes was like sucking on a pencil.

So I went back to my old brand. What's the good of smoking if you can't get flavor through a cigarette?

Only it wasn't the same thing, my old brand. All those critics made me feel guilty about smoking them.

That's about the time Vantage came out and did I latch on to them!

First off, they tasted good. Like my old cigarettes.



And then, frankly, all that the critics say about 'tar' and nicotine has to make an impression. Fact is, they don't make me feel guilty about smoking Vantage.

I mean here's a cigarette that's got a whole lot less 'tar' and nicotine than my old brand and I'm still getting good rich flavor out of them.

They're always telling people to stop smoking or to cut down on 'tar' and nicotine.

But how about telling a guy like me, who likes smoking, how to cut down on 'tar' and nicotine yet still get some enjoyment out of a cigarette.

Will every smoker like Vantage? All I can say is to try them.

Lester Schreiber

Lester Schreiber, Tampa, Florida

12 mg. tar
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

a candid conversation with the visionary architect/inventor/philosopher

R. Buckminster Fuller calculates that if he could maintain his normal talking speed of 7000 words an hour, it would take him just 55 hours to tell you everything he knows. This would include discourses in mathematics, architecture, cartography, cosmogony, economics and the history of industry and science, plus parenthetical excursions into poetry, sailing, automotive design and such others of his pleasures as he might feel inspired to draw upon for metaphor or illustration. Since Fuller is a man of unrelenting intellectual generosity, it is a matter of some frustration to him that the 55-hour lecture must remain largely theoretical. For so eager have his audiences become that in recent years he has traveled as much as 200,000 miles merely to fulfill his speaking commitments, and his life, at 76, is a continuous flurry of catching planes and trying to cut things a little shorter.

A well-turned talk by Fuller is, like one of his geodesic domes, completely free from right angles and linear progressions. Instead, his thought moves on great arcs, tying in with other vaulting idea vectors as he happens to encounter them, swooping off on apparent digressions that—astonishingly—turn out to be the best route back to the original point, often reached long after the listener has forgotten it. His notion of himself as a comprehensivist has been cultivated through almost half a century

of intrepid scholarship. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, Fuller "was fired by Harvard" and promptly suffered a succession of business reverses. Driven to "a pinch point of pain," he contemplated suicide before deciding that his collected experience was something he could not deny. Beginning with his celebrated decision to "peel off" in 1927, he withdrew to his Chicago apartment, abandoned the use of his vocal cords and embarked on a systematic inventory of his knowledge and experience that was distinguished by his Cartesian refusal to take anything whatever for granted.

Two years later, Fuller emerged with the first of his many inventions, the Dymaxion House, a "dwelling machine" that anticipated concepts of automation and air and water recycling still far in advance of modern building technology. In 1933, he introduced his three-wheeled, rear-steered Dymaxion Car, which could seat nine, go 120 miles per hour and turn full circle inside its own length. But Fuller, apart from being so extravagantly ahead of his time, was dogged by inventor's bad luck until the late Forties, when he unveiled the geodesic dome, the lightest, strongest and most efficient means of enclosing space yet devised by man. The dome, which to Fuller was to be valued mainly as an expression of his geometric discoveries, now covers more of the earth's surface than any other single kind of clear-span

structure, and its wide acceptance reversed Fuller's reputation as what The New York Times called "a Rube Goldberg who took himself seriously."

Now, with most of his 14 books in print and selling briskly, Fuller finds himself regarded as a thinker for the first time in his life. And while his books reveal an impressive consistency—from the daring conceptions of such early works as "Nine Chains to the Moon" to the assured voice he found in "Utopia or Oblivion" and "Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth"—his expressive facility has grown steadily richer in recent years, giving him a late career as a poet, or a writer of what he calls "ventilated prose."

Fuller's historical analyses have been derided as "raids" by historians, just as mathematicians tend to dismiss him as an unusually bright architect, and architects call him a venturesome engineer. But Fuller considers specialists of all kinds to be extinction-bound creatures putting good machines out of work, and he relishes their parochial criticisms as if they renewed his strength and conviction. While it is true that his eye for the past is fearlessly eclectic, his vision of the future is remarkable for its detailed integration of scientific data with social yearnings—yearnings that can be fulfilled, as he foresees it, before the century is out.

"I met Fuller a year ago last summer," writes our interviewer, Barry Farrell,



"In the future, we'll synthesize chemically all our constituents, so that eventually we might really be able to keep changing parts and keep ourselves going. There might someday be a continuous man."



"I was brought up with this class thing, and I hated it. But I couldn't get over the fact that poor people seemed to be dumb. I worked with them and I loved them, but they were dumb."



"I'm the only man I know who can sin. Everybody else is too innocent. They don't know what they're doing. But I've had enough experience, such a fantastic amount, that I really know what it is to sin."

"and I've been unsuccessfully trying to live up to the experience ever since. He's a small man, barely an inch over five feet, and there is something immediately charming in the sight of him—the heavy glasses, the dual hearing aids, the ready solicitous smile. We had arranged to drive together from Boston to Camden, Maine, where his 41-foot sloop *Intuition* lay waiting to take him out to his family's summer refuge, a small craggy outcropping of birch stands and deep meadows called Bear Island, 11 miles out from Camden in Penobscot Bay. I said very little during the drive, and although I had the feeling that much of what Fuller was saying was lost on me, he invited me to come back to the island a few weeks later, so we could 'really talk about universe in a big way.'

"When I returned, Fuller proved more than willing to make good on his offer, and for 12 nights running he discoursed on his philosophy, his mathematics, his bottomless fund of information and experience, keeping his listeners up well past midnight, fortifying himself only with endless cups of tea and his own bracing ideas. His age and his positivism combined to reproach me for my own facile pessimism; I felt that I'd encountered a real teacher for the first time in my life.

"The central portion of the interview took place in Fuller's hotel room in New York on an afternoon so dark with winter that the drab fittings of the room took on a congenial warmth and no one noticed when night came to the windows. Fuller brewed a pot of tea, then settled down in a straight-backed chair, wearing his customary dark vested suit and, with his hands folded patiently in his lap, looked as composed and willing as if he were applying for a Fulbright. As always, he provided about 20 parts A for every part Q, and later I had to go back to him with a few questions I hadn't been able to squeeze in. On all occasions, he was helpful and sympathetic, never the slightest bit stinting in his time or ideas.

"The last time I saw Fuller was a short while ago, at Los Angeles airport. He was setting off for a six-week trip to India, where he is designing an integrated system of jetports for New Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. He was looking more fit than I'd ever seen him, and it seemed to me as I drove away, leaving Bucky at curbside, that I had never known anyone who was older than he—or younger."

PLAYBOY: Is there a single statement you could make that would express the spirit of your philosophy?

FULLER: I always try to point one thing out: If we do more with less, our resources are adequate to take care of everybody. All political systems are founded on the premise that the oppo-

site is true. We've been assuming all along that failure was certain, that our universe was running down and it was strictly you or me, kill or be killed as long as it lasted. But now, in our century, we've discovered that man can be a success on his planet, and this is the great change that has come over our thinking. **PLAYBOY:** If that kind of awareness has really come over us, why isn't there more rejoicing?

FULLER: The changes taking place are still unfamiliar to everybody, even to those who expect change. If you start plotting the changes that are occurring, the most difficult to plot is the change of attitude, the change of awareness. But I've been at it long enough to really see these changes, and I tell you the acceleration is terrific. I can see this world of man coming on very rapidly.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, though, the world still seems pretty hostile.

FULLER: That's the conditioned reflex. The utter helplessness of the child requires a parent. And parents look out for a number of children, so the children assume there is a big man to watch over them. That gets to be a conditioned reflex. We find ourselves in trouble and look for a bigger and tougher guy, someone who'll say, "All right, follow me and we're going out to eat. There are some people who've got some stuff over there and we're going to knock them on the head and take it away from them."

If you go back to the earliest days of humans on our planet, you'll note that, among the advanced mammals, nature seems to have chosen fighting as a way of determining which of the males would dominate the group. We see a stallion born among many stallions, and he's a little bigger and tougher than the others and that makes him a challenge to the speediest and most powerful, and there's a fight between the two and the one who wins disseminates the species. The others can just go hump.

Imagine how this happened with man—man in great ignorance, born with hunger, born with the need to regenerate, not knowing whether or not he'll survive. He begins by observing that the people who eat roots and berries very often get poisoned by them, and he sees that the animals that don't eat those things don't get poisoned. So he kills those animals and finds their flesh safe and it gives him a lot of energy in a hurry. So the most powerful men start grouping together to control the meat. And that's been the tradition. There wasn't enough to go around and somebody had to go down.

PLAYBOY: But that isn't the case any longer?

FULLER: No. I'm absolutely convinced of it. It's only ignorance that makes it continue to appear so. Even when I was a kid, we had comprehensive illiteracy. Man was

still very ignorant, and his ignorance led to fear for his own skin. You have to remember that, early in the history of man, life was so bad that they couldn't even think of anything good about it. Therefore, they said the whole thing was just a trial for another kind of life in some other place. And the people had such awful feelings of inadequacy that they went for the idea that the afterlife was for the Pharaoh only. So in the beginning, we have afterlife for the Pharaoh. Then they began to have a little more success; they began to understand a few principles that made life a tiny bit easier, and they began to say that the afterlife was for the Pharaoh and the nobles; that came in the second set of dynasties. Then there got to be a little more discovery of this and that, and finally they said, well, we can take care of the afterlife of *all* citizens, by which they meant the middle class; that's our Greek and Roman history. Then there got to be so much knowledge by the time of the beginnings of Buddhism, Christianity and Islam that they found they could look out for the afterlife of *everybody*. And that's been our history for 1900 years—the woman in her black shawl inside the great cathedral, experiencing the ecstasy of knowing that in her afterlife she'll be able to join all the people she loves.

But all this time, there's man having experience in producing tools and figuring out the engineering of those great cathedrals and pyramids, gradually developing such a great tool capability that he said, "Now we can take care of the afterlife of everybody and also the *living* life of the king." This was a brand-new idea for humanity. This was the moment of the divine right of kings, a major change for mankind. And then, in the time of the Magna Charta, the same idea was extended to the king and the nobles. And then they decided that they had the capability to care for the afterlife of everybody and the living life of the entire middle class, and that was the great breakthrough of the Victorian period that took us right up to yesterday. All the urbanism and social ideas and notions of property we have are built on those ideas. Now we find that they, too, are wearing thin—because we can do *more*. Suddenly man is able to increase the life span and improve the life style of *everybody* and have a very large number living far better than any 19th Century king. Just in this century, we've doubled the life span for 40 percent of humanity.

At any rate, I think we may be coming into a phase now where there is only one universe, only one lifetime. I see a regenerative awareness coming on where, in the next age, we'll be looking out for the afterlife and the living life not only of everybody alive but also of everybody

to *come*. We won't be burning up our fossil fuels and saying to the next generation, "How are you going to get on?" We're coming into a phase of man's being successful on board his planet, performing his function in a bigger way. Maybe we'll be able to leave this planet and get on to others and fix them up as each one gets ready to become a star.

PLAYBOY: What are the signs of this new phase?

FULLER: Man is beginning to think in terms of one world. We used to think a lot about hell. In the old up-and-down infinite-plane world, with heaven above and hell below and the earth sandwiched in between, we used to imagine that fire below as if it could really burn us. But you don't hear much talk about hell nowadays. It's getting to be one universe, one life. We're still very much involved in the metaphysical, the eternal, but now it's the eternality of the human mind's being able to discover generalized principles. In order for there to be a principle, it has to be eternal. So I see the temporal and eternal coming into complete interaction.

Of course, we still have the school-teacher saying, "Never mind universe, I want you to get your A B C's, your elementary education. When you know about the little things, the parts of things, then you can add them up and figure out everything." And this is a complete fallacy, because universe is synergetic, and the behavior of the parts does not predict the behavior of the whole. Ask the scientist, "What is mass attraction?" He doesn't have the slightest idea. He only knows it does it. It's a relationship, not a thing. The why of it is an absolute mystery. Man can discover these relationships and behaviors, but he is utterly unaware of the a priori mystery.

All our experiences have beginnings and endings. All are finite packages. That's the way we think. We have this extraordinary mind that can make contact with those eternal and employ those principles; but we can only put them to specialized uses. So everything we experience physically is always a special case and always terminal.

PLAYBOY: This limits man's potential, doesn't it, as to his ability to identify his function in a universe of mystery?

FULLER: I'd call the hydrogen atom very successful, and I see no reason man shouldn't be as well designed to fulfill his potential. It could be, however, that evolution is intent on bringing about a different kind of existence for man. For instance, consider the coral reef. It's quite different from the individual walking man. In the coral reef, the individual little coral animal doesn't even know the little coral animals next to him. They keep building reefs, which are occupied by millions of individuals who

have no knowledge of one another. It's like the Queen Elizabeth going down the harbor when the lights are on at night, and it happens that a child is born on board about that moment, and in the next moment an old man dies on board. You don't see that in those lights, because the Queen Elizabeth is like a floating coral reef where new life is coming in and old life is going out. In New York City, as you get up on high and see all the lights of the skyline, there are houses where people are dying and there are houses where people are being born. It's a great coral reef, too.

There's also a sort of continuity in the way each of our cells is dying and new ones are coming in. We are, in effect, walking coral reefs; the latest information discloses that 98 percent of the atoms of which we consist change annually. So we're simply a kind of form, as the Queen Elizabeth is a form, with life going on inside. The atoms get changed, the people on board change, yet there is a sum-total form that goes on. You and I are walking, overlapping life-cell creations and life-cell deaths, atoms coming in and going out. So I don't find it strange to think that we can interchange each other's blood, each other's eyes and livers. In the future, we'll synthesize chemically all our constituents, so that eventually we might really be able to keep changing parts and keep ourselves going. This is implicit in what's going on right now. There might someday be a continuous man. Man would then have an enormous information resource that would enable him to cope with much larger problems. I see man coming into quite a new function in relation to universe, a function having nothing to do anymore with the struggle to stay alive.

PLAYBOY: Nor with the struggle to perpetuate himself, it would seem. Wouldn't these changes defeat the urge to procreate?

FULLER: If you think about it, it's probably a very difficult design problem to get an organism to want to procreate. Go to the mirror and stick your tongue out and have a good look at it. If you didn't have a tongue and a salesman came to your door and said, "I'd like to sell you one of these things; you stick it in your mouth and it does you a lot of good." I doubt that you'd be very likely to buy it. If you were to take a look at your guts, at your kidneys, or if you had to go to a supermarket and buy a kit to make a baby, I don't think you could put it together at all. If each of us could see all the organic equipment required to regenerate this extraordinary walking coral reef that we really are, I don't think anybody would procreate. So to get us to procreate, nature gave us a beautiful covering that sort of simplifies all the frightening colors and coils and such. We have a simplified skin stretched over us and nature has done a lot of tricks,

trying to make this thing attractive enough so that procreation would occur.

Now, regarding population, you find enormous numbers of human beings talking glibly about overpopulation who have no awareness of the subject at all. I've taken a lot of time to study population and have been doing it for a great many years, and I've found that you have to go back into two centuries of census information to really find something out. To do this, you go back into family Bibles and you find that the early Colonial settlers kept complete records of all births and deaths and marriages, and those early American fathers were averaging 13 children per family. But the mother often died in childbirth, then the child, as often as not, died of measles or diphtheria or consumption. The casualties were awful. And so the number surviving into adulthood was not high, despite all the babies. Then, as we began to get waterworks and the various things that help control environment, that help a man protect his family against deprivation and disease, down went the number of children per family and up went life expectancy. The average life expectancy in early America was somewhere around 19. The upward trend is still with us—life span going up, births going down. All this is pure fallout from industrialization. When nature has a poor chance of survival, she makes many starts: when her chances improve, she makes fewer.

During all those thousands and thousands of years before our time, nature gave man the capacity to make many babies. Now, suddenly, she doesn't need them anymore. So I'm not surprised to see girls dressing like boys and boys dressing like girls. I'm not surprised to see women getting naked, because the more naked they are, the more they tend to discourage the sex urge. Part of the procreative urge is man's insatiable curiosity. If a woman is covered up with skirts, man is driven by curiosity: Take away the skirts and he says to hell with it. And I find us getting an enormous amount of homosexuality, which I see as nature supplying a negative urge that diminishes our capacity to make babies. Here, of course, the good-and-bad kind of idea has led us completely astray. So many things that are changing or coming to a stop tend to make people feel negative, but it's simply nature winding up certain phases quite rapidly right now.

PLAYBOY: When you say nature, do you mean man?

FULLER: When I use the word nature, I sometimes mean God.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever say God and mean nature?

FULLER: People get confused over the word God. There is a long tradition that tells us that God is some kind of man. People in the early Greek days wanted

to see what Venus looked like. I'm sure the original Greek thinkers didn't have this anthropomorphic concept. But minds great enough to discover a principle had to deal with people who said, "Please make that clear to me," and they began talking in experiential terms, developing allegories and similes. To talk about the procreative urge, they began to describe Venus, and the people listening began to pay attention to the example and they wanted to see what Venus looked like. My great aunt Margaret Fuller, who used to talk a great deal about the Greek gods a century ago, began to see them in terms of the principles they represented. And I found it interesting, when I studied electrical engineering, that when I considered such electromagnetic behaviors as conductance, impedance and resistance, I saw the Greek gods in those behaviors.

PLAYBOY: Then the presence of the gods was more evident to you in electricity than in the human personality?

FULLER: The human personality was a good way of explaining a principle, that's all. And that is how man developed a lot of his anthropomorphic concepts of God. In our own era, Einstein brought back a nonanthropomorphic concept of God—God as the great integrity of universe. I find that in the Orient, this is very much understood.

PLAYBOY: Would you compare your own sense of the mystery of the universe to Einstein's?

FULLER: Oh, very much so. I was deeply impressed when he wrote about his cosmic religious sense in "Religion and Science" in 1930. He wrote about the men who were identified by the Roman Catholic Church as the great heretics, and he said he thought those great scientists were much more imbued with a faith in God than the clerics were, because they recognized God in the mystery and integrity of universe. And he said, "What a faith must have inspired Kepler to spend all the nights of his life alone with the stars." Most of the men of the Church didn't understand that kind of faith, but I think Einstein had it very deeply.

PLAYBOY: And you share his belief?

FULLER: I think the word faith is much better than belief. Belief is when somebody *else* does the thinking. Most of our religions are that way, just full of credos and dogma. They are anti-thought, and that, to me, is anti-universe. Man has to discover his full significance, and only mind can do that.

PLAYBOY: Your notion of man's significance seems to assume that he has an objective function in the universe. Where do you see him demonstrating any awareness of it?

FULLER: When you try to understand whether or not man has a function, you start by observing universe, not

man. Universe is not a static picture but an extraordinary kind of scenario which I call a complex of partially overlapping, transforming events. People are born at different times; their children are born at different times; their lives are overlapping, transforming events. They die, but there's a continuity of life that is the same continuity which is universe. Now, thinking about universe and trying to find man's function, observe that the physicist has found that all systems are always losing energy. The energies that fit into our local system here on earth are energies given off by other systems.

Every chemical element has its unique frequencies, and those frequencies can be thought of as the teeth of a gear. I'd like to amplify that a little with the example of synchronization. You have two engines in an airplane and they don't turn over at exactly the same rate, so you hear *rhooOWW*, *rhooOWW*, *rhooOWW*. They come into phase and go out of phase. Universe is doing just that with these constantly associating and dissociating energies. Some take millions of years before they *rhooOWW*. But these energies appear disorderly merely because they are temporarily not meshing with something else.

When the gears and the teeth don't mesh, they take up more room. You get an omnidirectional crowding; things get moved faster and faster around the periphery to accommodate the continuous expansion of crowding and disorderliness. But the limit of that velocity is what Einstein called the speed of light, the speed of radiation of all kinds, 186,000 miles a second. This is top speed, because when you get to where everything's in phase, all the crowding stops. In other words, energy in dissociation expands outwardly until it reaches the last cycle in the total regenerative system. We know about total regeneracy because physics has demonstrated that energy is never created nor lost. So we know that, as men alive in universe, we're dealing in a finite system of overlapping scenarios in which, finally, the whole scenario tape gets melted down and reprinted and we get a new show.

PLAYBOY: That "melting down" could be cataclysmic for life on earth, couldn't it? How do we know we'll be in the new show?

FULLER: I'm trying to give you a comprehensive picture. Just let me paint the rest of it and I'm sure you'll understand what I'm trying to say. Let's go on to observe that we also have a fundamental law in physics that every phenomenon has a complementary phenomenon. Therefore, with the physical universe expanding and becoming increasingly disorderly, there must be someplace in universe that is

contracting and becoming increasingly orderly.

Our Spaceship Earth is one such place. This is a place where energies are being collected. All the disorderly receipts of cosmic radiation from the sun and other stars impinge on our planet and its mantles. The radiation gets bent as it passes through the Van Allen belts, then bent again by our atmosphere, then bent still further by the three quarters of the earth that is covered by water. The water impounds the energy as heat. It takes on heat and loses it more slowly than any other substance, and three quarters of our planet happens to be covered by it. We've been given a very even relative temperature aboard our planet, where the annual variation of extremes is less than one degree Fahrenheit. And within this orderly temperature balance, life is able to regenerate in the biological species. You and I, no matter what our age or where we may be or what we may be wearing, give off 98.6 degrees in all seasons. That gives you an idea of the beautiful energy balance in our chemistries.

Now, we also have, on board our planet, radiation impounded by vegetation on dry land and by algae in the sea. Photosynthesis gives us these beautiful molecular structures, these beautiful hydrocarbons. So here's a tiny planet with a beautiful set of ordinary conditions that gives us a profusion of life and still lets the energies collect. Fish die and their cells filter down toward the bottom of the ocean. Trees and grasses and ferns go under, and as the winds and the various geological movements shift the soils, they get buried deeper and deeper, until finally, at about the 4000-foot depth, the pressures are such that their hydrocarbons undergo a change and we get coal and petroleum. Our earth is the one place we know about in universe where energy is physically collecting.

What I'm looking for in this total picture is an answer to that one great question: Does man have a function in universe? And I find that among all the forms of biological life, man has one extraordinary capability, which is his mind. His brain is something he shares with many animals. It takes in the incoming smellies and feelies and video messages and deals with them as special-case experiences. But man's mind alone can also perceive the *relationships* that exist among these special cases. It keeps surveying them and suddenly it finds one of these beautiful relationships. If you don't know that something exists, there's no way you can look for it, yet mind has the unique capacity of finding things out through intuition. And this gives man his marvelous capacity to discover generalized principles and employ them. This is man's contact with the eternal

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we were speaking about, his ability to locate the absolute reliability of design, which is the eternal aspect of universe.

What I'm saying is that the human mind may be part of the requirement of having a regenerative universe that never runs down. Just as all the biological life forms on earth are anti-entropic, decelerating and collecting energies into their very orderly biological molecules, so man's mind sees the generalized principles, collects that information and discovers its significance and winds up employing it in a very big way. Just now, man is becoming able to apprehend and employ the great principles and really begin to participate in evolutionary events. His function in universe is to do certain sortings that need to be done in order to maintain its total integrity. His information-gathering, sorting and rearranging capability is greater than any other such capability demonstrable in universe. The fact that universe discloses this kind of capability indicates that man has quite an important function. And our experience also teaches us that when universe has important functions to fulfill, it provides for the regeneration of those functions. Man could not regenerate himself alone and unassisted on board his planet. He is born absolutely helpless. Despite all his beautiful equipment and all his senses, he's helpless. But we find that our planet has provided us with impounded energy that we can employ to make ourselves a total success in our environment and free ourselves to get on with our universal role.

PLAYBOY: And you're saying that man is on the point of discovering that role?

FULLER: I think he's just discovering himself in his full significance. The child in the womb is completely innocent and completely looked out for. Then he comes out and has to do his own breathing. Then he gets to his feet and has to do a little more. He takes on a little more responsibility and gains in self-discovery. Well, man is just now coming out of the womb of what I call permitted ignorance. The average man is beginning to realize why he is here in universe. That is exactly what young people are continually asking. When I talk to them, being a comprehensivist instead of a specialist, I find that they speculate and discover that they probably do have the function I'm talking about. And suddenly they change completely. I find that we're in a moment of fantastic self-discovery and are approaching an entirely new relationship with our universe.

PLAYBOY: It seems a melodramatic kind of evolution that would have man verge so close to extinction before discovering what he's here for. Do you think risking extinction may be part of the process of self-discovery?

FULLER: Man has always done it. He kept going to sea, kept going after those fish, and his boat was inadequate and he was lost. Of all the people who have gone to sea, I imagine very few have returned. There was such a loss in the beginning. But out of it, man gradually began to learn engineering, to learn how to anticipate the enormous stresses, the constant peril. And he began to develop beautiful fibers, better ropes, better sails. Our breakthroughs have always come when we were risking ourselves very close to the brink.

PLAYBOY: But only in recent years has man achieved the ability to bring everyone on earth close to the brink.

FULLER: I disagree. He's been on the brink all the time. He's always had the ability to throw the stone and kill the other guy. He's always been able to fall off the cliff. He's always had time to freeze to death out there. He's been on the brink the whole time.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think the existence of the bomb constitutes an end-game sort of circumstance for mankind?

FULLER: Both Adam and Eve could have picked up stones and it would have been all over.

PLAYBOY: So, in a sense, there's always been a bomb?

FULLER: There's always been a bomb—you bet! And man had a far greater tendency to use it in his ignorance and awful hunger than he does today, with his awareness of the consequences and his ability to get on without it.

PLAYBOY: All the same, don't you see time running out for man in terms of his being able to afford the luxury of trial and error?

FULLER: Oh, indeed. Not only do I see man as having a function in universe, which means he really is necessary to universe, but I also see that universe doesn't take a chance on this little team down here on Spaceship Earth. We are infinitely tiny and insignificant. Very often, the flames of the sun rise 30 times the diameter of our little earth. The size of our show here on earth is something we really need to emphasize. I often say this to my audiences nowadays. I'm standing on the stage and behind me is an enormous projection screen, and I've got a slide that was taken through one of the giant telescopes. It represents about one ten-thousandth of the total celestial sphere and is absolutely riddled with tiny white stars. And I point out that our sun is one of the tiniest. We also know that it takes light four and a half years, coming at the rate of 700,000,000 miles an hour, to get to us from the next closest star. So I tell my audience, pick the smallest dot you can see on the screen behind me and imagine drawing a tiny circle around it almost as small as the dot itself. That microscopic area can be said

to represent the solar system of which our earth is part. And then I have a voice rising in one of those cartoon voice balloons from this almost invisible dot, and the voice is saying, "Never mind that space stuff—let's get down to earth!"

PLAYBOY: Despite that picture of man's insignificance in space, you seem to be speaking of human life as being expressive of the "integrity" of the universe. Couldn't it just as well be something with no meaning at all beyond this tiny planet?

FULLER: I speak of universe in two aspects, the physical and the metaphysical. And I talk about scenario universe as my interpretation of Einstein's discovery of the speed of light. The significance of that discovery is that when we look out at the stars, we're seeing a live show that took place 20,000 years ago or 50,000 or 150,000; it's an aggregate of nonsimultaneous events. I use human life as an expression of this simply to show the overlapping quality that gives you a continuity of life despite individual births and deaths. I simply say that life on earth is a demonstration of the anti-entropy which is the prime Einsteinian realization. Remember that, up to the time of Einstein, it was thought that universe was a single simultaneous system and, like all systems, was running down. Therefore, it would someday run out and be done with. And then Einstein announced that the significance of his speed-of-light demonstration made it perfectly clear that universe was not running down. Energy dissociating here was joining there. These energies were aggregating, and after they reached maximum aggregation, they dispersed. I use human life only as an expression of such a scenario.

PLAYBOY: The aggregating energies of the universe created man. Yet you've written that human life was probably not the result of evolution here on earth. What did you mean?

FULLER: I meant that man probably came to this planet as whole man, a creature very much like we see today. He might have been sent by electromagnetic waves, as is perfectly possible, since man is an aggregate of electromagnetic waves. The frequencies might have been transmitted. Of course, I'm not pretending to know how man arrived, but I think he arrived as total man, because I find that universe is inherently complex, a complex of generalized principles, and man himself is just such a complex. It's no more unreasonable to assume man a priori than it is to assume universe, and science tells us that we have no choice as far as universe is concerned. Where Darwin tried to explain things in terms of the thinking of his time, I have the advantage of living a life nonsimultaneous with but partially overlapping Einstein's. A contemporary of Darwin was John Dalton, the great physicist who

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originated the atomic theory and who said that all atoms are made of hydrogen atoms. He liked the idea of the atom as the building block, the key to existence. You'll find that society always embraces such monological explanations.

But now, in the past few decades of physics, one of the most impressive realizations is the acceptance of fundamental complementarity in every realm of existence. There is no single key, and things that are complementarities are not mirror images of each other. So I'd say that Darwin's starting with the single cell in his theory of evolution was very much like Dalton's starting with the single atom. Today we know that man consists of all 91 regenerative elements found on earth, and every one of them is part of his good health. The amoeba does not have all these chemical elements, and there is no way to start with a single-cell creature and build up to man, because elements would be missing. On the other hand, we've learned that it's easy to inbreed characteristics. You concentrate genes and the mathematical probability is that sooner or later you'll get the characteristics you're after. But you inbreed at the cost of general adaptability every time. So you could take human beings and inbreed them until you came up with a monkey. You can see that happening every day. Lots of people are halfway to monkey.

PLAYBOY: If we understand the implications of your idea that the universe is counting on man to complete and maintain it, it would seem that you also reject the tragic sense of life that colors most modern philosophies.

FULLER: I take the word tragedy to represent poor little innocent man's being born ignorant and helpless and not having any idea of what's going on in universe. If for one instant we could come to understand our universe and could perceive ourselves as one with it, we wouldn't have to consider such a word as tragedy. We would see that there is absolute immortality. Tragedy, I think, is what happens when everything comes out wrong and nothing works and universe is a failure. But I don't think universe is a failure, and the reason I don't think so is that, as far as we can see, universe is an eternally self-regenerative system, so we can think of it only as a complete success. It includes everything we experience and all of it has a logical and really sublime integrity.

PLAYBOY: That could be taken as a profoundly religious statement.

FULLER: I personally interpret the word religion as being related to *religo*, which means to tie or fasten—in this case to rules, to dogma. You begin with the assumption that everyone is ignorant, and somebody much wiser comes along and says, "You're not old enough to understand. I *do* understand, however, and I

want you to believe every word I say." And you say, "All right, Father, I know you love me and wouldn't mislead me or cause me harm, so I believe you." There you have an exchange that I'd call religious. It's built on subscription to dogma. You're told what to believe and you learn how to repeat it.

PLAYBOY: Considering the resurgence of religious feeling among young people today, don't you think their enthusiasm for you and your ideas might be based on your positivism, which might be taken as a kind of religious reverence for the universe?

FULLER: I'm not sure I'd agree that positivism is a form of religion. I don't see the connection. Besides, young people today aren't going for dogma. That's exactly what they're giving up. They're doing their own thinking. They may hear me say that science begins with the awareness of the absolute mystery of universe. Young people intuitively feel that mystery, I think, and they're searching for what they may be allowed to believe on their own. They find in me such a searcher and they're interested in my searching; that's exactly the opposite of saying that they're developing a new religion and have taken me to be some kind of new priest. I'm not a priest. I'm not asking them to believe anything. In fact, I tell them the opposite. I tell them: Don't believe *anything*.

PLAYBOY: When you say that young people are doing their own thinking and refusing to follow dogma, do you feel that this generation is fundamentally different from those that came before?

FULLER: Most assuredly. The masses of them are different. Let me go back to the reasons for this, because one of the most interesting discoveries I've made relates to it. When Malthus, as a young economist, began receiving his data at the start of the 19th Century, he was the first economist dealing with total data from the whole earth seen as a closed system. And he found that apparently, people were reproducing themselves more rapidly than they were producing food for themselves. Darwin followed, with his survival of the fittest, and these two compounded to justify the actions of the men I call the great pirates, the imperialists of that period, the elect, as they thought of themselves. Then Karl Marx came along, with the same jargon, assuming scarcity as a permanent condition and agreeing with the Darwin argument. And Marx said that the fittest among men was the worker, because the worker was closest to nature and knew how to cope with it. He knew how to cultivate and handle the chisel, and so forth, and the other people were parasites.

As late as 1815 in England, commoners caught killing a rabbit were often hanged on the spot without a trial;

those animals belonged to the nobles and the king. These most powerful men ate the meat and the other people could make do with what was left over. And in their ignorance about what they should eat and what would give them nourishment, they let themselves get into a position where those who were powerful and ate well could rule by the sword. The proportion of nobles to the total population was so small that everybody assumed there must be some mystical reason they should have the best of it. And what was evident to everybody was that not only were the poor people illiterate and ill-clothed, and so forth, but they also seemed to be *dumb*.

Now, this was something that hurt me very much when I was a kid. I was brought up with this class thing, and I hated it and didn't believe it was valid. But I couldn't get over this thing that confronted me: Poor people seemed to be dumb. I worked with them and I loved them, but they were dumb. And Karl Marx accepted this. These people, while they were the fittest, gave in to the nobles out of dumbness, so Marx saw that people like that would need powerful rules if they were to be saved. If you're going out to pull the top down on society and your people are dumb, there have to be standards that everyone can recognize and follow, so you make a virtue of your dumbness and your coarseness and you live by strong rules. You wear your baggy and stupid clothes and make yourself proud of them.

A great many young people feel tremendously sympathetic with this idea these days, as I did at Harvard more than 50 years ago. You want to join with the underdog and therefore you wear his clothing and give up your standard of living. But this idea is becoming obsolete, however much it might appeal to the moral logic of young people. Because only in the past ten years have we finally had the first scientific proof—and now absolute scientific proof—that malnutrition during the child's time in the womb and during the early years of life causes permanent brain damage. So this dumbness and coarseness factor that Marx built into his theory of class warfare is purely the damaged brain of malnutrition—something we now can eliminate by the kind of revolution that pulls the bottom up instead of pulling the top down.

This is a very important matter; it has an enormous amount to do with man's continuously expanding capacity to do more with less. There are large numbers of young people today who've been properly nourished all their lives and the brightness you run into is very general. A lot of kids are extremely intelligent and also completely *simpatico* with their fellow man. They don't feel smarter

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or better. They think the whole idea of class is utterly wrong. And they're earnestly living with those low standards of comfort because they think it's unfair and immoral to do anything else.

PLAYBOY: Don't they still believe, then, in a revolution that lowers the standards of the rich?

FULLER: I'm saying that their adoption of those standards is primarily a moral act. They know that the real changes come about by raising the standards. They know that it's feasible in our century to take care of everybody. And that makes the whole socialist dogma invalid. Obviously, there is no such thing as class. This is clear as hell. And I find that an exciting fundamental difference from the past. But how many know that yet? I think very few. So the question is: How quickly can the idea be disseminated? How quickly can people be made to realize that it is a matter of pulling the bottom up, not pulling the top down?

PLAYBOY: That idea seems to correspond to a rather conservative, or at least moderate, kind of politics.

FULLER: Politics is an accessory after the fact. It comes along after the fact of evolution. Everything going on politically has to do with environmental changes that occurred outside politics. We couldn't have politics if it weren't for the fantastic technology of you and me. The big change we've been going through lately is from having political leaders—the great Pharaoh, the great king—to having pluralities of democratic representatives. The trouble is that it still serves only about one percent of humanity. But we're coming to a new time altogether. Suddenly, illiterate man is literate. Even when I was young, most of humanity was illiterate. Now most of humanity is literate. Suddenly, man is being informed by television about life on the whole earth. Everybody's acquiring a beautiful vocabulary, beautiful tools to communicate with others regarding his own experience, and that's something we didn't have yesterday.

So I find that everybody is getting to be an Einstein or a Christ, finding principles and understanding. I expect that we'll come to a point where humanity will spontaneously do the logical things together. It will find ways of understanding a little more about what others are thinking. We'll have ways of really voting our convictions. Very soon we'll have little devices on our wrists and we'll be able to say "I like it" or "I don't like it" as we go along, and there will be an electronic pickup and computers will tell us what everyone around the world is thinking about each problem. We'll be able to act reasonably in relation to one another.

PLAYBOY: Even in this enlightened, egalitarian age, won't there still be a strong emotional necessity for a leader? Or do

you think the need for a father figure will disappear when everyone starts acting reasonably of his own accord?

FULLER: I think it's already diminished. It's probably another conditioned reflex, and when the conditions no longer exist, we'll lose the reflex. Take the kibbutz in Israel, where the child is immediately looked after by the whole community and not by the parents alone. The parents come to see the child at the end of their workday, and the child knows he has parents and is happy that he does; but he finds he's loved by the whole community.

I think we may achieve the parenthood of all children in a world community. I think the great new era will be one in which we take care of all children in common and every child will be loved and cared for automatically. Realize that each child is born nowadays in the presence of much less misinformation and stupidity. And each one born is spontaneously truthful. The lies we learn are taught in terms of this horrid business of survival. We're told that somebody's got to die because there's not enough to go around, but you can't kill anybody directly, so you figure out some other means. Your family has to eat, so you tell the boss, "That man did a very dirty trick," and the boss fires him. You live and he dies. You get his job.

Young people think only about swift death with a gun, but I think the slow death that's always going on is much worse—depriving the other man of his right to a living, making him die in the slums. I'm much more in favor of the old idea of getting out swords and having done with it. There was really great honor and chivalry in the old ways of warring, because they were based on the assumption that there wasn't enough to go around. But now, for the first time, we know it isn't so, and this is why the kids feel there is no honor in war. There was great nobility and honor up to yesterday, but the minute you discover that war is unnecessary, all the honor is gone.

PLAYBOY: How does it make you feel to know that your own work has been used for military purposes? Does it disturb you to realize that Russia is encircled by geodesic domes housing American radar installations?

FULLER: It doesn't bother me at all. Russia also has a bunch of geodesic domes, and the Russians tell me they're very pleased with them. Now, if I had developed the geodesic dome for the military, I'd have a different feeling, but I didn't. I took the initiative with my own money and my wife's money to buy the time it took to develop them and demonstrate them, entirely with the idea of giving man more effective environmental control for less material input. I wasn't inspired by the military. I was

inspired by man, and the military simply came along and bought my geodesic dome. They didn't try to use it to kill somebody with. They were looking for a strong, light, transportable, dismountable means of enclosing men and equipment, and that is what they got in my domes. The military also buys soap and water, but that doesn't mean soap and water must be boycotted by those who hate war. They also buy pencils, and it's perfectly clear to me that a man could use a pencil as a dagger or he could write a prescription to save a child's life. So how tools are used is not the responsibility of the inventor. If my inspiration had been the military, it would have been a different matter, but it was anything but.

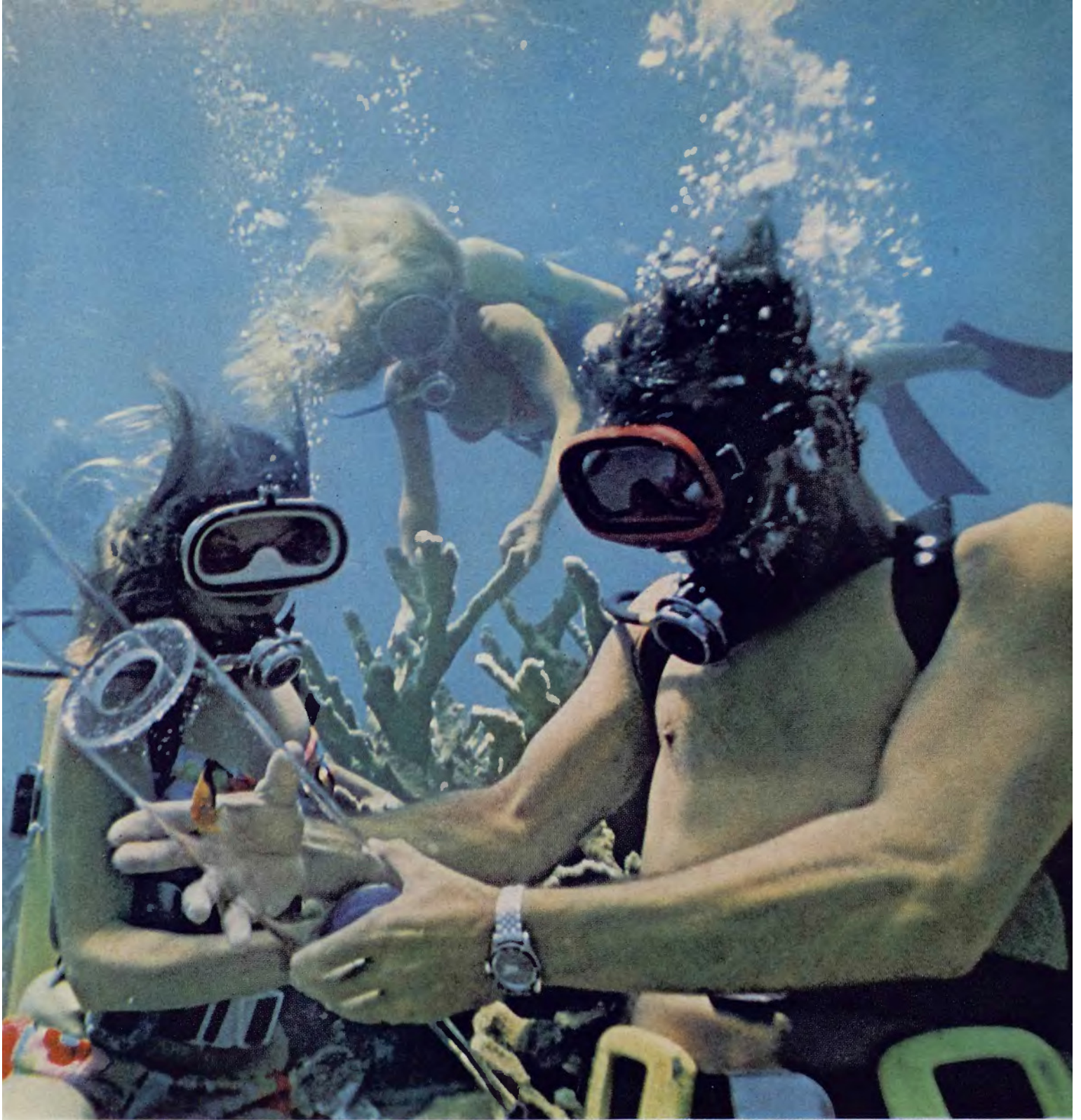
PLAYBOY: You often speak of how impressed you were with America's production capacity during World War One. Were you inspired by the military then?

FULLER: I was part of a world that was highly biased, that knew very little of "the enemy." Propaganda effects on the young then were very high. It seemed to be a question of bad people trying to destroy good people. I went into the Navy and I learned a great deal from the equipment that was being used. The boats we used could have served constructive purposes, as, indeed, many did once the war was over. And I was fascinated because I'd been brought up on island life, spending all my childhood summers on Bear Island off the coast of Maine, so I was very boat-conscious, very eager to get a better boat, which I suddenly found under me in the Navy.

We had, at the time of World War One, a fantastic amount of the new main-engine productivity coming into play. I often liken man's production capacities to the automobile self-starter. To get your car going, you have to have some energy stored in its battery. This allows you to get the main engine going. You wouldn't try to run your car across town on the storage battery, because you'd exhaust it. Man's self-starter here on earth was agriculture, and because the crops often failed and everybody starved, he got used to making failure part of his accounting system. And to this day, man operates on the idea of an economy that's always running down. He doesn't yet realize that when he gets over onto this larger system, where he's taking energies impounded from the main engines of universe and shunting them onto the ends of levers, he's dealing with a kind of system that never wears out.

World War One was the beginning of our going onto the main engines. Here was this new, potentially eternal, inexhaustible main-engine power coming in, and that impressed me very greatly. Instead of making swords and guns directly,

(continued on page 194)



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THE LAST CARROUSEL

fiction By **NELSON ALGREN**

*step right up, ladies
and gentlemen, and see the
human pincushion, the
okefenokee grizzly, awful sex
acts and hannah the half-girl*

I WONDER whether there stands yet, on a lonesome stretch of the Mexican border, a green legend welcoming Spanish-speaking motorists to an abandoned gas station:

SINCLAIR *se habla español* SINCLAIR

A sign I once sat beneath, between a chaparral jungle and a state highway, shelling black-eyed peas. With a burlap sack, a pan and a pocket-size English-Spanish dictionary beside me, I shelled through the searing summer of 1932.

I'd painted that green welcome myself. Above a station that was home, storehouse and



operational base for me and a long, lopsided cracker named Luther. I was proud to be his partner and proud that the station was in my name. I'd signed the papers.

We were occupying it, ostensibly, to sell Sinclair gas. What we were actually up to was storing local produce, bought or begged, for resale in the border towns. We had sacks, buckets, pails, pans, Mason jars and crates filled to overflowing with black-eyed peas. When word got around to valley wives that they could now buy black-eyed peas already shelled, they'd be driving up from all over southeast Texas. The Sinclair agent would think we weren't selling them anything but gas. By the time he caught on, we'd be rich.

Sitting bolt upright at the wheel of a 1919 Studebaker, under a straw kelly the hue of an old hound's tooth, Luther turned my memory back to the caption on the frontispiece of *The Motor Boys in Mexico*: "We were bowling along at 15 miles per hour." He lacked only duster and goggles. I feared for the Mexican farmers.

"Protect yourself at all times, son," was Luther's greeting every single morning. "Keep things going up."

I hadn't seen a newspaper for weeks. For news of the world beyond the chaparral, I awaited Luther's evening return. I did the shelling and he did the selling.

There were deer in the chaparral, buzzards in the blue and frogs in the ditch. Once a host of butterflies, all white, came out of the sun and settled about me as though they'd been sent. Then they rose and fled as if they'd been commanded to leave. In the big Rio heat, I shelled on.

Luther was the man who'd discovered the unexploited shelled-pea market. I'd make him foreman of my ranch in return. The Mexican help would love me, too. "Got the whole plumb load for only two dolla'," Luther announced smugly over his latest outwitting of a Mexican farmer: He'd returned with another carload. We sat down to a supper of cold mush and black-eyed peas, in the kerosene lamp's faltering glow. Our kerosene was running low. We were short of everything but peas.

"Collards 'n' black-eyed peas on New Year's Day means silver 'n' gold the whole plumb year," Luther assured me. He was full of great information like that.

"They thought they had Clyde, but they didn't." He gave me the big news once the meal had been eaten.

A sheriff had nearly trapped Clyde Barrow and Ray Hamilton in a farmhouse outside Carlsbad, New Mexico. But Bonnie had held the sheriff off long enough for Clyde to come around the side of the house and get the drop on him with a shotgun. New Mexico police had subsequently brought in a body, found in a ditch beside a highway.

No body was ever Clyde Barrow's.

"They'll never take Clyde alive," I prophesied.

The Sinclair agent had let us have 100 gallons of gas on credit. As well as a high-posted brass bed whose springs bore rust from damp nights at the Alamo. Our chairs were orange crates. I lugged a five-gallon jug of water, pumped from a Mexican farmer's well, two miles down the highway every morning.

When the Sinclair agent had driven up with papers assigning responsibility for payment for the 100 gallons, Luther had claimed illiteracy. "Mister, Ah cain't but barely handwrite mah own name, far less to read what someone else has print-wrote. But this boy has been to college. He's *right* bright. Got a sight more knowance than Ah'll *evah* git."

The right-bright boy with all that knowance had felt right proud to sign the papers.

"When we git enough ahead to open a packin' shed," Luther assured me after the agent had left. "Ah'm gonna need your services to meet our buyers—Ah'll just see that the fruit gits packed in the back 'n' you set at the desk up front. How do *that* suit you, son?" That suited Son just fine. And if Luther averted his eyes, I realized it was only to conceal gratitude.

Once, at midday, the agent caught me in the middle of my bushels, jars and sacks. "We plan to can them for the winter," was my explanation.

"Well, you'll never get to be a millionaire by askin' for raises," he counseled me.

I already knew that you had to work for nothing or you'd never get rich. Grit counted more than money. All a poor boy had to do to get a foothold on the ladder of success was to climb one rung whenever anyone above him fell off. This made the rise from a filling-station partnership to owning a cattle ranch merely a matter of time and patience. And when the day came that I'd made the top rung, the first thing I'd buy would be a pair of Spanish boots and a John Batterson Stetson hat.

The reason we'd sold only one gallon of gas in that whole autumn season, it looked to me, was that Mexican farmers preferred to buy from Spanish-speaking merchants. "*¿Quiere usted un poco de este asado?*" I would invite myself aloud to dinner while shelling. And, finding the roast beef tasty, would ask for more: "*Dame usted un magro, yo le gusta.*" That made a pleasing change from what actually went on in our mush-encrusted pan.

So I'd painted the sign that invited the Spanish-speaking world to our two pumps: with 50 gallons of gas beneath each pump. I'd gotten as far as "*Acérquese usted tengo que decirle una cosa*" when a Mexican drove up, hauling a trailer. I raced to give the crank 45 or 50 spins. But the bum didn't want gas.

He wanted tequila. What were we doing out here in the brush if we weren't selling whiskey? He turned his coat inside out to prove he wasn't a revenue agent. He couldn't believe that we were actually trying to *sell* black-eyed peas. Laughing, he swept his hand toward the chaparral: Black-eyed peas were as common as cactus. We *must* be kidding him.

Still convinced that we had tequila cached somewhere, he showed me a coin, representing itself as an American quarter, to prove he could pay. It was smaller than any quarter I'd ever seen. I wouldn't have taken it even if I'd had whiskey to sell. He wheeled away.

One night I woke up because someone kept snorting. "Is that you, Luther?" I asked.

"No," he grunted, "I thought that was you."

The snorting came again. From under the bed. "Who's under there?" Luther asked, leaning far over. For an answer he got another snort.

He got up, dressed in a union suit, though the night was steaming. He probed under the bed and looked in all the corners with the help of our kerosene lamp. Finally, we both got up and played the lamp under the station's floor: A wild pig was rooting under our heads.

"SOOOO-eeeeee, sooooo-eeeeee! Git out of there, you dern ole hawg!" Luther challenged it. But no amount of sooooo-eeeeeeing could get the brute out. Or stop its snorting.

The next morning, I piled into the front seat of the Studebaker beside Luther. I wanted to go to Harlingen, too. "Now, if we had an accident on the way," Luther pointed out, "with both of us settin' up front, both of us'd be kilt. But if one of us was in the back, he'd likely git off just bein' crippled but still able to carry on our work."

I climbed into the back seat. Luther smiled, smugly yet approvingly, into the rearview mirror. "Done forgot what I to'd you about protectin' yourself at all times, didn't you, son?"

I picked up a week-old San Antonio paper in town. Four youths had driven up to a dance hall in Atoka, Oklahoma, arguing among themselves. Two officers had come up to pacify them and both had been shot down. Other youths had grabbed the officers' guns and given chase. The outlaws had abandoned their car when it had lost a wheel, had kidnapped a farmer in his car, had set him free at Clayton, had stolen another car at Seminole and then had disappeared themselves. One of the officers survived.

"That got to be Ray Hamilton and Clyde Barrow," I decided.

"And Bonnie Parker," Luther was just as certain.

In the window of the jitney jungle in Harlingen, Luther pointed out a Mason



"I was on my back all weekend—and I never did get onto the slopes."

jar of black-eyed peas I'd packed for the industry myself. I could hardly have been more proud. "You're practically the black-eyed-pea king of the whole dern Rio Grande Valley awready," Luther congratulated me. I felt the responsibility.

Sheltered from the sun in the station's shadow, my fingers forgot their cunning in a dream of a Hoover-colored future, wherein I supervised a super Sinclair Station wearing a J. B. Stetson hat. Never a yellow kelly.

"I never been North"—Luther came up with curious news—"but my family been struck by the Lincoln disease all the same."

"What disease is that, Luther?"

"The one that stretches your bones. My Auntie Laverne growed to over six feet before she was fifteen, same as Abe Lincoln. Her shoe was fifteen and five eighths inches, it were that long. Same as Lincoln's. It caused her nipples to grow inward. Which made her ashamed. Later she went blind but recovered her sight 'n' spent the rest of her days blessing the light God had sent her personally."

The next night I awakened to hear a motor running that wasn't Luther's Studebaker. Yet I could make out his long lank figure in the dark, bent above the gas tank. I thought he was drunk and trying to vomit, because he had both hands to his mouth. There was someone at the roadster's wheel whose face I couldn't make out. "*Llévame a casa*" had been chalked on one side of its windshield and "Take me home" on the other.

"Feeling badly, Luther?" I called. He made a long, sucking sound for reply. Then he climbed into the roadster and off he wheeled with the mysterious stranger.

He'd siphoned the last drop of gas out of tank number one. I wasn't going to be the black-eyed-pea king of the Rio Grande Valley after all.

So I filled the Studebaker from the other tank. Then I dumped a bushel of peas into that tank, added five cans of Carnation milk, two plates of dried mush and a can of bacon grease. Then went back to bed content. Toward morning I heard the roadster return. I hoped I hadn't flavored the tank too richly. I didn't want Luther to choke on anything. After he'd emptied it, he wheeled away once more.

In the forenoon I went bowling along in the Studebaker at 15 miles per hour. On a day so blue, so clear, it took my breath away to breathe it.

The *Llévame a casa*—Take me home roadster was parked out on a shoulder of the road on the last curve into Harlingen. Luther came out of it wigwagging. I pushed my speed to 18 miles per hour and he had to jump for it. In the rearview mirror I saw him standing with

his hands hanging at his sides like a disappointed undertaker's.

Now he'd walk into town to save a nickel phone call. And report to the agent that I'd absconded with 100 gallons of Sinclair gas in a stolen Studebaker. Would the agent telephone Dallas to alert the Rangers? Would I have to run a roadblock at Texarkana? Would my picture be posted in every P.O. in Texas: WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE?

Clyde, Bonnie, Ray Hamilton and I were at large. I'd never felt so elated in my life.

I sold the heap to a garage in McAllen for \$11 without being recognized. I treated myself to *tortillas* and chili in a Mexican woman's lunch counter that leaned toward the Southern Pacific tracks. She didn't recognize me either.

I took cover behind a water tower until a northbound freight came clanking. I climbed into a boxcar, slid the big door shut and fell asleep in a corner. I slept for a long time, waking only to hum contentedly:

*Dead or alive, boys, dead or alive
How do I look, boys, dead or alive?*

Until in sleep I heard music, like children calling, between the beating of the wheels. Little lights were pursuing one another under the boxcar door. A calliope's high cry came clearly. I slid the big door open just an inch. Great silver-circling lights were mounting like steps into a Ferris-wheeling sky. A city of pennoned tents was stretching under those mounting lights. Then a tumult of merry-go-rounding children came on a wind that blew the pennons all one way.

I hit the dirt on a run, leaped a ditch, jumped a fence, fell into a bush, crept under a billboard, straddled a low brick wall and followed a throng of Mexicans under a papier-mâché arch into the Jim Hogg County Fair. And the name of that carnival town was Hebbronville.

A banner, strung between two poles in front of a tent and lit by carbon lights, showed two boxers squaring off. Someone began banging on an iron ring. A big woman, tawny as a gypsy, with a yellow bandanna binding her hair, mounted a bally and began barking: "*¡Avanza! ¡Avanza! ¡Avanza!* Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! See the two strongest men on earth battle to the death! See Hannah the Half-Girl Mystery! See the Human Pincushion!"

A dozen rubes were already gaping. A skinny boy, wearing white boxing trunks and muddy tennis shoes, climbed up the bally beside her. "Say hello to the folks, Melvin," the gypsy instructed the boy. The boy grinned stupidly.

"I never saw anything like it!" a roughneck in farmer's jeans exclaimed beside me.

I didn't see anything that remarkable. The boy looked to be about 15, thin as

a long-starved hound, with legs that had little more than knobs for knees. His shoulders were so narrow there was just room for his goiterish neck between them. His chin receded so far an ice-cream cone would have had to be inserted beneath his upper lip before he'd be able to lick it. The Human Pincushion looked as if a pin stuck into his egg-shaped skull could cause him no pain, while his hair had the look of bitten-off pink threads.

Two young huskies, one in a tattered red bathrobe and the other in a faded blue one, trotted from opposite sides of the tent and climbed onto the bally, one beside the boy and the other beside the woman. "The Birmingham Strong Boy!" the woman held up the hand of the red-robed terror, who merely looked sullenly out toward the midway. "The Okefenokee Grizzly!" she held up blue-robe's arm. Grizzly merely frowned. Both men were high-cheekboned blonds, unshaven and looking enough alike to be brothers.

The Mexican sheriff came down the midway, checking the joints.

"Keep movin', tin-can cop," Strong Boy challenged him. "Keep movin' or I'll come down there 'n' whup you!" Grizzly, the woman and the Pincushion grappled with him to keep him from assaulting the officer. The sheriff kept on walking, smiling faintly. The rubes grinned knowingly.

"The man is an *animal*," the roughie whispered to me confidentially.

"You must have seen the show before," I took a guess.

Grizzly threw off his robe, began pounding his chest with his fists and roaring. Strong Boy immediately threw off *his* robe, pounded his chest and roared back. They created such an uproar that one Mexican came on the run, leaving his wife and two children standing on the midway. Melvin and the woman got between the two monsters and the roughie jumped up onto the bally to keep them from tearing each other to bloody shreds publicly.

"The boys are going to settle their differences inside!" the woman announced after the two had been cooled momentarily. "Mountain style! No holds barred!"

"I don't want to miss *this!*" Roughie chortled at the crowd and headed for the tent, with the rubes following him like sheep following a bell ram. Melvin jumped down and began taking dimes. His chest, I noticed as I paid him mine, appeared to be mosquito bitten.

Someone had painted both sides of the tent with figures intended to be those of seductive women, but had succeeded only in creating two lines of whorish dwarfs. The angle at which the tent was pitched amplified the breasts and foreshortened the legs, so that each

(continued on page 126)



THE MAKING OF
"MACBETH"

*behind the scenes of roman polanski's latest film—
the first release under the playboy banner*



Top left: Toasting the success of *Macbeth*, Executive Producer Hugh M. Hefner talks with Lady Macbeth, Francesca Annis, and Director Roman Polanski at a Landan Playboy Club party after the film's completion. When Bimam

Wood comes to Dunsinane (top center), it is accompanied by genuinely functional replicas of medieval catapults, hurling balls of fire. More than 1000 evergreens, borne by locally recruited extras, were felled for the shooting

—but they weren't wasted. Many of them were resold for the Christmas season by the Northumberland Forestry Commission, as part of its routine tree-thinning procedure. Jon Finch as Macbeth (top right) shudders at a



FROM THE MOMENT in the spring of 1970 when Roman Polanski started work on the screenplay of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* with collaborator (and *PLAYBOY* Contributing Editor) Kenneth Tynan, the thrust of the perfectionist director's efforts was toward making the Macbeths a living, breathing couple rather than pasteboard declaimers of too-familiar lines; toward bringing to life their earthily medieval surroundings, down to the very squalor that passed for luxury in the 11th Century. And the result—which marks the movie debut of Playboy Productions—is like no other treatment of *Macbeth* since its premiere stage performance before King James I at Hampton Court in 1606.

Polanski and Tynan worked seven weeks, seven days a week, on the screenplay, often enacting various segments themselves to see how they'd play. Tynan, who has been a theater addict since the age of ten, did his first Shakespeare adaptation—of *Hamlet*—while a student at Oxford. He then went on to become England's most influential theater critic. Since 1963, he has been literary manager for the British National Theater—for which he has adapted numerous works, including Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Tynan recalls one episode of the *Macbeth* project with particular vividness: He and Polanski, as Shakespeare's rewrite men, were experimenting with various stagings of the killing of King Duncan. Polanski, as Macbeth, lunged at Tynan, as the murder victim, with a letter opener. They writhed on the bedroom floor of Polanski's London mews apartment, repeating the maneuver with multiple variations—only to discover, on the balcony of the adjoining house, a clutch of cocktail-party guests, sipping sherry and observing the goings on with mild curiosity; proper Englishmen straight from Central Casting. Polanski invited them over, but, says Tynan, they refused—"probably thinking we were a pair of sadomasochistic queers."

The key to the Polanski-Tynan concept of *Macbeth*, as evolved in their discussions of the screenplay, is that the ambitious thane and his equally ambitious lady should be young, handsome—and inexperienced.

"The play is an exercise in keeping sympathy for two people who allow themselves to commit cruel and terrible crimes—beginning with the killing of a king, which in that civilization meant to kill a father," says Tynan. If—in contrast to stage tradition, which has always shown Macbeth and his lady as well into middle age—the Macbeths were younger, their relationship would be more obviously cast in sexual terms. Taunts from Lady Macbeth, the seductive wife rather than the nagging

ghostly apparition; above left, he is encouraged by his lady in a tender scene. "There's a sexual thing between the Macbeths that I want understood," says Polanski. "How could any man be influenced by a nag? He'd say,

'Shut your trap, my dearest love, thou borest me to death.'" At right above, the director shows Miss Annis how he wishes her to play Lady Macbeth's guilt-ridden hand-washing scene: "Out, damned spot! out, I say!"

virago, demand action from a young husband if he is to retain confidence in his own virility. Few men could be so motivated by an aging shrew.

"Additionally, when actors in their 20s play the leading roles, they take on a stronger, more human pathos," Tynan says. "Their lack of experience allows a greater chance for error. Here is a superb young general in the prime of his condition who has thrown away his own life in the space of a few seconds, by one murderous action. But all the time, the Macbeths see themselves as participants in a success story, not a tragedy."

Polanski concurs: "I see Macbeth as a young, open-faced warrior who is gradually sucked into a whirlpool of events because of his ambition. When he meets the weird sisters and hears their prophecy, he's like the man who hopes to win a million—a gambler for high stakes."

In his zeal to break away from the stereotyped *Macbeth*, Polanski cast a pair of attractive, relatively unknown British performers in the leading roles. Macbeth is played by Jon Finch, 29, seen previously in a cameo appearance as a blackmailing Scottish homosexual in John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday*. (Since winning the plum *Macbeth* role, Finch has been given the lead as Richard Blaney in Alfred Hitchcock's new film, *Frenzy*.) Lady Macbeth is Francesca Annis, 26, whose portrayal of Ophelia in Nicol Williamson's stage version of *Hamlet* received a nomination for the New York Critics' award in 1969. Although she's appeared in films—as one of Elizabeth Taylor's handmaidens in *Cleopatra*, for example—most of her work has been in British theater and television.

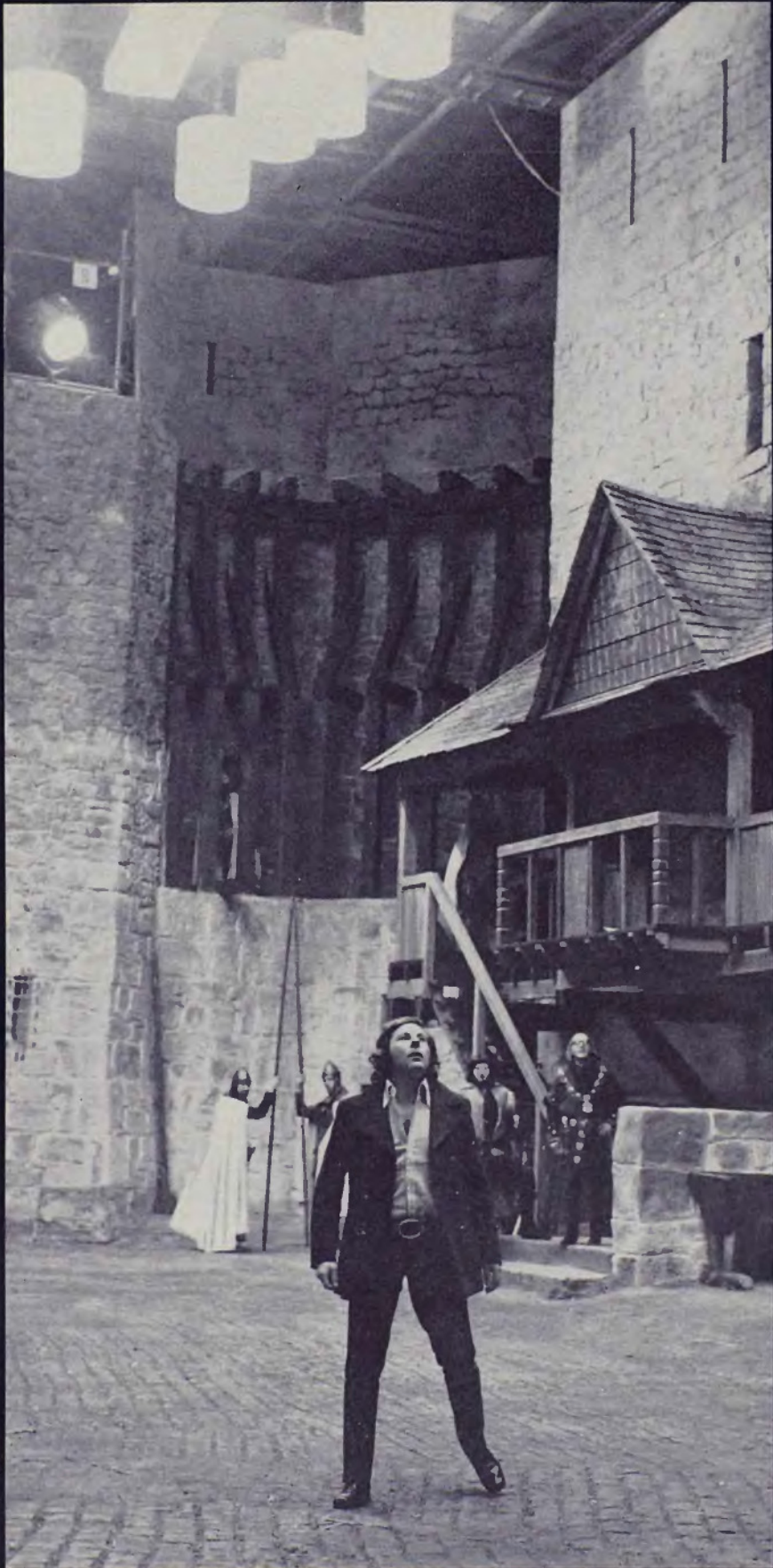
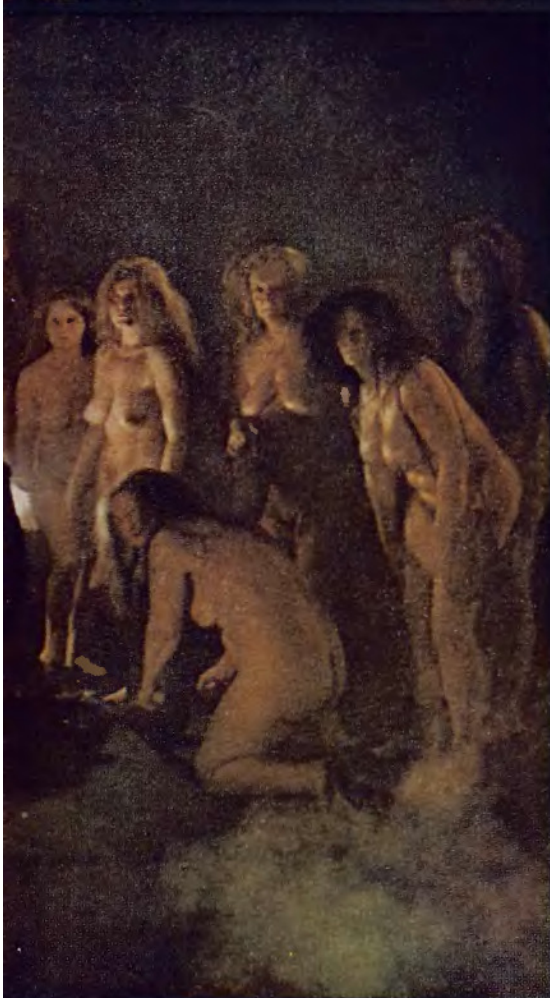
Finch and Miss Annis thus find themselves giving fresh interpretations to parts played by some of the most honored names in the history of the theater: David Garrick, Sarah Siddons, William Charles Macready, Ellen Tree, Isabella Glyn, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sir John Gielgud, Charles Laughton, Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Judith Anderson, Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton and Maurice Evans.

Although *Macbeth* is one of the most popular of Shakespeare's 37 plays, it has never been a great success onscreen. A crude version of the Macbeth-Macduff fight scene, done by Biograph in 1905, was its first recorded film production. In 1916, the famed D. W. Griffith made a full-length silent version, starring Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Constance Collier. Probably the best-known film of *Macbeth* was Orson Welles's 1948 production, a critical and financial disaster shot in 23 days in Hollywood. Welles himself described it as "for better or worse, a kind of violently sketched charcoal drawing of a great play." The only



Haunted by bloody memories, a glassy-eyed Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep (top left), babbling of horrible crimes. Macduff finally avenges the slaughter of his family and the sack of his castle by killing Macbeth; whose

head is then displayed, like a battle trophy, on a pike (top center). At top right, the special-effects men reveal the secret behind Macbeth's realistic oncamera decapitation: A young boy is fastened into a suit of armor,



above which projects a dummy head, soon to be lopped off. In the grotesque scene above, nearly two dozen nude witches gather at their ceremonial caldron to conjure up a noxious brew—containing, among other unpalatable

tidbits, a newt's eye, frog's toe, dog's tongue, dragon's scale and boboon's blood—a flagon of which they force Macbeth to down before they'll enlarge on their forecast for his future. Above right: Polanski shouts a stage direction

in the courtyard of Macbeth's castle, the countryseat where his guest, King Duncan, is first welcomed, then murdered in bed. To represent Macbeth's home, Polanski chose Lindisfarne Castle, off the Northumberland coast.

Macbeth filmed in Scotland was a TV production, done for "Hallmark Hall of Fame" in 1954 and repeated in 1960.

Interestingly, the *Macbeth* story has provided the vehicle for several offbeat interpretations, on both stage and screen. Ken Hughes's *Joe Macbeth* was a modern gangster story filmed in England in 1955, starring Paul Douglas and Ruth Roman. Akira Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood*, with *Macbeth* and his fellow thanes transformed into Japanese samurai, has become a classic in its own right since its release in 1957. Then there was the 1967 off-Broadway hit *MacBird!*, with Stacy Keach in a satirical "Welcome to the Dunsinane Ranch," and a proposed Zulu version from South Africa offers a *Macbeth* known as Mabatha and the English army replaced by ranks of impi warriors. Perhaps *Macbeth* has an eternal relevance; in a 1962 essay, Mary McCarthy wrote: "It is a troubling thought that *Macbeth*, of all Shakespeare's characters, should seem the most 'modern,' the only one you could transpose into contemporary battle dress, or a sport shirt and slacks."

Polanski has not moved *Macbeth* into the 20th Century; on the contrary, he has striven relentlessly to achieve 11th Century authenticity. *Macbeth* was a genuine Scottish chieftain, who ruled as king from 1040 to 1057; contemporary historians feel that, like Richard III, he has been much maligned. Writer John McPhee, who, on a family outing, once climbed the hill of Dunsinane and traced the outline of *Macbeth's* old castle ruins, quotes W. C. Mackenzie's history of the Highlands: "By the irony of circumstances, *Macbeth*, branded as long as literature lasts with the stain of blood, was the friend of the poor, the protector of the monks, and the first Scottish king whose name appears in ecclesiastical records as the benefactor of the Church." Not even Holinshed, the 16th Century historian on whose *Chronicles* Shakespeare based his play, paints *Macbeth* in quite so black and traitorous hues as does the playwright. Historically, *Macbeth* and Duncan were cousins with equal rights to the throne; *Macbeth*, as Holinshed reports it, killed Duncan fairly on the field of battle, not ignobly in bed. Banquo, mentioned in Holinshed, is now thought to be a fictional character, which didn't stop the Stuart monarchs—of whom the drama's royal patron, James I, was the ninth to wear the Scottish but the first to add the British crown—from tracing their ancestry back to him. That bit of genealogy explains a great deal about the politic Shakespeare's representation of *Macbeth's* villainy and Banquo's bravery.

Macbeth's own castle is no more, and much of Scotland is crisscrossed by power lines and modern highways; so, after researching hundreds of locations—including nearly every castle in the British

Isles—Polanski and Producer Andrew Braunsberg decided upon the mountains and valleys of Snowdonia National Park in Wales for the primitive and awesome vistas they required, Bamburgh Castle in Northumberland to represent the royal residence at Dunsinane and Lindisfarne Castle on Holy Island in the North Sea for *Macbeth's* own family seat. "We got so much material on castles in the United Kingdom that we've turned our research over to the National Trust," says Braunsberg.

Interior shooting was done at Sheperton Studios, where Production Designer Wilfrid Shingleton supervised the construction of sets that were realistic to the last detail, even to the fashioning of hundreds of candles from beeswax and rushes. Dominating all was the meticulous Polanski, who personally coaxed doves from their cotes to add the finishing touch to a courtyard scene; tossed mud onto the faces of his stars to make them appear sufficiently battle-grimed; chewed up and spat out bread to achieve a suitably unappetizing medieval table after a warriors' feast; and directed flocks of domestic animals, which at times outnumbered the human performers in the muddy environs of *Macbeth's* first castle. So well did Polanski and Shingleton succeed in re-creating the omnipresent filth surrounding the household of a lesser nobleman of the period that Tynan was able to analyze *Macbeth's* ambition to grab the crown—and with it the royal castle—as "a desire to move out of the low-rent district." With his passionate eye for detail, Polanski would repeat take after take, until every ingredient—from a cloud passing across the sky to a wayward lock on the brow of an extra—was perfectly positioned. The duels—coached by William Hobbs, fight director for Britain's National Theater company since 1963, who was on loan for the production—were equally realistic. Jon Finch broke five swords on Terence Bayler's armor, laid open a gash on Bayler's right cheek requiring five stitches and sustained a cut on his own index finger that called for ten sutures. Despite the constant repetition and demanding pace, a spirit of camaraderie grew up on the set—doubtless inspired by the irrepressible Polanski. At one point in the filming, someone mentioned that Hugh Hefner's birthday was approaching; Finch turned to the camera and wished the Playboy monarch many happy returns of the day, and Polanski was inspired to even greater heights of tomfoolery. He shot an additional sequence at the witches' caldron, featuring 22 naked crones croaking "Happy birthday, dear Hughie, happy birthday to you"—and sent it unannounced to the Playboy Mansion.

The naked witches caused a good deal of furor when Playboy's backing of *Mac-*

beth was announced; some elements of the international press assumed that a Playboy Production, especially one involving *Oh! Calcutta!* creator Kenneth Tynan, would be characterized by a maximum of nudity that was minimally relevant. Their assumption was soon proved wrong. There is nudity, but only where it seems natural—among the witches, who thus retain their traditional sexual connotations, and in Lady *Macbeth's* sleepwalking scene, for which researchers turned up the fact that nightgowns were not worn in the 11th Century. Polanski's connection with the film also caused some writers to jump to the conclusion that this *Macbeth* would be memorably gory. Polanski's *Macbeth* is violent; but one of the reasons Hefner chose this for his first Playboy Production was that Polanski, the director of *Repulsion* and *Rosemary's Baby*, had shown himself capable of handling macabre themes with imagination and taste. Polanski himself, in a *Playboy Interview* in December, justified his approach to screen violence by charging that the depiction of neat, clean killings represents true immorality: "If you show killing in an agonizing, realistic way, with the spurting of blood and people dying slowly and horribly, that is reality . . . to witness that on the screen can do nothing but repel you from engaging in it in real life."

In casting *Macbeth*, Polanski deliberately sought unfamiliar faces—mainly from British stage and television—rather than established film stars or Shakespearean actors. Among the principal players are Martin Shaw as Banquo, Nicholas Selby as Duncan, John Stride as Ross—visualized by Polanski as the perfect opportunist—and Bayler as Macduff. The three witches are portrayed by veteran actresses Elsie Taylor and Maisie MacFarquhar, both in their 70s, and by Noelle Rimmington, 21.

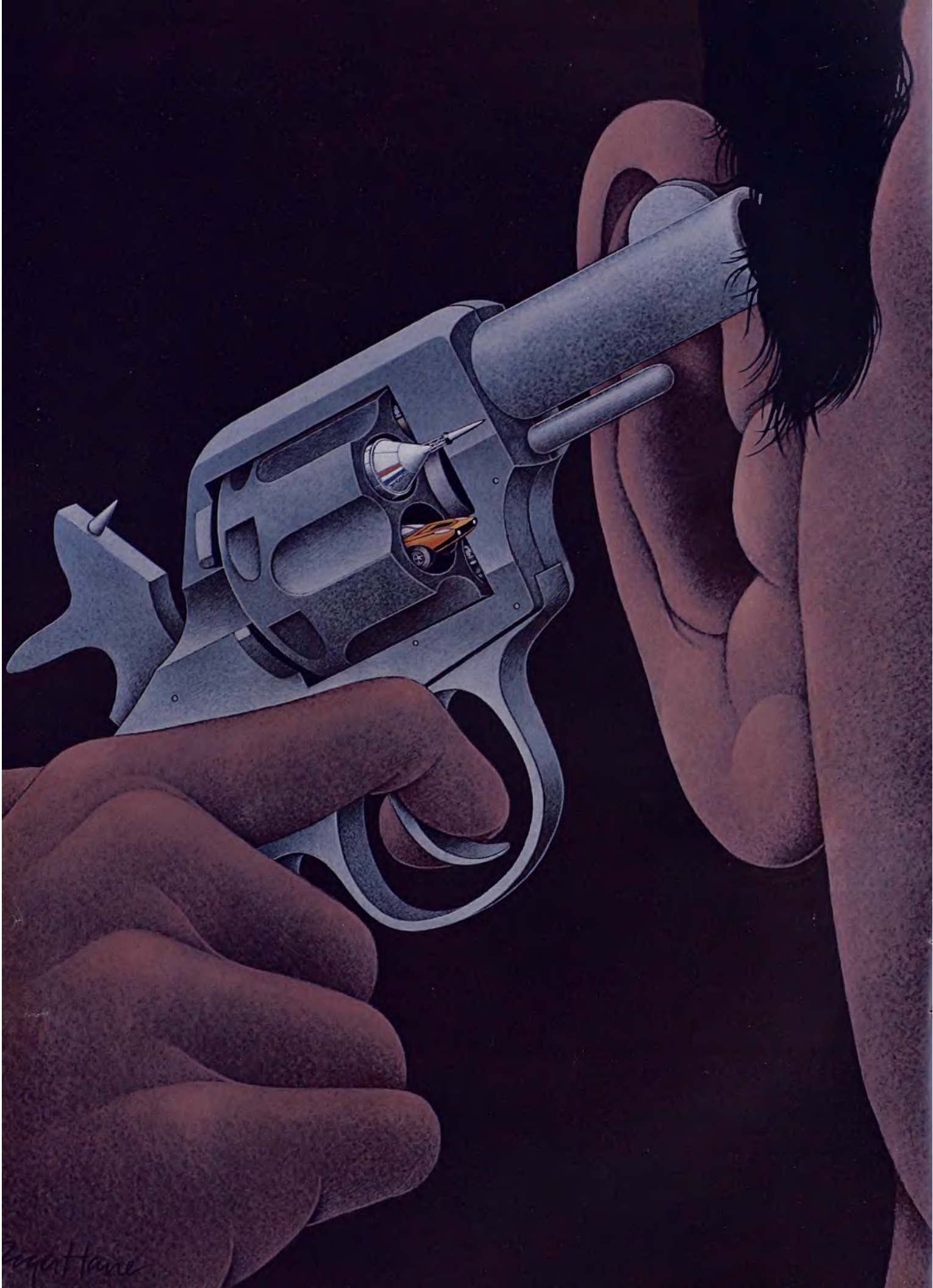
The entire production—unforgettably photographed by Gil Taylor and edited by Alastair McIntyre—took 25 weeks to shoot, some of it in the worst weather in recent British memory.

Macbeth opened with special showings in New York and Los Angeles in December (for our review of the film, see last month's PLAYBOY). A royal European premiere in the gracious presence of Her Royal Highness The Princess Anne will take place in London at the Plaza Theater, Piccadilly Circus, on February second to benefit the Association of Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalus. More than three centuries have passed since her royal forebear sat in *Macbeth's* first audience, but this drama has a magic that endures. It's a magic that Polanski has endeavored to expand and illuminate in a medium previously unconquered.





"But I don't want to meet a tall dark man. How about a tall blonde woman?"



Robert Kane

you bet your life

*if one wants to face death—
or choose it—that should
be his business, right?*

BY MOST MEASUREMENTS of behavior within Western civilization, Maurice Wilson was a certifiable lunatic. Devotees of mountaineering lore and encyclopedic trivia buffs will recall him as the man who tried to climb Mount Everest alone—encumbered by no more than a tiny tent, a pocket mirror to be used to flash signals and a bag of rice. When he arrived at the foot of the peak in the spring of 1934, his climbing experience had been restricted to stairways and English hillocks, and his enterprise was based on faith not in ice axes, ropes and *pitons* but in the infinite powers of the mind and body. His life deeply altered by the carnage of the First World War, the 37-year-old Wilson had formulated a mystical, Eastern-based philosophy centered on intense, short-term asceticism. Wilson believed that by abstaining from all sustenance for three weeks, one's soul would be purified and the entire man reborn into divine life. His desire to reach the highest point on earth—the summit of Everest—arose from his conviction that such a gesture would demonstrate the powers of fasting and serve as a symbolic launch pad by which his teachings could be spread around the world.

He planned to fly a light plane up through the mists, crash-land it on the slopes of the mountain and climb the rest of the way. He learned to fly, purchased a small aircraft and transported it to India. English authorities in India heard of his plan and had his machine confiscated. Undeterred, he traveled to Tibet, sneaking across the tiny country of Sikkim disguised as a native, and arrived at the bleak, isolated monastery at Rongbuk near Everest prepared to make the ascent on foot.

Wilson left for the heights in the company of three Sherpa guides and a pony. Probing beyond 20,000 feet, where but a handful of men had been before—on *any* mountain—he was deserted by his companions and left to make the rest of the way himself. This he attempted with courage and resolve, despite his being repelled on repeated occasions by a sheer, wind-hammered wall of rock and ice known as the North Col. He died at the base of this cliff, delirious and frozen; and his rigid body, along with his journal and the fragments of his tent, was found the following year by an expedition of British climbers.

At the time Wilson's life was consumed by the great mountain, four ma-

lor British climbing parties, supported by tons of equipment and hundreds of men, had attempted—and failed—to reach the summit. They carried with them the sanctions of the British government and the prayers of their countrymen. Some died and were venerated as heroes. Maurice Wilson, on the other hand, was viewed as a zany who had, by his unorthodox beliefs and techniques, besmirched the reputations of the conventional climbers who thrust themselves up the slopes in the name of personal achievement and national honor. In the many chronicles that have been published about the assaults on Everest, Wilson's name is barely mentioned, as if his mission for the sake of abstruse metaphysics were less worthy and meaningful than the transport of the Union Jack to the top of the world.

In a broad sense, Wilson symbolizes every man who has ever risked his life in a nonsanctioned event; i.e., for something he has undertaken in order to serve his own needs and not those of society. Every weekend in the United States and around the world, uncounted thousands of men—median men: bricklayers, engineers, teachers, hardware-store clerks—undertake hazardous enterprises for their own satisfaction. They sky-dive, spelunk, stunt-fly, drive racing cars, rock climb, white-water canoe, etc., without any regard whatsoever for group or social needs. Beyond these hard-core hobbyists, everyday people—men who might even be described as timid—reach occasional junctures in their lives when they are moved to take awesome risks, like driving 100 miles an hour down a narrow road just for the beautiful goddamn exhilaration of it. In terms of the thrust of culture, all such risks are frivolous. If these men are killed, their passing is viewed with ambivalence, as if their deaths might have been more worthy, more tragic if they had died in a car crash on the way to work rather than on a race track, or in a commercial airliner loaded with hustling salesmen rather than alone in an aerobatic monoplane.

While the legal sanctions against personal risk taking are limited, there are insidious forces at work in most cultures—forces that may intensify as technology replaces the need for physical bravery. Technology, by its very presence, implies the capability to eliminate human sacrifice and privation. Individual risk taking, therefore, poses a dangerous threat

article
by brock yates

to the entire premise of group-think, technocratic progress. Eleven years ago, a scientist climbed into the gondola of a specially designed balloon, was plugged into a complicated network of telemetry and life-support systems and floated to over 100,000 feet. At that point, he jumped out and parachuted back to earth, sheathed in an insulated suit full of oxygen tanks, radio transmitters and other scientific equipment totaling 150 pounds. A worthwhile, heroic act, shrilled America's press—an important plunge toward the horizons of science. But what about the pure amateurs who jump out of airplanes just for the hell of it—men and women who sky-dive for the elemental joy of floating for a few moments in virtual freedom high above the earth? Hardly heroes, and society tends to view them as thrill freaks and clucks its tongue with the wry satisfaction of one who says "I told you so" whenever a chute fails to open.

Less than half a century after Charles Lindbergh packed a few sandwiches into his single-engine Ryan and headed across the Atlantic, one must ponder how society would view such a venture today. Lucky Lindy was just that. He was hopelessly ill prepared in a technological sense; and in the context of today's obsession with the removal of risk from all aspects of life, it is possible that society would label the Lone Eagle a gooney bird. The only redeeming factor might be that he was flying in quest of a \$25,000 prize. Sadly, risk taking in the name of money always has been, and probably always will be, acceptable. It is hardly as irresponsible to die at Indianapolis than it is in an amateur sports-car race. Why? Because there is \$1,000,000 in prize money at Indy.

Maurice Wilson offered up his life in a cause that held meaning only to himself. His surviving notes indicate that he died with his spirit intact and his beliefs, however assailable on accepted religious and philosophical grounds, as strong as ever. His death came in utter isolation and caused no one else inconvenience or concern. His risk of destruction was self-evident and he accepted the hazards armed with a purity of conviction bordering on the superhuman. Yet he died a fool and a zealot, an embarrassment to his countrymen, a heretic within Christendom and a lawbreaker to the Indian provincial authorities who had tried to prevent his journey. He had, based on all accepted standards of reasonable behavior, violated his right to die.

This lonely figure stands in ironic contrast to another victim of Everest, George H. L. Mallory, whose words, "Because it's there," in reply to a question about why he wanted to climb Everest, serve as the standard justification for all hazardous exploration. Mal-

lory, in company with Andrew Irvine, perished near the crest of the mountain in 1924 and entered the pantheon of English soldiers, explorers and adventurers who penetrated the most obscure corners of the earth in behalf of the Empire. If Mallory had gotten to the summit, he would have struck a red, white and blue flag into the snow and descended to a hero's welcome. If Wilson had made it, he might have been thrown into a nuthouse.

Technology creates Apollo for astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin, then spends millions in public relations to create the impression that they are clear-eyed scientific servants of mankind and not bally adventurers who view a moon trip as the wildest flight imaginable. We love them, but the guy down the street who's building a glider in his garage so he, too, can enjoy the delights of being airborne is viewed with a certain amount of suspicion. Society has not yet reached the point where it will send its police to break up his glider with axes, but each day that symbolic threat looms larger. Nonfunctional risk taking is in direct opposition to the needs of a centralized, protective social structure, and while deviationism today is merely the source of scorn and isolation, it is hardly inconceivable that the day will come when civilization will become so perfect, so protective, so paranoid that it will tolerate no individual risk taking whatsoever.

All societies reserve the pre-emptive right to preserve the lives of their members—and to risk them—as they see fit. Mallory operated within the accepted realm by trying to advance national prestige, and therefore the loss of his life was viewed in the context of corporate visions, which authorized his heroism, as opposed to Wilson's private visions, which produced ridicule. Civilized cultures often encourage death for their individual members, provided it fulfills a group need. In war, men willingly throw themselves into hopeless military assaults, as at Ypres or Verdun, and enthusiastically volunteer for missions in which death is a certainty. Children's crusades aren't restricted to children.

Regardless of the futility of the individual act and the barefaced consumption of human life it involves, this sort of death rite is accepted and condoned simply because it serves as a powerful, collective gesture of bravery and faith. The individual's option to accept death under the circumstances of warfare or group violence is primeval and, according to British sociologist Stanislav Andreski, increases as a society becomes more sophisticated. With the development of weaponry has come not only a greater potential for inflicting damage on one's enemies but a concomitant danger of retaliation if the thrashing is not severe enough. "Under such circum-

stances," says Andreski, "it is safest to kill one's enemies. Anyway, in all fighting where weapons are used, some of the participants are likely to get killed. So we are justified in saying that the prevalence of killing within our species is the consequence of the acquisition of culture."

In examining man's fascination with warfare, the renowned author and essayist Arthur Koestler has commented, "We are thus driven to the unfashionable and uncomfortable conclusion that the trouble with our species is not an overdose of self-asserting aggression but an excess of self-transcending devotion. Even a cursory glance at history should convince one that individual crimes committed for selfish motives play a quite insignificant role in the human tragedy, compared with the numbers massacred in unselfish love of one's tribe, nation, dynasty, church or ideology." In this context, the disposal of one's life is a laudable and often desirable gesture, and missions of exploration to remote places such as the summit of Everest or the South Pole (both of which are certainly quasi-military in the sense that they have powerful overtones of nationalism and the extension of influence and prestige) are likewise expected to consume lives. George Mallory, like that great tragedian of British explorers Robert F. Scott, died in an assault against nature—a valid replacement for live adversaries during those boring lulls in warfare called peace.

Andreski notes that peace can be a drag especially when times are hard. "For a vigorous man," he says, "war may appear very attractive as an alternative to exhausting, monotonous work and grinding poverty." The same could be said for climbing mountains, driving race cars, fighting bulls or engaging in any one of a dozen other hazardous enterprises, provided they receive cultural sanction.

There is no arguing that men who risk death in accepted fashions are subjects of esteem. No civilization is without its elite warrior class, and few advanced cultures exist without powerful tests of valor for its males; everything from the heady fumes of *machismo* within Latin-American societies to the German dueling clubs, to the Mohawk Indians' attraction to "high steel" construction, to the widespread involvement of young English gentlemen in motor racing, to the now-fashionable posturing of American youth in the name of revolution and confrontation (which may, in the light of history, turn out to be not political protest but another form of expressing ascendancy to manhood).

Several years ago, an Englishman was heard to comment, "Sometime between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, each young man may attempt to kill himself.

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angel

*taking a feet-on-the-ground
approach to her career,
heavenly blonde angel
tomkins is well on the
way to hollywood stardom*



"I'M AN ACTRESS, but you could call me a health freak, a vegetarian and a nonchemical human being." Maybe so, but it does seem to us that the celestial Angel Tompkins radiates more chemistry than most members of the species, which may explain her rapid rise in the world of TV and films. Currently working on her second major movie, *Kansas City Prime*, with Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman, about modern Chicago gangland, Angel is cast as Marvin's sexy, sultry woman, "the only one in the film who ends up with everything." Angel, who was born in Albany, California, spent much of her youth drifting around the country with her construction-worker father. Eventually, she landed in Chicago, where she worked as a model and a TV-talk-show hostess. Finding the Windy City "a great place for starting out and then leaving your mistakes behind," Angel took her own advice and left for Los Angeles; there she quickly snared roles in such TV shows as *The Name of the Game*, *Bananza*, *Mannix*, *Ironside*, *Love*, *American Style* and *The FBI*.







Not content to wait for more good things to come her way, Angel is further cultivating her talents by studying ballet, Method acting and singing ("I've developed a sexy Julie London voice"). What's more, she's also mastering self-hypnosis, "so I can really get into me, to reach what's known as the alpha state. It's more efficient than simple meditation; I can't stand wasted time." But Angel doesn't consider the time she's taking before signing for another film wasted at all. "I have several in negotiation," she says, "but I'm choosy. I want to do challenging parts, like those in my first film, *I Love My Wife*, with Elliott Gould, and in *Kansas City Prime*. In fact, I feel I gained a lot of experience working with Lee, who taught me to act for myself and not to worry about upstaging him. However, I find most actors, unlike Lee, very insecure in love scenes. They're always worried that the woman will get more attention. But how can she help it when she's got half her clothes off?" And, we might add, especially if, half-clothed, she looks half as good as Angel.

you bet your life (continued from page 86)

If he survives this self-imposed ordeal, he will feel prepared to enter manhood. The act will be unconscious and will manifest itself in some wild, desperate act of high risk such as driving a car at great speeds or scaling a cliff, but he will do it and his motivation will come not from within himself but rather from the forces of a culture that still place a great priority on physical courage."

We haven't come all *that* far. Despite several thousand years spent trying to tranquilize our own libidos, we remain the toughest, feistiest, most aggressive animals on earth. This propensity for violence is generally interpreted as our greatest flaw, near the very root of original sin in fundamental religious terms. Utopians look to the day when we will no longer shed our own blood, but that seems nothing more than mad fancy in the face of our consistently poor record. What's more, war and the closely associated trait of risk taking may be critical elements in man's development.

Andreski notes, without enthusiasm, that violent conquest seems to be the only viable method whereby groups of tribes can be bunched into small states, which are in turn hammered into larger states—and advanced civilizations. "It is an unpleasant truth that, human nature being what it is, civilization would be divided, without war, into small bands wandering in the forests and jungles," he says. Furthermore, war may very well have powerful social implications in the sense that it fulfills an important outlet for a test of self through missions of risk and adventure involving pain, privation, injury and death. There lies within the psyche of man a powerful fascination with violent group action, be it in the flame and thunder of actual battle or in the mob actions that sweep so many people into action in America at the moment.

It is ironic that the campus protesters who were making such an earnest and strident outcry against war operated under the same risk-adventure syndrome that has stimulated man to go into combat for centuries. We dig violence—all of us, from the gentle priest whose hackles rise in fascination at the sight and sound of battle on the *Late Show* to the bookish professor who's an expert quail shot and feels no greater moment of consciousness than when that 20-gauge thumps his shoulder and a bird falls dead in the brush. Or what of the confirmed pacifist who knows true satisfaction only through his prowess at chess (a game of war) and those exquisite moments of symbolic destruction contained in checkmate?

This preoccupation with war, adventure and death is generally interpreted as

a simple delight in violence for its own sake; but the motives are much more complicated than that. If we loved violence—raw destruction—we would spend more time doing it and less time fretting about why we keep engaging in it generation after generation. In pragmatic terms, constant mass violence or warfare poses a genuine threat to survival of the species; and civilized history is spotted with cycles of conflict and peace that in a human sense are as natural as the coming of the solstices. Sadly, warfare may be as normal a state for man as is peace. Paradise, for all we know, may resemble Valhalla more than Eden.

There may be within each human being a deep yearning to test himself in a purely physical sense. Athletics, which have been described as substitute warfare, seem to be valid expressions of this hankering. This testing act never ends, compelling man to reassure himself, both individually and culturally, about his courage and physical prowess. In this sense, all forms of risk may relate much more closely to the mysterious magnetism of natural selection rather than simple ego drive or the desire to extend power, wealth and prestige. As in nature itself, domination is temporary.

Audacity is a unique trait of *Homo sapiens*. This quality has been with man for millenniums and has caused him to probe and penetrate hostile places with an energy and eagerness unknown in other species. It is an important strength and one that would appear to be carried on, in a genetic sense, through risk taking. Like many of man's traits, his audacity is a contradiction in terms of good and bad; without it, our ability to kill and get killed in various adventures would be severely limited, but so would the great acts of social, political, religious and geographic exploration that have brought us our supreme moments.

We *are* audacious, and as individuals we seek to test ourselves in a constant series of physical and mental adventures. The motivations for these adventures are obscured in a maze of behavioral traits that date to the time our ancestor *Ramapithecus* decided for no clear reason to stand his ground against his first saber-toothed tiger. But they exist—as strongly in the scholar as in the jock—and there is little that man, as a civilized, perceptive, egocentric animal, can do about it except to muse over its presence and to try to create enough harmless outlets so that it will not destroy him entirely.

Organized society is prepared to offer up its members in a test of audacity at practically any given moment. For nothing more than national honor or a few square miles of territory, it will destroy

its young men in battle and expose its noncombatant citizenry to bombings, plague and starvation without compunction. Observers of the human condition tend to view this as a natural state; and after they have made reflexive denunciations of war and the debasement of humanity it involves, they carry on, seemingly resigned to the fact that no force of thought or morality seems able to temper this fury. The will to adventure is part of a species' psyche; that is acknowledged, but what of the individual? If a society can risk the lives of its members, why can't individuals engage in potentially lethal adventures of their own choosing?

Mallory and Wilson. One an extension of national will, the other an expression of individual needs. One a heroic legend, the other a madman. Both buried within a mile of each other at the top of the world. While it appears incumbent upon society to preserve the lives of its members so that they can be utilized or exploited most propitiously, there remains a strong drive among individuals to risk their lives as they see fit. Men do it for a variety of reasons—often for the simple accumulation of wealth and fame, sometimes for the simple satisfaction of engaging in a hobby or a vocation that coincidentally happens to be dangerous. Many men who participate in truly dangerous activities like motor racing simply do not believe they are engaged in a hazardous occupation. Part of this may be defensive, but many top drivers steadfastly maintain they would rather spend an afternoon on the race track than an equivalent time on the open highway. Nonetheless, a vast number of people view racing drivers as partially mad, with no creditable regard for their own lives. This is simply not the case, because within most daredevils is a powerful desire for life. "I don't think a man really understands the reward of life until he has risked it," said three-time Indianapolis 500 winner Wilbur Shaw. Jean Behra, the French champion, put it in a more mordant fashion: "Only those who do not move do not die; but are they not dead already?"

This sort of outlook on life is difficult for the timid to comprehend. The following exchange, for example, was recorded several decades ago between the volatile Italian Grand Prix driver Tazio Nuvolari—thought by many to be the greatest of all time—and a citizen who was appalled at the danger and violence inherent in racing. "How can you bring yourself to risk your life in such a mad, grotesquely dangerous sport?" he asked Nuvolari.

"Have you thought about the manner in which you would like to die?" Nuvolari snapped.

Caught off guard, the man blurted, "Of
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article By **KEN W. PURDY** Has another business firm, a mere corporate entity, ever operated on the lofty level where Rolls-Royce lived for so long? Maybe, but alternatives don't leap to mind. Rolls-Royce was much more than the name of an automobile. It transcended mere commercial eminence; it seemed to be, with the throne, the Royal Navy, the Bank of England, a pillar of empire. Hadn't Lawrence of Arabia campaigned in Rolls-Royce armored cars, and didn't the RR Merlin engine power the Spitfires and Hurricanes that won the Battle of Britain? Wherever wheels rolled,

**"INCREDIBLE,
MR. ROLLS!"**
**"MIND-BOGGLING,
MR. ROYCE!"**

to lose the empire is one thing, but to imperil a hallowed institution because of some jet-engine nonsense is a bit much

and some places where they didn't, the words Rolls-Royce were lingua franca for ultraquality, mechanical perfection, triumph of handcraftsmanship over the machine age and the probity of British businessmen. When, without more than a preliminary rumble, the company went bankrupt not too long ago, it was as if the dome of St. Paul's had fallen in or Prince Charles had renounced his claim to the throne to join a hippie commune: It was not to be believed. And worse: The British government didn't think it worth while to save Rolls-Royce. And worse again: The company hadn't been put to the wall



by agents of evil nor by uncontrollable circumstance. Its executives stood accused of incompetence, and words like stupidity and mismanagement were heard in the land. The debacle seemed to be complete.

But two facts, one obvious and one obscure, were generally overlooked. Rolls-Royce's aero-engine division had gone down, but the car division was merrily making money, as it usually had; and while news that a factory is in trouble has nearly always meant that its cars become pariah, word of Rolls-Royce's bankruptcy brought a run on the showrooms. Clearly, people were thinking, "If I don't get one now, I never will." The most prestigious motorcar the world has seen was still just that, bankrupt company or not.

Best-informed opinion in London was that the root of the trouble might have been the thing that had made it great: dominance by engineers. The founder of the company once signed a guestbook "Henry Royce, Mechanic." That was how he thought of himself, and in his organization, men who could shape metal always stood above those who merely made decisions. Sadly, it was the determination of engineers to make the best jet engine in the world that pulled Rolls-Royce down.

The engine was typed the RB-211. It was planned to be lighter than its competitors, have fewer parts and produce more thrust; and, in fact, it met these specifications. It was a disaster, nevertheless.

The biggest order in sight for the RB-211 was for Lockheed's TriStar—540 units. Rolls-Royce put on a blitz, the biggest and most costly sales campaign any British firm had ever done. In 18 months of trying, the company's task force of 20-odd people racked up 230 transatlantic crossings—cost, \$200,000—produced a stack of literature two feet high and spent, in all, over \$1,000,000. But Rolls-Royce got the order, estimated to be worth two billion dollars, and David Huddie, the engineer who led the effort, was knighted for it. In the executive offices the picture seemed rosy, indeed, but back at the foundry it was rather less so.

Determined to replace Pratt & Whitney as the world's number-one jet-engine producer, Rolls-Royce had taken the Lockheed contract on tough terms. The company looked back longingly on 1957, when it had made 54 percent of the world's jet engines. While the RB-211 engine was, overall, brilliantly conceived, it was rushed. For example, it was designed to use turbine blades of pressed carbon, cheaper and lighter than the usual titanium, but untried in service. However, testers found that carbon blades would not stand up to two common flight hazards—a deluge of rain or hail or a bird sucked into the fans. With

the engine already in production, the cost of changing to titanium was formidable. There were other *gaffes*. But the engineers pressed on, knowing that in the end they were certain to come up with a great engine. And Rolls-Royce's cost-accounting methods, admittedly Stone Age, lighted the looming disaster only dimly. The company arranged to borrow \$100,000,000 from the government and \$43,000,000 from private sources, but curious outside accountants came with the deal. Unromantic, indifferent to all but the numbers, it was they who came up with the definitive bad news: Each of the 540 engines was going to cost more than \$264,000 over what Lockheed had agreed to pay. The answer was either bankruptcy or massive government financing. The government declined, the roof fell in, a receiver was appointed and a Tory government, dedicated to damning the socialist tide, found itself nationalizing one of Britain's proudest private enterprises. A separation of the failing aero-engine division from the profitable car division was arranged; a new company, Rolls-Royce Motors, Ltd., took over and automobile production went on, having hardly skipped a beat through the whole upheaval. (Later, in October 1971, Rolls-Royce shareholders, faced with \$288,000,000 of indebtedness, voted heavily to put the company into liquidation. The automobile division will probably be sold, not to another manufacturer in a unit, as had been widely bruted, but in a public stock offering.)

I visited the factory at Crewe on the day the new company was announced. No faint sign of crisis marred the accustomed hushed serenity. A limousine waited at the railway station; the reception room still seemed vaguely church-like, quiet and remote, one of Sir Henry Royce's favorite maxims on the wall: QUIDVIS RECTE FACTUM QUAMVIS HUMILE PRAECLARUM ("Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble"). Luncheon was in the civilized mode of British business: a preliminary relaxation abetted by an adequate flow of sherry, excellent food, suitable wine and a minimum of shoptalk by the executives at the round table. The page-one headlines in every significant newspaper in the United Kingdom appeared to have left managing director D. A. S. Plastow determinedly unmoved: "The position of the company is more nearly unique now than it ever was before," he said. "Rolls-Royce once had competitors—Hispano-Suiza, Lanchester, Bugatti—but we are now the only manufacturer in the world concentrating on large high-quality saloon cars . . . we intend to improve them, concentrating on refinement, elegance and longevity, and at the same time to produce, every year, a few more."

It was an attitude Frederick Henry Royce would have appreciated. Few men can have been more single-minded

than he was, more rigid in refusal to allow nonessentials to divert him from his primary purpose. For most of his life he was profoundly disinterested in anything but work—food and sleep included—and he was driven always by a furious pursuit of unattainable perfection.

Royce seemed poorly prepared for his role as creator of the best thing of its kind in the world. He had little education, not always enough to eat, and he was working hard, selling newspapers, running telegrams and the like, before he was into his teens. He was apprenticed to a railroad-locomotive shop when he was 14. The apprenticeship cost £20 a year, but he couldn't afford to finish it and got a job with a toolmaker at 11 shillings a week; the work week was 54 hours. Royce later found time to go to school at night, and by the time he was 21, he was a specialist in electricity and he set up a company, which made electric cranes. They were good cranes and the firm made some money, enough to put Royce into the select company of those who could afford a motorcar. His was a two-cylinder Decauville. It wasn't at all a bad car, but it seemed to Royce that he ought to be able to make a better one. It was running on April 1, 1904.

It's probable that more nonsense has been spoken about the Rolls-Royce than about any other car, beginning with the first one. It was not an innovative wonder. Royce never claimed eminence as an inventor. He was a good practical engineer, not more. His great strength lay in a nearly unerring ability to find the best way of doing something, backed by a flinty refusal thereafter to do it any other way. His first engine was finely finished and balanced, so it was notably quieter than its contemporaries. His electrical system—then and now the primary cause of internal-combustion-engine breakdown—was superior, and because he had taught himself a good deal about gas flow, his carburetor was excellent: It was the first one that would allow an engine to pick up instantly and smoothly from idling without argument and without a lot of fiddling with spark and air-control levers. The car, an open two-seater, was heavy for its size, but it had respectable performance, nevertheless. Royce made a second and a third. He had no facilities for effectively marketing them, however, and if he had not, reluctantly, met Rolls, he might not have gone on.

Rolls, Charles Stewart, the third son of Baron Llangattock, was rich and an aristocrat. In his time—he was born in 1877—the emerging concept of mechanical travel was as exciting as space exploration is today. Rolls was fascinated by it, and he had the means to indulge his interest. He was one of the first British balloonists and airplane pilots and he

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MUSIC FOR FOUR EARS...



playboy audits current quadraphonic trends and new stereo directions

modern living A YEAR AGO, quadraphonic sound was little more than a gleam in an audio engineer's eye. Granted there were a few units on the market—primarily four-channel amplifiers and a few reel-to-reel tape recorders—but there was virtually no material to play on them, so few stores even bothered to demonstrate the systems. True, a form of four-channel record had been developed in Japan, and in the U. S. some experimental FM broadcasts had been done in four-channel. But even manufacturers who had invested a good deal in research and development to produce prototypes of various four-channel units doubted their acceptability by a public that seemed convinced that if God had meant us to listen to four-channel sound, He would have given us four ears.

But what a difference a year makes. Today we have four-channel everything: tape recorders—cartridge and cassette as well as reel-to-reel units—amplifiers, receivers, special four-channel adapters and even four-channel headphones. While “discrete,” or fully separated, four-channel sound produced by the various tape units is with us in much the same form as last year, now we also have “matrix” four-channel sound in which decoders, either as separate plug-in units or built into four-channel receivers or amplifiers, produce quadraphonic sound by decoding the specially encoded records that have begun to appear on the market by the dozens. Perhaps most important of all, the various decoders do an excellent job of simulating four-channel sound from existing stereo records, quite a few (text continued on page 98)

Model SC-8700 four-channel compact in left foreground handles discrete (completely separated) four-channel tape sources but can also achieve four-channel effects from conventional two-channel sources. In addition, you can play AM or FM radio through main speakers while simultaneously listening to records or tapes through remote speakers, by Panasonic, \$429.95, including one pair of speakers. Additional SB-170 speakers (at back), \$99.95 the pair. At right is the Micro 187R stereo cassette deck and FM/AM/FM-stereo receiver adaptable for both four-channel and Dolby noise-reduction system, by Ampex, \$449.95.



Lower left: Model TC-366-4 four-channel record and playback tape deck with automatic shutoff, by Sony/Superscope, \$499.95. Directly behind are A-10 loud-speakers, utilizing a tweeter and 6½-inch woofer combination, useful as rear speakers in a quadraphonic sound system, by Dynaco, \$99.95 a pair. The small Quadaptor on top separates the reflected sound from the major signals recorded on ordinary stereo records to provide a four-dimensional ambience without additional amplifiers, also by Dynaco, \$29.95, factory assembled. Qaudio Model 702 above plays four-channel cartridges to provide discrete four-channel sound but will also handle eight-track stereo tapes; including the four speakers below and behind the unit, by Toyo, \$249.85. On top left of Qaudio unit is the EVX-4 Decoder for use with four-channel encoded records, by Electro-Voice, \$59.95. Leaning against Qaudio player at right are Model K2+2 four-channel headphones with four separate driver elements, by Koss, \$85. The CP-100 cartridge player below will play either two- or four-channel cartridge tapes, by Fisher, \$169.95. The Model 307 cassette deck beneath provides for two- and four-channel record and playback of cassettes, as well as automatic reverse and playback of prerecorded stereo cassettes, by Astrocom, \$499.95. At bottom right is the Model 801 four-channel, AM/FM-stereo receiver with built-in matrix decoder, by Fisher, \$749.95 (without oiled-walnut cabinet).

...AND OTHER SOUND IDEAS



For the stereo buff who isn't turned on by quadrasonic sound, there are still many state-of-the-art developments designed to whet the sonic appetite. Bottom left: The Model 725A AM/FM-stereo receiver delivers 60 watts a channel of continuous power, has tape-recorder input and output jacks and an FM sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts, by Altec Lansing, \$699, without cabinet. The Series 4000X recorder above has mixing facilities as well as a Crossfield head for a better signal-to-noise ratio, by Tandberg, \$459. The Isophase Electrostatic Headset System with the Mark III Polarizer directly above offers a frequency response of 30-15,000 cycles, by Stanton, \$159.95, including polarizer. At top left is the Model KF-8011 Audio De-Noiser, a noise-reduction system, by Kenwood, \$199.95. At top right is the Transcriptor turntable, featuring a viscous-damped tonearm and 11-pound platter, from Audiophile Imports, \$365. Below the turntable is the bass frequency amplifier and electronic crossover for the Servo-Statik I speaker system, comprising two electrostatic panels (behind other equipment at left and right) and a bass commode (below crossover unit) with an 18-inch feedback woofer, by Infinity Systems, Inc., \$1995. At bottom right is the PST-1000E /5011 preamplifier with a seven-segment graphic tone-control center for both left and right channels, by JVC, \$699.95. Directly above is the SEL 300 FM-stereo tuner, featuring a digital-readout system, by Sherwood, \$579.

of which actually contain, impressed in their grooves, according to some authorities, four-channel information that we were never able to hear before, so that even a nonencoded record can be given a new sense of aural spaciousness. Quadraphonic sound, in short, does not make your present record collection obsolete—if anything, it enhances it.

The problems of compatibility also have been largely solved. A quadraphonic record, played on a regular stereo set, will sound just as good as, if not better than, a standard stereo record. Quadraphonic records that have been encoded via the matrix system can also be broadcast by FM stations with no changes required in station equipment nor, for that matter, with any special permission needed from the FCC. On the receiving end, all that's required is your present stereo FM tuner, plus the decoder, extra speakers and the second stereo amplifier (if necessary) that you've already purchased to listen to your four-channel records. And what if, heaven forbid, you have only monaural equipment? If it's compatible with stereo records, it's compatible with quadraphonic as well.

Before detailing the various units available, a brief rundown on just what four-channel sound is all about might help. True four-channel sound—called discrete—requires four completely separate sound sources, two stereo amplifiers and four speakers, preferably set in the four corners of the listening room, so you are, in effect, surrounded by sound.

Stereo purists, of course, argue that once four-channel goes beyond adding the ambient effects of the concert hall, it becomes unrealistic, that this is hardly the way you hear sound at a musical performance, where the audience is on one side of the footlights and the musicians are on the other. And they're perfectly right—but four-channel sound has nothing to do with concert-hall realism. What it actually is—sonically speaking—is audience participation. Instead of the audience surrounding the performance, the performance surrounds the audience; namely, you. If you wish to sit in with the second violins, why not? And if you wish to be surrounded by your favorite rock group, it's in no position to object. Four-channel sound is sound in the round, with you at the center of the audio vortex; it's highly egocentric, extremely personalized, electronic and completely non-realistic—it's a new dimension in sound that has nothing at all to do with what happens when you buy a ticket to see a musical show or sit in a concert hall, or, for that matter, sip coffee at the local coffee shop with your friends while the group on the tiny stage goes through its paces.

And that's the point of quadraphonic sound: It's a brand-new way to enjoy music, and it's as exciting and innovative in its own way as the discovery of per-

spective was to artists of the 15th Century.

Oddly enough, while quadraphonic sound may have little to do with the way a musical performance is usually presented, it has everything to do with the way we actually hear. "Stereo" sound has always been a misnomer—it's an attempt to equate a sonic presentation with the way we see, not with the way we hear. We see from side to side (and are blessed with depth perception), but we cannot see what is behind us unless we turn our head. Not so with the way we hear. The reason God didn't give us four ears is that He didn't have to; by cleverly placing one on each side of our head, He gifted us automatically with surround sound—we hear in front of us and behind us, as well as from side to side and up and down. We are at all times literally submerged in a sea of sound that washes against us from all sides.

As far as concert-hall realism goes—the moment you buy a record, you're far removed from anything that's realistic. You hear the performer with a clarity you seldom hear in the concert hall, you can "sit" anywhere you wish by merely turning the volume knob up or down, and if you so desire, you can call him back for an endless number of encores. Concert-hall realism? The concept becomes even more absurd when you consider that few groups—or symphony orchestras, for that matter—could possibly create at a live performance the equivalent of the multi-channelled, overdubbed, carefully engineered and edited performances that are released on records. In short, the purist who complains about the unreality of quadraphonic sound is one with those who hooted Bob Dylan off the stage when he showed up with an electric guitar instead of his standard acoustic one. Their numbers dwindle every day and, with time, even they will admit that alongside quadraphonic, stereo sound may have become as old-fashioned and as unsatisfying as monaural.

Discrete four-channel programed material is currently available in this country only in tape format, primarily four-channel cartridges called Q8 and released mainly by RCA, although some reel-to-reel material is available. The quadraphonic records currently on the market are made by mixing four separate sound sources (via an encoder) into two channels and then, using your little black box to decode the two channels, back into four on playback. This matrix four-channel is not quite comparable to discrete four-channel when it comes to separation between channels, but aurally speaking, it can be quite good indeed, and by adding more circuits to some of the decoders, the separation in matrix four-channel becomes very nearly the equal of discrete.

There are at this writing a number of decoders on the market, most of which are compatible with one another—at least

to a degree; a record encoded via one system can usually be quite successfully decoded with another system's decoder. Since this is not true in all cases, be sure to check before you buy. Every decoder, however, will enhance the listening qualities of your present stereo records.

One of the simplest and least expensive decoders is the Dynaco Quadaptor (\$29.95 factory assembled, \$19.95 in kit form). Of the major decoders available, it is the only one that does not need an additional stereo amplifier—your present stereo unit can drive all four speakers. While few records have been encoded via the Quadaptor approach, the unit is recommended for use with all Stereo-4 encoded records (those encoded with the Electro-Voice EVX-4 system, which includes discs by Ovation, Project 3, Crest, Crewe and a number of others). However, a system using the Quadaptor is a minimum system and if later you wish to go into discrete four-channel sound as well, you'll have to buy that extra stereo amplifier.

The EVX-4 Decoder (Electro-Voice, \$59.95) requires that you purchase another stereo amplifier but boasts this advantage: There are a number of quadraphonic records on the market encoded specifically for this system. As with other decoders, use of the unit does not degrade the high-fidelity aspects of the records played nor of the system itself. (A kit version of the EVX-4 Decoder is available from Heath as Model AD-2002 for \$29.95.)

As opposed to the Quadaptor and the EVX-4 Decoder, which have minimum controls, the Sansui QS-1 Synthesizer is equipped with VU meters for each channel as well as a number of other controls, and costs correspondingly more (\$159.95). Although few records encoded via the Sansui method are available, it does a creditable job of decoding Stereo-4 encoded records and can also handle sound from a discrete four-channel source such as a four-channel tape deck, cartridge unit, etc. As with the EVX-4 Decoder, it requires another stereo amplifier in addition to the one you already have. (Additional models are available with built-in amplifiers.)

Although the Quadaptor, the EVX-4 and the Sansui QS-1 are more or less compatible, the SQ decoders developed jointly by CBS Laboratories and Sony Corporation of America are not. Based on another matrix system, they differ radically from the others and, while they're just as capable of enhancing ordinary stereo records, it would not be advisable to use these units to decode records encoded via other systems. The Sony SQD-1000 (\$96.50) has additional circuits to improve front-back separation, but, like the EVX-4, a rear-channel amplifier is required. The SQA-200 costs more (\$127.50) and doesn't have the added circuitry of the

(continued on page 204)



rangle dang kaloof

*one thing for sure—be very careful how you treat
little gnomes with invisible nooses*

THE GNOME had been around for a month or so. There had been, there still were, others of them. But there was something a little mean about this one.

They weren't gnomes, of course. There are no such things as gnomes; and besides, gnomes are somewhat larger. These were small, smaller than squirrels. They had been harmless. It was rather pleasant to know that they were around, in the borderland. It was like having squirrels living in your walls, and these didn't damage or gnaw.

Flaherty would sit in that big chair in the evenings with that little table in front of him. He would read, he would write, he would doze. When he nodded a bit, when he dozed, that was when he saw them. He never saw them when waking and he never saw them when honestly asleep. He met them on that narrow border between the states.

And Flaherty knew better than to quarrel with them. He didn't want even the imaginary bad luck that might come from crossing imaginary creatures. He was peaceful, they were peaceful and there had been no reason for quarrel.

The quarrel, when it came, began over almost nothing, as do most quarrels in that borderland between sleep

and wakefulness. The gnome was dragging off one of Flaherty's old slippers, the left one.

"I'd never take the right one," the gnome said. "I have no province at all over things of the right hand or the right foot. And you do need new slippers. These are a disgrace."

"Do not call my things a disgrace," Flaherty grumped. "Why do you want an old slipper?"

"I need it," the gnome said. "Certain details of my nest. It can be shored up in several places with pieces and fluff from the slipper. These are intimate things, though, and no business of yours. Do I ask what you want with such and such?"

"Go to hell," Flaherty said, and that was where he made his mistake.

"Now you are being vulgar," the gnome sulked, "and topographically ridiculous. I've nothing to do with hell. I'm of another country entirely. Last chance. Will you give me the slipper?"

"I'll give you nothing, you bug," Flaherty growled. "Begone."

"We'll see about it, then," the gnome said with a mean turn in his voice. "I have a little trick I can use. Ah, I love myself when I do things like this."

The gnome made a loop with a fine length of string or thread, or perhaps of spider silk. He spun it like a lasso. He threw it. Flaherty noticed that the loop entered his chest and made itself fast on something. And he felt a very weird little tug there in the middle of his heart.

"All right, all right, a trick's a trick and fun is fun," Flaherty said, "but you've hooked that loop around something inside me. What, and why?"

"One of the little intraventricular veins in your heart, between the atrium and the ventricle, actually. And for orneriness, that's why."

"Now you are the one who's being topographically ridiculous," Flaherty said. "There is no way that a loop may be thrown to encircle a line that is fast at both ends."

"I did it, though. Feels funny, doesn't it? Almost hurts."

"A queasy feeling," Flaherty said. "Leave off now. You can have the slipper."

"I intend to have it. And some fun with you, too. Feel when I pull it tighter."

"Oh! No! No! Stop it! Uncle!"

"Uncle isn't the word," the gnome said.

"For the love of Saint Polyander, what is the word, then?" Flaherty begged.

"Rangle dang kaloof," the gnome pronounced seriously.

"Rangle dang kaloof, then," Flaherty said, but he smiled a bit meanly when he said it, and he shouldn't have.

"Louder," the gnome ordered, and he pulled the loop tighter to create an alarming twinge.

"Rangle dang kaloof," Flaherty cried.

"When I say louder, I mean louder," the gnome said, and he pulled on the loop to give a true heart pang.

"RANGLE DANG KALOOF," Flaherty screamed.

"That's good enough for now," the gnome said. He

eased off on the loop. The heart pang ceased, but Flaherty fainted into real sleep.

Only for a moment, though. The telephone woke him up. It was a sorehead neighbor.

"Flaherty, what's that damned screaming over there?" the s.h.n. demanded.

"It was just a little misunderstanding," Flaherty excused himself lamely. "It's funny how sound carries in the evening. It won't happen again. At least I hope it won't."

"It better not," the sorehead said, and they hung up on each other. Flaherty went to bed.

He woke up in the morning feeling rotten and with a grave uneasiness in the region of the heart. Though it was two hours before the office girl could be there, he dialed the doctor's office every 15 minutes till he finally got a connection. And he got an early appointment by a combination of luck and bad-mannered shouting.

"Nothing much wrong with your heart," the doctor said several hours later. "I won't have the tracings of your EKG till tomorrow, but I believe your heart's nearly the soundest thing about you."

"Drop the other shoe," Flaherty said nervously. He knew this doctor.

"As I say, your heart's in good shape. Of course, it's going to kill you if you don't get those teeth out, take off sixty pounds, quit boozing. Still, don't worry. Worry's one of the hardest things on a person. But you can't blame your heart for the condition you've let yourself get into."

"Anything else?"

"This prescription. Oh, and smoking those cigars. Better cut them in half at least."

"That makes both halves harder to light."

"And bad jokes—take it easy on them."

. . .

Flaherty had all his teeth out and got crockery teeth in place of them. He began to take off weight. He did everything that was prescribed to him. Sometimes in the evenings he heard snickering when he drifted into that narrow borderland between wakefulness and sleeping. His pills, which he took faithfully, seemed to call out merriment from the lurking gnome.

"Valium," he heard it sneer once. "How are you going to get rid of a noose with Valium pills?" It was a good question. And Flaherty still had the heart twinges and pangs.

The next evening, he was compelled to squall, shout, scream the unmagical phrase rangle dang kaloof again and again. His reputation in the neighborhood deteriorated.

Flaherty had men in to soundproof his house. He continued to take off great globs of weight and he felt himself diminished in person and in spirit. He stayed off the juice and the smoke, and he felt his wit drying up from it.

"Ah, you're coming along fine, fine," the doctor told him. "Looking much better. Pulse and blood pressure greatly improved. Bet you're feeling a lot better, aren't you?"

"No, I'm feeling terrible," (continued on page 122)



"Ah, Betty, my dear! Fortunately, I was saving the best for last. . . ."

FAST FEAST

in turning out instant burgers and half-hour pheasant, the microwave oven gifts the host with that most precious of commodities—time

Food By JACK DENTON SCOTT Prominent scientists believe that a hairy paleolithic man, breaking up rocks to get a boulder to brain an enemy, accidentally struck some flint and iron pyrites together. Sparks flew into dry leaves. Fire was discovered.

There is an analogy in another accident that may make fire obsolete. In Waltham, Massachusetts, in 1945, Raytheon's Dr. Percy Spencer approached the power tube of a radar set. Although a bit more sophisticated than rocks, radar is also a defense against enemies. Eyes on the sensitive tube, Dr. Spencer reached into the pocket of his white lab coat for a candy bar to munch on. What he found shook the scientific world. The candy was a gooey mess.

Dr. Spencer immediately experimented in the heat of that microwave field, popping corn, cooking a hot dog and other food before a small radar antenna. From that came a first patent, Treating Foodstuffs, in 1950, and, in ten years' time, 117 other patents in microwave technology.

5 MIN.



40 SEC.



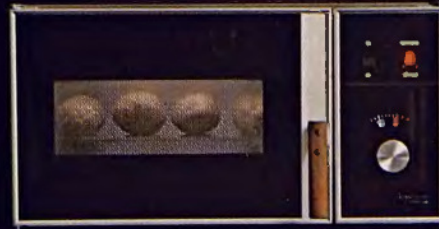
10 MIN.

These resulted in the microwave oven, the fastest cooking unit in existence.

In later years, there were patent contributions by Tappan, General Electric and Litton Industries, and today there are perhaps ten companies manufacturing microwave ovens. Some have special browning units; some can be used in conjunction with the ordinary stove; sizes vary; so do prices. The Japanese have entered the field in a big way. Dr. Spencer, however, led it, and his discovery resulted in the modern oven that I own and have experimented with for over two

years, the Amana Radarange. Its counterpart was introduced as a very expensive commercial oven in 1947; but a compact home model for under \$500 wasn't available to the public until 1967.

It is proper that the 90-pound microwave oven of stainless-steel and aluminum construction looks like a large portable television set. It took a couple of weeks before I could dial in the cooking waves without expecting to get Walter Cronkite. But it took only one minute to convince me that this was a man-benefiting spin-off from aerospace science. A private demonstration showed me a slice of bacon



30 MIN.

17½ MIN.

30 MIN.



crisply cooked on paper toweling in one minute, a medium-rare hamburger on blue china in 40 seconds, lobster tails, frozen solid, cooking to perfection on a paper plate in five minutes, a five-pound sirloin of beef sizzling right on its carving board, done in just over a half hour.

This kind of thing can stir up an imagination spin-off, a projection of heretofore impossible culinary short cuts. The microwave oven can't stuff a chicken, carve, nor open a bottle of wine, but it can drastically reduce dishwashing, do away completely with pot-and-pan clean-up, take the heat and labor out of cooking, reduce one's time in the kitchen for all meals by over 50 percent and for many up to 80 percent. It does amazing timesaving tricks, such as melting butter and chocolate in their wrappers, reducing steps for making sauces and pastries. Tea and coffee can be brought to the boil in their cups, too-hard ice cream softened in its container.

Uncooked frozen foods can be defrosted at two minutes per pound; all precooked frozen meals can be taken out of the freezer and placed piping hot on the table in about six minutes flat. Thus, you can prepare ahead for large groups and let the microwaves do the chores without losing drinking time.

Leftover foods are brought back to their original life. Cooked pastas (I am *un tifoso della pasta*—a pasta nut), which I once unenthusiastically reheated the next day or discarded, can now be stored for a week in a bowl covered with plastic wrap, then popped into the microwave oven for 1½ minutes and served with its original form and flavor.

Flavor is improved; there is a greater retention of vitamins. No water is used in cooking vegetables and fruits; nutrients are not dissolved and natural colors and flavors are preserved. Lower surface temperatures and the fast cooking reduce evaporation and breakdown of nutrients.

Microwaves do not cook by direct application of heat. Electromagnetic waves from the power source are instantly absorbed *into* the food, becoming heat energy, cooking all of the food simultaneously. Simply, they are electromagnetic waves of energy, like those sent out by television and radio transmitters. You dial them the same way, bringing heat rather than a picture or sound. They have the characteristics of light waves, traveling in a straight line, and can be generated, absorbed, transmitted. In the microwave oven, the generator producing the cooking waves is a magnetron, a vacuum tube that operates as an oscillator to generate microwaves.

The oven—be it Thermador, Hotpoint, Toshiba or Amana—is easier to operate than a television set. Mine has two timer dials, one for a limit of five minutes; another, 30. There are three switches: START, STOP, LIGHTS. One simply places food in

the oven, dials the number of minutes it should cook and punches the START and the LIGHT buttons, so that the cooking action can be observed. A buzzer sounds and the oven automatically switches off when the dialed time has elapsed.

It is important to remember that cooking times in the various makes of microwave ovens may differ. Check the literature carefully, keeping in mind the danger of overcooking. Food continues to cook for a few minutes after it is removed from the oven.

We lazy ones who believe that time is precious and too much effort obnoxious are encouraged by microwaves—actually forced to use items that must be discarded. You cannot use metal of any kind, not even aluminum foil, in a microwave oven. Metal reflects the microwaves, preventing penetration of food. Paper, glass and china transmit microwaves and water absorbs them. Food is heated by that absorption. When you do the unbelievable and cook a hot dog on a paper napkin, the microwaves zero in *only* on the food, each inch of which has millions of molecules. They react to microwaves in the manner of a needle to a magnet. Move a magnet quickly from one side of a compass to the other, repeat it many times and the friction in the bearing that supports the needle causes it to become heated. And that's basically what happens when food molecules are oscillated by the microwaves. They turn 180 degrees, then return to their starting position 2,450,000 times a second. This fantastic action causes the food to heat.

Here is an easy lunch, a bachelor supper, a dinner and a couple of midnight snacks I heated up while experimenting with the waves. How about a ten-minute meat loaf for a starter?

MIDDAY MEAT LOAF (Serves six)

A meat loaf may be a freak meatball or a jazzed-up hamburger, but spectacularly cooked by microwaves before luncheon-guest spectators are halfway through tall cold drinks, it is a dish to remember.

- ½ pound pork sausage
- ½ pound twice-ground beef
- ½ pound twice-ground pork
- ½ pound twice-ground veal
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup grated asiago or parmesan cheese
- 2 tablespoons Italian parsley, minced
- 2 tablespoons white raisins, minced
- 6 shallots, sautéed in butter until soft
- 8-oz. can tomato purée (the type with spices and green pepper)
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- Hearty black-pepper millings

Mix all ingredients well in large bowl. Your hands are the best instruments. Butter a glass 2-quart loaf dish. Spoon the meat mixture into the dish; it should be evenly filled but not packed

solidly. Cook in microwave oven, uncovered, 5 minutes. Turn the dish to different positions twice during this time. Cook another 5 minutes, turning another two times. Let it set 10 minutes before slicing. With it, I serve a green salad and whole spears of salsify (from a jar), which I have sautéed in butter and lightly sprinkled with lemon juice. A chilled Spanish rosé poured generously gives the space-age meat loaf *pâté* personality. *Cooking time: 10 minutes.*

LENTIL AND SAUSAGE SUPPER (*Lenticchie e Cotechino*) (Serves six)

A favorite I first had in the Italian Abruzzi, the dish most requested for what is confusingly called a bachelor supper when a gang escaping the chain of their wives gathers for supper. It has several things going for it: It's a one-dish meal, a conversation maker and it is tasty as hell. I insist that only *cotechino* sausages be used. They are rich, mild and full of personality.

- 1-pound box dry lentils
- 2 1-pound *cotechino* sausages
- 2 13¼-oz. cans College Inn chicken broth
- 3 small carrots, finely chopped
- 3 small white onions, minced
- 1 stalk celery, chopped
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 3 cloves garlic
- 2 sprigs thyme
- Salt, freshly ground black pepper

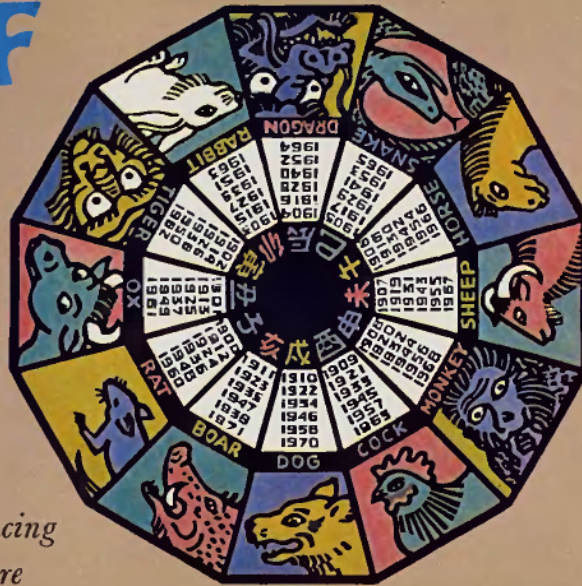
1½ teaspoons sweet Hungarian paprika
Wash lentils, soak in cold water 2½ hours. Place sausages (pierced in several places) in glass casserole, cover with hot water, cover casserole, cook in microwave oven 10 minutes after water boils. Remove from oven; let stand 10 minutes. Peel skin from sausages. Drain lentils, place in glass casserole; pour in chicken broth, stir in carrots, ⅔ of the minced onions, celery, 1 tablespoon olive oil, garlic and thyme; season with salt and pepper. Add peeled sausages. Cover casserole, cook in microwave oven 25 minutes after it boils, stirring every 5 minutes and changing position of the casserole each time you stir to ensure even cooking. Taste lentils and carrots; when tender, the dish is done. Cut sausages in ½-in. slices and return to casserole. I apologize for using another dish, but the Italian who concocted this has a necessary finishing touch. Heat the remaining 3 tablespoons olive oil in Pyrex dish in microwave oven. Stir in the remaining minced onions; cook 2 minutes. Stir in the paprika; cook *exactly* 25 seconds: If you overcook, the paprika becomes bitter. Stir the onions and paprika into the lentil pot and let stand 1 hour. When guests are ready, replace lentils in microwave oven for 2 minutes, or until they bubble. This is not a soup and is supposed to be thick. With it, I serve a green salad (Bibb lettuce, fresh
(concluded on page 223)

SIGNS OF LOVE

article
By HENRY MILLER

woodcuts
By CLIF KARHU

to the japanese, sex—as portrayed in these erotic renderings of the life-influencing 12-year cycle—is pure pleasure



"HOW MARVELOUS is woman, even though by nature she is completely perverse! Deeply absorbed in herself, of an extreme covetousness, ignorant of the why and wherefore of things, her wits ever ready to wander, guileful in her words . . . she thinks that with her ruses and affectations she excels men in wisdom and does not know that truth will out forthwith. Neither straightforward nor yet clever: Such is woman."

Thus wrote a Japanese monk named Kenko back in the 14th Century. But this same monk also declared: "Did he in every other way excel, the man who has never experienced love would remain a miserable man, a vessel precious but flawed."

Here in this set of contemporary



YEAR OF THE DRAGON



YEAR OF THE SNAKE



YEAR OF THE HORSE



YEAR OF THE SHEEP

Shunga prints by Clif Karhu of Kyoto, Japan, the woman plays the dominant role, and the positions she assumes are still sinful according to a strict interpretation of orthodox religion and are punishable by law according to the vaguely worded statutes of some of our states. But in the 12th Century, when the Shunga prints originated, right up until modern times, neither the artist nor the public in Japan experienced any sense of sin, shame or guilt with regard to these frank and variegated representations of sexual intercourse. All the well-known ukiyoe painters who adopted the genre from the 17th Century on produced this form of erotic art.

It will be noticed that in this series of wood-block prints, the woman's kimono is ornamented with the various animals that, according to the Japanese fortune calendar, represent the cycles of the years. Each animal of this zodiac returns every

12 years. Thus, we find the rat, for example, in the years 1912, 1924, 1936, and so on; the horse in 1918, 1930, 1942, etc. According to this system, whose roots may be traced back to India and China, the person born in any of these 12-year periods will have the characteristics of the animal governing that year. There is no connection, obviously, between these animal signs of the Japanese zodiac and our astrological signs. However, by means of their signs, the Japanese claim they can gauge character traits and make predictions much in the manner of our astrologers. They separate an individual's life into three main periods in which it is shown whether the going will be smooth, rough or what not. Finally, but not the least important, the fortune calendar indicates which matings are the best and the worst. For example, concerning the tiger-born person: "Horse-year,

dragon-year or dog-year people make the best spouses for tiger-born people. Rat, ox, rabbit, tiger, sheep, cock and boar are second choices. The worst marriage for a tiger-born person would be with either a snake-year or a monkey-year person."

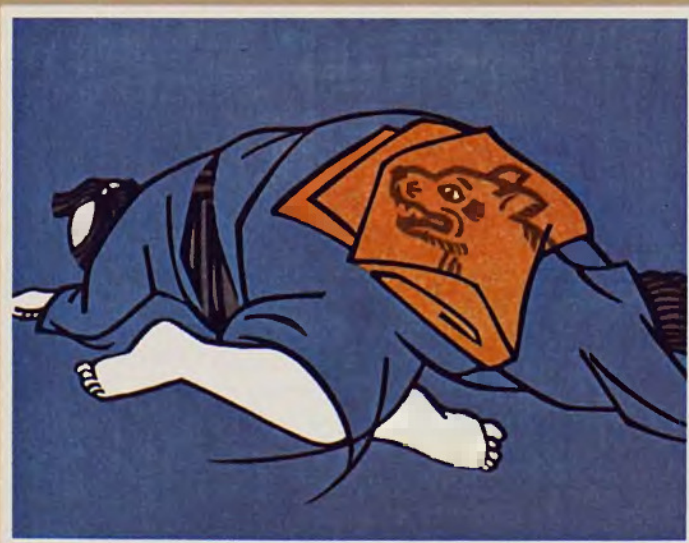
It should not be assumed from the series of prints shown here that the kimono always hides the genital organs in Shunga prints. Whatever the opinion of moralists may be, assuming they can figure out exactly what is taking place, these prints by Karhu are modest and discreet, playful and puzzling rather than purely erotic. From earliest times, Japanese art has shown an erotic strain. Even today in certain festivals there is evidence of innocent and joyous phallic worship. It is said that as early as the Eighth Century, the Taihō Code urged physicians to study illustrated texts in order to counsel their patients afflicted with



YEAR OF THE MONKEY



YEAR OF THE COCK



YEAR OF THE DOG



YEAR OF THE BOAR

marital difficulties. When the Shunga prints were eventually bound into book form, known as pillow books, they became a part of every bride's trousseau. Leaves from these books were regarded as talismans, giving protection to the soldier in battle, riches to the poor and a cure for frigidity in women. Thus, they served as sexual handbooks.

To understand this widespread acceptance of the erotic in art, one must realize that in Japanese religious cults, there is no conception of sin as such. There is also no hell, and even the demons are regarded as friendly creatures. What we see in the early stages of Shunga is an insatiable appetite for life, something akin in the Western world to the spirit of Chaucer and Brueghel. There is no sentimentality, no romanticism. Things are what they are, and sex is sex, something pleasurable, healthy and to be enjoyed to

the full. If the private parts are exaggerated, as they frequently are, it may be, as one wit put it, because if they were depicted as they really are, there would be nothing much to look at.

However audacious the painting, there was always beauty in the portrayal of the scene. Obscenity, as we understand it, did not mean vulgarity. If there was no moral stigma attached to these productions, there was nevertheless an aesthetic censorship—self-imposed, to be sure. Everything was in the open, animallike or divine, as you wish, but enveloped in the harmonious beauty of color, composition and fancy. The great lovers, such as Genji, for example, had to be not only seductive in physique and ability but also elegant in attire and gracious in manner. Often men and women of high rank are depicted performing artfully and lustily on the greensward against a delicate, pale, wispy

background of trees and houses in the distance. The contrast between the bold, colorful patterns of the kimono adroitly parted to reveal the exaggerated sex organs and the pale, delicate backgrounds creates a double sense of violation, ecstasy and fulfillment that is irresistible. In interior settings, one sometimes sees a servant on guard in the corner, pretending not to observe the antics of his superiors but expressing his private enjoyment of the scene by masturbating. Occasionally, one sees a pair of cats also imitating their master and mistress.

Unfortunately for the world, this innocent and elemental expression of pure carnal pleasure came to an end over a century ago, due to some extent to the influence of greedy, prurient art collectors of Europe and puritanical hypocrites in Japan itself who were poisoned by Christian notions of morality.



YEAR OF THE RAT



YEAR OF THE OX



YEAR OF THE TIGER



YEAR OF THE RABBIT

ROLLS-ROYCE *(continued from page 94)*

was well known as an "automobilist" while he was still a Cambridge student, and when there were more than merely mechanical hazards involved: The law of the land specified a speed not to exceed four miles an hour, the vehicle to be preceded by a man on foot carrying a red flag to warn other road users of the imminence of mortal danger. Rolls, sensible of the privileges of birth, consistently drove his Peugeot over the limit and without flagman, his purpose obviously publicly to flout an absurd regulation. This attitude persists today in British drivers of an independent cast of mind. When England set up a 70-mph limit a few years ago, a friend said to me, "My dear man, this country is run by and for the five percent of us who matter, who are, in one way or another, aristocrats. I shall drive as fast as I please, where I please and when I please, and be damned to their silly speed limit!"

In 1896, the four-mph limit was raised to a blistering 12, and in celebration of what was called Emancipation Day, the first London-to-Brighton run was organized. Rolls was a prominent entrant. Four years later, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland ran a 1000 Miles Trial, and he won it in a Panhard et Levassor. With Claude Johnson, the secretary of the automobile club, he set up a London dealership, selling, among others, the Panhard and the Belgian-made Minerva. One of Royce's associates, a Henry Edmunds, thought Royce's car should be on the London market, and undertook to bring the two men together. It wasn't easy. Royce was shy, taciturn, disliked meeting strangers and flatly refused to go down to London from Manchester. Rolls was accustomed to having people come to him, but he went to Royce. He knew the car for what it was as soon as he saw it, and so did Johnson. A deal was worked out, money was found and C. S. Rolls & Co. undertook to sell all the cars Royce could make. Logic indicated that on the basis of weight of contribution the name should be Royce-Rolls, but the reality was that Rolls's name was well known in the motoring community and Royce's was not. So much for the name. (But to call the car a Rolls has always been to utter a vulgarity, although to call it a Royce is acceptable—among factory people and second-generation owners.) The famous slogan, still the base of the company's European advertising, "The Best Car in the World," was picked up from a journalist later on. The hallmark radiator, essentially unchanged from the beginning, was probably derived from a short-lived automobile called the Norfolk, but Royce improved it, advantaging himself of the principle of entasis: The human eye sees a truly flat surface as concave, so to make it appear flat, it

must be slightly convex. The squared radiator shell demands to be handmade and hand-finished, and this accounts for the \$200 price difference between the Rolls-Royce and the otherwise identical Bentley, which carries a die-formed shell.

The first Rolls-Royce to be shown in England was on the floor at the 1905 London motor salon. A four-cylinder, four-passenger open touring car rated at 20 horsepower, it was priced competitively with cars of similar pretension. Knowing observers noted the heavy, rigid chassis, the meticulous detail and, when the car was run, its remarkable sound level. The strength of the chassis was evidence of Royce's characteristically long view. The coachwork of the day, mated with light, flexible chassis, soon developed distortion-made squeaks and rumbles. Chassis rigidity was the answer—that and stringent control over the ways the coachbuilders attached their bodies. (Until 1946, Rolls-Royce built chassis and engines only; all bodies were custom-made.)

The Rolls-Royce troika management, Royce, Rolls and Johnson, showed a rare conjoining of abilities. Royce created, Rolls drove the cars brilliantly and successfully in competition, Johnson had a most perceptive grasp of publicity and promotion. In 1907, a six-cylinder model, designated by the factory as the 40/50-hp six-cylinder, came out—a nearly flawless automobile destined to be a legend and an imperishable classic. Johnson took the 13th 40/50 produced, had it finished in aluminum paint and silver-plated hardware, gave it a silver-plated cast brass dashboard plaque naming it Silver Ghost. With suitable fanfare, he had it run 15,000 miles over ordinary roads under strict Royal Automobile Club scrutiny. Stripped, it showed zero wear in engine bearings, transmission and cylinder bores; and to bring it back to "as-new" condition cost less than three pounds in coin of the realm, an outcome that shook the opposition and impressed motorists, who had thought of breakage, warpage and general dilapidation as part of the game. Later, Johnson caused a slightly more powerfully engined Ghost to be run from London to Edinburgh and return in top gear only. In all, 7876 Silver Ghosts were made from 1907 to 1926, 1703 of them in the Springfield, Massachusetts, branch factory, a 1919–1926 experiment in tariff reduction that ultimately failed—the factory closed in 1935—because it lessened the car's snob value. The Silver Ghost had the second-longest single-model run the industry has seen, one year more than the Model T Ford, four years less than the Citroën *traction avant*. The original Silver Ghost still exists and with 500,000-plus miles on its odometer, still runs with the smooth-

ness and near silence it was born to. The 1971 value of mint-condition Ghosts was in the area of \$50,000 for openers, but they are a market rarity.

About 20 models of Rolls-Royce were built before World War Two, including, in 1905–1906, a V8 and a three-cylinder; but the Ghost, the six-cylinder Phantom I and Phantom II and the 12-cylinder Phantom III were the cars on which the RR reputation prospered. New designs showed few startling innovations; change was gradual, if inexorable, and never for novelty's sake. A 1931 looks remarkably like a 1921 and the resemblance is not due entirely to the radiator shells.

Royce's engineering was not universally applauded by his peers—accusation of overweight, for example, being not uncommon. But if weight was partially responsible for the sheer durability of the vehicle, then it had to be accepted. The Silver Ghosts seemed almost indestructible. For World War One, armored bodies, weighing more than twice what the car was designed to carry, were put on Ghost chassis, often well-used chassis at that. Even in desert warfare, chassis did not give way, springs didn't break and engines ran for miles on the boil when the bulletproof radiator slats were closed. Only tires made trouble, T. E. Lawrence reported afterward. (Someone once asked Lawrence what he would like most as a gift. A Rolls-Royce, he said, with tires and petrol to run it forever.)

The cars ran that way because Royce had decreed it. For him, the best was only marginally good enough. His steel was smelted and rolled to his specification, and he kept inspectors in Sheffield to see to it that no one slipped. (Old Rolls-Royces are remarkably rust-free, even those that were sold in the home market and worked for years in one of the dampest climates in the world.) To be doubly sure, a testpiece, or "ear," was formed in every part at the factory, broken off, numbered and sent to the laboratory. An adverse report meant that the part, and perhaps the entire batch, would be discarded. Royce devoutly believed in testing. One device in which he put great store was called the bump machine, a simple enough rig made of big irregularly formed wheels set into a floor. A finished car would be chained down over them and the power turned on, with an effect far more wracking than 40 mph over the roughest kind of road. Company engineers claimed that the bump machine would break up quite good automobiles in a few minutes; their own cars were expected to take it indefinitely. Assembly methods were meticulous: Chassis members, for example, were bolted together, the bolts tapered, set into hand-reamed holes and tightened by torque wrench. The locking hub fasteners were costly

(continued on page 166)



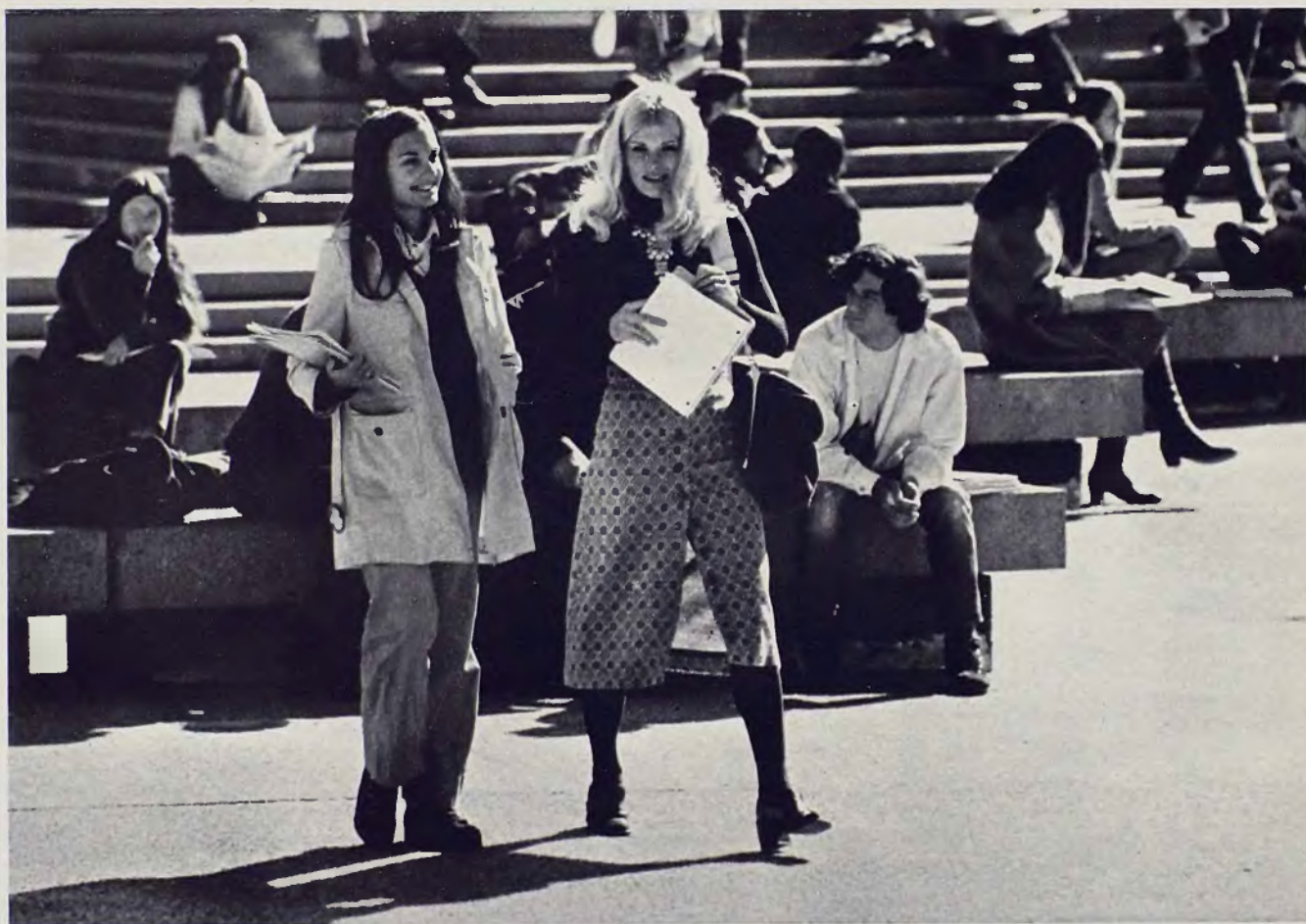
Rowland B. Wilson

"Don't count on me for the revolution, girls—I've decided to work for change within the system."

**PICKING
UP ON
P.J.**



*miss february
finds everything
she needs—
and none of
what she
doesn't—in
the big-sky
country of
colorado*



Above: With her friend Bonnie Averch, P. J. leaves the courtyard near the University of Colorado Student Union for her class. "I'm really enjoying the life of a part-time student. Even though I'm working, there's lots of time for pure fun."

THERE'S A SPECIAL APPEAL to small university towns. Mostly because of the influence of their student populations, they offer attractions sometimes thought to exist only in big cities: informal bars and restaurants, trendy shops and a wide cultural diversity. Yet they don't have to deal with many of the too-familiar urban ills. Such a place is Boulder, home of the University of Colorado and—since last summer—22-year-old P. J. Lansing (she does have a first and second name, but just the initials will do, thank you). P. J. was drawn to the town for all of the above reasons, plus the stunning mountain scenery that surrounds it. "I moved to Boulder after finishing three years at the University of Missouri and found

it absolutely perfect." A fashion-retailing major, P. J. quickly put her undergraduate background to use, taking a job in a local fabric shop. "I was in no hurry to resume college, so the idea of working for a while was attractive. For me, it was enough just to be here." At the moment, she has dropped the idea of studying fashion retailing in favor of something more immediately beneficial. "Next summer, I plan to go backpacking through Scandinavia, so I'm taking courses in Swedish. It will help a lot if I can learn to use some phrases. I'm still working some and am enrolled in just a few classes, so technically I'm a special student." We can think of no better adjective to describe Miss Lansing.





Above: P. J. checks in at the Boulder fabric store where she has a part-time job. "Luckily, work and class hours don't conflict. The shop is very casual and low-key—like so much of the town—which makes it a terrific place to work. And it gives me the chance to keep up to date on the latest materials. Although my career plans are indefinite at this point, I'll always be interested in fabrics and fashion design."



Above: P. J. pays a visit to the Green Mountain Grainery, a natural-and-organic-food store that's very popular with Boulder's young people, to buy supplies for an afternoon hike-cum-picnic with friends. "For a while, I followed a strict macrobiotic diet. Although I've relaxed it somewhat, I still favor organic foods." Below, left and right: Back in her apartment, P. J. makes a quick change of clothes.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS FEBRUARY



Above: P. J. gets plenty of fresh air and exercise hiking in the Colorado high country. At right: She relaxes during the scenic—and strenuous—walk. "It's at times like this that I feel really lucky to be living in such beautiful surroundings. It's too bad that everyone can't." Below: She and her companions reach the top and set up for an afternoon of food and conversation.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The groom-to-be spent the morning before the wedding painting daisies all over his loved one's nude body. When he finished he said, "Please don't wash them off until tomorrow."

"Why not?" asked the startled girl.

"Because it's the only way I'll be able to say I deflowered you on our wedding night."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *valentine* as a card with a heart on.



Before classes one morning, the boys' school counselor called a student into his office. "I've got some bad news and some good news for you," he said. "We've just gone over your personality tests and I'll give you the bad news first: You have definite homosexual tendencies. . . . And now the good news: I think you're cute."

A banker we know insists sex is similar to a savings account. In both cases, one loses interest at the moment of withdrawal.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ball-joint suspension* as a raided brothel.

The fellow asked his pharmacist friend for a powerful aphrodisiac for himself, explaining that he had invited two nymphomaniacal girls to spend the night in his apartment. The druggist gave him one and suggested that he take it right away, since it would require some time for its full effect to be felt. The young man did so and left to await his guests.

The next morning, he returned to the drugstore in what was obviously a state of near collapse. "You seem to be pretty much the worse for wear," smiled the druggist.

"Never mind that," groaned the fellow. "Just give me some liniment."

"For your penis?"

"For my arm. The girls didn't show."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Planned Parenthood Association* as Emission Control Center.

And of course you've heard about the St. Louis businessman who thought his wife would look good in something long and flowing, so he pushed her into the Mississippi River.

An Easterner driving through Texas stopped late one night at a large motel with an adjoining tavern. Upon entering the latter, he noticed that the bar was extremely long and the bartender very tall. He asked for a short beer and was served a quart stein. When he commented on this, the bartender said, "Stranger, as you've probably heard, we do everything big here in Texas."

After a few beers, the traveler asked where the john was. The bartender told him to take the corridor on the right to the last door on the left; but the man, a bit confused, walked down the corridor and through the last door on the right, which abutted on the motel swimming pool.

"My God!" he yelled as he thrashed wildly in the water. "Don't flush it! Don't flush it!"

Then there was the nervous philanderer who made a slight physical miscalculation and began to commit sodomy with a woman just as her husband came home from work unexpectedly—a classic case of the wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotence* as lack of response-ability.

A youthful couple sat glumly in the marriage counselor's office, exchanging contemptuous glances, each waiting for the other to explain his problem. "Why don't you begin?" the counselor said, turning to the husband. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't have any complaints," the man responded, "but what's-her-name here seems to think I haven't been paying her enough attention lately."



While attending confession, the first of three roommates admitted to the priest that she had let a man fondle her breasts. The priest told her to wash them with holy water.

The second roomie confessed that she had touched a man's sexual organ. The priest told her to wash her hands with holy water.

The two girls were busy washing at the font when their friend joined them. "Move over, girls," she said. "I have to gargle."

Heard a funny 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.



"Would it help any if I snarled?"

MY FUNKY VALENTINE

return with us to those supposedly
sentimental days of yore and
see what grandpa really posted
to grandma on february 14

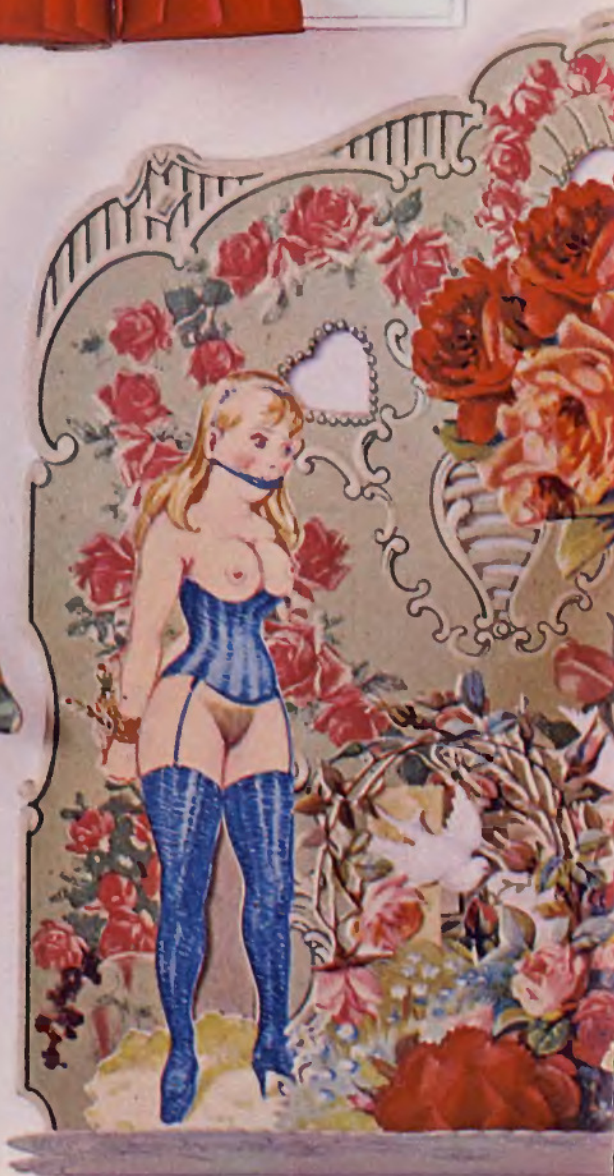
humor

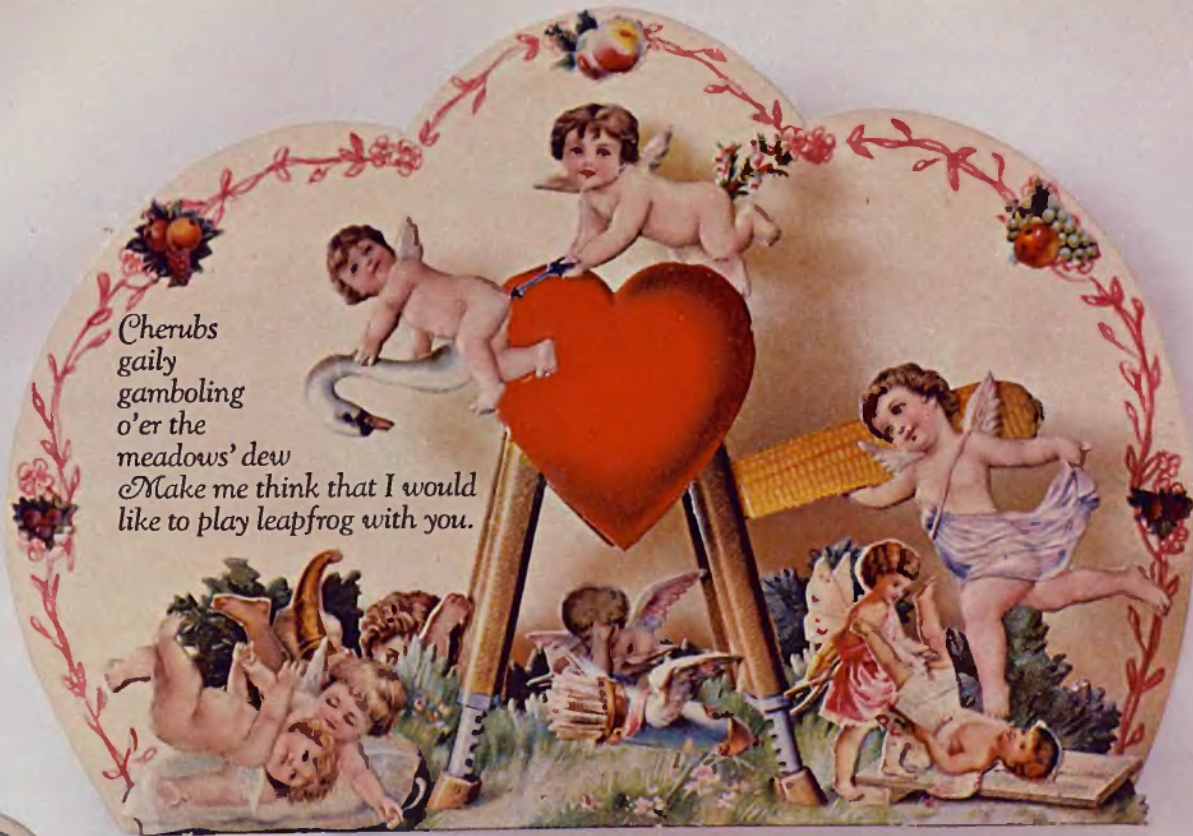


What I
have is
firm and true.
Help me out or
I'll be blue.



Flaming flapper,
flopping free,
Braless now,
for all to see.
We're young but once
and my, time flies,
So would you try me
on for thighs?





Cherubs
gaily
gamboling
o'er the
meadows' dew
Make me think that I would
like to play leapfrog with you.



Valentine, you
Won't be spoiled,
'Cause I won't
Spare the rod.
When you're in
Your Masoch bag,
I'll swing out as
De Sode.

Which
Hand
Will you
Take,
My dear?
Choose it
Carefully!
In one,
I'll
Offer you
A heart.
The
Other—
It holds
Me.



rangle dang kaloof

(continued from page 100)

Flaherty said. "How about giving me the names of a few heart specialists?"

"All right, if you want to go further and do worse."

. . .

Flaherty tried, in the evenings, to avoid that narrow borderland between wakefulness and sleeping. He rigged up devices to keep him out of the drowse till he was very tired, in the hope that he would go directly to sleep when he went to bed. He still had the twinges and the pangs. That loop was still around the little vein or whatever between atrium and ventricle in his heart. It was always there and sometimes it was there very tightly. And every now and then, in spite of all precautions, the gnome caught him wide-open in the borderland and compelled him into the roaring and screaming: RANGLE DANG KALOOF!

"It doesn't sound just right," the gnome said one evening. "It doesn't echo as it should. You soundproofed the place, you piker! Open all the doors and windows!"

"No. There's a limit to this nonsense."

"There sure is!" the gnome swore. "I'll teach you to crawfish with me. Open *all* the doors and windows, I said. Better yet, go out into the street for it. We may as well put on a good show."

Oh, it was quite a concert that time and the heart pangs felt very like death pangs. Again and again, at the cracking top of his voice, he had to give it:

RANGLE DANG KALOOF!

And the night echoed with it.

They came with the pokey wagon and took Flaherty to the pokey. And it was all a little hard to explain to the judge the next morning. Flaherty asked to be shown where there was any city ordinance forbidding a man to speak the words rangle dang kaloof or, indeed, any words not obscene or seditious in the street in front of his own house. He knew he wasn't helping his case. There were ordinances sufficient against making very loud disturbances. There were also nutty houses, he was told, for people who persisted in acting nutty. Flaherty paid his fine. It might be more than a fine if it happened again, so the man told him.

By and by, Flaherty had taken off 60 pounds. He no longer drank nor smoked nor got mad nor worried: All these things were forbidden to him, though the latter two abstentions had become difficult for him. All his heart readings checked as perfect.

"You must feel much better now, don't you?" the doctor, the fifth one he had been to, asked him.

"No. I still feel rotten," Flaherty said. "I still have the heart pangs, even though you say I can't be having them. There is still a stricture about a nameless vein in my heart, even though you say there is no such vein as I describe. And when he

jerks it tighter and makes the pain unbearable, he can still compel me to—ah, never mind. Who's another good heart doctor around here?"

"There aren't any. You've used us all up. There isn't anything wrong with your heart, Flaherty, and there aren't any heart doctors anywhere better than we are. None anywhere, except—well, he doesn't practice anymore, anyhow."

"What's his name? Why doesn't he practice anymore?"

"Dr. Silbersporen. And he doesn't practice now because he's agreed not to."

"He's disbarred?"

"Oh, no, absolutely not. So eminent a man would never be prohibited from practice except as a last resort. The great doctor has been quite reasonable and cooperative about it all. He's a gentleman and he stands by his gentleman's agreement to practice no more. A sad case, really."

"Something fishy here," Flaherty said, and he went off on the spoor of Dr. Silbersporen. He found the rather elderly doctor at his home in a secluded neighborhood. He received a friendly but somewhat breathless welcome from him.

"You are in trouble, of course," the good doctor said. "Only those in real trouble still come to see me. Now, then, tell me your trouble and I will get you out of it immediately." The doctor wheezed when he talked, but it was a kindly wheeze.

"I understand that you are, were, the finest heart doctor in the region," Flaherty said. "I also understand that you no longer practice. Ah, what is your own trouble, emphysema?"

"Not a trace of it. I've been to all the throat, lung and thorax experts and they say that there is nothing at all wrong with me, that I must feel wonderful. I feel rotten. What really troubles me, though, is a small red Indian. And you?"

Then Flaherty broke down and told Dr. Silbersporen all about his troubles, about the gnomes (who were not gnomes) who inhabited the narrow border between wakefulness and honest sleep, about the foolish quarrel over the slipper, about the gnome's throwing the lasso around the vein in the middle of his heart, about the heart doctors' insisting that there was no such vein as the one that Flaherty rather guardedly described to them.

"Why, if that's all that's troubling you, we'll fix it in a minute," Dr. Silbersporen wheezed and gasped. "They are right that there's nothing wrong with your heart. Once we take that little noose from around the conduit, you'll be as sound as ever. Oh, of course there's such a vein as you describe. I taught those heart experts, every one of them, but I wasn't able to teach them everything. It takes fine eyes to see that vein, I tell you that."

Dr. Silbersporen himself had rheumy and blood-veined eyes, as well as trembling hands. He seemed a very sick man.

"This vein, which the lesser experts don't know about, is quite vulnerable to unusual attack. Sometimes a very small mole will get inside a person and gnaw on the vein. Sometimes a cocklebur gets inside the heart and afflicts the vein. No, there's nothing unlikely about a gnome's putting a noose around it and pulling it tight. Every now and then, you'll find one of those little guys with a mean streak in him. Take your shirt off and I'll cut that loop out of your heart in a minute."

Flaherty took his shirt off, but he was a little doubtful.

"It is said that you no longer practice," he objected, "and you don't seem to have instruments or facilities here. How will you do it?"

"A real expert doesn't need many instruments, Mr. Flaherty. Here's a little paring knife that I was just cutting up an apple with. That'll get us inside. And here's a little scissors I was trimming my hair with. I cut my own hair, you know. Don't go to the barbers anymore. The prices, for one thing, and then the little red Indian says he'll make the barber cut my throat if I go to one. I never know whether that Indian's kidding or not, but he sure kids mean. The scissors will do quite well to cut the gnome's loop, though, and then your troubles will be over."

"But is it sanitary?" Flaherty asked. There was something about this whole business that made him uneasy.

"No, of course it isn't," the good doctor admitted. "Neither is it sanitary to have that gnome's lasso inside you all the time. Gnomes have no concept at all of hygiene. Ah, one of my own seizures is upon me. He always allows me enough breath to go through the rite. Then I'll be ready for you."

Dr. Silbersporen was opening all the windows and doors in his house. "Easy, you little bugger, easy," he was wheezing. "I'll say it, I'll say it loud, just let me have my breath for a bit."

Then the good old doctor began to make sounds somewhere between those of a hyena and those of a rooster, very loud, very weird, very high and continuing for a long time: *Shak shakowey shahoo!* It wasn't the words themselves so much as the way the doctor intoned them that set the ears on edge.

Shak shakowey shahoo!

SHAK SHAKOWEY SHAHOO!

It went on for a long time and the neighbors were grumbling loudly. Then the doctor was finished with it for a while and he was smiling sadly.

"One learns to live with a thing like that," he said. "What it is is a small red Indian, less than an inch tall, with whom I quarreled irrevocably. He put a little rawhide thong around my glottis. He chokes me with this, so that it appears that

(concluded on page 208)

SUPER SUITWEAR



an overview of the wild new styles in underwear Today, underwear tops and bottoms not only are as colorful and sleek as the garb you wear over them but they make it a sensual pleasure to shed your clothes. Above: A Jacquarded-nylon body suit with shirt collar, by Underwear International, \$15. attire By ROBERT L. GREEN



Man of an adventurous stripe, above, sports a colorful acrylic knit tank top, \$7.50, and bikini, \$5, both by Underwear International.



Decidedly something for well-built guys to crow about is this rooster-appliquéd superslim stretch nylon knit bikini, by Robert Reis, \$3.



This oble-bodied example of flower power includes a floral-patterned knit top, \$10, and briefs, \$5, both by I.F.T. International.



More on the under-
world: At left is a Ban-
Lon knit top, \$5, and
open-sided bikini, \$5,
both by I.F.T. Interna-
tional. At right: Geo-
metric-patterned cotton
briefs, by Jockey, \$2.



THE LAST CARROUSEL (continued from page 76)

grotesque leaned forward as if she'd been impaled at her ankles. The artist had used too much red. Some whores.

Roughie, standing in front of a curtained closet no higher than himself, announced, "Hannah the Half-Girl Mystery!"—and opened the curtain. Swinging gently there on a child's swing, against a background of velvety black, a girl in a purple-and-cream-colored sweater looked down upon us with long, dark, indolent Indian eyes. Her body apparently ended at her waist.

"As you see," she explained in a voice as low and husky as a child's, "I have no visible means of support and still I don't run around nights. Thank you thank you thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you one all. *Señoras y señores, gracias.*" The crowd sighed, as one man, with pity and love.

"She tires easily," Roughie explained and drew the curtain.

"You *believe* that?" a simple-looking fellow, in need of confirming his own doubt, asked me.

"Might be she got run over by a train," I took another guess.

He looked at me with the indignation a simple mind feels when confronted with a mind even simpler. "You dern fool," he accused me. "Couldn't you even tell that girl was a-layin' on her belly?"

"Step this way, gentlemen," Roughie commanded us and nodded to the mosquito-bitten boy. "*Melvin the Human Pincushion!*"

Melvin shuffled onto the bally with a sheepish look and began pinning red-white-and-blue campaign buttons into his skin. Some were for William Gibbs McAdoo. When he used a Hoover button, I thought he'd surely bleed. He didn't bleed for either McAdoo or Hoover. He was a bipartisan pincushion.

Then he jabbed a huge horse-blanket pin into his shoulder and Roughie went face forward in a dead faint. Strong Boy and Grizzly, both in their fighting robes, carried him off. I was glad to see they'd made up their differences in this emergency.

The dark woman handed Melvin a small blackboard and a piece of chalk. He drew a line beside three lines already drawn and held the board up for us all to see. "'N' that's the number of people has fainted during my performance just today!" he announced triumphantly and jumped off the bally without waiting for applause. That was a good idea, because there wasn't any applause.

"In this cawneh!"—and here came Roughie again, now in white referee's trousers, into the center of the makeshift ring—"in this cawneh, at two hundred and fifty-two pounds, the champion of the Florida Coast Guard—the *Okefenokee*

Grizzly!" Pause for scattered applause. "'N' in this cawneh, the champion of the Panama Canal Zone—the *Birmin'ham Strong Boy!*" Scattered applause by the same hands. "These boys are about to settle a long-standin' grudge, so any of you men who faint easy, kindly leave now. No money refunded once the battle has begun!"

"How about yerself?" Someone had to remind Roughie; but he paid no heed. "Now, this event is presented at no extra cost and no hat passing, because you men are all lovers of good clean sport, auspices of the Rio Grande Valley Wrestling Association." He turned to the wrestlers. "Boys, remember you're professional athletes at the top of your class, representin' the honor of the Florida Coast Guard and the American fleet in Panama, respectively, and I'm here to enforce the rules. Now, shake hands, return to your corners, come out fighting and may the best man win!"

Grizzly put out his paw, but Strong Boy, hateful fellow, struck it down. Then he turned on his heel back to his corner, handed his robe to the dark woman and flexed his limbs while holding the ropes.

"You'll pay dearly for *that*, Strong Boy!" The Human Pincushion threatened him from Grizzly's corner.

"Watch your mouth or I'll whup *both* of you!" the dark woman answered. Strong Boy, still grasping the ropes, spat across the ring directly at the opposing corner. The yokels loved it.

Strong Boy and Grizzly began circling each other, both frowning, yet not closing. Somebody booed. Grizzly went to the ropes, scanned the faces looking up through a haze made of tobacco and heat.

"What do you want for a dime?" he challenged the whole tent. "Blood?"

"*Look out!*" Pincushion warned him too late.

Strong Boy leaped on Grizzly from behind and they went to the canvas, rolling over and under from rope to rope in a roaring fury. The canvas shook, the tent poles trembled and the carbon lamps swung. Strong Boy clamped a headlock on Grizzly that nothing human could break. But Grizzly—being subhuman—broke it, sending Strong Boy staggering, his hands waving before his eyes in the throes of blinding shock. Grizzly backed against the ropes to gain leverage, then propelled himself half across the ring. Strong Boy stepped lightly aside, grabbed Grizzly's ankles as he flew past and brought him crashing down on his face. Strong Boy had only been *pretending* to be hurt! Swiftly applying a double scissors, a toe hold, a half nelson and a Gilligan guzzler with one hand, he began poking his opponent's eyes out with the other.

"*Give it to him, Strong Boy!*" the crowd came on in full cry, uncaring which of the two brutes got it, as long as one of them was punished murderously. "*Wreck him, Birmingham!*"

The blood lusters hadn't reckoned on the Human Pincushion. Melvin slipped through the ropes carrying a length of hose and now it was the dark woman who cried warning—"Watch out, Strong Boy!"—just as Melvin conked him behind the ear and knocked him flat on his face.

The referee snatched the hose length from the boy's hand and began loping about the ring, holding it aloft and crying, "*I'm here to enforce the rules! Here to enforce the rules!*" as if waving a hose length proved that that was what he was doing; while Strong Boy still lay stretched defenselessly with Melvin kneeling in the small of his back. Grizzly, instead of helping Melvin, merely loped after the referee with his fists clasped in the victory sign. A bear's head was tattooed on his right biceps: a grizzly with small red eyes.

Then Strong Boy lurched to his knees, sending Melvin spinning, got to his feet and went loping counterclockwise to Grizzly, holding *his* fists aloft in victory. They passed each other twice making the same claim. Then both climbed out of the ring, followed by Melvin. Roughie paused to announce the results, "*Draw! Draw! Two falls out of three for the world's free-style championship! Final fall in one hour!*" Then he climbed out, too.

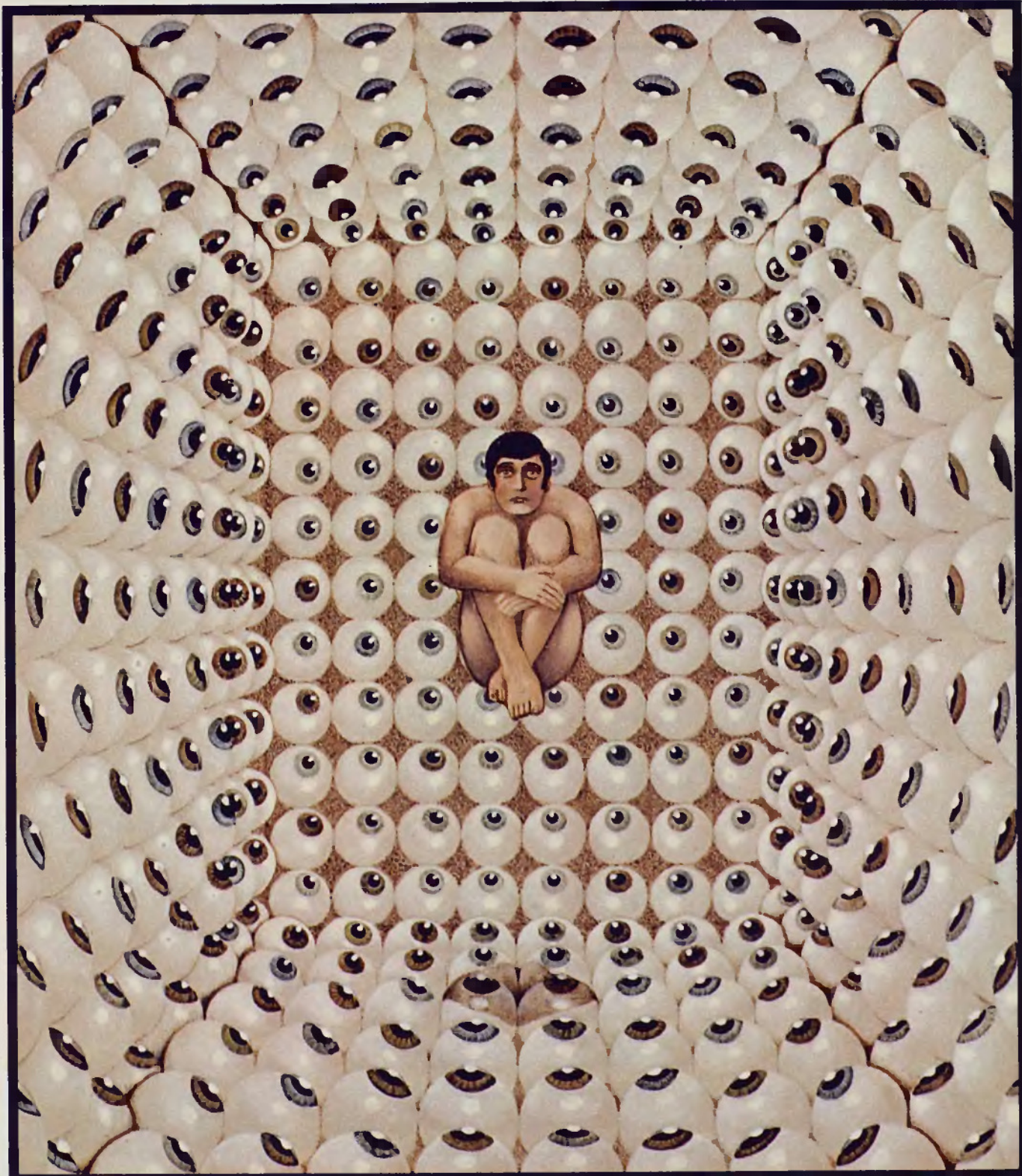
"*That* were the worst fake fight I ever seen my whole born days." A voice behind me drawled its disappointment.

"The holler 'n' uproar was pretty fair," a woman observed. Fake fight or real, the holler 'n' uproar had been fair enough to fill the tent with marks, some of whom had now brought women.

"And now, if the ladies will allow, I'll talk to the gentlemen *privately*," the dark woman said, then waited. The half-dozen women in the crowd retreated, huddled and sheepish, as their fine bold fellows inched forward. "And I know you *are* gentlemen," she resumed, using a more intimate tone. "Do you see this little bell I hold in my hand?" raising a small tin bell and holding it high until every gentleman had seen it. "Now, I know what you men are here to see. I was young once myself—ha-ha-ha—and although you're gentlemen, you're still hot-blooded Americans." Her eyes scanned their ashen and chinless faces in which most of the teeth were missing. "But there's a city ord'nance against presenting young women in the *ex-trem* *nood* within forty feet of the midway—but back *there*, gentlemen, back *there* our young women are only waitin' for me to tinkle this bell so's they can start *goin' the whole hawg!*"

One tinkle and we'd be off! The
(continued on page 180)

BIG BROTHER WATCHING YOU? SEE SAM ERVIN



the down-home senator from north carolina has proved to be the civil libertarians' strangest bedfellow

personality **By ROBERT SHERRILL** IT HAS BEEN a long, long time since the nation has been able to embrace a Southern politician with the affection that it is showing old Sam Ervin.

This is something new: a quiet affair. It has nothing to do with the national working-class constituency that Huey Long, the Louisianian kingfish, won in the Depression years with a dash of fascism and the promise of a ham hock in every pot and that was rewon in the Sixties by George Wallace with a lot more fascism and the promise of a nigger in every stew. Perhaps because, unlike Long and Wallace, Ervin has no ambitions for higher office—at 75, it's a little late for that. He is getting not only red-necks but the dull middle class and sophisticates as well (continued on page 150)

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CHICKEN ITZA

*here was a world in which nothing ever went wrong—
and that bugged the hell out of the inspector from earth*

fiction By ROBERT F. YOUNG

IT HAVING BEEN ESTABLISHED that the quickest way to civilize a savage is by providing him with a civilized environment and bestowing upon him the blessings of technology, the International Space Agency, when it came time to civilize the Siw of Sirius V, built a modern city for them in the big green plain where for centuries they had raised children, crops and chickens, and stocked it with all the technological goodies known to man. It also having been established that civilized environments require efficient supervision, constant care and mechanical savoir-faire, ISA recruited a civilian cadre of experts to staff and maintain the city and to educate and train the Siw. Then, to teach the Siw technological self-reliance and to find out whether they were worth all the trouble, ISA put the city on an incommunicado status and left it to shift for itself for five years. When the trial period ended, they sent an inspector to look things over and report back. The inspector's name was G. A. Firby, and technology was his tutor, his mistress and his god. He might question his tutor and have misgivings about his mistress, but he never doubted his god.

. . .

It was the first time Firby had seen the city, and his reaction upon being greeted by its mayor, who as head of the cadre had been alerted to his coming, was one of cautious surprise. The elevated apron against which he had berthed his one-man spaceship was near enough to the outskirts to afford him an excellent view of the south side. However, it wasn't the pleasant and practical layout of the buildings, streets and parking lots that occasioned his surprise, but their air of brand-newness. The buildings looked as though they had been built yesterday, the streets as though they had been laid that very morning and the parking lots as though they had been black-topped less than an hour ago. Moreover, the electric runabouts, both those cruising the streets and those parked in the lots, gave the

impression they had just rolled off the assembly line.

"Sort of takes your breath away, doesn't it?" Mayor Henry Kobecker said. Despite the jaunty white feather he wore in his hat, he seemed nervous and ill at ease. His instructions were to conduct the tour without fanfare; he gave the impression that he didn't want to conduct it at all.

"It takes more than a view of a few housetops to take my breath away," Firby said.

"Quite so," the mayor agreed. "Quite so. Will you come this way, Mr. Firby?"

Firby accompanied his host down a ramp to where the latter's runabout and Siw chauffeur were waiting. He had no qualms about leaving his ship unguarded. It was equipped with a special anti-burglar device that made mayhem of would-be intruders and sounded an alarm that was audible for a radius of ten miles.

The chauffeur's skin was the hue of varnished mahogany. After seating his two passengers in the rear of the runabout, he withdrew a handful of yellow pellets from a pocket in his mauve uniform and scattered them over the hood. Then he got behind the steering wheel and turned on the motor.

"What was that he threw on the hood?" Firby asked.

"Native corn," Mayor Kobecker replied. "According to Siw superstition, it brings good luck."

Firby gave his host a long look but made no comment.

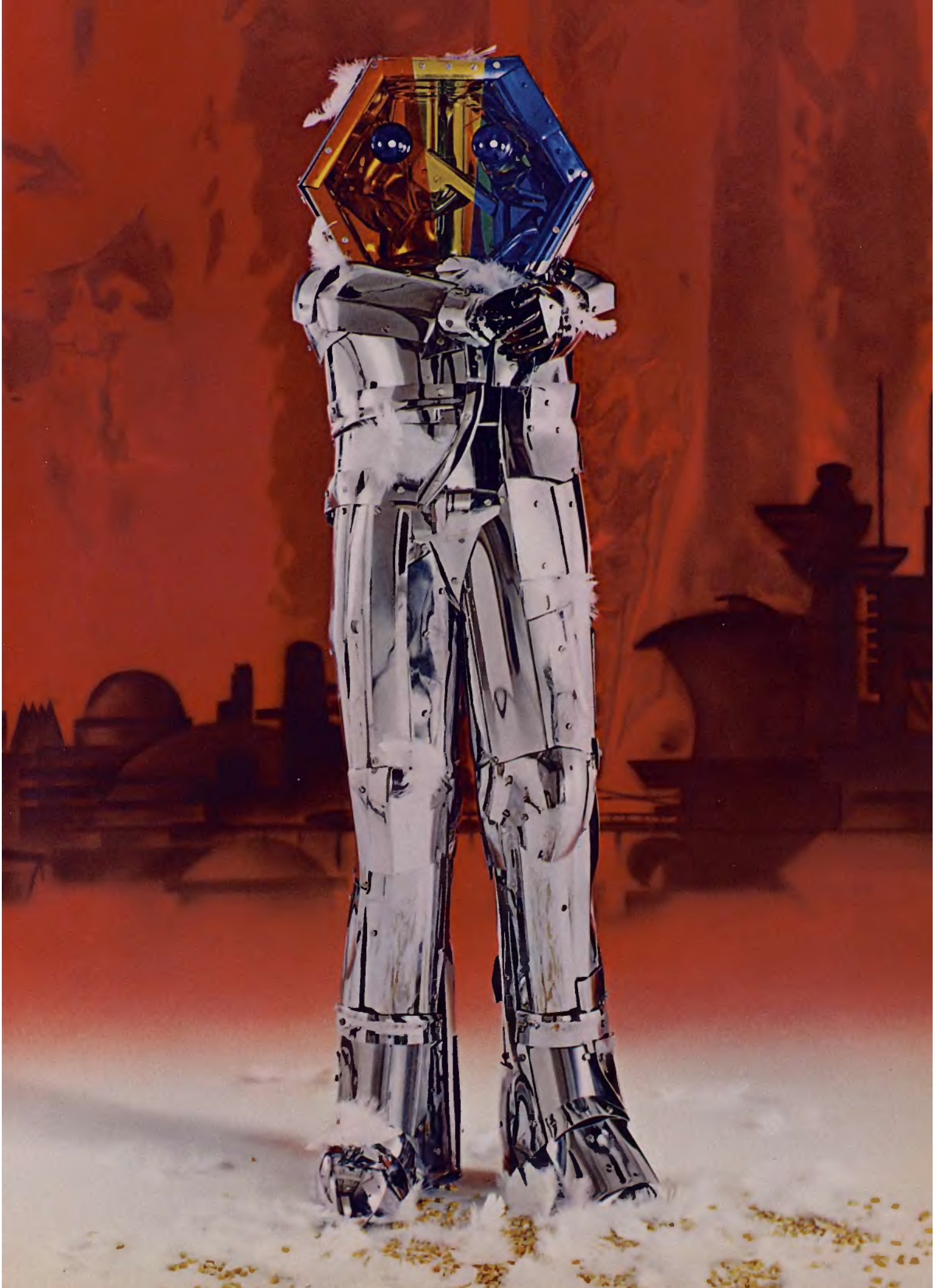
The chauffeur rolled back the roof. "Which where, Mayhar?"

"I think we'll start with the Administration Building, Albert." The mayor faced Firby. "Is that agreeable with you, sir?"

Firby did not answer. His eyes had focused of their own accord on a distant high-rise apartment building that had just caught the rays of the morning sun. He had eyes like a hawk, and if there'd been a single crack in the synthi-brick façade, a single sag in one of the balconies or a single pane missing from one of the windows, he would have seen it.

The tour began. Firby's eyes

*The city—automated,
electronic and run with
remarkable efficiency
by robots—was the
show place of Sirius V.*



grew gradually larger. Broad avenues, lined with immaculate storefronts and fretted with crystalline walkways, appeared. None of the walkways was closed for repairs, none of the storefronts needed refurbishing and not once did the wheels of the runabout encounter a chuckhole.

There were civilized Siw everywhere—riding in other runabouts, walking the walkways, coming out of shopping centers laden with packages. But what made Firby sit up and take notice had nothing to do with their numbers nor their apparent prosperity—nor even with the white feathers they wore in their hats. What struck him were their happy faces and carefree gaits.

The city dwellers he was familiar with had haunted faces and walked as though someone were chasing them.

"This," said Mayor Kobecker presently, "is the Administration Building."

Firby saw that Albert had parked the runabout in the morning shadow of a large dignified edifice. He accompanied the mayor inside, where he was conducted through room after room lined with busy computers, every one of which looked as though it had been delivered fresh from the factory that very morning. All of the programmers were Siw and all of them seemed happy in their civilized habiliments and environment.

The mayor's office was in the center of the building. Four color-3V screens inset in the walls functioned as windows. In the center of the room stood the mayor's desk. On it was a vase filled with white flowers. Firby, a nature lover at heart, went over and smelled them, only to discover that they were chicken feathers.

Straightening, he gave the mayor another long look. The mayor shifted his weight from his left foot to his right, fiddled with his tie but offered no explanation.

Next, while the mayor was outlining how City Hall administered to the city, Firby inspected the color-3V screens. At first he thought they were malfunctioning. This was because he was accustomed to color-3V screens that depicted people with blue faces and green teeth. The people in these screens, albeit they had mahogany-hued faces and even though they were too far away for him to see their teeth, looked real.

For some reason, this annoyed him.

In swift succession, he inspected the Power Plant, the Sewage Disposal Plant, the Visiphone Building, the Department of Sanitation Shed and the Water Works. In not a single instance did he find a machine or a piece of equipment that needed repair.

Somehow he had the feeling that a vital ingredient was missing in each of the places he'd inspected, but it wasn't until Mayor Kobecker was wining and dining him in Siw City's most elite

eatery that he realized what it was. Momentarily, he was stunned. Then, recovering himself, he said, "Why is it, Mayor, that I haven't seen a single mechanic, repairman or maintenance man since I've been here?"

"I'm—I'm afraid we have no need for them anymore," Mayor Kobecker said.

"Preposterous! For your city to be in the condition it's in, they must be working twenty-four hours a day. Where are they?"

"Some of them have gone into other trades. A few of them have taken up raising chickens. A——"

"Raising chickens!"

"Yes, sir. When our machines stopped breaking down and our appliances stopped malfunctioning and our streets and buildings no longer needed repairing, they had to do something, so——"

"All machines break down! All appliances malfunction! All streets and buildings need repairs!"

"Ours don't."

Firby looked at him. If he hadn't known better, he could have sworn that the mayor meant what he was saying.

He thought for a while. Whatever the reason behind it, there was no questioning the technological perfection he had seen thus far. But for all he knew, it might be a carefully contrived mask hiding the façade of a city-sized Penn Central railroad station. Streets, buildings, runabouts, color-3V sets, utilities—these were not reliable criteria. There was only one foolproof way of taking a city's pulse and getting an accurate reading: by inspecting its major industries. Siw City had only one.

"Take me to Synthinc," Firby said.

. . .

After reseating his two passengers, Albert threw a second handful of corn over the runabout's hood before he got back behind the wheel. Firby ground his teeth. "Can't you stop him from doing that, Mayor?"

"I—I don't think it would be advisable, sir. We haven't had a traffic accident in years."

"Are you implying that *everybody* throws corn on their hood?"

"I'm—I'm afraid so."

For the first time, Firby realized that the feather in the mayor's hat was a chicken feather.

The runabout rolled smoothly past parks like Easter baskets, schools like birthday cakes and hospitals like blocks of spun sugar. From the front, Synthinc looked like a big brick of Neapolitan ice cream. Centered above the entrance were the letters S-Y-N-T-H-I-N-C. Just beneath them were two crossed chicken feathers molded in bronze.

Firby followed the mayor into the building.

A balding man advanced to meet them. The mayor introduced him as

Fyodor Dubchek, the president and general manager. "I'll be delighted to show you around, Mr. Firby," Dubchek said.

"Just take me to the machines."

There were hundreds of them—thousands. All of them were set up for the various operations involved in turning a native plant called puwuwun into commercial synthifabric, and each was tended by a Siw.

Firby walked up and down the aisles, listening in vain for the rumble of a bad bearing or the telltale knocking of a worn shaft. Rounding a corner, he saw a Siw wearing striped mechanic's coveralls and carrying what appeared to be a large oilcan passing from machine to machine and depositing a few drops of oil on each. But Firby's elation was short-lived, for when the Siw came closer, he saw that what he'd thought was an oilcan was in reality a water sprinkler and that what he'd taken for oil was water.

For a moment, the enormity of the sacrilege was too much for him to cope with. "Water," he babbled. "He's oiling the machines with water."

"Not *ordinary* water," said Dubchek, who with the mayor was standing just behind him. "Rain water."

"Rain water!"

"Not *ordinary* rain water, Mr. Firby," Mayor Kobecker said. "*Sacred* rain water. Sprinkling it on things is a Siw ritual designed to ward off trouble."

"On the same order as scattering corn, no doubt," Firby said scathingly.

The mayor flinched slightly but held his ground. "Yes, sir."

"And using chicken feathers for talismans."

The mayor nodded. "They're Siw stratagems—all of them. And they can be used both ways. The point is, they work. At first we were reluctant to permit such practices, but after we relented, our breakdown rate was cut in half, our——"

"Listen," Firby interrupted. "I know as well as anyone that keeping a city in shape is a never-ending problem. But you're not going to tell me that you solved it by allowing the people you were supposed to civilize to revert to such superstitious foolishness as scattering corn, sprinkling rain water and wearing chicken feathers! There's another reason why your roofs don't cave in, why your streets don't develop chuckholes, why your machines don't break down. There *has* to be!"

"As a matter of fact," Mayor Kobecker admitted with an air of resignation, "there is."

"Aha!—I knew science was lurking behind the scenes somewhere!"

"Well, not science exactly. But we do have a sort of—ah—supervising engineer."

"You do? Then why haven't I been

(concluded on page 164)

Locusts

Contrary to popular belief, locusts are not destructive if they are properly trained. A well-trained locust is polite, considerate and fairly smart.

You will learn how to harness locust power for the cause of Good. They are a lot cheaper than bulldozers and a lot neater than dynamite.

Also, they produce a tasty jelly that makes an inexpensive table spread.

Breaking and Training the Common Locust

By I. J. Merivale

By the same author:

Organic Weed Farming

Organic Mouse Ranching

How to Make Licorice Out of Tar



Quicksand Houses

Cheap, fast shelter for seminomadic types. Just mix a big batch of sand and water until the mixture yields to your weight and you find yourself slipping comfortably into it. The idea is to make the perfect sand/water mixture, so you slide just so far down and no farther. Use the sand-saturation formula recommended by the United Arab Republic Department of Parks: three parts sand to one part water and a pinch of rock.



Make Your Own Steel

Tell U.S. Steel to shove it. You will now make your own with a good old-fashioned Bessemer steel converter. We've found an outfit in Bernt Furn, Georgia, that sells reconditioned Bessemer and Bessemer parts at reasonable prices. They also tell you how to make the stuff.

A hot and heavy job, but very nice when you hold a bar of good honest steel in your hand.

From: Al's Iron & Steel Supply

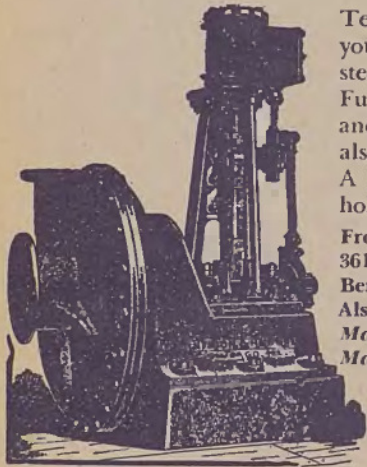
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Bernt Furn, Georgia 33402

Also from Al's:

Make Your Own Subway System

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How to Rap

We're not talking about talking. We're talking about rapping, the ancient Hindu musical form of beating on a clam with a scallion. Doesn't sound like much for a while. Keep at it. You'll start hearing the inner rhythms.

How to Rap

By Tatwandu Variswabi

H'ai Chu

At last. A Japanese physical art that centers on awkwardness and bad form. We can't all be graceful as gazelles.

H'ai Chu is the art of Dropping.

You hold two bowls of rice in your hands. You try to juggle them in a clumsy manner. They drop, spilling hundreds of tiny grains of rice all over the floor. You groan, bend down awkwardly and pick up every grain. You have just performed H'ai Chu.

Life is a series of awkward moves and mistakes. You learn from your mistakes and you move on, picking up the pieces.

Various stages of H'ai Chu include dropping chow mein, lamb stew, blueberry pie à la mode, cantaloupe seeds, glasses of milk, beer and wine.

H'ai Chu: The Japanese Art of Dropping

By T'ing Wa and Jerome Silverstaub



How to Walk a Thousand Miles a Day

Sounds a little farfetched, doesn't it? Actually, 1000 miles is absolute maximum; 750 would be an average. OK, what's the catch? No catch. Have you ever heard certain homosexuals referred to as being "so gay they're always a foot off the ground"? In Lyle Johnston's case, it's true. But he's learned to harness his gay power into a kind of semi-flying walk that propels him along at a remarkable speed while being about 12 inches off the ground. And he claims he can teach all of us to "walk gay" and stop polluting the air with cars and jets. We're for it.

How to Walk a Thousand Miles a Day

By Lyle Johnston





Wool, the Wonder Food

If you're into sheep and you're not eating the wool, you've been missing one of nature's most nutritious foods.

Experts have discovered that wool contains more proteins, vitamins and minerals than any other substance, including soybeans. Natural unprocessed wool, freshly shorn from your organically raised sheep, is obviously the most nutritious. The rougher tweeds, such as Harris and Shetland, are also good. Louisa Jarvis Tate's "Let's Cook with Wool" is the basic work on wool cookery. Great recipes for using wool with fish scales (that oft-neglected part of the fish).

Velveeta

Velveeta is a commune that claims to be a successful working utopia. It's based on the Theory of Negative Energy. Negative Energy comes from fear, envy and hatred, the feelings that conventional utopias want to eliminate. There is so much energy generated by all this hatred and bitterness that things tend to get done.

The name Velveeta comes from their house material, which is made of Army-surplus cheese, a material that is unusually strong, weatherproof and mellows handsomely with age.

The only problem that still has to be solved is excessive heat and fires. Sometimes a house accidentally catches fire and turns into a fondue.

The Velveeta Community: Or How to Achieve Utopia Through Hatred
By Timothy Sprague and Ormond Lloyd



Katami

Katami, the ancient Japanese art of cold-cut arrangement, is the sister of the more famous tea ceremony. Many consider it even more basic to an understanding of the Japanese way of life. Ko-Wen-Ba is one of the 300 finest kotami masters in his home town of Azawa. He teaches all types of kotami—buffet, cocktail party, informal and formal affairs. He discusses color contrasting, cutting, shaping, stuffing and garnishing. Also included is hoibu, the art of carving a roast turkey and putting it back together.

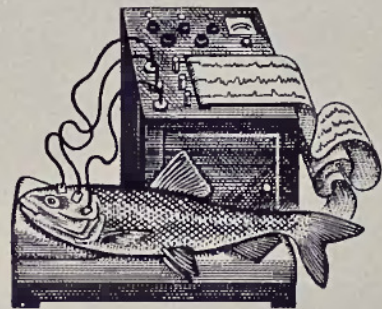
Katami
By Ko-Wen-Ba
and Jerome Silverstaub

The Workings of a Brain: Explorations into the Mind of a Smoked Whitefish

Professor Eli Dobkin has spent the last nine years studying the mind and nervous system of the smoked whitefish. He has succeeded in going inside the head of the fish, and with the aid of computers, he's learned how its whole behavioral system works.

Since no one knows much about the human brain, maybe the whitefish brain is a start.

The Workings of a Brain
By Professor Eli Dobkin
(Note: Unfortunately, Professor Dobkin's studies on the smoked sturgeon had to be stopped because of lack of funds. Sturgeon now goes for about \$12 a pound.)

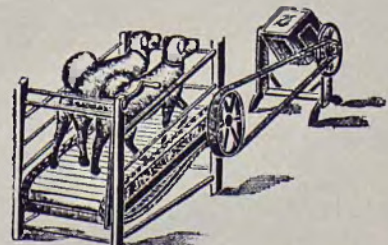


Fox Husbandry

There isn't a more useful animal to have around. A good fox gives milk, has a beautiful pelt and, when the time comes, has the makings of a gourmet meal. Don't be put off by your first taste of fox milk. It's sour and greenish in color, but it's the best natural laxative in the world.

One trouble with foxes. They're crazy. Be sure to give them plenty of love and tranquilizers.

Fox Husbandry
By LeFevre Treadway







AMERICA: LOVED IT AND LEFT IT

article **By GEORGE MALKO**

*sadly, regretfully, the
silent majority moves away*

THE STATISTICS are on the verge of becoming what demographers like to call meaningful. The Australian consulate is receiving over 10,000 inquiries a month from Americans interested in migrating to Australia. In 1970, there were 8000 a month. The actual rate of migration was about 3800 a year, but in 1971 close to 5500 Americans made the move. Over 22,000 moved to Canada and fewer, though no less significant numbers, moved to New Zealand, South Africa and Rhodesia. What is extraordinary is that many of those leaving are not radicals, exhausted or betrayed liberals nor young men determined not to face induction. They are hard-working, deeply conscientious and, most of all, fundamentally patriotic Americans. If these people think of themselves as

nothing else, it is as members of President Nixon's Silent Majority. Charter members.

For some time now, Nick Caraturo has been planning to get himself and his family out of New York—Flushing, Long Island, to be precise—and settle someplace where his ten-year-old son can grow up safely. He and his wife didn't decide on Australia until she brought it up one evening as a joke and, before she knew what was happening, Nick went into the city to the consulate and picked up the booklets and pamphlets and application blanks and it was all set. Nick sold his thriving florist shop and went to work for somebody else. It was the first big step, one he took after a long period of figuring out inside himself something that had happened some time before.

"During the New York school strike in '68," he says, "the parents were called—I was called, in the morning—and told that they had broken into the school. And I went up there and I stood in front of the door. The Negro parents were in the school already, so I says to myself, 'Well, if they're in there, I'll make sure they don't come out.' The police arrived and they tried to calm everybody down. And this black"—Nick hesitates, looks at his wife, Gloria, and his mother-in-law, who are listening to him tell what happened, and then takes a small breath and says it—"bastard opened the door and says to me, 'Heh, heh, you white pig.' I took a tire iron and I wanted to smash his brains in, because there ain't nobody on the face of this earth can call me a pig. I'm as good as him, if not better. I work for a living. And I saw them parade their children into school as if to say, 'Now I'm better than you'; and I think that really hit me."

Nick's probity as he relates the violent instincts that seized him does not seem incongruous. His tone is measured and he chooses his words with such care that his thoughts are expressed in complete sentences with rare self-interruptions. He is 37 years old, a large, barrel-chested man, and likes to wear colorful shirts open at the neck and down a few buttons. Though hefty, he doesn't exude an unpleasant hairy-chested masculinity. He carries his weight well, moving with a balanced gait that makes his solid arms swing lightly, as if attached to his wide upper body by well-oiled ball bearings, the whole thing sitting on a smallish waist, borne with that measured looseness that implies agility and physical confidence. As he speaks, he is particularly careful to make his feelings clear, so that you come to see where and exactly how he is prejudiced, a thing he admits readily and candidly. Whenever he grows excited, or when the point he is making is particularly important to him, he has a tendency to stammer a bit,

as if the effort of getting that one particular thought exactly right is gripping him somewhere inside, forcing him to push it out with almost visible physical effort. Nick Caraturo has worked it out of himself so that you can make no mistake about what you are hearing and, in hearing it, will really see him. There are only two things to grasp, really: the depth of his feeling and love for America and the reason he is leaving it forever and taking his family to Australia.

"What's happening in the United States," Nick says, "is that all our traditions, all our accepted customs are being torn down one at a time. Little by little. You can no longer believe in the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. This is what it's boiling down to, that George Washington didn't actually chop down the tree; the whole tale is fictitious."

Gloria, listening carefully, with just the barest suggestion of how much this actually upsets her, says, "Everything is becoming so literal." She is a schoolteacher and taught at P.S. 201, five minutes from home. In the years since 1957, when she was graduated from Queens College with a B.A., she has taught kindergarten, first and second grades. At 34, she has a soft, ageless appearance, with an almost chubby face that belies an intelligence and a quickness in her searching eyes; there is an air of acquiescence about her that, at first, makes it seem as if she lives to defer to whatever Nick says. Her years as a teacher have given her not so much a sense of deference as patience; she knows from her experience with children that the first thing she must do is be a good listener. The truth is that she lives only for her family—for her husband, Nick, her only child, Nick, Jr., and her widowed mother, Mrs. Ray Oskowsky. "I think," Gloria says simply, "the main reason we're leaving is for our son. I think if it was just the two of us, we'd stay and fight a little bit more."

"I'd stay," Nick interjects. It is the first suggestion of his fierce and genuine devotion to that personal vision of America that is being shattered. It is a many-faceted, cumulative effect that has now finally prompted him to cut all ties with his homeland. For a long time, the only thing Nick and Gloria wanted to do was get the hell out of New York. "We were thinking of Arizona, California—"

"The Southwest," Gloria says.

"And then," Nick goes on, "they had all that trouble in Watts, and I said, 'Well, that's it. I'm not going from the frying pan into the fire.'" Nick's frying pan is just over the horizon, across the Triborough Bridge, which takes him into Manhattan, where people are going out of their minds just getting from one day to the next and where the mayor, as far as Nick is concerned, "has

those people so completely fooled." Nick knew it was going to get worse even before that one summer night when some of the restless and angry dwellers of East Harlem wandered down Manhattan's Third Avenue to let the folks downtown know that their sanctuary had insecure borders; they busted a few store windows, grabbed a few suits and a couple of TV sets out of a couple of storefronts and kicked over a lot of garbage cans. The police effectively contained that raid at 103rd Street, but for days after, rumors persisted about more such "invasions," but no one seemed to be doing anything about it. That kind of response was already painfully familiar to Nick; it was a symptom he understood.

"The people who made up the Constitution," he says, his hands framing something small but substantial, "had one thing in mind; and they keep changing the interpretation of that Constitution, until finally it's blown completely out of proportion. I mean, it's . . . gone. It's of absolutely no value anymore. If they have a liberal on the Supreme Court, well, he interprets it as a liberal. You have a conservative, he interprets it as a conservative." He heaves a sigh of disgust. "And it's always appeasement, appeasement, appeasement. What the hell are they appeasing? Twelve percent of the population . . . and they have to rule the country?"

"I picked up the newspaper," Nick says, "when they had the Jersey riots. People were walking out of a store with a TV set. If it was me, I'd end up in jail so goddamn fast it'd make your head spin, but *they*—pictures and everything—they just walked away with it, and that's it. That was all. Nobody ever prosecuted them." It actually makes him grin, this crazy image of those happy-go-lucky looters, a picture that instantly froze itself into the sensibilities of millions of Americans. With his large face, a mustache and a neatly trimmed Vandyke beard, Nick's girth and stance make him quite unexpectedly look like a swarthy Peter Ustinov, but without Ustinov's puckish sparkle in the eyes. In Nick there is, instead, a directness and sincerity; nothing really lies hidden in the depths of his dark eyes. "You have to feel sorry for them," he says, grin gone, his tone mocking his own rhetoric, "pity them. Who felt sorry for us when we wanted something? There was nobody there." He looks around and then, with such calm that it is, at first, more of a self-description than the promise he intends, says, "I have fought with guns before and, if I have to, by God, I'll fight again. For now, I'll leave, until my boy is old enough to do his own thinking without anybody else thinking for him." It is a strange statement, almost paradoxically reasonable, so when he adds, "If anybody's going to think for him, I'll think for him," the



"You don't fool me, Freddy. You're just recycling old girlfriends."

conclusion is that, ah, well, yes, this is what he means. It isn't. Much later he will come back to it. For the moment, however, the thing that hangs in the air almost palpably is his preparedness to fight. But alone. "I won't subject my family to it," he says. "Me, I don't care what happens to me. I can handle myself. I can handle a rifle, a pistol or a shotgun, if that's what they want. And my hands and my feet."

This constant reference to "them" has become a leitmotiv in the daily conversations of middle America. It means black people, all of them. When a city dweller says, "They are getting it all," he means that being an urban middle-class white American with a high school education means nothing anymore, or, rather, it means you are being disenfranchised because society—the irony being that if you think about it, you see that you are society—is "giving in" to every demand a black man makes. And when the demands are not met, it seems, at least to a man like Nick Caraturo, that what the black man wants is a fight. "It seems that way," Nick says with genuine reluctance. "They're blowing up everything. So, if that's what they want, I'll do it; but I'll leave my family in Australia." Much as he loves and is devoted to his wife, by "family" Nick means his son. "He's the only one I have," he says. "I mean, my wife can't have any more, and that's it, so he has to do. If I could have more, maybe it would be a different story. I don't know." He thinks a moment and laughs, half to himself. "I might've left earlier.

... If I have to, I'll leave them in Australia and I'll come back and fight." He cares that much, and even more. "I even had thought of joining a radical organization: the John Birch Society, or the Minutemen, or whatever it is. I mean, this is the way I feel."

At this point, either because her own views are much broader or because she knows Nick is not hopelessly narrow, Gloria makes a small gesture and says, "There are other reasons besides the Negro problem why we're going."

Nick nods agreement but is too deeply into it to forsake making at least one last point. "I can't see twenty-five percent of my taxes being used on welfare when the streets have to be cleaned. The parks are horrible. These people are around there, they can work; let them go out and clean the streets, pick the papers up in the park—anything. But they're paying them to do absolutely nothing.

"I worked hard all my life," he says earnestly, "and I can't see anybody else getting something for nothing when I worked. There were days when I wanted to go play football, on the high school team, or do track and field, and I had to work; I had to put my hours in, because

if I didn't work, I didn't eat. Nobody ever handed me a damn thing on a silver platter. I don't have ten or twelve children and drawing two thousand a month from the city of New York. We had it rough. You had a piece of bread with olive oil for lunch. I can remember those days. This was when I was a kid, living in Brooklyn, in the late Thirties, and my father worked on the WPA and also in the florist's to make ends meet. I remember it; the old Europeans were too goddamn proud to get anything for nothing."

What Nick managed to build and acquire over the years stands as an impressive inventory of those tangible achievements that every American not only recognizes but learns to respect as the everyday hallmarks of middle-class success. To begin with, there's the house in Queens. Not too long ago, Queens was an attractive, quiet community, many of its streets lined with white clapboard houses dating back to the 19th Century. When construction began for the 1939 New York World's Fair, the Bronx-White-stone Bridge and many miles of connecting highways were built to ease and encourage visitors to Flushing Meadow, site of the fair. The thinking was that after the fair, all the new accesses to that part of New York would spur a boom. World War Two stopped that, and it was not until 1946 that the borough's steady and uninterrupted growth began. The Caraturos' neighborhood has long been white and middle class, made up of two-family houses. Nearby, there's a golf course and the cemetery that gave Nick so much of his business all the years he ran his large flower shop, NICK CARATURO, FLORIST, next door to his house.

Nick and his family live upstairs in the two-story house. Downstairs, there's a three-room apartment, where Gloria's mother and late father lived. Upstairs, there are three bedrooms, a large L-shaped living room, a dining area and a very modern kitchen outfitted with a dishwasher, a frost-free refrigerator, a washing machine-drier, a toaster, an iron, an electric knife, an electric can opener and a blender. In the bathroom there's an electric massager, and there are electric blankets on the beds. There is also a color-television set and a sophisticated stereo rig. The working fireplace and Gloria's piano are not necessarily part of this kind of list, but Nick is particularly proud that they own both. Until they were sold, there were three cars in the family: Gloria's mother had a late-model Le Mans, Nick and Gloria drove a 1964 Tempest. For business, Nick had a 1967 Chevrolet van.

Parting with the stereo rig hurt. "I hated to sell it," Nick says. Everything in the house has already been sold; most will be left right where it is when the

Caraturos walk out the door for the last time. "I had built it up over the years," Nick explains. "Every two or three years you'd change the amplifier, change the tuner, change the speakers, you know." Nick and Gloria have lived in the house since it was built four and a half years ago.

Nick, Jr.'s room is typical of every American boy's sanctum sanctorum, its walls covered with photographs of baseball and football players, a large picture of an elephant captioned I WORK FOR PEANUTS, which his father gave him, and a map of the world marked to show where Nick, Sr., had been on his world cruise when he was in the U. S. Navy.

He joined in 1952. "I was eighteen years old and I was going in because I thought it was right. My father said to me, 'I don't want you to go! But if you're going to go, don't disgrace the name. Don't ever drag your name in the mud.' To me, this is what America should be. Not that you're proud that you have a boy who is in Canada to avoid the draft. This is pride?" Nick was in for four years, an aviation boat-swain's mate, second class, working on aircraft carriers with catapult and arresting gear. And he saw the world. "Complete," as he puts it. "The only place I haven't been is South America, but other than that, I've been to every continent." Including Australia. "I was flying in a plane taking engine parts to Indonesia, and we had a problem in one of the engines, our number-three engine—the oil supercharger drained out—and we had to land in Australia for repairs." He spent 48 hours there.

His travels also took him all over Europe; there he had more time to see the sights, some of which made a profound impression on him. "You often read how people live," he explains, "but until you actually see it, you can't believe it. In school, as a child, I read about the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Colosseum. . . . And you stand there, in the middle of it, and you say, 'Me, from Flushing, New York. I can stand here in a building that is five thousand years old.' You feel—I don't know—you feel . . . small, compared to it. And then you find out that you really aren't small. You are as big as you want to be." Nick visited his mother's ancestral village of Nola, 20 miles outside Naples. "I'm the only one they'd seen in over fifty years from the family that came to America. I spent five days there with them and believe me, it was out of this world. These people are the real salt of the earth." Nick moves his body unconsciously as he recalls the warmth extended to him, how he was brought immediately back into the family's loving embrace. It was a strange sensation, in a way, because, as

(continued on page 172)

WHO ARE WE?

*exercises developed by a pioneer in
sense-awareness techniques—and interpreted
here in lyrical photographs—to help you discover the
slow and sensual pleasure of thoughtful touching*

ecstasy
is not the soul
property
of sexuality

but a natural
outflowing
of our underlying
ultimate nature

*over and over
i ask you
who are you?*

*i am a woman
scared
a pussycat
a lover
a crazy something
a child
a body
lots of tingles
eyes reaching out
afraid of anger
a caring person
who needs attention
who loves the sun
who loves to dance
who loves quiet times
who loves to be
touched
who wants to feel
wanted
who wants to share*



*now
i ask you
who are you?*

*many cells
a mass of energy
a being on this
planet
sometimes serious
sometimes flippant
a searcher
a doubter
someone who wants
to understand
the desire to
transcend
a mass of desires
a lover of nature
psychic energy
god
fucked up
i don't really know
you-me
but who are we?*

TEXT BY BERNARD GUNTHER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL FUSCO

PALM DANCE

palm to palm

*eyes closed
in a silent
conversation*

*first one of us leads
then the other*

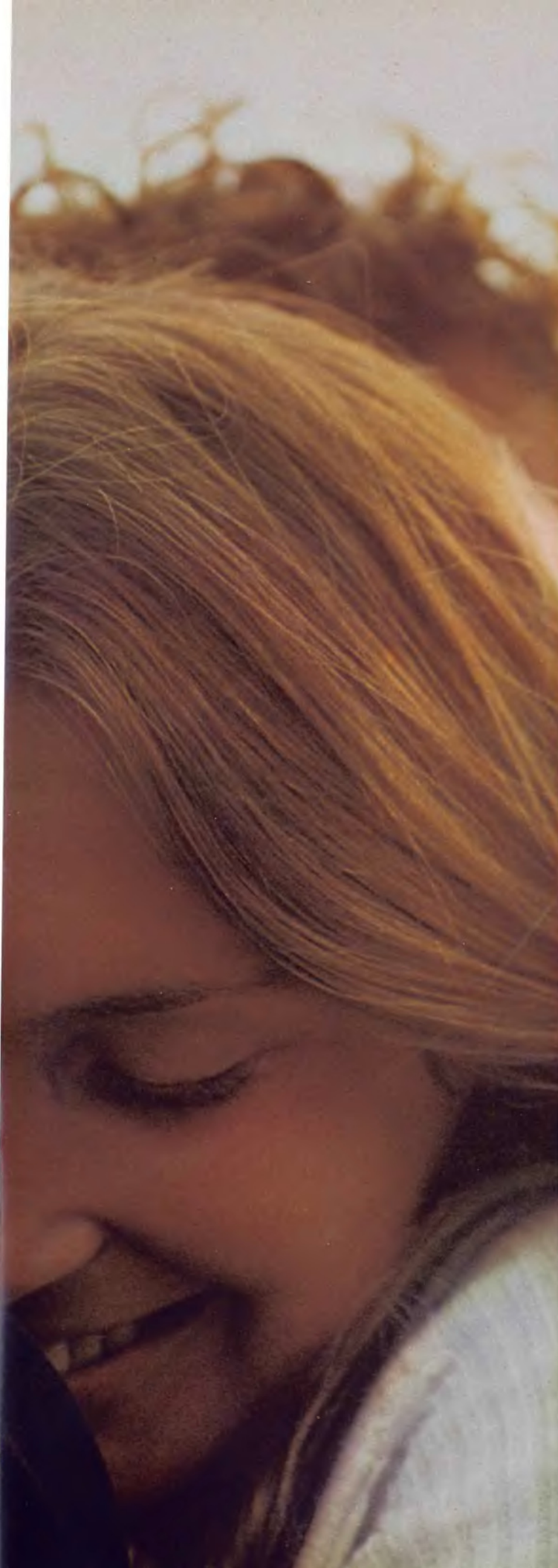
*we are dance
moving together*

FACE EXPLORING

*with your hands
your partner's face
experience the
uniqueness
of each place*

*we are now
feeling together*





BLIND WALK

*in a blind walk
without talk*

*we take turns
being sensitive
to nature
and trusting
one another*

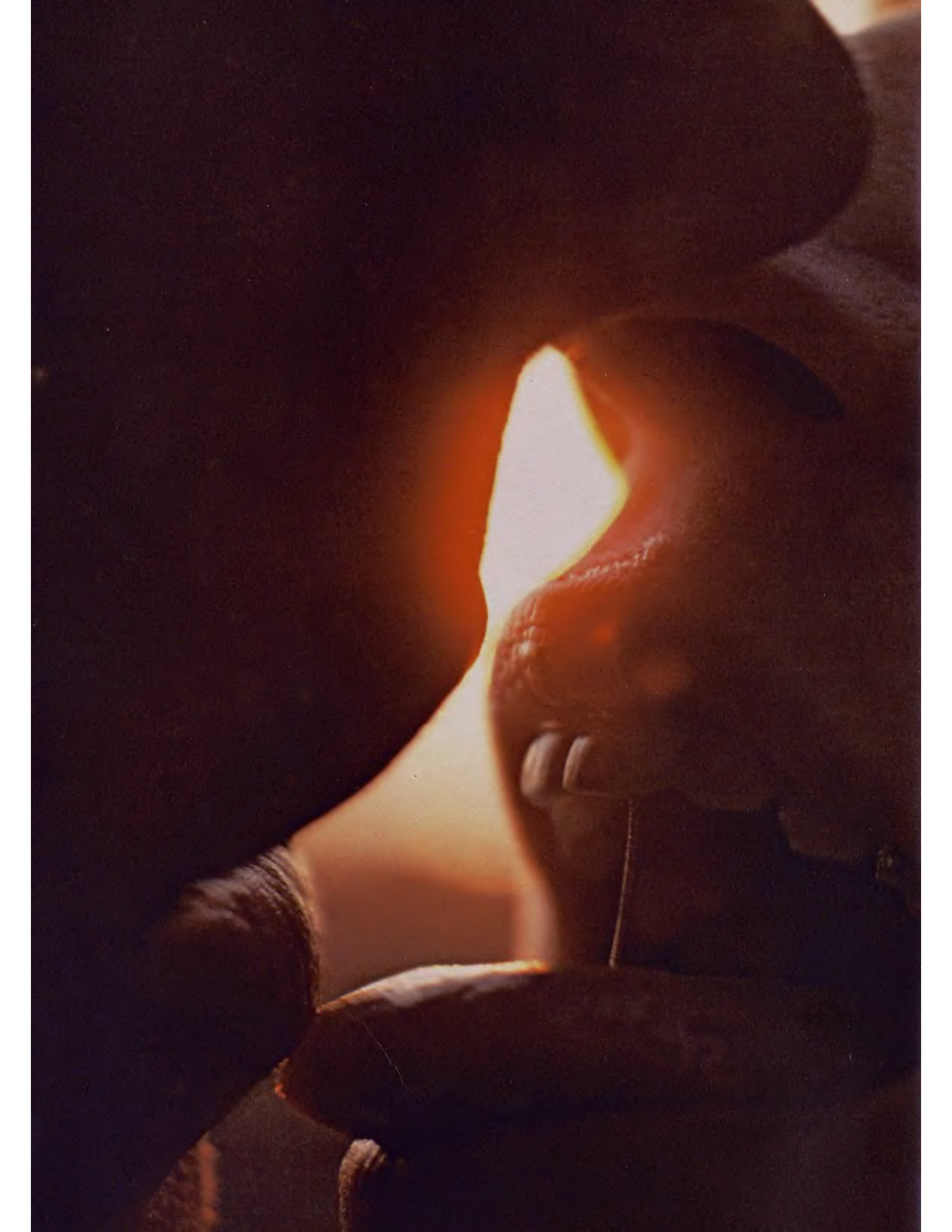
*we are experience
being together*

BACK TOUCHING

*with giving hands
in motionless
contact*

*we are concerned
feeling warmth*







*the openness
of a kiss*



HAIR WASHING

*slowly
suds
slippery
sliding
fun*

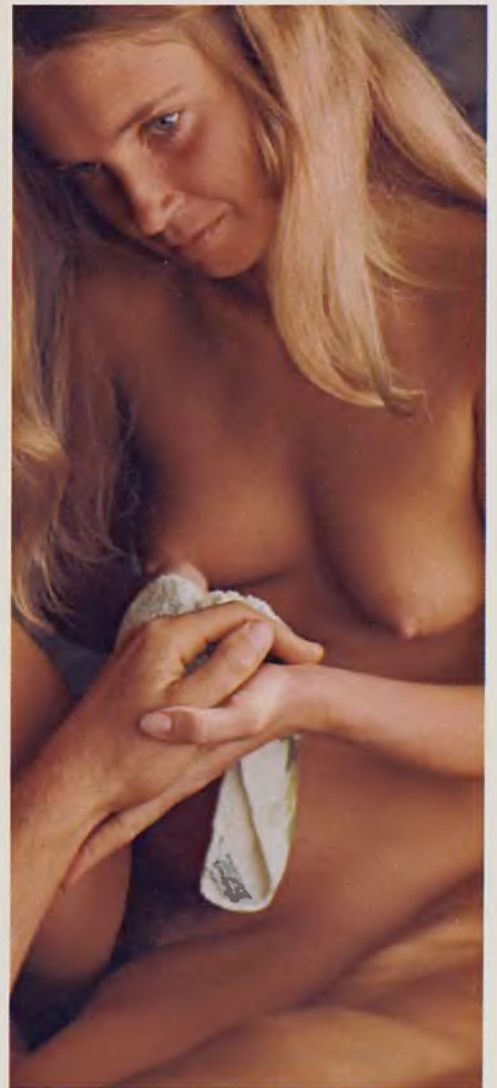
we are playfulness

*divine bliss
the god goddess*



*BATHING
IN TENDERNESS*

*in silence
warm water
and a washcloth
we take turns
bathing every inch
of each other
in tenderness*







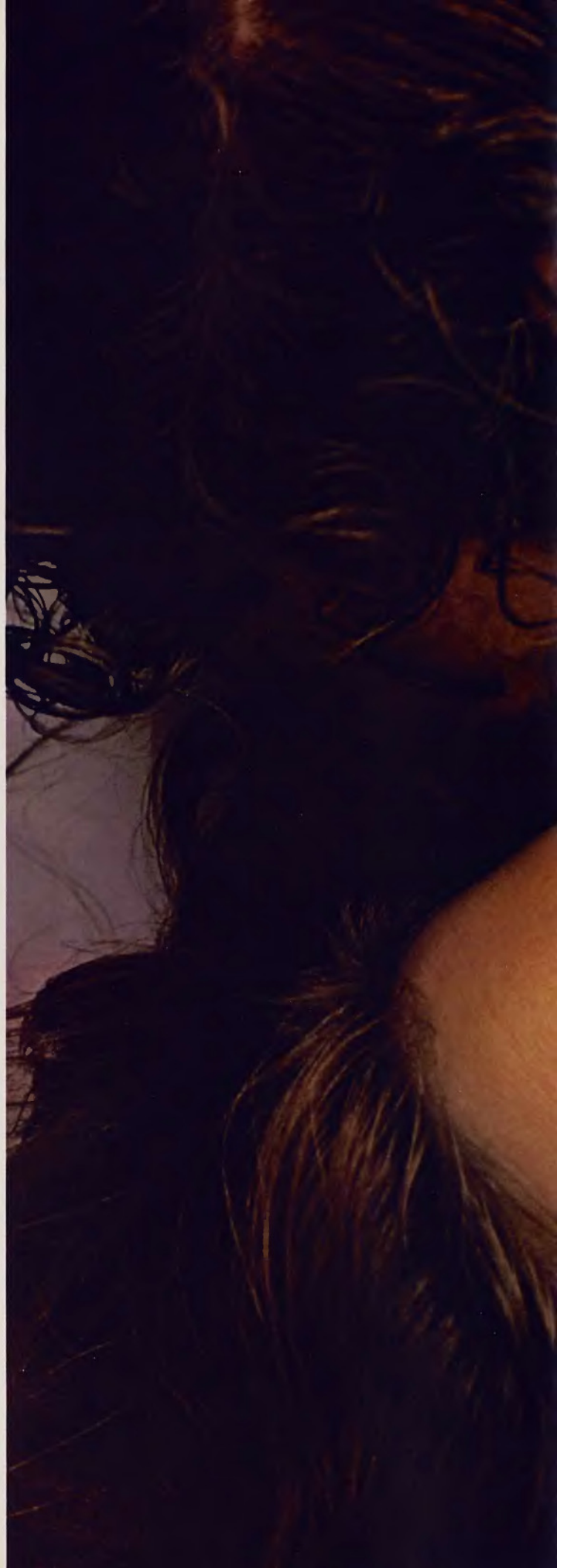
*CLOSE BEING
TOGETHER*

*lying close
without moving
or speaking*

*giving
receiving
exchanging*

*energy
love*

*we are
the universal we
delight
ecstasy*





THE VARGAS GIRL

"Now, let's try Phase Two."



Vargas

ONCE THERE WAS A TIME when weasels had no eyes in their heads and had to perceive the world through precious stones at the tips of their tails—a sapphire by day and a ruby by night. And there was a place where people accepted this as one of the interesting facts of nature. That is to say, the time was long, long ago and the place was the province of Gascony. In a like manner, truth-loving Gascons will all affirm that the story of Cecile de Sabran is of equal verity. It begins with the assumption that she was the most beautiful young lady in all of Europe and that she was suffering the deepest mourning any woman can feel.

But if I were to say that this mourning was caused by the recent death of her husband, the *Sieur* de Sabran, you would scarcely believe me—and you would be right. In reality, the reason for her tears and sleeplessness was the absence of her lover, Albin de Sédillac, who had set out to fight the Turks some two years before and from whom nothing had been heard since. Endlessly, she recalled their happy moments together—as they had walked in the woods and spoken charming nonsense, as he had stood with his fierce, hooded falcon on his wrist, as he had knelt in the firelight on a cushion at her feet and, finally, as they had gone to a secret bed one night and he had rolled her sweetly in his arms. She remembered him just a few weeks later, armored and mounted and bidding her goodbye. She wondered why the Turks were so insistent on getting killed and she hated them for it.

As she sat weeping by a window one day, her old serving maid, Sara, said to her, “Wind and rain! If I had the misery so bad, I know what I’d do. Go on a pilgrimage to the grotto of Saint Agnes is what I’d do. They say she can work marvels for every kind of female complaint if she sets her mind to it.”

Cecile considered the idea. “Well, if it weren’t for the hideous clothes that pilgrims always seem to wear, I’d feel quite ridiculous in a hair shirt or sackcloth. They aren’t really *me*—to say nothing of what they’d do to my skin.”

“That’s nothing to worry about, dear mistress,” said Sara. “I can run up something that will look very chic. The only rule is that a pilgrim must wear a single garment, nothing more.” Then she set to work cutting, sewing and fitting. In a few days, she had completed an elegant cowl of red velvet. It fitted Cecile’s curves closely from head to ankles with striking effect.

“Red velvet isn’t quite penitential, I’m afraid,” Cecile said as she tried it on. “But perhaps the saint will overlook



that if I make an offering of all my jewelry.”

Thus, she set out, walking with bare feet over the sand and pebbles of the path and looking so much like a new kind of flower that clouds of butterflies fluttered around her on the way. Finally, among the rocks, she had to step painfully upon sharp stones, thorns and nettles, and her feet bled. She found the crudely carved, timeworn statue of Saint Agnes in a dark grotto. The saint had a most censorious look on her face.

Cecile dropped to her knees, placed the little casket with her jewels in front of the image and, in a moving voice, began to implore the saint to restore her love to her. She rather glossed over the fact that Albin was not her husband. Then she waited.

Finally, the saint spoke in a hoarse and distant whisper. “Woman, know that I was pure and innocent when I lived and shall be throughout eternity. I hardly achieved martyrdom in order to perform unseemly miracles for young women who are panting to commit abominable sins of the flesh.”

Cecile wept in despair. At length, Saint Agnes spoke again. “But, since your lover is a soldier against the infidel, I think I can make a small exception. You shall see him again—but on one condition.”

“Oh, yes, yes,” pleaded Cecile, “on any condition.”

“You must always remain properly dressed,” said the saint in a somewhat priggish tone. “This red cowl that sheathes you so tightly from head to foot must never be removed in his presence—or you will suffer for it.”

“Just a little lifting?” asked Cecile.

“No lifting, no slipping up or down—not an inch.” This said, the saint relapsed into her gloomy wooden silence.

This admonition cast a shadow over the otherwise-joyful reunion two days later. After many kisses, Cecile decided to postpone the discouraging news until she had heard all of Albin’s adventures among the Turks. He related them with true Gascon flair, taking an hour or two to do so. At last, he came to the part about his escape.

“The Turks,” he said, “had locked me in the highest room of a tower so tall that the clouds floated beneath it. There was absolutely no way of escape. But one day, as if by a miracle, the old man who brought me my food revealed himself as an Oriental magician. For the payment of the last jewel I had hidden in my belt, he told me a charm that would make cloth stretch out endlessly. That night, I tied my shirt to a beam, spoke the magic formula and then spent the rest of the night climbing down the wall of the tower—all with that single shirt as my rope.”

“A miracle of miracles!” Cecile burst out. “And now, my darling, prepare to remember that formula, for we have a small problem that I shall describe to you.”

Later that night, Cecile had a dream in which the saint bade her return alone to the grotto. She went the next day and, as soon as she had arrived, fell humbly on her knees before the image.

“Well,” said the saint, “I must say that you made a hot night of it—a steamy, fleshly, voluptuous night of—well, I shouldn’t really dwell on such things. But the point is that you must have disobeyed me and taken off that cowl.”

“Never!” said Cecile. “I wore it exactly as you said. No lifting, no slipping.”

“But it happened somehow?”

“Well, yes—I must confess that it happened,” answered Cecile. Then, as she fearfully told the story, the air in the grotto seemed to grow darker and colder. She did not dare look at the saint’s face. Finally, she finished, “And thus, you might say, we spent the night in a sort of tent. . . .” She waited for something terrible to happen.

Suddenly, there seemed to be sunlight in the grotto. She raised her eyes. She saw that all around her the stones were covered with flowers of every hue. The birds in the forest outside broke into gay song. When she looked at the saint, she saw that the pedestal was covered with roses and Saint Agnes actually seemed to be smiling and shaking a little with laughter.

The last words Cecile thought she heard in Saint Agnes’ voice were faint, but they seemed to be, “I have been here so long that it seems I’ve become a Gascon, too.”

—Retold by Paul Tabori



SAM ERVIN (continued from page 127)

to pay attention as he offers one last chance to salvage some individual privacy from a Federal Government that has gone nuts over wire taps, bugs, computer files, dossiers and endless slue-footed paraphernalia.

You remember seeing Senator Ervin on the evening news. He's the portly fellow with the melon-shaped head, topped by slicked-down white hair, who, when he gets to examining a witness before his Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee or for some other reason becomes excited, has a face with the action of a pinball machine, the mouth bouncing around from cheek to chin to nose to jowl and his heavy bushy eyebrows flagging TILT.

In the field of constitutional restraints against the unwarranted invasion of privacy, Ervin has, in the past five years or so, become the nearest thing we have to a Federal Ombudsman. People know he is there and that he will do something. When the Navy tried to ruin the lives of two teenagers charged with sodomy by refusing to let them defend themselves in a court-martial, they appealed to Ervin and he pressured the Navy into giving them a trial. When a woman returning from a trip to Europe was forced by Customs agents to take off everything, including underpants and bra, she quite naturally turned to Ervin with a letter demanding to know if "all full-bosomed women are to be subjected to this sort of indignity," and he just as naturally took the case to the floor of the Senate to shame the bureaucracy. "I would rather see one smuggler escape," he rumbled in a voice that sounds like coagulating blackstrap molasses, "than have 100 American travelers stripped and searched on the mere suspicion they might be trying to smuggle something through Customs." And when Ervin discovered a few years ago that applicants for Federal jobs were being asked such questions as "Have you ever engaged in sexual activities with an animal?" and "Did you have intercourse with your wife before you were married? How many times?" he launched one of the most embarrassing investigations Civil Service officials have ever been subjected to. (It is no accident that all the above civil-liberties cases involve sex, for Uncle Sam—the one in the Army recruiting posters, not the one in the Senate—as he operates through his military Services and his bureaucracy, is often a dirty old man.)

Watching the old conservative take the leadership in fighting for protection of the individual in these ways has been an unsettling experience for many liberals and moderates; it's understandable, for he has put some of them in an embarrassing position.

Last August, Ervin begged the Senate to cut off all funds to the Subversive Ac-

tivities Control Board and thereby prevent the expansion of its witch-hunting powers—powers the Nixon Administration admitted it would use to revive the notorious "Attorney General's black list" of the Fifties.

The Senate does not often get its hardening arteries tested with the kind of passionate appeal it heard from Ervin that day. "I hate the thoughts of the Black Panthers. I hate the thoughts of the Weatherman's faction of the Students for a Democratic Society. . . . I hate the thoughts of fascists. I hate the thoughts of totalitarians. I hate the thoughts of people who adopt violence as a policy," he declared, the Senate chamber for once silent from something besides boredom. "But those people have the same right to freedom of speech, subject to a very slight qualification, that I have." On he went for an hour, pounding it home, demanding for others "the right to think the thoughts and speak the words that I hate"—a right that would be threatened, he felt, by a stronger SACB.

But the Senate rejected his argument, 46 to 44. He lost because the sort-of liberals had let him down. Birch Bayh was in California making a speech. Fred Harris, shortly before the vote, flew to Tulsa to make a speech. Lee Metcalf ducked out to miss the vote, because the chairman of the SACB is from Montana and Metcalf didn't want to go against a popular constituent. The sort-of moderates let him down, too. Henry Jackson and Daniel Inouye had promised in writing to support Ervin, but in the showdown they chickened.

Another reason Ervin makes the civil rights liberals and moderates uneasy is that he defies simple classification. He is remembered as one of the most determined opponents of every civil rights bill proposed in the Senate since he was appointed to fill a vacancy in that body in 1954; they can recall, especially, the occasion when he subjected Attorney General Robert Kennedy to 12 days of deadly committee cross-examination, in a kind of disguised filibuster, over such things as the proper punctuation of obscure legal citations. Yet here is the same man leading the fight against the patently racist no-knock and preventive-detention laws that were imposed a year ago on Washington, D. C., a city that is 72 percent black—laws that permit cops to break down doors without knocking, that allow courts to detain without the right to bail any suspect whom the judge or the cops believe might be a bad bail risk. In the context of Washington, where most of the crime is black crime, Ervin is plainly taking a pro-Negro stand.

He probably has as much reason as any Southerner to enjoy those occasions when the Eastern establishment

press is put in a vise, but when the Nixon Administration accused *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The Boston Globe* of betraying their country by publishing portions of the Pentagon papers, Ervin was not content merely to defend those newspapers on First Amendment grounds; after all, many people were doing that. Like a good country lawyer, Ervin added something extra by going on the offensive, and before he was through making his case, it was perfectly clear that the Administration plaintiffs were the criminals and the crime was silence, not disclosure. "The affairs of the Executive branch," he rumbled, "are hidden from the scrutiny of the Congress and the American people" to such an extent as to interfere with "the responsibilities of this body under the Constitution.

"They will not produce Army generals to testify about Army surveillance. They will not produce Dr. Kissinger to testify about foreign policy. They will not produce State Department plans that explain our foreign-aid policy. They will not tell us what the standards are for putting a citizen into an internal-security computer." By the time Ervin was through, one might reasonably have concluded that the pilfering and publication of confidential documents were among the most useful and patriotic acts a citizen could practice.

The man does other puzzling things. He is very much a hawk and his personal record is that of a brave patriot. He came out of World War One with a Silver Star, a Distinguished Service Cross, two citations for gallantry and a handful of other medals for having been wounded twice while helping take German machine-gun nests in some of that war's goriest battles (Cantigny, Soissons, et al.). As might be expected, he has little truck with peaceniks. Yet he advocates total freedom to demonstrate, as long as it is done peacefully, and total freedom of speech, no matter how crude the dissent.

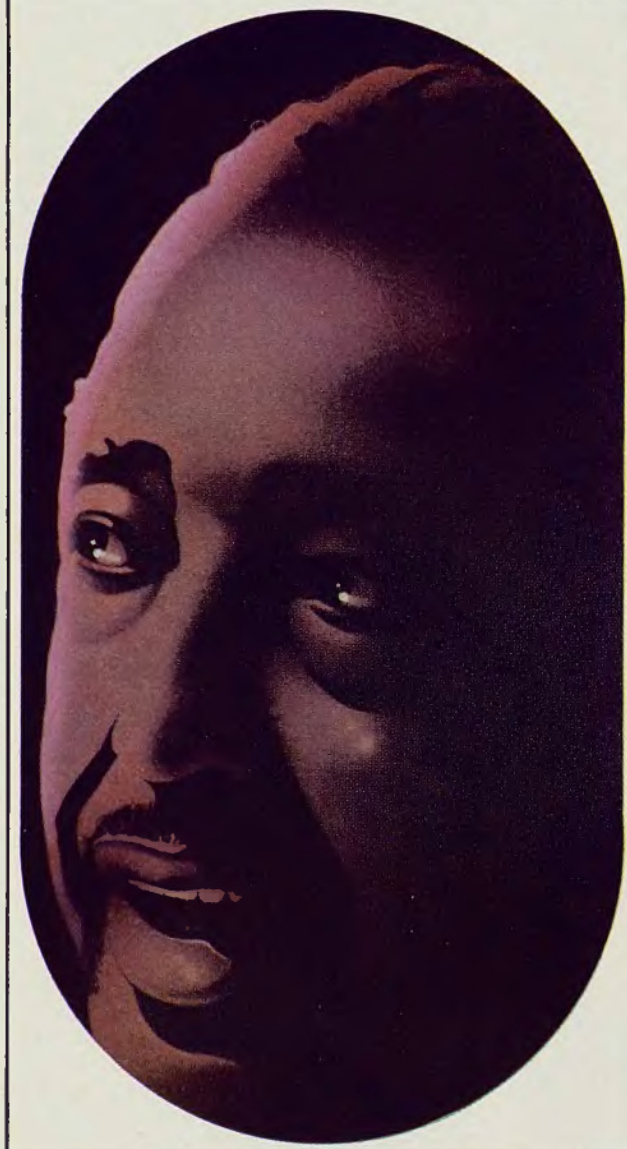
On the other hand, if the demonstrators become the least bit boisterous, Ervin is apparently willing to watch them crushed in a thoroughly unconstitutional style. After the 1971 May Day antiwar demonstrations, to which Washington police responded by sweeping up more than 10,000 people—many of them for no reason except that they were on the sidewalk—and cramming them into real and makeshift jails all over town and holding many of them (without charges and without opportunity to make bail) for more than 24 hours, Ervin praised the cops for "a rather fine job."

As a boon to dissenters, two years ago Senator Ervin discovered and made public—with suitable ridicule—the guidelines issued by the Secret Service to all Federal

(continued on page 224)

article By NAT HENTOFF a look at the current music scene—plus the winners of the 16th annual playboy poll and readers' choices for the playboy jazz & pop hall of fame and records of the year

JAZZ & POP '72



DUKE ELLINGTON
leader, songwriter/composer



MILES DAVIS
trumpet, instrumental combo

THE 1972 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

IT WAS A YEAR for reflecting, for gentle grooving. As singer-writer Bob Neuwirth, Bob Dylan's former road manager, put it: "It's like the big energy charge is over. After you've been up that high for a long time, you gotta come down and rest. . . . There are lots of people playing soothing music, music that doesn't rattle your brain when you're trying to get your nerves together."

One of the sources of calming energy was Bob Dylan, who 151

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK
flute, manzello, stritch



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
alto sax



JIM HALL
guitar



RAY CHARLES
male vocalist

THE 1972 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

turned 30 in 1971. His *New Morning* album—"a love song to life," one writer called it—was widely and frequently played. And for his only live appearance of the year, Dylan chose a life-giving event, an August concert at New York's Madison Square Garden to raise money for East Pakistan refugees. Playing in public with Dylan for the first time were the organizer of the event, George Harrison, and another ex-Beatle, Ringo Starr. It was also symptomatic of the inward-

J. J. JOHNSON
trombone



GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax



BUDDY RICH
drums



JIMMY SMITH
organ

looking, self-appraising *ambiance* of the year that Dylan had started writing his autobiography. "I never thought of the past," he said. "Now I realize that you should look back sometimes."

Through much of the year, solo singers—looking into the past, making the most of the present, tentatively probing the future—were in the ascendency. Among the most publicized and analyzed of the deeply personal bards is James Taylor, of

whom Miles Davis said that he sings like a blind man—from far inside himself. Right behind Taylor, and likely to lead the field in 1972, is writer-singer Kris Kristofferson. A former Rhodes scholar who got turned around in Nashville, Kristofferson is some ten years older than Taylor, but their basic concern is the same—how to stay reasonably whole in rough times. Also rising is another unyielding individualist, Loudon Wainwright III, whose music is a continuing autobiography. The

MILT JACKSON
vibes



STAN GETZ
tenor sax



RAY BROWN
bass



BILL EVANS
piano

THE 1972 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Zeitgeist being so receptive to singularity of view, the year was the best yet for Randy Newman, the most bizarrely, mordantly imaginative of the pop singer-composers. His records began to move well beyond cult sales as he also appeared more frequently in night clubs and in concert halls. And the entirely different—but no less one of a kind—Joan Baez also fitted the time, enjoying her biggest hit single in years, *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*, while continuing her

ELLA FITZGERALD
female vocalist



BUDDY DE FRANCO
clarinet



5TH DIMENSION
vocal group

public advocacy of nonviolent direct action for change, beginning in the self.

Another witness against violence, Carl Wilson of the Beach Boys, made music and draft-resistance history. Having been given the status of a conscientious objector in 1967, he refused alternative civilian duty, which he felt made no use of his talent. Wilson and his draft board had since been in continuous conflict until a Federal circuit judge ruled last

year that he will be allowed to satisfy his draft obligation by performing with the Beach Boys at prisons, hospitals and orphanages.

The Beach Boys as a group demonstrated marked musical growth while experiencing a resurgence of popularity. Their floating, multilayered sound is just right for the current introspective, sensuous listening atmosphere; and the increased sophistication of what *(text continued on page 160)*



PAUL McCARTNEY
bass

BUDDY RICH
drums

BOOKER T.
organ

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

ERIC CLAPTON
guitar

J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

IAN ANDERSON
flute

PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet

CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY
first alto sax

PAUL DESMOND
second alto sax

ELTON JOHN
piano

CAROLE KING
female vocalist

BURT BACHARACH-HAL DAVID
songwriter/composer

ROD STEWART
male vocalist

THE 1972 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND



AL HIRT
second trumpet

MILES DAVIS
third trumpet

HERB ALPERT
fourth trumpet

SI ZENTNER
second trombone

KAI WINDING
third trombone

BOB BROOKMEYER
fourth trombone

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

BOOTS RANDOLPH
second tenor sax

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

CHICAGO
instrumental combo

MOODY BLUES
vocal group

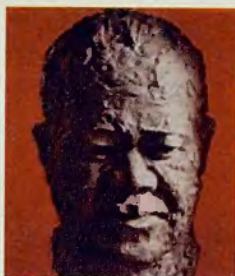
DOC SEVERINSEN
leader, first trumpet



DAVE BRUBECK



FRANK SINATRA



LOUIS ARMSTRONG



DUKE ELLINGTON



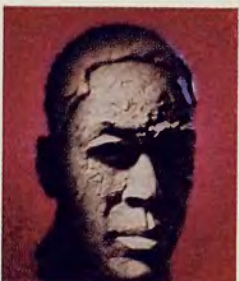
ELLA FITZGERALD



COUNT BASIE



RAY CHARLES



JOHN COLTRANE



BENNY GOODMAN



HERB ALPERT



WES MONTGOMERY



MILES DAVIS



BOB DYLAN



JOHN LENNON



PAUL MC CARTNEY



JIMI HENDRIX

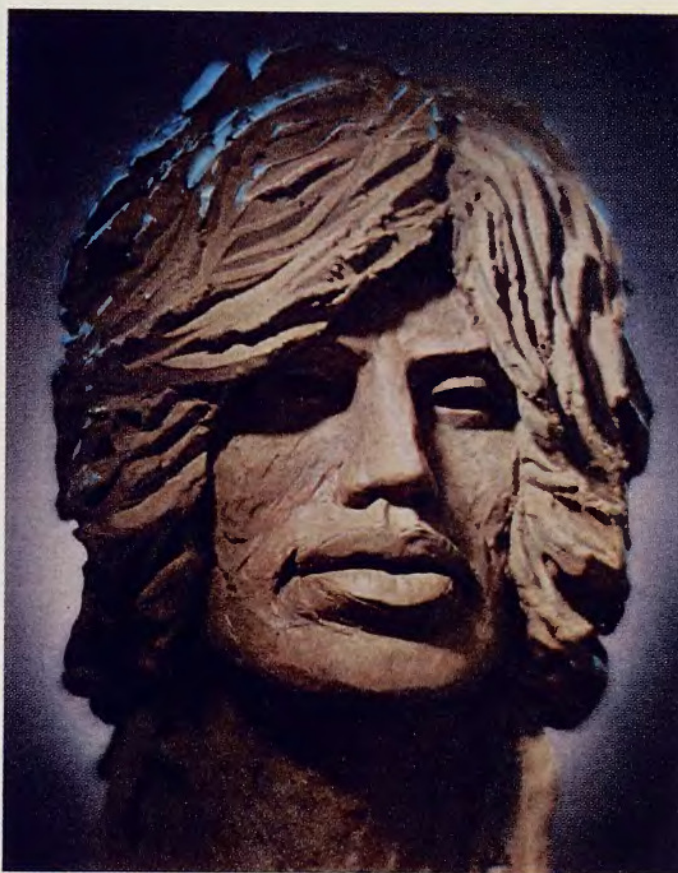


JANIS JOPLIN



ELVIS PRESLEY

In the seven years that we've been asking our readers to name three artists to our Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, their tastes have changed considerably. From Frank Sinatra and classic jazzmen like Duke Ellington and Count Basie, they have moved to rock musicians—last year adding Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Elvis Presley to the distinguished ranks. This year the rock train kept rolling—and riding up front were three of its engineers: Mick Jagger, honcho for The Rolling Stones; Jim Morrison, a poet who was disguised as a debauched pop star; and George Harrison, late of the Beatles.

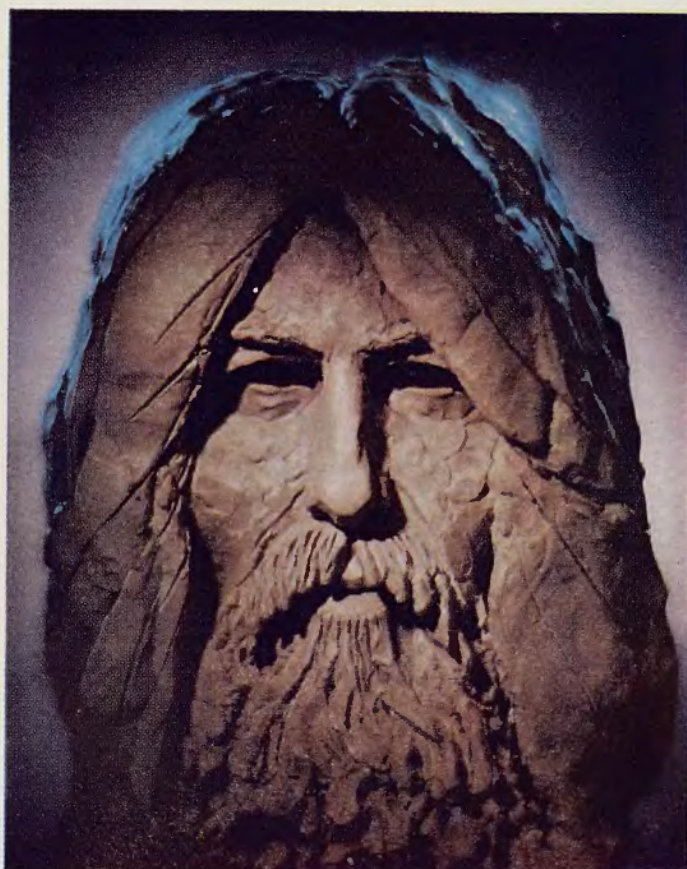


MICK JAGGER With his lips pursed, leering slightly, prancing and preening around the stage like a character out of Oscar Wilde, he is still master magician of The Rolling Stones. Now 27, a husband and father, Jagger has seen some changes since the early days, when he, Keith Richard and Brian Jones dropped out of school, moved in together and began to groove on rhythm-and-blues. Between 1962 and 1964, they sat in on gigs around London, developing their scruffy style, picking up the back beat from Chuck Berry and lifting their name from a Muddy Waters song. In 1964, as their records started hitting the charts, outrageous escapades, dope busts and frenzied concerts made news. The Stones' mystique spread rapidly, with Jagger always at ground zero, whirling suggestively, pushing his sexuality, politics, tough talk and driving rock. In 1970, he starred in two movies, "Performance" and "Ned Kelly." That year also marked the Stones' epic tour of America, which ended in mayhem and death at Altamont Speedway in California. The filmed tour became "Gimme Shelter," the title taken from a classic Stones tune. Jagger and the Stones now have their own record label and have so far released one album on it, "Sticky Fingers." Mick has moved to southern France with Keith Richard, where they set up a recording studio in Richard's house. There is talk of a new American tour for 1972. If they come, Jagger—in his Uncle Sam hat and Isadora Duncan scarf—will put the band through its paces, on and off the stage. The erotic prince rocks on.

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME



JIM MORRISON *Back in 1966, he had the face and cascading locks of an innocent Renaissance angel, only his robes were black leather and snakeskin and the hymns he sang were mostly about death and decay and chaos—apocalypse, Los Angeles style. He was called the American Mick Jagger—but that was a little bit less than the truth. Jim Morrison was also, or at least wanted to be, a poet. The group he helped put together while studying film at UCLA was named for a line of William Blake’s—“There are things that are known and things that are unknown; in between are doors”—and for once, a rock group’s name was appropriate. Morrison delighted in peering through those strange and dangerous keyholes: to break on through to the other side, as a song of his put it. He tried by drinking as hard as he could, by teetering unconcerned on ledges 100 feet above Sunset Strip, by getting it up onstage and urging audiences to join him—just to see what would happen. What happened was a series of busts, which culminated in a 1969 Miami trial that found Morrison guilty of obscenity and left the hip world snickering at him. He seemed to have moved past rock ‘n’ roll, anyway. He had been making experimental movies for a long time and he was writing poetry. By last year, The Doors had stopped performing together, with Morrison resting and reportedly happy in Paris. But as “L. A. Woman,” his last album, was breaking in July—and making new believers out of a host of ex-Doors fans—Jim died suddenly in Paris of natural causes. He was 27.*



GEORGE HARRISON *If any good at all has come from the quarrelsome breakup of the Beatles, it may be the emergence of George Harrison as a serious musician with his own direction and identity. It’s been a long time coming. As a Beatle, he often seemed like the Invisible Kid—perhaps because he was the youngest, and felt it—even though early on, he knew more about guitar playing than either Lennon or McCartney. Not until “Help!”—their eighth American album—did his name appear as songwriter; but then in 1966 came “Taxman” and “I Want to Tell You” on “Revolver.” After a tour that same year, he traveled to India to study the native music, but he got into more than sitar licks while he was there—and he came back with a contagious fascination for Indian spiritualism that started out as his personal search but sadly turned into Maharishi giggling at Johnny Carson coast to coast. George’s spiritual concerns survived the flash fad, though, and by the time of the breakup, his head seemingly had moved farther from mop-top days than any of the rest. His three-LP post-Beatles album, “All Things Must Pass,” was packed with fine music and musicians; and tracks such as “My Sweet Lord,” with the chorus shifting from “Hallelujah” to “Hare Krishna,” showed George was walking wider paths all the time. Then last August came the Bangla Desh benefit, a good-vibe bash that got him, Dylan, Ringo and Clapton together—and raised \$250,000 for East Pakistan refugees. He’s come a long way from teaching chords to Lennon in Liverpool.*

they have to say—as in their recent album, *Surf's Up*—shows that pop avatars of the Sixties can survive if their music reflects the changed experiences and the maturation of their early fans.

Also demonstrating staying power in their diverse ways are the mellow, country-rocking Grateful Dead, The Band, the Jefferson Airplane (moving more into science-fiction rock), Creedence Clearwater Revival and The Who, whose new, resourceful album, *Who's Next*, made clear that they are not going to coast on the success of *Tommy*. Of the groups that broke through nationally in 1971, the most buoyantly arresting is Joy of Cooking. Berkeley-based, given its thrust and definition by two women (Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite), Joy of Cooking is a high-energy blend of country, Gospel, jazz and blues, among other ingredients, stirred into original material with remarkable musicianship.

For the newest wave of teenyboppers, meanwhile, there is Grand Funk Railroad—unremittingly loud and simple but obviously meeting certain adolescent needs as it keeps selling huge numbers of albums and filling concert halls and stadiums throughout the country. Also demonstrably appealing to the youngest legions of pop appreciators is the Jackson 5, one of the more genuinely ebullient products of the Motown sound factory.

There was much more to the year, however, than even the considerable range of sound and symbol that spans James Taylor and Grand Funk Railroad. On the festival scene, for example, there was both disaster, and in other places, some degree of serenity. The former was much more visible. In late June, a grotesquely mislabeled Celebration of Life festival—scheduled for a week in an isolated section of Louisiana—closed down after four days, leaving three dead. The victim of bad planning by its promoters, invasions by motorcycle gangs and the presence of sizable numbers of hard-drug users, the event, as one refugee said, was no festival at all—"It's been too harsh."

Less than a week later, the Newport Jazz Festival ended prematurely after hundreds of young people rushed from a hill overlooking the field, broke down fences and seized the stage. At the time, Dionne Warwick was singing *What the World Needs Now*; but the marauders, some of them out of the world on drugs, didn't get the message at all. *The New Yorker's* Whitney Balliett noted sadly that "things being the way they are, it may well be the last major festival of any kind anywhere. About the only invulnerable place you could hold another one would be Radio City Music Hall."

There were some subsequent bloody signs supporting the Balliett thesis—clashes between heavy-riding cyclists and

music freaks at a huge early-September rock festival on the Olympic Peninsula in Washington; and stabbings, including one death, at another war between cyclists and rock listeners at a Watsonville, California, festival a day later.

But not all festivals were misnamed. Other annual musical events—from Hampton, Virginia, to Monterey, California—went on without violent incident. And most successful of all, in terms of the pleasures of listening, were those that were kept small enough for a sense of communion to be actually established—the Philadelphia Folk Festival in Upper Salford Township; the Summer Festival in Concord, California; the free festival in celebration of non-violence at Big Sur. The primary future direction of music festivals appeared to be toward human-scale gatherings. Members of what was once called the Woodstock Nation prefer, for the time being, anyway, to stay with smaller circles of friends.

Still considered right for grooving together to live rock were such gathering places as Fillmore West and Fillmore East. But the owner of both, Bill Graham, no longer felt that way. In the spring, that blunt, energetic promoter-organizer stunned rock insiders, and the vast audiences outside, by announcing the closing of the Fillmore, East and West. He was tired, he said, of agents and acts who wanted only to make money and of audiences that were less sophisticated than in the early Fillmore days.

"The scene has changed," Graham said gloomily. "What exists now is not what we started with . . . and does not seem to be a logical, creative extension of that beginning."

For many, Graham's indictment of the present state of the music, and its audience, was far too generalized; and expectations were that, after a rest, this setter of high standards for music and for himself would find reason to return. In the meantime, there is a void. The Fillmores affected many people, even such seemingly unlikely figures as a New York police sergeant who had been assigned to the theater. "Nobody's going to believe me," he said on closing night, "but I'm going to miss the joint. I love Johnny Winter and think he's a great guitarist."

Another kind of leave-taking was that of Frank Sinatra. In June, at a Los Angeles concert for the Motion Picture and Television Relief Fund, the 55-year-old Sinatra, the most continuously magnetic of all pop-music performers for an earlier generation than those reared musically at places like the Fillmore, announced his retirement from show business. His last song of the night, *Angel Eyes*, ended as Sinatra,

seen through spiraling smoke from his cigarette, sang softly, "Excuse me while I . . . disappear." He insists he is gone for good and will now "read Plato and grow petunias." But, as in the case of Bill Graham, speculation remains lively that, one way or another, Sinatra will reappear.


There can be no return for Jim Morrison, who died of a heart attack, at the age of 27, in Paris during the summer. A superstar of the Sixties as leader of The Doors, Morrison had settled in Paris to write and is now in the same cemetery as Edith Piaf, Oscar Wilde and Molière.

The year's greatest loss was the death of Louis Armstrong. In July, at 71, Armstrong died in his sleep at his home in Queens, New York. Thousands of mourners filed by his open coffin at an armory on Park Avenue. Many later stood outside as a sedate service, with Peggy Lee singing *The Lord's Prayer*, was held at a small church in Queens. Some of his old colleagues, such as drummer Tommy Benford, had hoped for a traditional New Orleans send-off for Armstrong. ("It would have been the greatest jazz funeral the world has ever seen," Benford said.) But a few days after the church service in Queens, thousands did turn out in New Orleans for a tumultuous parade, with brass bands, in tribute to the spirit of Louis. And in an editorial, *The New York Times* gave its tribute: "If, as many believe, American jazz . . . is this country's singular contribution to the art of the world, it was surely Louis Armstrong more than any other who made it so."

Another who has done much to make jazz singular and significant, 72-year-old Duke Ellington, toured Russia for the first time with his orchestra last fall. In the five-week circuit of major Soviet cities, Ellington discovered that his "I love you madly" (spoken by him in Russian, of course) was enthusiastically reciprocated. Ever the diplomat, Ellington, for example, for the ninth encore in Leningrad, called on Paul Gonsalves for an improvised version of *Dark Eyes*. It brought down the house. "Even matrons were smiling wistfully," *The New York Times* reported from the scene.

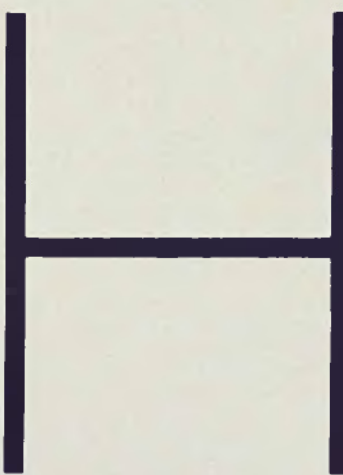
A composer-player-leader who has been much influenced by Ellington returned forcefully to the jazz world in 1971. Charles Mingus, largely inactive for a couple of years, was back in clubs and on concert tours with his group. The City Center Joffrey Ballet premiered *The Mingus Dances*, one of the most ambitious fusions so far of jazz and dance, with choreography by Alvin Ailey. And Mingus' near-legendary book, *Beneath the Underdog*, was finally published by Knopf after bemusing and confusing a number of publishers for years. Unusually candid,

(continued overleaf)


FAUCET

Marshall McClue-in

IMPERFECT


TOUCH DOWN

Secretary

N^{OOK}

INSOMNIAC

JAZZ & POP '72

(continued from page 160)

instructively erotic and caustic about entrepreneurs and critics connected with jazz. The book, like Mingus, is *sui generis*.

Mingus, in addition, became the sixth jazz artist to receive a Guggenheim Fellowship in composition. The award was further evidence that jazz is slowly being regarded as sufficiently serious to qualify for foundation and Governmental aid. Such recognition from the arbiters of "official" culture is still, however, token. The Jazz Program of the National Endowment of the Arts, for instance, awarded grants last year of only \$50,000 to no fewer than 49 individuals and organizations. (In a previous year, by contrast, the Endowment had granted \$1,600,000 to 34 symphony orchestras.)

A revealing element of the 1971 National Endowment program was the provision of funds to 12 colleges and universities in order to establish residencies for jazz artists and instructors. Centers of higher learning, it became particularly clear last year, have become a new, firm base for jazz (or black music, as most of the teacher-players now call it). The Endowment grants for jazz on campus underlined this accelerating trend. Cecil Taylor has joined the faculty at Antioch, after holding a similar post in black music at the University of Wisconsin; Marion Brown is teaching at both Bowdoin College and Brandeis University; David Baker continues to strengthen black-music studies at Indiana University; Donald Byrd is in charge of a black-music department at Howard University; and Ken McIntyre, who developed black music as a full-fledged area of study at Wesleyan, has moved on to become professor of humanities and head of the music program at the State University of New York's Old Westbury campus. The thrust of Professor McIntyre's program is African-American music. (As another indication of what is ahead in the developing relationship between black music and the academy, McIntyre studied in Ghana last August under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. His subject: the relationship between Ghanaian music and its time concept as against black music's time concept in the Americas.)

Nor is the continuing rise of black consciousness among black musicians and writers limited to higher education. Until last year, for instance, Willis Conover, long-term broadcaster of jazz and popular-music programs on the *Voice of America*, had been the publicly unchallenged Governmental voice of jazz in Washington. He is jazz consultant for the National Endowment of the Arts, jazz advisor to the White House, a member of the jazz subcommittee for State Department cultural presentations and a jazz and pop producer for the John F.

Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (he produced a disappointing jazz festival there in September). Conover's power is now being strongly and publicly challenged in a rebellion of black musicians and writers. One of their demands is that he resign his Kennedy Center post. "The role of Willis Conover at the Kennedy Center," wrote Hollie West, a black writer-critic for *The Washington Post*, "is characteristic of how the music of black Americans is managed in this country. Blacks create it and whites control it."

Another illustration of the expansion of black consciousness was an award announced during the June graduation exercises of an intermediate school in East Harlem whose principal is black. Among the musical honors was the Bessie Smith Award for excellence in vocal music.

The use of music to intensify a sense of collective strength and individual self-worth was also exemplified last year at Kentucky's Berea College, most of whose students are from poor, white Appalachian families. Berea has added an expert in bluegrass music, Raymond McLain, to the faculty, in the hope of encouraging young mountaineers to cherish their culture. (Ironically, not only do bluegrass buffs abound in nearly all other sections of the United States but there are also more than 300 bluegrass bands in Japan. In Tokyo, on a Sunday afternoon in October, there took place the Appalachian Hibiya Central Park Bluegrass Festival—seven hours of Japanese-played high, lonesome country harmonies.)

Country music as a whole kept expanding its audiences all through America in 1971. A midsummer radio survey disclosed, *The New York Times* seemed surprised to learn, that country sounds are "now heard on 56 percent of the stations in the United States, putting it ahead of even the seemingly ubiquitous rock music, which is heard on only 40 percent." Meanwhile, the country performer emerging as most likely to follow Johnny Cash to national superstardom is Merle Haggard. During the year, he released an especially affecting album of Okie memories of California (*Someday We'll Look Back*) and began to attract increasing attention from television and film producers because of his restless, rugged intensity. Haggard cannot easily be stereotyped, it was discovered, notwithstanding his hits *Okie from Muskogee* and *The Fightin' Side of Me*. He told a reporter that he was furious with Capitol because the company wouldn't let him record a song he had written about an interracial love affair ("They said it would have been bad for my image").

But the country-music image is itself changing. In October, Charley Pride won the Country Music Association's Artist of the Year and Best Male Country Vocalist of the Year awards in a nationally televised event originating in Nashville. Charley Pride is black. He was, by the way, one of the biggest-selling country singers of the year.

Although the exuberant acceptance of Charley Pride by country audiences is an intriguing cultural phenomenon, Pride himself is an anomaly. He is likely to have few black imitators as an interpreter of white country songs. Much more indicative of what might become a trend was the considerable success—as an album and as a film—of *Soul to Soul*, a musical documentary filmed in Ghana on the occasion of that nation's 14th Independence Day celebrations in March. Such American soul powers as Ike & Tina Turner, Roberta Flack, Santana and the Staple Singers engaged in a cultural exchange with African singers and dancers. All concerned were so exhilarated that more such mutual explorations of roots and branches are likely.

In another film venture completed last year, *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*, about the early life of Saint Francis of Assisi, director Franco Zeffirelli declared himself attuned to a different kind of "soul" trend gathering momentum among the American young. Partly in reaction to the failure of the revolution to arrive as promised, a sizable number—not only the Jesus freaks—would like to agree with Zeffirelli that "the Seventies will be a decade of spiritual awakening." Zeffirelli considered it most apt to have Donovan, a longtime pop advocate of spiritual regeneration, write and sing the score for *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*. And his next project, Zeffirelli has announced, is *The Assassination of Christ*.

He will have competition. In Israel, this spring, Norman Jewison will start filming *Jesus Christ Superstar*. This rock opera by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber began as a two-record album that has sold more than 2,500,000 copies in the United States alone. It next developed into two touring concert versions that ranged through the country with enormous financial success. And in October, a full-scale, Tom O'Horgan-directed production opened on Broadway, where it may well have the five-year run its coproducer, Robert Stigwood, predicts for it. By the end of the year, licenses for stage productions of this apotheosis of rock-populist spirituality had been issued for France, Germany, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Australia, all the South American countries, Mexico and the subject's home base, Israel.

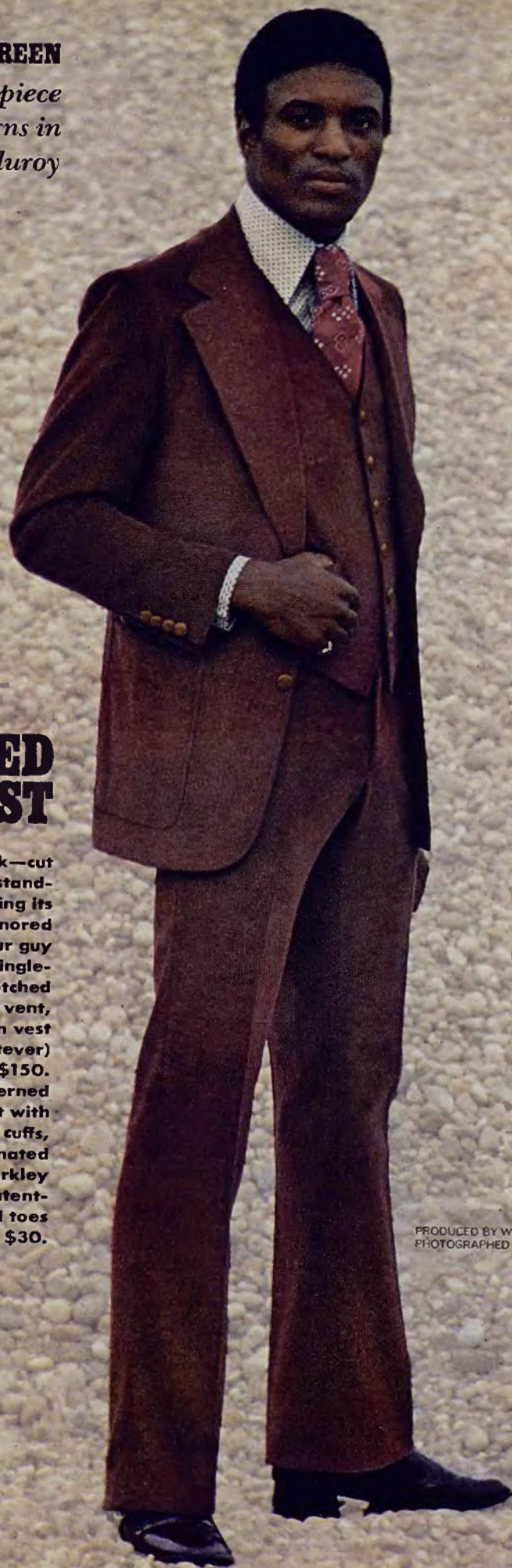
During and after the Broadway
(continued on page 208)

attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN**
*the classic three-piece
suit returns in
casually elegant corduroy*

VESTED INTEREST

THE THREE-PIECE SUIT is back—cut to conform to the latest sartorial standards, of course—and making its reappearance in that most time-honored of fabrics: corduroy. Our guy here heads vestward in a single-breasted model with notched lapels, patch pockets, deep center vent, matching leather-button vest (with four pockets for watches or whatever) and flared-leg trousers, by E. S. Aubrey, \$150. Complementing it: A diamond-patterned cotton broadcloth shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Bert Pulitzer, \$18, a coordinated diamond-patterned silk tie, by Berkley Cravats, \$10, and a pair of patent-leather high-back slip-ons with rounded toes and raised heels, by Verde, \$30.

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOEL BALDWIN



CHICKEN ITZA (continued from page 130)

introduced to him? Take me to him at once!"

"I'd—I'd rather not, Mr. Firby. I don't think you'll like him."

"Nonsense! Of course I'll like him. I've never wanted to meet anybody so much in all my life."

The mayor sighed. "All right, Mr. Firby. Since you insist."

Dubchek gasped. "But Henry, you can't—"

"I have no alternative, Fyodor. Come, Mr. Firby, I'll conduct you to his headquarters."

• • •

Reseated in the runabout and bound for the headquarters of the supervising engineer, Firby voiced his credo: "It may well be doubted," said he, "whether technological ingenuity can give birth to a dilemma that technological ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. I say this, Mayor, in face of the glaring fact that our cities back on Earth leave much to be desired. Their tube trains run late, their walkways keep stalling, their visiphone service is a laugh, half the time they don't have electricity and their streets have as many chuckholes as the moon has craters. But I have always maintained that eventually our technology will find a way to avert mechanical breakdowns and minimize deterioration, that a roseate day will dawn when the petty vexations that plague us from morning till night will be no more.

Apparently, that day has already dawned for Siw City, Mayor, and I congratulate you. Maybe your supervising engineer can perform a similar miracle for us. Who is he, by the way? I knew ISA left some good men up here, but I had no idea any of them was *that* good."

The mayor didn't answer and Firby didn't press the question. He'd find out for himself who the supervising engineer was.

Presently, Albert brought the runabout to a halt in front of a one-story cement-block structure. A purple-and-green blanket functioned as a front door and there were no windows. Firby frowned but said nothing. The mayor held the blanket aside and followed Firby. The interior consisted of a single barnlike room. In the center of the floor stood a large block of discolored concrete. Flickering radiance came from a source somewhere behind it but provided little in the way of actual illumination. Hanging from rafters were miscellaneous articles of various shapes and sizes, none of which Firby could positively identify but one of which he could have sworn was a bundle of chicken feathers.

It doesn't mean a thing, he told himself. It doesn't mean a thing. Aloud, he said, as calmly as he could, "Well, where is this supervising engineer of yours, Mayor?"

"Right over here."

Mayor Kobecker led the way around

the discolored concrete block, and presently Firby saw that the room contained a second curiosity—a pedestal. Upon it, flanked by two lighted tapers, stood a small doll. It had been carved out of mahoganylike wood, had agates for eyes, chicken down for hair, tiny pebbles for teeth, and was clad in striped mechanic's coveralls. Protruding from the center of its small forehead was the head of a nail.

"The coveralls were my idea," Mayor Kobecker said. "Rather appropriate, don't you think?"

"A fetish!" Firby exploded. "A god-damn fetish!"

"He doesn't ask for much in the way of sacrifices. A pullet or two now and then. Once in a while, a goat. Sometimes a sheep. He's really quite reasonable when you consider what the union scale is these days. . . . Well, what else could we do, Mr. Firby? Our buildings were falling apart, our runabouts wouldn't run, our machines kept breaking down faster than we could fix them, our canned 3V programs had defective sound tracks, most of the sets themselves wouldn't work. We couldn't ask the personnel of the supply ships for help—we were forbidden even to talk to them while the trial period was in effect. We *had* to turn to the Siw. And, as things turned out, it was the wisest move we could have made. Civilized men have built things to fall to pieces for so long that they've now forgotten how to build them to stay together. The whole thing has gotten out of hand, as you know yourself. Ordinary measures of coping with the problem just aren't effective anymore."

"I don't believe it!" Firby shouted. "I don't believe it!"

"Shhh!—you'll offend him, sir. Please be careful. You must remember that the homunculus is merely his focal point. Actually, he's everywhere. There's no end to the things he can make go wrong for you if you make him mad."

"I don't believe it!" Firby screamed. "I don't believe it!"

• • •

He still didn't believe it when the drive malfunctioned during blast-off and his ship nearly nose-dived into a mountain. He still didn't believe it when the air conditioner went out of whack during deorbiting and the interior temperature climbed to a blistering 110 degrees Fahrenheit. He still didn't believe it when the automatic pilot lost its bearings and took him 10,000 miles off course. When he finally got back to Earth, demoralized, dehydrated and half dead, the port mechanics found water in the fuel, corn in the air conditioner and chicken feathers in the automatic pilot.

Then he believed it.



"I'll say this for you, Charley . . . a little bit goes a long way."

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Looking for a taste that's
never hot, never dry, always cool?
Come all the way up
to KOOL.



18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

ROLLS-ROYCE *(continued from page 108)*

and complicated, but few Rolls-Royces ever had loose wheels, and so it went. Some of the things Rolls-Royce engineers insisted upon were surely over-detailed and unnecessarily expensive, but they had Royce behind them: "Quality will be remembered," he said, "long after price has been forgotten."

The car lasted longer than the men. Charles Rolls was killed in an airplane crash in 1910. He was a national hero by then—he had made a 90-minute round-trip Channel flight when it was infinitely more hazardous than doing the Atlantic solo today. Flying a Wright biplane in a short-landing contest at Bournemouth, he came in too high and apparently overstressed an elevator component in a correcting dive. The plane dropped an estimated 27 feet; Rolls was thrown free and died almost instantly. He had, by that time, lost interest in automobiles, and he had probably even sold his stock in the company.

A year later, Royce had a complete physical collapse, clearly the result of years of overwork and malnutrition. From the beginning, he had worked obsessively, often 20 hours at a stretch, and he grudged taking time off even to eat. If he hadn't remembered to put an apple or a roll into a pocket, he wouldn't bother. He apparently truly couldn't understand men who labored to lesser standards. In the early days, when he handed out the week's pay on Saturday morning, he would often tell a man, "You don't deserve it if you're not going to work this afternoon." Since he himself was probably going to work until midnight, he thought it a reasonable observation. The doctors could find nothing organically wrong with Royce, so they fell back on the recommendation of "a change of air." Egypt was favored for the purpose then, and Claude Johnson took him there with all speed. It didn't seem to make a lot of difference, and on the way back they wandered in the south of France. In Le Canadel, Royce remarked that it might be pleasant to have a house in France. Johnson immediately bought land and had two villas built, one for Royce and a smaller one nearby for a staff. During the waiting interval, Royce fell seriously ill, there was surgical intervention, most likely for an intestinal malignancy, and he was never really well for the rest of his life, most of which he spent in Le Canadel, working. He had a housekeeping staff, a nurse, draftsmen and secretaries. A steady stream of directives, ideas and designs began to flow to England, and it never stopped. (They were gathered into a book, six copies were made and it is still consulted.) He rarely saw the factory again, but he dominated everything that happened in it until his death in 1933.

He was Sir Henry Royce by then, indisputably a titan.

Royce is hard to place as a personality. He was a kind man, he raised tremendous loyalty in his employees, but he was irascible and short-fused, too. Someone who was with him when he heard a workman remark that a certain part was "good enough" said that "he carried on in an alarming manner." He had small talent for recreation. Sometimes he played the flute, but he was more interested in its air flow than in the music it made. He liked flowers—but his garden was artificially lighted, because he couldn't find time to dig in it by day. In the literal sense, he was a workman.

Claude Johnson, who had probably saved Royce's life, had held the company together and had been helmsman from the beginning, died in 1926, plainly a victim of overwork and exhaustion. The production of aircraft engines during World War One, at small profit and in the face of incessant interference by an ignorant bureaucracy, had hurt him most.

Well after the Hitler war, in the Fifties, it was sometimes said that the cars were nothing like as good as they had been. It wasn't true. Standards hadn't been lowered. Today, at Crewe, one still sees painstaking thoroughness: binned parts, stub axles, for example, covered with protective plastic, partially to prevent their scratching each other but more importantly, as an engineer told me, "for discipline." Oil-pump parts are individually inspected, and after assembly the whole unit is checked. At that point, in the ordinary manufactory, it would go into the car. Rolls-Royce hooks it to a test rig, where it must pump oil in rated volume for a specific time. Some disk brakes are noisy because of bell-like resonance in the metal mass. RR disks are muted: A groove is machined all around the periphery, a soft iron wire fastened in, the whole covered with a strip of stainless steel. Cars on the production line still move only about once an hour, and not far, and by manpower. Engines are still bench run under a constant wash of fresh oil and every car, before going to the paintshop for finishing, is taken on the road by a tester who is far more knowledgeable than the fussiest customer, and more critical, too, because that's his job. This systematic overkill largely explains why, of circa 50,000 Rolls-Royces that have been built, some 30,000 are still running, probably the highest survival rate of any production automobile. Too, it explains why the Rolls-Royce is one of the cheapest cars to run: Overall, maintenance cost is low and resale value very high.

It is true that the Rolls-Royce of 1950

or so was not so notably superior to its competitors as, say, the Silver Ghost had been. Silver Ghost devotees believed that their cars had no peers. They might grudgingly have conceded that the Napier was a fair motorcar, but that would be the limit. In 1910, few makers were willing to spend as much in effort and money as Royce was, and nothing else would do.

In time, technology overcame hand-crafting. Rivets banged into place in a few seconds held a chassis together as well as tapered bolts; hexagonal nuts could pin a wheel as tightly as a splined and machined hub fastener, and for pennies instead of pounds. It's an old, old story: The English longbowman was the terror of Europe because he was a deadly shot, childhood trained, with a sightless and subtle weapon that had to be aimed instinctively and could be handled only by a strong man. Technology produced the gun: 97-pound weaklings could master it in a month, and the longbow went for firewood.

The fabulous variety of custom coachwork beguiled one into thinking the older cars superior, too. Every Rolls-Royce today looks much like every other. Not so when there were more than 50 bespoke bodymakers at work and a man had his motorcar tailored to his taste exactly as he did his suit. He could order a tourer, a roadster, a coupe in any form, or a landaulet, a phaeton, a salamanca, a cabriolet, a sedanca de ville, a drophead sedanca, a two-door sedan with a blind rear quarter, a torpedo, a boat-decked sports tourer. And these were merely body shapes. It was interiors that offered individuality, or eccentricity, full rein. Choice of fabrics, leathers, cabinet timbers was limited solely by the world market. Gold or silver plating, Venetian blinds, running water, extra instrumentation, double-glazed windows, cocktail sets electrically lifted to lap level, miniature elevators built into the running boards—even toilets were not unknown. They were usually arranged to disappear into the trunk, and one lady of rank stipulated a seat of best ivory. The Nizam of Hyderabad liked foot-wide sterling-silver crests on his Royces; he was said to own 50. The Dowager Queen Mary was less demanding, requiring only a horn sounding like no other and a recording speedometer in the passenger compartment so she could be certain that her chauffeur never exceeded the dignified rate of travel she stipulated.

Although customer choice was so wide, I recall only two really ugly Rolls-Royces. One was a bulge-sided horror on a Silver Wraith chassis built for Nubar Gulbenkian, the other a fearsome streamlined thing with round doors done by Jonckheere, a Belgian coachmaker, for a party or parties unknown. I presume



Over Brown

"But, Captain, I thought you liked to administer punishment on deck, in front of the men——"

most Rolls-Royces were good-looking because British custom bodybuilders, like British custom tailors, would allow a client only so much latitude in taste before suggesting he might be happier elsewhere.

Many extraordinarily pretty bodies were erected on the 1929-1935 Phantom II chassis—the last car of Henry Royce's own design—perhaps because its 200- or 206-inch chassis lent itself to long and low coachwork. A two-seater roadster on a P-II was certainly a splendid example of conspicuous consumption. The P-II engine was a six-cylinder, Royce's favorite configuration, and big—7.6 liters. (It took eight quarts of oil and nearly seven gallons of water, two of the reasons RR engines didn't often overheat. One was run from England into Africa and back without water added.) The engine carried good things—overhead valves, a seven-bearing crankshaft, double ignition systems (coil and magneto, used together), a double-sequence silent starter and a constant-speed control of the kind that has lately been an option on some U. S. luxury cars. Brakes were powered on Rolls-Royce's well-tried system, based on Hispano-Suiza and Renault patents, the amount of pedal assistance increasing or

decreasing precisely in ratio with the speed of the car. Chassis lubrication was with oil controlled by a driver's pedal, only the propeller-shaft universals needing rack lubrication; even Rolls-Royce ingenuity couldn't find a way to squirt oil into them while they were spinning. A slightly modified P-II, the Continental, used 23 seconds to accelerate its two and a half tons to 60 mph and would do 90-95 on top. The Continental was an ideal carriage for long-distance touring in the grand manner, and many were bodied with nested trunks and valises astern. It did not occur to anyone that they might be stolen—because they wouldn't be. What might be stolen was the mascot, the Flying Lady figure adorning the radiator; a plain cap was provided for use when the car had to be parked in dubious security. (Today the big prewar German-silver mascots bring \$100-\$150.) Charles Sykes, a noted sculptor of the time, created the mascot in 1910 and titled it *The Spirit of Ecstasy*, the company likes to say, after a ride in a Silver Ghost—an unlikely story, indeed. That Sykes modeled the statuette from life is usually not mentioned; the lady was the mistress of a titled Rolls-Royce owner.

At the other end of the spectrum were

the little 20-hp and 20/25 cars, sometimes inelegantly called Babies. They made lovely town carriages and were great favorites with doctors, combining, as they did, elegance with economy. Some thought their performance derisively—they were flat out at around 65 mph—but then, as now, 65 was adequate on most roads, and a 20/25 would do it silently and gracefully and practically forever. Rolls-Royce authorities Anthony Bird and Ian Hallows cite a 20-hp owned by a woman who could not, or would not, learn to shift gears. For 25 years she ran the car in fourth gear—starting, on the level, uphill and down. It ate clutch plates like popcorn, of course, but the engine imperturbably took the beating. The lady should have taken the course the factory offers for chauffeurs and the occasional owner-driver. It runs ten days (in the days when only the stick shift was available, three of them were given over to gearshifting). I have ridden with seasoned graduates of this instruction, and it is true that the automatic transmission that can shift as nearly imperceptibly as they did has yet to be devised, never mind such niceties as releasing the brakes completely about six inches before the car stopped, so that it would die without rippling the water in a hand-held glass.

Rolls-Royce believes in the survival principles established by the Vatican: among them, change when it's necessary—but not before, and not much. Post-war realities doomed the custom coachbuilder, so the company began to deliver complete cars instead of chassis and engines only; they were smaller and more of them were made to be driven by their owners. Innovations such as the automatic transmission—a reworked GM Hydramatic—and twin headlights were taken on over screams of rage from the old guard, who saw in them nothing but transatlantic cheapening of the sacred vehicle. But the company had no intention of abandoning the thrust that had brought it greatness, and ultraluxurious carriages were still on the stocks: The Phantom IV limousine was available to heads of state only in a production run of 16 cars. The P-IV was the first Royce used in procession by the royal family, Daimlers previously having been preferred. The even bigger P-V had a run of 510 at around \$31,000, and would do 110 mph, but British motoring journalists, usually gentle with the home product, and positively deferential to Rolls-Royce, suggested that for all its pasha's luxury, the road holding, steering and ride comfort in fast going were all short of the mark, and they suggested that it did seem extreme to have to take off the right front wheel to reach the spark-plugs on that side. As a processional carriage, rolling at ten mph along a



"A little lower, and to the left, please."

boulevard, the P-V was a moving house of immense dignity, beauty and impressiveness. Mechanically, it had fallen behind the times.

Bemused by the purple prose in which Rolls-Royce has for so long been embedded, drivers new to the make are usually disappointed when they first try one of the Phantoms. Expecting an orgasmic magic-carpet sensation, they're surprised to find a firm ride, heavy steering, leisurely acceleration. They would be equally upset by other motorcars of the era—the legendary Duesenberg, for example. Fastest luxury vehicle of its day, it makes a distinctly trucky impression now.

The current RR is the Silver Shadow, a 412-cubic-inch V8 of around 275 horsepower. (For no apparent reason save snobism, Rolls-Royce never discloses horsepower figures, but they have usually been modest, if steadily increasing since the postwar Silver Dawn's 125.) The company planned to make about 2500 motorcars in 1971 and to sell 610 of them in the United States, 110 over 1970's quota, in the range of \$23,800–\$34,600. Brakes are disk on all four wheels, with three systems available, and suspension is fully independent, a refinement the company resisted for longer than appeared to be justifiable. Few amenities have been omitted. Seat adjustment, door locks, gear selection, gasoline filler flap are electrically actuated. Ten cowhides are required for upholstery, each the survivor of hundreds rejected for insect bites, barbed-wire scars and the like. A cabinetmaker of formidable skill spends at least a week on the woodwork, and if the customer is not moved by Circassian walnut, he can command Persian burr, paldao, rosewood, coromandel, tola, bird's-eye maple, myrtle or sycamore. I remember a striking drophead coupe in which white leather had been happily combined with coromandel, a figured timber of the ebony family. Should the woodwork be marred in use, it can be replaced by precisely matching veneers cut from the same log, set aside in permanent storage.

There are two models of the Shadow, a standard sedan and a chauffeur-driven long-wheelbase sedan, and the Corniche coupe and convertible, all also available under the Bentley label at the minuscule discount. (When Rolls-Royce took over the Bentley in 1931, it was a hairy, powerful sports car, famous for having five times won at Le Mans. The current model, the Bentley T, is identical with the Silver Shadow, radiator shell excepted, and is made in small quantity. It appeals chiefly to buyers who are diffident about the view of Rolls-Royce ownership Zero Mostel laid down in *The Producers*: "If you've got it, flaunt it!")

The coupe and the convertible are



"Roll me a joint! Roll me a joint!" A woman's work is never done!"

type-named Corniche after the famous cliff roads of the French Riviera—the first Corniche prototype was bombed to bits as World War Two began—and they show three fairly stunning departures from Rolls-Royce tradition: The radiator shell has been deepened by five eighths of an inch, the only significant change in it since the name-plate enamel was changed from red to black with Sir Henry Royce's death; the instrument panel carries a tachometer, a suggestion of performance capability the company has not often wished to emphasize; and for the first time ever, the model name appears on the trunk lid, a similarity with such things as the Duster that has lifted eyebrows from one end of Pall Mall to the other. Detroit has decreed the ragtop as dead as the rumble seat, but the Corniche convertible is the top of the Rolls-Royce line at \$34,600. Silver Shadow sedan bodies are standard steel stampings; the Corniche is coachbuilt by H. J. Mulliner, Park Ward Ltd., a wholly owned subsidiary formed by combining two old houses. Panels are hand-formed, six weeks are occupied in painting the car, and the convertible top, a week's work, from a little distance defies detection as a folder.

The Corniche will do 120 mph in dignity, but like all postwar Rolls-Royces, it demonstrates more roll, tire squeal and understeer in hard corners

than is acceptable under 1972 *gran turismo* standards. Still . . . when the bankruptcy notice was posted a year ago, there were those who counseled that the company should abandon ship altogether, or sell out to one of the giants, or "rationalise" with a line of mass-produced cars. Instead, Rolls-Royce came up with the Corniche, a *beau geste*, indeed, and not the less so because the decision had been taken before the dam broke. Still, it represented justifiable optimism. After all, the car division's 5000 workers had made \$19,000,000 on export sales alone in 1970, and the Congressional decision to bail out Lockheed's TriStar program, March-to-August cliff-hanger though it was, saved the RB-211 engine as well.

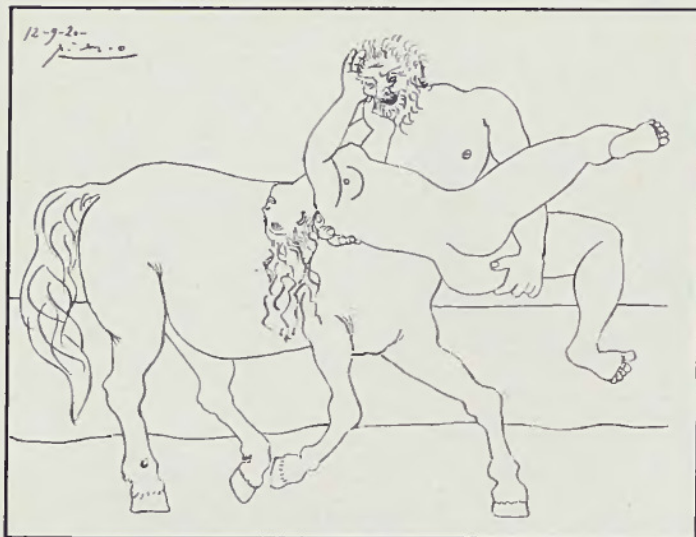
Is the Rolls-Royce still the best in the world? No. That pride of place has gone to Mercedes-Benz, with cars that are as comfortable, mechanically more advanced, more roadable by far, faster and, in the case of the 600 Pullman, even more massively sized.

Is the Rolls-Royce still unique, its hallowed name carrying an indefinable cachet born of stoutly maintained tradition and the endorsement of ownership by the world's eminences for nearly 70 years? Yes; and as nearly as one can tell, that will be true until they shut down the line and padlock the doors at Crewe.



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



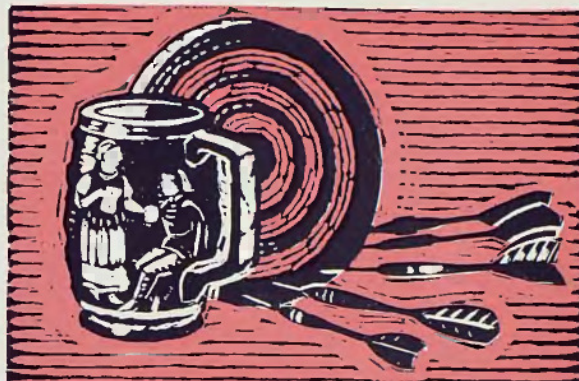
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR PABLO

It seems that everyone's holding a 90th birthday party for Picasso these days—everyone, that is, but the artist himself, who's undoubtedly home turning out more masterpieces for his 100th celebration year. The Louvre and New York's Marlborough and Saidenberg galleries recently paid him homage; now it's The Museum of Modern Art's turn with a special exhibition from January 25 to May 1. Besides the works already on view, such as the 1920 pencil drawing, *Nessus and Dejanira*, above, the show includes 38 promised and bequeathed creations.



SQUIRE TO ADMIRE

If you've longed to tool along, Gatsbylike, in a classic convertible roadster, you can stop dreaming. Auto Sport Importers of Philadelphia now offers a limited-production replicar, the Squire SS100, that melds the elegance of the prewar Jaguar SS100 with the contemporary know-how of American engineering. Under the hood of the Squire's 13-foot-long Italian-built fiberglass body is a Ford 250-cubic-inch six-cylinder engine (coupled to a fully synchronized four-speed gearbox) whose 170 horsepower will propel you up to the lawbreaking speed of 120 miles per hour. Other goodies include torsion-bar suspension, Borrani wire wheels, Naugahyde bucket seats, servo-assisted brakes and a leather-covered four-spoke steering wheel. Furthermore, the designers have been thoughtful enough to leave room for a radio or tape deck and—OK, softies!—an air-conditioning unit. A Squire's owner must travel light, of course, because luggage space is virtually nonexistent; but why worry, when it's just you, your companion, the road and the running boards—all for only \$6750 (P. O. E.).



AIM IS THE NAME OF THE GAME

The game of darts in America now claims about 3,000,000 shooters, points out the U. S. Darting Association's president, Robert McLeod, owner of Darts Unlimited, a Manhattan store that sells just about everything a dart freak could desire, from genuine English pub dart boards (they cost about \$20 a throw) to dozens of different guided missiles in every conceivable shape and weight. Ready, aim, fire.



WALL STREET HOTLINE

Investors now can have a private stock-quote service right at their finger tips with Sonex, Inc.'s Marketline, a portable unit that rents for about \$20 a month. You simply plug Marketline into any standard outlet, dial a special number on your phone and when a computer answers, place the receiver on Marketline and punch up your desired quotation. High, low, bid and asked prices, posted 15 minutes before, instantly flash onto the screen.

WATCH OUT FOR TRAFFIC

Next off the prolific drawing boards of Steve Krantz Productions, those wonderful folks who brought you the X-rated cartoon *Fritz the Cat*, will be *Heavy Traffic*, described as a contemporary *Fantasia*. The film is set in Mother's, a ramshackle bar overlooking the Hudson River. Through it pass hookers, fags, black revolutionaries—even Richard M. Nixon. Each character is accompanied by his own theme song, ranging from acid rock to Tin-Pan Alley ditties. Sing it, Dicky.



AS THE SPIRIT MOVES YOU

For the past few years, interest in psychic phenomena has burgeoned to the point where clairvoyants seem a constant fixture on late-night talk shows. In that spooky spirit, Pan Am, with the telepathic cooperation of Deziah, a British clairvoyant, is offering two-week psychic tours to London. Each tour departs only on dates coinciding with the ascendancies of Mercury, which is, as any medium should know, "an auspicious omen for travel." Highlights of the \$629 tour include a trip to Stonehenge, a visit to haunted Hampton Court and honorary membership in the Spiritualist Association of Great Britain. Boo!



BLAST FROM THE PAST

"Hiya, movers and ga-roovers, this is Righteous Rhea here reelin' with the feelin' and tonight. . . ." Choke back those tears of emotion, friends, the Fabulous Fifties are returning about the middle of February at New York's Eden Theater in a musical called *Grease*. (The show premiered way-off-Broadway in Chicago about a year ago and now is about to make the Big Apple.) Expect to come away jitterbugging to such immortal hits as *It's Raining on Prom Night* and *Born to Hand Jive*. Rama Lama Ding Dong.

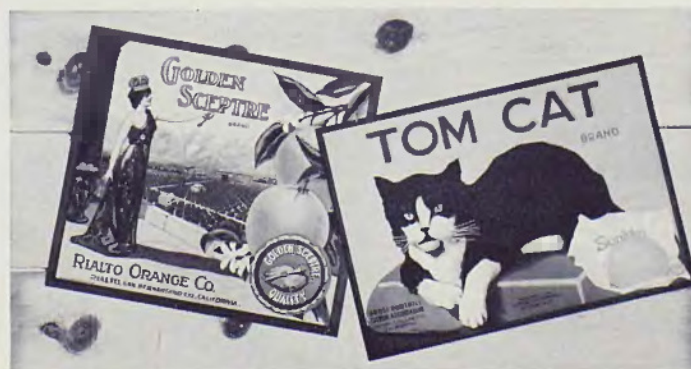
WIRING A HOUSE

The metal Victorian mansion shown here is the work of sculptor Guy Pullen, a California artist who specializes in turning spools of wire into spectacularly detailed dwellings complete with high-pitched roofs, arched porticoes and charming cupolas. (The wire gives each piece the look of a precise, three-dimensional line drawing.) Pullen's houses are now exhibited on both coasts and sell from \$100 to \$750 for the 42" x 24" x 30" palace at right. Now, that's what we call high wire.



NAVEL HISTORY

Remember when oranges came in those great old crates that you could use for bookshelves or end tables or even kindling wood? And remember those huge, colorful labels of such funky brands as Full o' Juice and California Dream and Royal Feast? Well, a San Francisco company appropriately named Way Out West is selling the crates in kit form—sans oranges, of course. You get boards, an original label that may be straight Art Deco—and even the nails—all for only \$7. Or you can get a label on an endboard for \$3 or just a 10" x 11" label for \$1. Crate deal!



LOVED IT AND LEFT IT

(continued from page 138)

he explains, "I felt that I was an American with them." It was a feeling that stayed with him wherever he went. "I felt," he says, hoping it won't sound immoderate or cliché-ridden, "that I represented more an idea or a feeling—a promise—rather than a place. I tried not to behave like the Great American Slob, throwing money around, being boisterous. I traveled and I took advantage of those travels to educate myself a little."

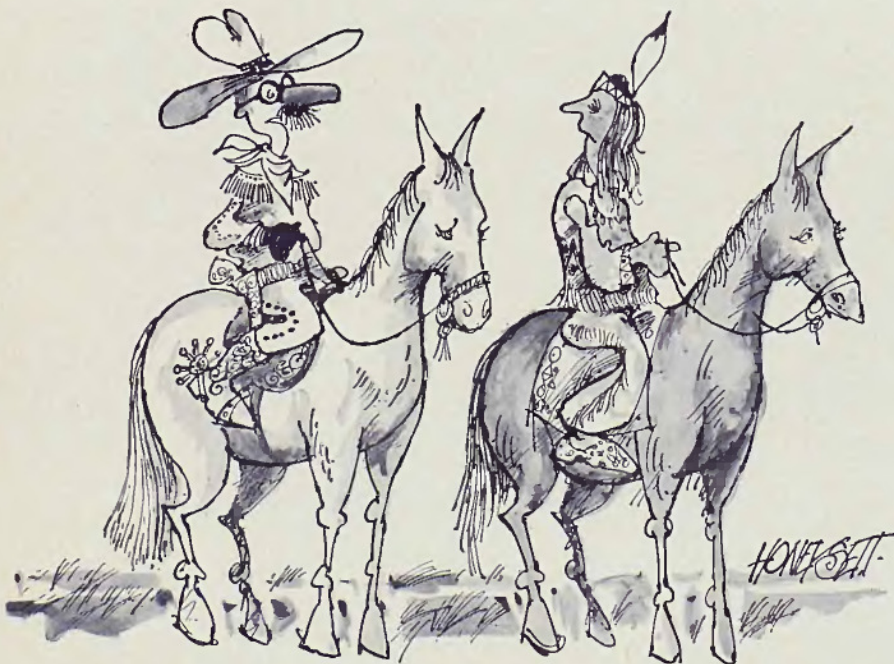
The Caraturo side of the family came to America in the 1880s. "My grandfather on my father's side was the first Caraturo born here," Nick says. It was he who started the family in the florist trade. He opened a shop in Brooklyn, on Withers Street, where it still stands, now run by Nick's uncle. His mother's father came over in 1902. "He was a stonemason from Naples and he made tombstones. He owned a candy store in England for three years, and then he came to America and he got married. My mother was born in 1905, in Brooklyn. We retained a lot of the customs, like language. I mean, the Italian language was always spoken in our house, yet my grandmother could speak Yiddish and Polish as well as—if not better than—she spoke Italian. So we knew all of each other's traditions. This was on Withers, between Union and Lorimer. It's an old Italian neighborhood, where they have the feast every year of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. I was baptized in that church. I've been back and the neighborhood hasn't changed much.

The people took pride in knowing that a house was theirs. Rather than move out, they renovated, fixed it up; I won't say it brings a neighborhood up, but it prevents it from going down. They had pride in it, they had pride in themselves. And this is the thing I mean: They don't want anything for nothing. That's the way they are. Whether they be Italian, Polish or Irish, Jewish—*anything*."

In 1946, Nick's father decided to open his own flower shop in Flushing. Nick was 12 at the time. "When my father opened in October 1946, we were in the hole about thirty thousand dollars." The family had already left Brooklyn and moved to Queens in 1938 or 1939, Nick isn't quite sure. "When my father bought the house in Flushing, he bought it from the bank, Queens County Savings Bank; he paid thirty-two hundred dollars for it. He put two hundred dollars down and wanted a mortgage for three thousand. They gave him the mortgage. The day he signed for the title to the house, he lost his job. He went to the bank and told them, 'Now, look, I can't take the house. I lost my job.' They told him, 'Mr. Caraturo, you take the house, live in the house, don't pay us the mortgage until you get a job'—I think he paid something like twenty-eight dollars a month, and they told him, 'Even if it takes a year, don't worry.' So he then landed a job at Dugan Brothers, as a part-time driver at night, tractor trailers. So at that time, he opened a little greenhouse in Flushing,

where my grandfather had the monument yard, and I would say I was about five years old, and when he opened that little greenhouse, it cost him a hundred and fifty dollars to build it. I'll never forget it. He built the little greenhouse in 1939 or 1940—this was on the opposite side of the cemetery, where Francis Lewis High School is now—and that's how we started." When Nick's father opened his own shop, Nick's life was permanently affected, as if some judgment had been passed that he accepted then and that he would come to understand and live by as the years passed. "From 1946 on, I couldn't do a damn thing but work there. As long as the sun was high, we worked. When it got dark, we stopped."

Gloria's family is Polish-Russian. "My parents were from Russia," her mother explains. "Oskowsky is a Polish name. We've always lived together in two-family homes. Actually, we've always lived together, from the day Gloria got married. My husband was born in Poland but came here as a young boy and went to school here. He was a tailor in the Garment District." She pauses to smile, a little wistful, a little proud. "He would've loved to have talked to you on political things, or anything like that. He was just that type. A very smart person on political ideas. He would have had a lot to say to you. Even more than Nick said to you." Despite this unfulfillable promise, from Gloria's and her mother's sketchy descriptions of his life, David Oskowsky seems never to have given much thought to the way he lived in the U.S. He lived here and there, vacationing with his wife in one place or another and doing his work with what seems now to have been a modest acceptance of his circumstances. He was 14 years old when he came, and seems never to have made any comparisons with the life he left behind in Poland. What his wife remembers of him is that "his favorite way of reading was the *Times*; he's always read the better paper. He thought the *News* was junk. He said if anybody can read, why can't they read the *Times*? He was a quiet person, a very reserved type of person." The image is vague, a suggestion of smallness—his widow is short—something patient and temperate coming out, yet a firmness about those basic intangibles that immigrants, particularly Jewish immigrants, have nurtured for centuries. He did come with nothing, he did have a trade and he did better himself. His only child, Gloria, was graduated from Queens College and became a teacher. Not only that but she then took an additional 30 credits, which, save for writing a thesis, completed the requirements for a master's degree. She married a devoted, personable, hard-working man and gave birth to one son, the only



"Next time, Tonto, I'll go and buy the mask myself."

child she would ever have. Whatever the man's reservations, David Oskowsky had seen the establishment of a solid family base, something to come home to knowing it would receive him with familial warmth and the comforts America bestowed on all who worked hard and long.

NICK CARATURO, FLORIST, grew until it was grossing \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. Every morning at five, Nick would rise and drive to the city markets to buy flowers. He would return by seven and go upstairs to have a cup of coffee while Gloria got ready to leave for school. By eight she would be gone and "I'd go down to the store and all the flowers would have to be cut, cleaned and put in water and arranged in the icebox. After that, I'd go outside, water the greenhouses"—there was approximately 3500 square feet of greenhouse space, where Nick grew geraniums, begonias, coleus, salvia, chrysanthemums, hyacinths, tulips. "We grew almost all our pot plants ourselves; the annuals, perennials. And vegetable plants. It was a hard proposition. Anyway, then I'd fill orders for the day, and I'd deliver them. By that time, it would be about five o'clock. I'd go upstairs and I'd eat, then I'd come back down and work in the store until nine or ten."

"He was working seven days a week," Gloria picks up. "I was working five days a week teaching, and then on Saturday and Sunday I'd help him, and on holidays, of course. It was his business that kept us going, so on my Christmas holidays I was helping in the store, and on Easter holidays. So, virtually, we were both working seven days a week and making loads of money." She says the word loads with a slight lift in her voice, a small feminine emphasis to show that even for her, modest and reserved as she is, it was definitely a lot of money. "But never any time to enjoy it. Never any space, never any relaxation. It was just a matter of buying things with the money—"

Nick has been listening and interrupts. "Material things. What good are material things? You know, if you can't enjoy them, they have no value." Nick's boat, for example, a 16-foot fiberglass runabout. "We could hardly use it."

"We used it only one summer," Gloria says.

"Yeah," Nick says. "I had another one before that, for about three years, and at that time I decided, the hell with everybody! I closed the store on a Wednesday and I took off all day Wednesday during July and August. But that was the only way I could actually enjoy the boat. This was '67 and '68; '69 I sold the business, because we had decided to get out . . . and I had bought another boat a little before that and I didn't have

time to enjoy it. One day a week, and the water was as bad as the highways. You had to leave early in the morning to get out there, then you had to be in early to beat the traffic on the road. I said, 'That's it! I'm beating my head on a wall now!'"

"You see," Gloria points out quietly, "he's giving you the ideal situation when he says he took off on Wednesdays, but he didn't tell you that if he had gotten funeral work or orders on Tuesday for Wednesday, he couldn't take off. It worked out when he did take off on Wednesday and people called for an order and he wasn't in, they were quite perturbed."

Nick bursts out, "They were annoyed because I took time off to relax!"

Certainly, by itself this was just one small nagging detail. Yet on a larger scale, it was part of that cumulative effect, life accelerating as if propelled by its own relentless determination not simply to evolve but to uproot, shake up. Wherever Nick looked, he could feel it happening. "This neighborhood," he explains about the Pomonok area of Flushing where they live, "it was old"—he qualifies that—"forty years old . . . people had bought houses here, lived here and died here. They had a different outlook

than their children. Their children are more liberal, they aren't as conscious of custom or tradition, and that caused a change in the neighborhood. And then, of course, the liberal attitudes of people themselves; the introduction of the pill caused a more liberal attitude among women and you find they were able to be more promiscuous because of it and they would lose all discretion, they wouldn't be as discreet about certain things. Whether this is good or bad, I don't know." The words custom and tradition mean more to Nick than he can say. To embrace their substance means to be able to remember who and what you are, no matter when; it means you never forget—never give in to shame and pretend it wasn't that way—where you came from. It means your survival counts for something and your having survived should count with everybody else, too. It is all, finally, the stuff of memories, a mixture of folk humor and nostalgia that never quite frees itself of certain harsh realities. Such as summers in Brooklyn when Nick was a kid. "It was hot," he says undramatically. "It was dirty. Our vacation was to sleep out on the fire escape."

What is happening, Nick believes, is that Americans are losing their sense



"All I can say is that if you're against pollution, it can't be all bad."



"Diamond studded, wow . . . that takes the sting out of being faithful!"

of self. "They're losing their identity, as individuals." And what's tearing us apart, he says, is "the drive for material things. I think the advertising has keyed us up to own a new car every year, own a new TV set every year; your old clothes are outmoded; if you use this one particular tooth paste, your teeth will always be white and all the girls will flock around you; if you use an after-shave lotion, it's appealing. . . . It's all sex-oriented. To me, there's nothing wrong with sex. I enjoy it. I think it's the greatest thing that ever happened to man, but they're all keyed for you to spend money. So you work more, to spend more. But are you really enjoying it?"

"You're not," Gloria says.

Nick ponders this a moment and then gives a little smile. "I was told by my wife, by friends of mine, that I was born a hundred years too late. The easy life I really don't enjoy. I'm an outdoorsman. I enjoy every sport. My wife enjoys them a bit, as long as the air is comfortable; it can be cool, but not too hot, and clean. Then she's fine. In New York this summer, she was in the house sixteen days straight because the air outside is horrible. I've seen her walk outside, be outside about five minutes, and tears were running out of her eyes. She wasn't crying, just the air was so goddamn bad, and it made her tear, that's all. So she had the air conditioners on and she stayed in the house, and that was it. We

have four air conditioners—that is, four upstairs—and two downstairs. I smoke, but my wife doesn't, and her lungs were as bad as mine, only because of the pollution in the air. When I have to go out fishing and they tell me I can't bring the fish home to eat them because the water is polluted, where's the sport? Where's the enjoyment? The enjoyment is going out, catching a fish, then bringing him home and eating him; this is the full enjoyment. What pleasure is it to land a fish that you can't eat? What the hell is it, then? The waters are so damn polluted. . . ." He shakes his head. "The last good day of fishing I had was about three years ago, when we went up to the east branch of the Ausable on the Fourth of July."

"The neighborhood is changing," Gloria says, bringing it home once more. "Pomonoak has always been integrated but had been more of a Jewish section. In later years, we were getting more Greek people, more Italians, more Spanish"—which in New York inevitably means Puerto Ricans. "We were getting more non-English-speaking children. And it wasn't so much of a problem with the children in the kindergarten; but with their parents, there was this lack of communication, so that I couldn't really get to speak to them as readily as I could with, of course, the English-speaking parents." Not that these changes had ever produced any

kind of violence. "There was no problem as far as the blacks and whites getting along together," Gloria says, "until this strike that we had." It was in the autumn of 1968, the result of bitter differences between the United Federation of Teachers and Mayor Lindsay over the question of decentralization. The strike lasted, on and off, for 36 of the term's first 48 days. "The thing was that the blacks felt that the teachers were closing the school and thus discriminating against them, whereas the strike was not because of them. And the community was completely divided. It was just terrible." The trouble that finally erupted had been brewing for a long time, brought about by changes that Gloria could see happening, even though they hadn't touched her personally. "I had the kindergarten," she explains, "and there were no bused-in children for the kindergarten"—Nick, listening, starts to nod slowly but emphatically, because now, as far as he is concerned, we are getting to the heart of the matter—"but in terms of the upper school grades, things were changing, because we had busing from South Jamaica. The upper-grade teachers would tell me that there was a division in the class between the children coming from South Jamaica and children living here; not so much a division of black and white but that the children from South Jamaica sort of felt apart—were apart—because the parents of the children in Pomonoak were very much upset about having those children bused in, and of course the kids picked it up from their parents." The strike, then, when it came, simply brought all the hidden resentments out into the open, resentments that Gloria, spending so much of her time with the children, saw as having been nurtured by the parents. "What was happening"—during the strike—"was that the black teachers and their followers were breaking into the schools and opening them up, sort of wildcat. It divided the community very badly. And it took many months—if ever—to heal the wounds between people that had been friends—"

"For years," Nick finishes for her.

"It was very sad," Gloria continues, "that blacks and whites alike who had been friends and living together, and their children playing together, were very badly divided. I think the black militants in the area aroused the non-militant blacks and sort of intimidated them into dividing themselves away, even though they may not have wanted to. This is the impression that we got. Blacks had been friends with whites for years and now they were just looking the other way. It was a terrible time and, as I say, I don't know if this was ever quite completely healed."

If there was a moment in time that Nick knows meant the beginning of

everything he feels is happening now—happening to his neighborhood as an isolated example of something gripping the whole country—it was the construction in 1952 of a lower-middle-income integrated housing project. "That's when it started," he says with certainty. "They built that in 1952, the year I went in the Navy, and I think it changed the neighborhood, because we started having problems with teenagers: fights, dope, gambling."

Gloria, who has been listening intently, looks at Nick and asks, "Could this just have been the general trend of the city?"

"I don't think so," he says.

"Because," she goes on, "if you're talking about the integration causing the problems. . . ." She stops and then says, "Is that what you think it is?"

"Yes," Nick says without hesitation. "Well, I'm prejudiced as it is. . . ."

"Well . . ." Gloria goes on to explain what she was driving at, "about a mile up from us, there was a large Negro section that had been there for years and ye—" Her emphatic tone is suddenly picked up by Nick.

"Fifty, sixty years," he says pointedly, unexpected animation giving him a particularly earnest expression. "They were the old squatters. And they built homes—they lived there—and they never bothered a soul." The word hangs in the

air for a small moment, the irony of its implication dwarfed by what Nick says next. "I went to high school with Godfrey Cambridge; he and I went to Flushing High School together, and there was never any problem about him being a Negro and I was white. It was unheard of as far as we were concerned. We only became aware of it through the NAACP, CORE and all the other organizations. Now, I don't feel that New York ever had a problem until these organizations started to come into prominence, because, as I say, New Yorkers are people that blend in, they have been exposed to all nationalities, all races, all creeds, and there was never any problem until they started with the equality in schools for this and that and the other thing. I think their approach to it was wrong. If they would have started the integration at the lowest possible level, in the kindergartens only—just there—why, in twelve years those children would be graduating from high school and you would have gradually integrated all the schools. But no: They had to drive a point, with two of them going to Ole Miss and two of them going to this high school; these people have built up a resentment over the years, and you can't change it overnight. It took a hundred and fifty years to build it into them; you can't destroy it in one year. It's going to take two, three, four generations to change it. And now,

when they've started using force to change it—that's not for me."

What Nick believes fervently is that people should retain the right to change the course and quality of their own lives and the lives of their children. This seems no longer possible, not even when it comes to God. "The decision was wrong," Gloria says about the Supreme Court ruling regarding prayers in schools. "I think it was almost a reaffirmation of the kind of apathy that was coming—or that had already come. I didn't see anything wrong with moral or religious feeling in the school."

"If you don't want to pray," Nick observes, "no one asked you to pray. It's up to you."

"Why," Gloria demands, "should they tell the parents who want it that they cannot have it?"

"If they do that," Nick adds, "then they have to take IN GOD WE TRUST off of all the coins, all the bills; in the courts, they'd have to do the same thing, eliminate God from everything. You can't swear on a Bible anymore—the oath. If you're going to be consistent, you have to do it all the way." He frowns darkly. "They bend the law to suit either you or I, they have this flexibility so that it isn't worth a damn. Everything now is being torn down, so that you no longer believe in it, and what's happening is people are no longer

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believing in America. The prayers in school, the equality, women's lib—you can run the gamut—everything that we were ever taught to believe in is being torn down. The war in Vietnam: I agree, we don't belong there; but we're there. Did we belong in Korea? We didn't belong in Korea, yet you didn't have any of the feelings then that you have now. We don't belong in Vietnam, but, by God, if you're there, do a good job, be proud of yourself, have your family proud of you, do the best job you can possibly do, and maybe it'll be over sooner. Who knows?"

"To come down to the simplest level," Gloria says, "my son parked his bicycle in front of the house to come and get a drink of water and when he went back it was stolen." She pauses to see if she has made the connection clear, that what she and Nick are talking about is all the same thing, because when the country as a whole is falling apart, it's not at all shocking to experience disregard for the law right in front of your home. "It's knowing that what belongs to you in front of your own house is not safe. Which is kind of frightening."

Even more terrifying was the discovery during the past year that ten- and eleven-year-olds in the neighborhood were being stopped and offered a wide variety of narcotics. It never happened to Nick, Jr., but it did happen to the older children of people Nick and Gloria knew well. "Luckily," Gloria says, "their mother was aware of what was happening and she sent them down to the Phoenix House."

"I've seen thirteen-year-old mainliners," Nick observes, and then can only shake his head.

"It made no difference if they were poor or rich, or black or white," Gloria explains almost innocently. "It was just *everywhere*. That's what frightens me: While the drug problem was supposedly confined to the uneducated, illiterate or semiliterate, those who didn't know any better, then you could say that these people have 'problems' and if they were 'educated' to the use of . . . so forth and so on. But once it reached Great Neck and the parents were saying, 'Oh, no, not my children,' and then it was in Bayside. . . . And what all these kids wanted was a place to go, and there was no place; their parents had a lot of money to give them, for new cars, but no money for drug centers; this is kind of sick. There's something wrong." She pauses and then adds, "It was so obvious; you couldn't hide it any longer."

When homes in the neighborhood began being broken into—whether or not it was being done by junkies looking for fix money was never determined—and Nick had to drive his mother down to Florida, Gloria slept with a loaded gun under her bed. "A loaded shotgun," Nick says. "She knows how to use it."

"With the handle—would you call it the handle?—sticking out so I could just roll over and pick it up." Gloria smiles wanly, as if to suggest that even having the gun inches away did not necessarily make her feel better.

For Nick, on the other hand, owning

and handling guns is a big part of his life. "I belong to a club, the College Point Rod and Gun Club, where I can fire indoors, once a week in the evenings." Nick owns an impressive range of weapons: a Mannlicher .30-06, a long-range .22-250, a 7mm Magnum, a 6mm Remington, three shotguns, three pistols, an antique rifle and several more. At the club, he was allowed to fire only a pistol or a .22 rifle. "We tried to have rifle ranges built indoors," he recalls, "but the ordinances of the city of New York—it's a joke! It's an abomination. And *then* they have the long-arm registration of guns. I don't think they have the right to know how many rifles I have, or shotguns. All of my firearms are legal, every one of them is registered. What they could do, they could register me as an owner of firearms, but to know exactly what I have, I don't like it. Because any time they want, they can walk into my house and say, 'Mr. Caraturo, you own this, this, this, this and this'"—he is running a finger down an imaginary list—"and that's it. And that's what happened in Germany, that's what happened in Russia, that's what happened in Italy: They knew exactly who had the firearms and exactly what they had. Nobody is allowed to disarm me. No one. I have committed no crimes in my life; I do a little hunting and whatever I kill, I eat. I do target shooting, because the precision of it appeals to me." As far as registration preventing another Kennedy assassination, Nick thinks it's all a pipe dream. "All legal sportsmen register their guns. I'm a life member of the National Rifle Association and"—he hesitates once again, knowing all this has been said and heard before, but he believes it firmly—"the day that they can get all the criminals to register their guns, then mine should be registered also. But if they take them away from all the sportsmen, all the clubs, the organizations, the criminals are *still* going to have them."

This is part of that logic, that expression of common sense Nick Caraturo has always understood and respected. It should apply to everything; it seems now to apply to nothing. The whole feeling of urban life and the attitude of people who should be enforcing the law and seeing to it that decent people get their fair shake, all of it has metamorphosed so that a man like Nick Caraturo, who has worked hard all his life and has never asked anyone for any kind of handout, is being threatened from all sides by people who refuse to live by the rules. "They're pushing their ideas on politics, on socioeconomic conditions, and they aren't doing it in a normal manner. For instance, the SDS and the Weathermen; I mean, these people want to fool with guns, dynamite. . . . If I had one of them here, I would



"I am not abusing myself, Mom. I'm trying to achieve satori."

actually beat him into a pulp, because there's absolutely no reason in the world to blow up buildings, have people endangered—for what? Granted that the United States was built on revolution and contrary to law—breaking the law—but we have a workable system and they're tearing it down. They're imposing fears on people that they have no right to do. People are afraid to go to work; they don't know if their building will be blown up. I mean, is this fair to everyone? I don't think they have the right."

Nick Caraturo used to know and be able to see where everything had come from, where it was at any given moment and—almost more important than anything else, because it offered the average citizen an internal, spiritual sense of security—where it was all going. All that seems gone, torn to shreds and burned in the fires of too many riots, too many protests, too many demonstrations. As for demonstrators, political or otherwise, he says, "I'll meet any one of them anywhere in the world on a track field, on a pistol range or rifle range, and let's see how good they are." It is, finally, the ultimate expression of the American ethic; this was the justice that made America great. "They want to fool with dynamite," Nick says. "It isn't anything to fool around with. I know. I reload my own ammunition. I strive for accuracy. And I think there are a lot of people that feel the same way I do: If they want to prove that they're superior, I'll do it on any field in the world, in any sport they want. They want to go in the ring and box, I'll box them in the ring. I'd rather have it that way, where it's completely organized, an individual against an individual, and we'll go on the field and do it that way. Any way they want to do it. But I *won't* have anybody behind my neck!"

After this, there is nothing left to say. It is late and there are only a few days left. Outside, away from Gloria and her mother, Nick looks up at the metallic orange-dark night of the city sky. He and Gloria have lain awake so many nights wondering aloud whether their decision was right. Every time they think of their son, they know it is absolutely right. "I'll come back and fight, if I have to," Nick says quietly, "but my kid—I don't want that for him." He grows even more reflective and then says, "I grew up with my prejudices. You know: 'Nigger bastard,' 'Jew bastard,' but I don't want any of that for him. I want him to grow up clean, so I figure the only way is to get out where he won't be getting all that kind of stuff all the time."

The day before their departure, a van came to pick up the things being



"Boy, am I freaked out!"

shipped to Australia. There wasn't much: some glasses Gloria had bought Nick shortly after they were married, two vases of Nick's that had been handed down from grandfather to father to son, a mirror belonging to Gloria's mother, Nick, Jr.'s Sting-Ray bicycle and his baseball cards, and all of Nick's guns. Watching the things go, Gloria looks around at the furniture that is staying because the new owner of the house bought it all, and says, "When we sold our car and canceled the insurance, and we started getting rid of things, we found that we lived comfortably without so many things; it was a very strange feeling and it made us realize even *more* that we didn't need these things to be happy." The strange perspective lent them by their impending departure made them suddenly see their closest friends in a new and somewhat distressing light. "Before we decided to go, life was not happy, but we didn't know why," Gloria explains, "until we started realizing all these things, and then we looked at our friends and we saw our friends were under tensions that we had never realized, because we had never realized that we were under these tensions. Most of our close friends are very sad that we're leaving. And we aren't sad at all. It's a very peculiar feeling. We're thrilled that we're going, yet they're very unhappy to be losing us. And that feeling, to know we're going to be missed— And yet we've got such a clear feeling that this is the right thing to do and it's such a good thing."

As for the rest of America and the rigors of their existence, Nick says,

"How many slobes would fight it? They just trudge along. They have the blinders on."

"I think," Gloria says guardedly, "people are just—dumb. They're beaten; they just give in."

"They're completely gone," Nick says, "and they just go trudging along. I'm not. I'm not going to trudge along carrying somebody else on my back."

Eight close friends in three cars took the Caraturos to Kennedy airport on a Friday in September. Nick went off with one of them to have one last drink. There wasn't a damn thing left to talk about—Nick had faced this sad truth too many times in the past weeks to try to revive fallen spirits and flagging conversations; he and Gloria were thinking Australia and their friends were living America—so they just had a drink and stared out the big windows and watched the ungainly-looking jumbo jets glide slowly in over the tops of buildings. Nick's cousin suddenly appeared and yelled, "Come on! The plane's going to leave!" Nick ran to where his hand baggage was, grabbed it and started off after the rest of his family. Something made him stop and turn around. There were his closest and dearest friends in the whole world watching him go. They were all crying. He dropped his bags and rushed back to where they stood, enfolding each in one last embrace. Then he turned, retrieved his things and rushed onto the plane.

"That was it," he said a few days later. "I closed the book. As far as I was concerned, that ended the United States for me."



FREDERICK FORSYTH *making a killing*

THOUGH THE AUTHOR of the international best seller *The Day of the Jackal*, about an almost perfect plot to assassinate Charles de Gaulle, has been likened to Len Deighton and John Le Carré, Frederick Forsyth doesn't consider the comparison apt. "Those fellows are serious writers and, frankly, I got in it for the money," the 33-year-old Englishman says, his tongue only partly wedged in his cheek. "In January 1970, I decided it was time to make some. And with just \$20 on hand, a book is the only way to make it fast; all you need is a typewriter, two ribbons and 500 sheets of paper." That, perhaps, plus the experience as a foreign correspondent, Forsyth had going for him. After several years as a pilot with Britain's Royal Air Force, he joined Reuters news agency at 23 and was sent to Paris in 1962. At that time, the French OAS (Secret Army Organization) was mounting numerous attempts on De Gaulle's life because of his "betrayal" of French interests

LaDONNA HARRIS *Indian powerhouse*

ONE HALF of her heritage has been massacred, evicted, hornswoggled and disenfranchised by the other, but LaDonna Harris is proud of both rootstocks of her family tree. Understandably, though, the 40-year-old activist, mother of three and wife of U. S. Senator Fred Harris spends more time sticking up for her Comanche half; the Irish-Americans seem to be doing pretty well on their own. Mrs. Harris is the founder and president of Americans for Indian Opportunity, a Washington, D. C.-based private organization that acts as a sort of catalyst for Indian self-help projects, offering technical assistance and fund-raising know-how to groups struggling for such objectives as local control of education (thousands of young Indian children are still shipped to faraway Federal boarding schools); establishment of legal-aid facilities; help for small businesses; and wise investment of hard-won tribal reclamation payments. LaDonna, whose parents separated shortly after her birth, was raised by her Indian grandmother and grandfather—the latter a prosperous farmer and medicine man whose property lay just across the creek from the Cotton County, Oklahoma, holdings worked by a white tenant-farming family named Harris. The Harrises had a son, Fred; he and LaDonna became high school sweethearts and were married in 1949. Working as a baby sitter and librarian, LaDonna helped put her husband through the University of Oklahoma and its law school, then saw him establish a practice and a promising political career, one that encountered its first major setback last November, when he had to abandon his Presidential campaign for lack of funds. Undaunted, LaDonna has intensified her efforts on behalf of neglected Indians. "Bitterness is no good in itself," she says. "We must project a new image of ourselves, working independently and with white people." As a woman, LaDonna believes, she's ideally suited for that task. "It's easier for women to cross racial and political lines," she says. "We tend to see the woman first, then her color, and then her party."

in Algeria. It was in this period that Forsyth conceived his story of a hired English killer known only by the code name Jackal. "The Jackal is a composite of three people I knew then," he says. "One was a professional assassin, another an espionage agent and the third a London socialite." But before Forsyth could get around to writing the half-fact, half-fiction book, journalistic assignments intervened; first he covered East Germany and Czechoslovakia, then Paris again and finally the Nigeria-Biafra war, which provided material for his incisive Britain-indicting book *The Biafra Story*. Although he's now made his mark with *The Day of the Jackal* (shortly to go before the cameras of director Fred Zinnemann), the London-based author is writing another thriller, the subject of which he won't reveal for fear of tipping off his sources. If it's just half as compelling as his first, Forsyth's sure to make an even bigger killing: raking in still more accolades—and profits.

ON THE SCENE



GEORGE WILEY *mothers' helper*

In 1957, he received a Ph.D. from Cornell and, eight years later, was awarded tenure as an associate professor of chemistry at Syracuse University. Seemingly, George Wiley had found his place in the comfortably settled academic world. Not so. While at Syracuse, Wiley became a civil rights activist and, after a year and a half, he left teaching to work for James Farmer at CORE. Wiley's overview of the racial situation confirmed, not surprisingly, that the "economic issue is the most basic problem affecting black people." Feeling that he wanted to battle poverty—for all people, not just blacks—on what he calls the grass-roots level, Wiley and three other CORE alumni started, in 1966, a group that became the National Welfare Rights Organization. He describes it as "a nationwide organization of poor people carrying on activities to get changes in [welfare] legislation." Though the full-time staff remains small, N. W. R. O. now numbers more than 100,000 dues-paying mem-

bers (most of whom are women). Its long-range goals include the establishment of a \$6500 minimum wage for a family of four, but its immediate concern is to tell those eligible for welfare payments about their rights. "There has always been a tremendous backlog of people eligible for welfare, who literally live from day to day," says Wiley. Much of his activity occurs in the courts, but he also leads his group in more militant tactics, including one daylong take-over of Health, Education and Welfare's Washington offices. Despite the uninvited visit, one HEW official has described National Welfare Rights as "the principal group representing the poor." Whenever Wiley gathers his female legions for a picket line or a sit-in, the result is highly organized disruption. As one strong Wiley admirer, political reporter Robert Sherrill, says, Wiley is "one of the sharpest guys in Washington. . . . He works for all those welfare mothers and they're really the toughest mothers I've seen."

THE LAST CARROUSEL (continued from page 126)

men craned their necks like trackmen, but she lowered the bell, as if having second thoughts. Then suddenly threw up her hands, as if pleading. "For God's sake, men, don't go tellin' total strangers what you're about to see! You'll spoil it for your friends!" She waited to assure herself nobody was going to tell. Several more marks joined us from the midway while she still held the bell aloft.

"Gentlemen! If there's anyone here who can't control his passions when we get back there, I'll have to ask him to step forward and have his money refunded at the box office! No money refunded once the performance has begun!" Nobody stepped forward. She tinkled the bell at last.

"Awful sex acts goin' on right this way, gentlemen," the Roughie-referee directed us. "Step this way, gentlemen, for awful sex acts!" He was holding a sombrero into which we each dropped a dime as we passed into the partitioned rear of the tent.

"You handle quite a few jobs around here," I observed as I paid him.

"Why not?" he remarked cheerfully. "It's my tent."

A crude wooden cubicle, octagonal, with shutters at the height of a man's eyes, waited in the flickering gloom. We stood around it while crickets began choring to a generator's beat. The Roughie came in, wearing a coin bag around his neck. "Get your nickels here, boys," he advised us, "two for a dime and five for a quarter, see the little ladies shiver and shake. You pay for the ridin', but the rockin' is free!" I had to wait in line to get change for a dime. A gramophone began playing inside the cubicle:

Ain't she sweet?

See her coming down the street!

I put in a nickel, the shutter lifted and Hannah the Half-Girl Mystery's long, indolent eyes looked straight into mine. She was wearing a red veil tied in a great bow about her hips and a green veil about her breasts. She moved her hips and breasts gently as the gramophone droned on:

Now I ask you very confidentially

Ain't she sweet?

The shutter closed. I put in my other nickel hurriedly. This time she had closed her eyes and was smiling faintly. The gramophone began another inquiry:

How come you do me like you do? . . .

I ain't done nuth-in' to you.

And *click*. Another nickel shot.

"Mighty short nickel's worth," I complained to the ex-referee.

"Ain't *nothin'* to what's comin' next, son," he assured me, "and no charge

whatsoever for this next show—just keep your voice and your head down, right this way." I stooped to keep from bumping my head as he raised the next flap and then stepped into the ultimate mystery of a wide and stilly night. A full moon was just starting to rise. I stumbled across tent stakes until I'd regained the midway.

Under the new moon's coppery light, the fair seemed strangely changed. The dust that rose down its long midway, catching that light, looked like metallic flecks restlessly drifting. A glow, like beaten bronze, burnished the sides of tents that by day had been mottled gray. And the faces of the men and women behind the wheels and the stands and the galleries looked out more ominously than before.

The dark woman's plea of "*¡Avanza! ¡Avanza!*" sounded more pleading and the calliope cried *La Paloma* more urgently now. An air of haste stirred the dark pennons, as if to hurry the tempo of pleasure along. Everyone began moving a little faster, as though time were running out: All lights might darken at the same moment and never come on again.

"Spin 'er, mister!" Someone was challenging the wheel in a wheel-of-fortune tent. "Dublin' up! Let 'er spin! This is my night! Cash on the barrel!" A clinking of silver dollars followed and I hurried over to watch.

If the aging man in the paint-stained cap was having a winning night, he looked to me it must be the first winning night of his life. "Takin' the six!" he announced like an auctioneer. "And the nine!"

"Only one number to a player," said the wheelman, refusing the Cap's double bet. He looked worried.

"Afeerd I'll beat you *both* numbers, mister?" the Cap taunted the wheelman, yet the wheelman still refused him. I felt the Cap slipping a silver dollar into my hand as he whispered, "*Put this on the nine for me, son.*" I immediately liked his plan of putting something over on the wheelman.

The wheel clicked fast, slowed at 5-6-7-8, then nudged onto 9 and stopped. All the poor wheelman could do was shake his head ruefully and complain, "This is the worst streak of bad luck I've ever run into," while he paid me 12 silver dollars. When I slipped them to my backer, he returned one as a token of his appreciation, whispering, "Play this for yourself, son." I was careful to wait until the wheelman stepped back from the wheel before I put it down. Nobody was working monkey business on *me*.

I put the dollar on 7. The wheel almost stopped on 6, then nudged over onto 7!

"We're killing him!" the Cap cried joyously.

The wheelman stacked the \$12 I'd won just out of my reach. Then stacked 20 of his own beside them and asked me casually, "Try for the jack pot, son?"

"*Take him up,*" the Cap urged me in the same hoarse whisper.

"I don't know how it works," I confessed in a whisper almost as hoarse.

"You get the chance at the twenty-dollar jack pot because you won twice in a row, son. You don't have to bet on a number, you can bet on color 'n' that gives you a fifty-fifty instead of just a thirteen-one chance, 'n' if you bet on both color and number and you hit both, you get paid double on top of thirteen-one, making twenty-six-one 'n' a chance at the twenty-dollar gold piece—"

"*Red!*" I shouted. But the wheelman just stood waiting.

"*It costs a dollar to bet on the color, because the fifty-fifty pay-off gives you too big an edge over the house—that's the rules of the game, son.*" I put a dollar of my own down and the wheel, sure enough, stopped on the red 5.

"Hit *again!* I never seen anything like it!" the Cap exulted and I wished he weren't so loud about it. He was attracting the attention of people on the midway. "Whoo-eee! This kid is a gambler! Pay the kid off, mister!" he threatened the wheelman loudly enough for the whole fair to hear. I didn't see any need for threats, because the man was already stacking my winnings in three neat piles.

I decided not to press my luck. "I'll just take my thirty-two," I told him.

"*Play,*" the Cap hissed in my ear. "*You can't quit now.*" Only this time, he wasn't advising. Now he was *telling*. I felt someone standing right behind me, but I didn't turn to see if it was anyone I knew. I just gave the Cap a fixed smile and then turned it on the wheelman so he wouldn't think I liked the Cap more than I liked him.

"Try for sixty, sport?" he asked.

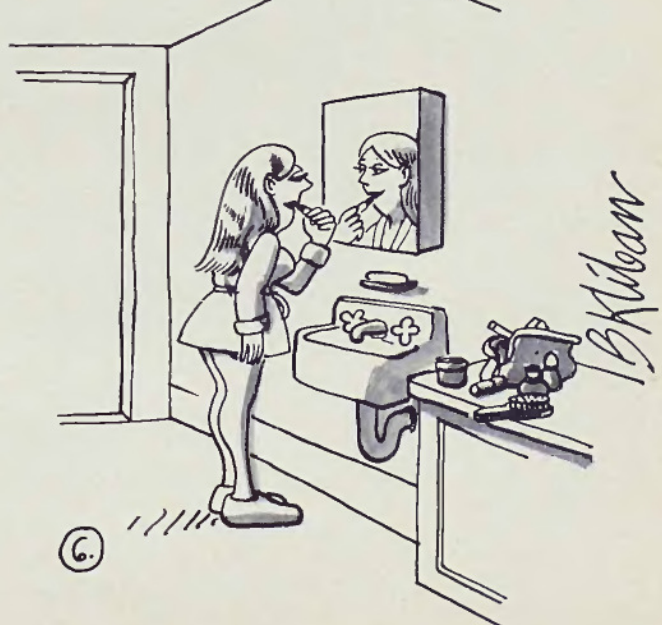
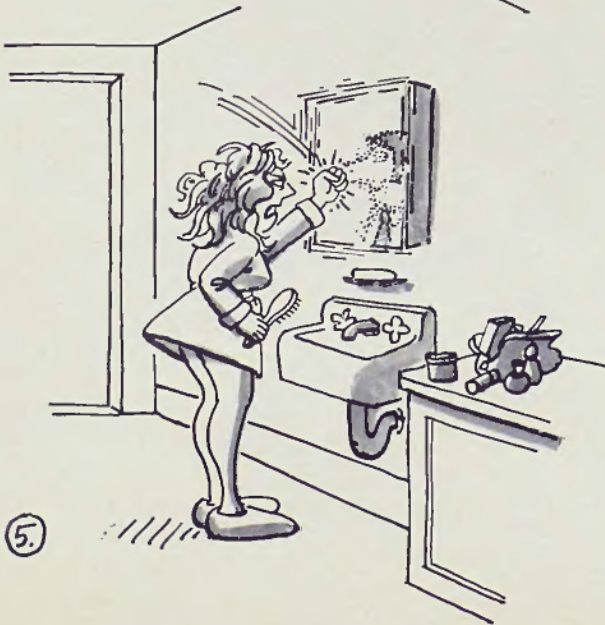
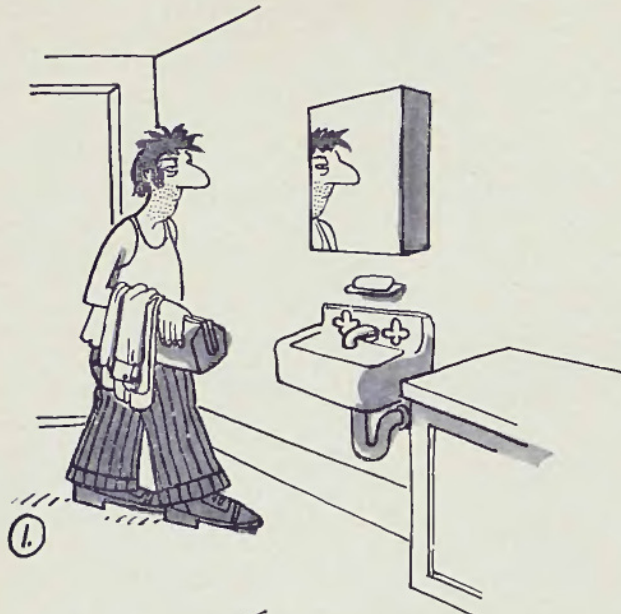
"Sure thing," Sport agreed. "Make it or break it on the black."

"It costs five dollars to try for sixty," the Cap informed me. "Rules of the game." Could he be making those rules up as he went along?

"I don't have five, I have only two," I lied, because I didn't want to go into my right shoe.

"Let him try for two," a voice behind me commanded. The wheelman spun for two. If I won again, I'd have to make a run for it—but it stopped on red zero. The house had recovered its losses, plus three dollars of my own. I turned to go. Nobody was standing behind me.

"Sport!" the wheelman called me back and handed me two quarters. "Get yourself something to eat at a grabstand and



B. Kibean

come back. If you want to go to work."

I went wandering down the thronging midway, clicking my two consolation coins. One was smaller than the other. Why was it somebody was always trying to slip me phony money? I turned it over and saw it had Washington's head engraved upon it. I gave it to a woman selling *tacos* just to try it out. She gave me 15 cents change. Well, I be dawg. That Mexican had been on the up-and-up, after all. With the ten-dollar bill in my shoe and 40 cents in my hand, I had enough to go courting! I worked my way through the throng toward Hannah the Half-Girl's tent.

The ex-referee was sitting on the bally stand chewing a blade of grass, looking as if he'd been put together with wire, then sprayed with sand. A sinewy, freckled, sandy-haired, pointy-nosed little terrier of a fellow of any age between 30 and 50.

"Stick around for the girlie show, son," he hustled me the moment he saw me. "You never seen anything like it."

"I've already seen the show, sir," I let

him know. "May I ask you something?" "Ask away."

"Is that wheel down the midway on the up-and-up?"

"Every show on the grounds is honest, son," he assured me, looking me straight in the eye.

"Reason I ask is that I lost three dollars playing it and that gave rise to some doubt," I explained. "I feel better now."

"Nobody wins *all* the time, son."

The dark woman came up, walking as though she were wearied out. Behind her the Half-Girl put her head and torso out of the tent. I hoped that that *really* wasn't *all* there was to her. Then the rest of her emerged on two sturdy legs and began moving toward us. I kept my eyes on the man and the woman. When she came up, I caught a faint scent of clove and lavender.

"Oh, they're nice enough," I hastened to assure the tent people. "One of them loaned me half a dollar and told me to come back if I wanted to go to work. It's the wheel with the Navaho blanket nailed up in back."

"That's Denver Dixon's," the man informed me. "You're in good hands, son." He added, to the girl, "Dixon has offered this young man a position." All three then looked me up and down, as though one thought were in all their minds.

"I can see how he'd prove useful," the woman decided for them all.

"We take care of Dixon's boarding-house," the girl put in. "It's where you'll stay if you work for him. If you come back here at closing, we'll drive you out."

"I appreciate your hospitality, miss," I assured her.

The man put out his hand. "Name of Bryan Tolliver," he told me. "My wife Jessie. My daughter Hannah."

"That's spelled T-a-l-i-a-f-e-r-r-o," the girl explained. Now, how had a sandy little man held together by wire and a woman as weary and heavy as that gotten themselves a girl so lovely?

WELCOME TO

DIXON'S SHOWFOLKS BOARDING HOME
SPANISH COUSINE A SPECIALTY

Everything was settled, yet nothing was settled. Hard times had taken the people apart and hard times had put them back together: some with parts missing, some with parts belonging to others, some with parts askew, yet others with extra parts they hadn't learned how to handle. The times themselves had come apart and been put together askew.

Doggy Hooper, the shill in the paint-stained cap, had been a railroad clerk on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe for 20 years. Now he showed me how he'd made Denver Dixon's wheel stop at 9 by a wire attached to his shoe, how he'd stopped it at 7, and then how he'd stopped it on red zero when I'd bet on the black 11. Doggy replayed such small triumphs with the air of a man who'd made a killing on Wall Street.

"'N' that's the way we flap the jays!" he grinned up at me, but a bit to the side, because his right eye was slightly turned out. "It's how we move the minches 'n' give the rubes dry shaves"—and he did a bit of a jig.

"Son," he suddenly said seriously, "do you have so much as a flash notion of how much people will pay for the chance of losing their shirts?"

I didn't have a flash notion. He showed me a pair of dice, which I had only to weigh in my palm to tell were loaded.

"I wouldn't play against you with these," I told him.

"Even if I told you *beforehand* they were loaded, that what I had in mind was to cheat you?"

"Surely not."

He stuck a finger at my chest. "You



"Goddamn it, Walbrook, there must be a woman somewhere out there who can use a few dollars!"

wouldn't *now*. But you will, son. You will." And he walked away.

The Atchison, Topcka & Santa Fe had made a good move in getting this old man away from their rolling stock, I concluded. He'd sprung a coupling and been left on a spur.

Doggy Hooper's parts didn't match. But then, nothing else around that old strange house matched. Upstairs or down. There were hens in the yard, but when you looked for a rooster, here came a capon.

Denver Dixon himself belonged somewhere else. Six feet, one and slim in the hips, wearing a dark suit sharply pressed, walking so lightly in his Spanish boots with the yellow string of his Bull Durham pouch dangling from his lapel pocket, keeping his face half-shadowed by his Stetson and his drawl pitched to the Pecos, nothing he wore or said would indicate that he'd been born and brought up in Port Halibut, Massachusetts.

Had his big red-white-and-blue boardinghouse sign stood near the state highway, instead of being smeared across the side of a dilapidated stable, that would have seemed less fanciful. Chicken wire, nailed across the stable to prevent horses from leaping its half door, would have made sense had there been a horse inside. But all the stable held was a domino table teetering on a scatter of straw. Where harness and saddles should have been, fishing tackle hung. Kewpies of another day that once had smiled on crowds tossing colored confetti smiled on, though their smiles were now cracked and all the confetti had long been thrown. Along shelves were ducks of wood and cats of tin remembering, among paint cans in which the paint had dried, their shooting-gallery days. An umbrella hung above the Kewpies—what was *that* doing here? A burlap sack marked FEED held nothing but dusty joint togs discarded by belly dancers whose bellies by now had turned to dust.

The deep-sea tackle belonged to Doggy, who'd never come closer to a creature of the deep than to a crawfish in a backwater creek. Yet nobody considered the man strange because he practiced casting, with rod and reel, in ranching country. Once, showing me how to reel in bass, he hooked his line into a bristlecone pine. Then stood purely dumfounded that anything like that could happen to a man in a country of cactus and bristlecone pine. If a blue whale could have been hooked in alfalfa, Doggy Hooper was the man with the bait, sinker and line to haul the awful brute in.

Doggy *liked* beating marks. He liked beating *me*. He beat me at dominoes and he beat me pitching horseshoes—



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and every time he beat me, he called me sport. But he never beat me for money again.

One forenoon I found him crouching before an orange crate half-covered with tar paper. Chicken bones, recently gnawed, littered the crate's uncovered side. A hole, sufficiently large for a small animal to enter, had been cut into the top of the covered section. I thought I heard a faint scurrying in there.

"What is it, Doggy?" I asked. He was too preoccupied with what was going on inside that crate to reply. He drew back without taking his eyes off that hole.

"Did you catch something, Doggy?" I asked. Doggy nodded as much as to say he'd caught something but wasn't pleased about it.

"What did you catch, Doggy?" I asked after another minute. "What's in there?"

"What's in there? What's in there?" he mocked me. "The Thing That Fights Snakes, fool! Now, stand back while I rile it up a little." I backed off.

He drew on a pair of canvas gloves, lowered his cap to protect his eyes and bent to the box once more. He appeared puzzled about something. "Dammed little bugger just et 'n' now he's hongry again," he reported, shaking his head reflectively.

"It is a pure wonder to me, though,"

he reflected, turning back to his captive, "that it'd want *another* rattler so soon. Barely had time to digest *that* one. Where *am* I to find *another*'n?" he asked himself, then answered, "I just plain don't *know*." He stood up, appearing relieved. "Sleeping," he confided to me in a whisper. I bent down over the crate with utmost caution.

The top sprang open and a silver-streaking fury, all fur and fangs, flew at my face. I stumbled backward, wigwagging frantically to protect my eyes, then recovered myself and peered down through my fingers. An eviscerated squirrel, its fur painted silver, lay coiled at my feet. A spring had been wired to its tail and a set of old dentures joined to its jaws.

Doggy began leaping about the yard, his laughter breaking like crockery cracking on stone, holding his stomach for sheer joy of his prank. One can't expect too much of a semiliterate booze fighter, I thought, walking to the house and registering contempt with every step.

Jessie was in her rocker on the porch with a copy of the *Valley Morning Star* on her lap. I took the rocker beside her. A column of coal smoke kept rising from a Southern Pacific switch engine directly across the rutted road into a cloudless and windless sky. Voices, from the

iglesia metodista just down the road, rose in praise of that same sky.

*"En la cruz, en la cruz
Yo primera vi la luz
Y las manchas de mi alma yo lavé
Fue allí por fe yo vi a Jesús
Y siempre feliz con él seré."*

"The papers keep puttin' every killing in Texas on Clyde and Bonnie," Jessie complained. "I know for a fact that Bonnie was in jail at Kaufman when them gas stations at Lufkin was robbed. 'N' it wasn't them that shot down the grocerman at Sherman. That was Hollis Hale 'n' Frank Hardy. Clyde 'n' Bonnie was up in Kansas gettin' married by razzle-dazzle."

"By what?" I asked politely.

"By razzle-dazzle. Flat-ride. Carrousel." "Merry-go-round?"

"No. A merry-go-round is the gambling wheel you're working with Doggy. Could a couple fixing to get married ride *that*?" As a victim of one practical joke that day, and the day still short of noon, I thought it best not to pursue the matter.

"Just one of Mother's pipe dreams," Hannah advised me from the door. She was wearing some kind of hand-me-down burlesque gown, ripped under one arm, to which a few silver sequins still clung. The sun glistened on them so sharply that she canted one arm to shield her eyes, exposing a dark tangle of hair in the pit of the arm. Again I caught that faint scent of lavender or clove, touched now by perspiration.

"If you think me and your pa got married in church," Jessie reminded her sharply, "you'd do well to check with Bill Venable's steam razzle-dazzle in Joplin—'cause it was on that your pa and me got bound in wedlock, holy or not, 'n' don't you go forgettin' it."

And here came Doggy shuffling along with his cap pulled too low over his eyes. Well, let the poor geek tell his sorry joke, I thought, I'll go along with the laugh.

Yet the old man spoke not a word. Simply braced his back against the sun-striped wall with his cap low over his eyes. But when he glanced up, blinking toward the light, I saw his eyes looking inward and his cheeks pale as ash. Jessie gave me a flicker, as if to say she understood something I did not.

"I wasn't *disputing* you, Mother," the girl explained, "I just purely doubt that Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow married that way. After all, they're *not* carnies."

"They wouldn't be the first outlaws rode the flat-ride because they couldn't risk walkin' through a J.P.'s door," Jessie suspected.



"Before we go any further, I have a list of seven positions forbidden by the women's liberation."

"I'm not an outlaw, Mother," the girl caught Jessie up.

"And not much of a carny, neither," Jessie put her down quite as fast.

"All the more reason for me to be married in church instead of on a merry-go-round."

"We don't call it a merry-go-round," I put in authoritatively, "we call it a flat-ride or razzle-dazzle. Merry-go-round is a gambling wheel. Or a lay-down."

"Now," Jessie exulted at Hannah's expense, "you hear *that*? Here's an eye-tinerant college boy turned carny bare a week 'n' he talks better carny than you who was born 'n' bred to tent life."

"I didn't attend college," Hannah explained, taking the rocker beside her mother's. "I want a *church* marriage. By a *preacher*. I'm just not goin' to set on top of some dumb wood brewery horse with a calliope blowing 'n' call *that* marriage."

"Your pa and me rode wood horses driven by steam 'n' we called it marriage," Jessie said reproachfully, "'n' the flat-ride we rode we could have set atop a zebra or a lion if we'd wanted—that razzle-dazzle had a whole *jungle* on it. If we find you a steam-driven ride with a zebra, will you like that better, honey?"

"Mother, try to be serious."

I had the impression that this fanciful debate had been fought, uphill and down, numerous times before. Always about whether it would be a carny or a church wedding; and never a reference to a groom.

It had, of course, to be one of the half brothers who alternated nightly in the roles of the Strong Boy and the Grizzly. Lon Bethea, at 233 pounds, outweighed Vinnie by less than four pounds. Yet their combined 462 pounds of sinew, with the sheen of youth and the shine of health and the poise of power upon it, could hardly have left Hannah Taliaferro less impressed.

When they took her into their Model A in a kind of protective custody each evening, she sat in the back seat flipping the pages of a magazine, while they sat up front matching her indifference with their own.

"It's up to Vinnie and Hannah," Lon would say, resigning himself too easily to losing Hannah.

"If Hannah 'n' Lon make the ride, I'll be their best man." Vinnie was equally gallant. "I'm not agoing to stand in my own brother's way."

"It's awright with me if you marry 'em *both*, sis," Melvin came to his own decision—for which he caught a fast clap on his ear from her.

The Bethea boys hurled themselves into battle night after night, applying airplane spins and turnover scissors, hammer-locking each other, then butting like bulls; stomping each other's



"Ask what's-his-name how he likes the day-care center."

feet, barking each other's shins, then choking each other purple with Gilligan guzzlers; yet they breathed nothing but good will toward men by day.

The S. P. engine shunted a boxcar onto a siding, then raced backward, tootling all the way. "What's *that* fool got to toot about?" Jessie feigned indignation at the engineer. "Because he's driving a yard pig?"

"Goin' backwards is when folks blows their whistles loudest," Doggy decided, "or when they got no mail whatsoever to pick up. Don't I do a lot of tootlin' myself?" he asked. "And what have I got to tootle about? Ain't I been goin' backwards ever since I was born?" he asked in a voice prepared to grieve the whole bright day away.

"I cheated on my folks by playin' hooky," Doggy mourned on, unheeding. "I cheated on my wife with other women. I cheated on my kids by hittin' the bottle. I even cheated countin' boxcar numbers for the Atchison, Topeka 'n' Santa Fe." He paused for dramatic effect. "What else *could* I do? I were only a child.

"Giving the Atchison, Topeka 'n' Santa Fe a wrong count on boxcar numbers wasn't cheating," he explained to clear that point up, "it was a subconscious matter I haven't to this day been able to understand myself." He waited to see if we were interested in this mystery. Nobody was.

"I couldn't report a three if I was counting *inside*," he recalled. "I had to

go outside to do it. I could *not* form that number within walls. Inside, my fingers simply would not *do* it. Had to write another number or go out in the rain."

The little engine raced all the way back toward us, as if the engineer had been listening to our conversation and wanted to put in a word himself. Surely our voices, in that clear bright air, carried far down the tracks. Then he raced back down to the roundhouse and out of sight. Jessie turned toward Hannah.

"And if you're making plans to sew that seam under your arm before it's ripped to your belly button, young woman, I'll loan you a proper needle."

Doggy poked his ferrety face out from under his cap. "Aren't no proper thread." Then he pulled his head back under his cap and began singing challengingly:

*"If he's good enough for Lindy
He's good enough for me
Herbert Hoover is the only man
To be our nation's chief."*

"Good enough for Lindbergh ain't good enough for me," Jessie derided the President, the pilot, Doggy and the song. "Franklin D. Roosevelt is the man to set *this* country free."

"I'll tell you about Roosevelt," Doggy offered: "He's like the bottom part of a double boiler—gets all worked up but don't know what's cookin'. 'N' I'll tell you something, sport." He turned to me. "Any time you get into a town where

the cops don't have uniforms, you can be sure the chow is going to be lousy." Doggy seemed to be coming out of his mood nicely.

"Is Mr. Dixon up yet, Mother?" Hannah asked.

"Gone to town bright 'n' early to pick up the Jew fella," Jessie reported. "Took them two fool wrasslers along." The "Jew fella" was Dixon's wheelman, Little British.

Although Hannah Taliaferro was a sturdy girl, she gave an impression of fragility. She was quick in mind and movement, but, even more, the impression came from that strange personal scent that seemed to mingle clove and lavender with perspiration. Men who fixed their eyes on a distant point when she stood directly before them looked perfect fools to me. I avoided looking the fool simply by shutting my eyes until her mother called her away.

The true mystery about Hannah the Half-Girl Mystery was not how her lower body disappeared at rent time, then reappeared as she swept floors, made beds and turned hot cakes the next morning. It was how, whether bending, walking, turning, resting, stretching itself or just standing still, it became more voluptuous at every reincarnation.

Her carelessness toward her own charms was not the least of her charm. She went about barefoot, wearing nothing but a hand-me-down burlesque gown, once red, now faded to brown. Her nipples, always pointing, as if forever taut, stretched the dress's thin fabric. When she bent down over the table to serve a dish, I saw a skin so tawny that the circles about the nipples were only a hue darker than the breasts themselves.

After that, I'd go upstairs to rest.

Doggy got so drunk, between the stable and the town, that he lay all day Sunday, on his garret cot, paralyzed by exhaustion. By Monday noon, however, he'd recuperated sufficiently to go about consumed with remorse: "No, you don't get a cigarette." I heard him pronouncing various penances upon himself—"you had yours Saturday. No, you don't get any lunch today. You had yours Saturday." All day Monday he denied himself, and part of Tuesday, too. Thursday evening he began letting up a bit on himself. By Saturday, we all knew, he'd be ready for an all-night bender once again.

• • •

On September 1, 1932, the moon moved across the face of the sun and I heard an owl hoot in Dixon's stable just before noon. It was lighter than night, yet darker than day. I'd never seen an owl.

So I went searching the stable's shadows, with a flashlight, in hope of seeing that curious bird. All I saw was Doggy

Hooper huddled in a corner, his eyes staring at me so fixedly I wondered whether it might have been himself who'd hooted. "You playing owl on us, Doggy?" I asked, playing the flashlight on his face.

"Gonna be a shakedown an' a shake-up!" he cried without blinking right into the flashlight's beam. "Union's gonna throw old Doggy out! Roman black snakes after old Doggy!"

An uncorked pint lay on its side, seeping darkly onto the straw. "You're losing good whiskey, Doggy," I told him. His head wobbled, trying to focus on the figure behind the flashlight.

"Awright, Dixon," he muttered, "you come to collect"—he struggled to his feet, holding the wall of the stall for support—"this is the showdown! Showdown. Showup. Shakedown! Shakeup! I'll never borrow another nickel off you the rest of my life! I'll be your sworn enemy!" I had to catch my sworn enemy to keep him from falling and support him into the yard. Hannah came out to help. Between us, we got him up the narrow stairs to the room above the stable.

A Navaho blanket, torn and stained by tobacco juice and whiskey, covered Doggy's cot. A cheap alarm clock ticked on the floor. But Doggy wouldn't lie down. He sat stubbornly on the cot's edge and began croaking lonesomely:

"Mother's voice is gone from the kitchen.

She's teaching the angels to sing—"

"Try to sleep it off, Doggy, dear," Hannah pleaded with him, spoon-feeding hot black coffee into him.

"I'll do anything you fellows can force me to do," he finally conceded. "I'll take anything you can give me so long as I don't have to like it." He took a few spoonfuls of coffee from the girl, then looked at her drowsily. "If you don't behave yourself," he warned her, "I'll stop taking your money." And with that threat he fell back, rolled onto his face and sank into a snoring sleep.

Later I wandered down the road paralleling the S. P. tracks, up to the *iglesia metodista*. The doors were open, though no service was being held. Candles burned in the church's dusty gloom. I sat on the steps and waited for a train to pass in either direction. There was no train nor a rumor of one down the bright rails.

I wandered back to the house and around to the stable, wondering vaguely whether there might be anything left in the bottle Doggy had abandoned. There were half a dozen drops, no more. I drank them and pitched the bottle into a corner. Then saw, in the shadow, the crate that held the Thing That Fights Snakes. The Thing still lay coiled in-

side. I fooled around with its spring until I got it to leap. Then I put the cage in full view of the kitchen window.

"How was the tip Saturday night, sport?" Hannah put her head out the window to ask.

My back toward her, I contemplated the cage and made no reply.

"Did you have a good tip Saturday night, sport?" she repeated a bit louder. I held my silence and my pose. Her bare feet came padding up behind me. "Something happening?" I heard her ask softly.

"Shhh," I shushed her, "it's not finished eating."

"What's eating what?" She came up right beside the box. Apparently, Doggy's contraption was new to her. "What's not finished eating what?"

"Shhh, I might have to rile it up a bit."

"Rile what up, for God's sake? What have you got in there?"

She reached for the box, but I held her back with my hand and shouted, "The Thing That Fights Snakes, fool! Back! Stand back!"

That girl wouldn't back for tigers. Hannah put her eye to the opening. I sprang the catch. The Thing flew, claws, fur and silvered teeth, into her face. She fell back, waving her hands before her eyes, yet made no outcry. For a moment, she stood looking down, until the crazed look in her eyes subsided.

She turned the Thing over with her bare foot. As she turned it onto its back once more, a smile too sly formed on her lips.

Then she came right at me.

Around and around the stable I fled her rage. I had to keep running until she ran out of rage or breath, or stepped on a nail, or all three. Her fingers closed on my shirt, but I ripped away, fainted as if to double back and leaped ahead, gaining enough yardage to take me halfway around the stable once more. Then I stopped short and wheeled about. She barreled head down right into me, spinning me backward into the stable, crashing me against the domino table as she bore her whole weight down on me. The table collapsed above us in a cascade of dominoes. I clapped my hands about her buttocks, arching myself against her. She broke my hold by straddling me and we both lay a long minute then, struggling for breath. She recovered hers first, because I had her weight on my chest. I tried to push her off with my hands against her shoulders, but she pinned both my arms and slipped her tongue deep into my mouth. That kiss drained my remaining strength.

"Your buckle is hurting me," she complained, and released my arms to unbuckle it. Instead, I got my hands around



"Oh, come, Franz . . . you can finish that symphony later."

her buttocks again. They were round and firm as new melons. I hauled her panties down nearly to her knees. She slipped half on her side to kick them off; when they caught on her ankles, she gave a wild kick and sent them flying toward the stable wall. That gave me my chance to roll out from under. I got halfway out and pressed her back with all the strength I had.

She was nearly pinned before she gathered her own strength and I felt myself being forced back inch by inch. In a flash it came to me why she was evading those heavy brothers. This girl wasn't going to be pinned under *anybody*: She could not bear it. Either *she* did the pinning or nothing was going to happen. She entwined her thighs about mine. I thrust upward at the same moment that she thrust down. She gasped with the pain that turns so quickly to pleasure. There was a fast flash of light behind her shoulder and I knew the stable door was standing wide. Then I heard a hoarse cry from far away. I blacked out.

I came to hearing my own cry dying hoarsely in my throat. A moment later, utterly spent, eyes closed, I felt her weight leaving me at last. When I opened my eyes I saw Hannah, silhouetted against the light, scuffling through the straw of the stable floor.

"Lose something?" I asked her.

"My underpants."

"What color were they?"

She glanced over at me. "What kind of question is *that*?"

"Because if they were pink, it must be

somebody else's white pair hangin' over that paint can over your head."

I'd caught the sun's glint on the panties' white fringe, draped across the can out of which a brush was still sticking. It stood on a shelf behind and above her head. She snatched the panties down. Then, half rueful and half laughing, she held them up for me to see.

"Now, look what that Doggy Hooper done!"

The panties were dripping with silver hoof paint. It seemed that Doggy had half roused himself from sleep and had come down to do some redecorating. He was gone now, but he had daubed everything within reach. This brought heavy worry to my mind.

"Give me a couple minutes to get to the house," I asked her. "I don't want to spoil your marriage plans."

"Those boys wouldn't hurt you even if they did find out," she assured me. I wasn't that sure. I took a long swing around the house, so that I could approach from the front.

Jessie and Lon were taking their ease in the front-porch rockers. The rocker holding Lon looked ready to crumble beneath all that brawn. He was shirtless. That bear's head, tattooed on his right biceps, began studying me with its two small red eyes.

"I suppose Doggy went and told you of the practical joke he pulled on me," I asked as soon as I reached the step, my plan being to start asking questions before anyone started asking me anything.

"He jumped a dead squirrel out of a

box on me once," Lon recalled. "I hit him with the box. He ain't tried it again."

But where was Vinnie? Had he been watching the athletics in the stable from his upstairs room? Had he come down the back stairs softly to see what was going on? Had he then conferred with Lon? Had they already set up a plan to catch me that night on the carry grounds? Had they taken Jessie and Bryan in on it? If they consulted Denver Dixon, would *he* speak a word in my defense?

"Clyde Barrow 'n' Bonnie Parker kidnaped an officer of the law," Jessie said. "Drove him around New Mexico all day before letting him go."

I couldn't have cared less that the law had been outwitted again. "I reckon I'll ride out tonight with Mr. Dixon," I said, forestalling Lon's usual offer.

"Suit yourself, sport," he said cheerfully.

"There won't be much of a tip tonight," Jessie guessed. "The sand is starting to blow."

I went up the footworn stairs to the little room beneath the eaves. Heat was piling up between the walls. A small clock was making a muted ticking. I like news of some lost time too dear for losing.

Fifty-odd years from the bourn of his mother, \$22 in debt to Dixon, face down on the cot where he always fell, one palm outflung as if to say "*Shent it all!*" Doggy Hooper was sleeping it off, fully clothed.

I stretched out on my cot, hearing voices mingling on the porch below. I fell asleep thinking I'd heard Lon speaking my name to Vinnie. Or was it Vinnie to Lon?

In sleep I felt something near and endangering. I struggled to waken. And quite clearly, though framed by a bluish mist, two massive dogs, sitting their haunches, waited for me to waken.

When I woke at last, Doggy was gone. Sand was tapping the eaves. I listened for something else but heard nothing. The small clock had stopped ticking and the wind was blowing up.

The carry folks were gathered about Dixon's board; but I passed the door as if I had somewhere else to go. I went out onto the porch and watched the wind swirling sand between the S. P. ties.

Dixon and Little British drove up, British at the wheel. I climbed into the rear seat.

"Doggy's off on a bender," I told Dixon. British made a U turn. As he straightened the car out toward the state highway, I glanced back and saw, briefly yet clearly, a pair of silver-colored panties hanging above the stable door like a challenge.

Like a challenge? It *was* a challenge. A challenge to Jessie and Bryan, as well



Clayton

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as to the Betheas. That girl was going to bring on a family row *deliberately*.

To get out of marrying either of the brothers? Or to get out of her role as the Half-Girl? It had to be one or both. Because Hannah wasn't so thoughtless as to hang her silver-colored panties up to dry on a chicken wire in full view of the kitchen. There simply was no way of explaining away that garment, shining with silver hoof paint. She was going to blow up the family circle. And whether I got my neck broken in the ensuing row was, it was plain enough, a matter of no concern at all to Hannah.

My heart didn't spin with the wheel that night. Everything, it seemed, had stopped with Doggy Hooper's clock. Something had ended; yet nothing new had begun. And in that interval, I had to be more alert than usual, because I was working with Dixon instead of Doggy. In Doggy's absence, Dixon had wired the gaff to his own shoe, while I fronted the marks for him, one by one.

"Don't let your luck get away, mister," I encouraged a Mexican old

enough to know better. "All you have to do is hit the red to get the thirty-dollar jack pot!"

It cost that one two dollars to try for the \$30 jack pot, while signals went flying between Dixon and British. When they had eight dollars of the man's money, British wanted to get rid of him, but Dixon felt he'd stand more gaffing. They built the fool up to a \$100 jack pot, and I helped by confusing and encouraging him at the same time, until the man had gone for \$30 out of his own pocket. Then he turned back to the midway with his collar awry, sweat on his forehead and a dazed look in his eye.

As Jessie had foreseen, the tip was thin that evening. Some of the tent flaps were already down, though it was still two hours until closing. Only the flat-ride seemed to be doing normal business. I judged, by its calliope crying *La Paloma* without ceasing. When I told Dixon I wanted to walk down to a grabstand because I'd missed supper, he gave me the nod to leave.

As I made the rounds of the joints,

chewing a *taco*, sand was blowing so high that the lights of the Ferris wheel's lower half looked like lights seen under shifting waters.

I'd known, as soon as I'd seen that girl's panties above the stable door, that this was my last night at the Jim Hogg County Fair. But my mind was so dull from the heat and the heavy day, I couldn't think clearly about a means of getting away.

When I went back to Dixon's wheel, there was an old woman in a black-lace mantilla waving her arms at Dixon and British. That is, her tears and Spanish cries made her seem old, but when I went up, I saw she was hardly 30. I hung back, trying to understand a few words of her Spanish rage.

All I caught was "thieves" and "husband." That cleared matters up. She was, most likely, the wife of the Mexican we'd just sheared.

By rights, as one of the hands in the shearing, I ought to be right up there taking some of the fire. On the other hand, what was I doing flapping the jays, anyhow? I didn't belong on any midway.

She was pointing a finger directly at Little British, feeling that *he* was the villain of the plot. Then Dixon put one hand on her shoulder and I saw him reaching for his wallet with the other. He wasn't going to risk having the sheriff shut his wheel down. And possibly the whole fair.

I took two steps backward, turned slowly away and began walking through the dust storm like a man walking through rising waters. I put a bandanna to my mouth and nose, as if to keep out sand. But it was also, I felt, a disguise. I held it there while moving against the crowd of marks coming in, despite the dust, under the papier-mâché arch with its legend: JIM HOGG COUNTY FAIR.

Then I ran for it.

I got over the same fence I'd scaled a week before and mounted the embankment before I looked back. In those few moments of flight, the whole sky had darkened. A swirling darkness was enveloping the tents. Yet the calliope went on crying.

And the merry-go-round kept circling, circling, though its red, yellow, blue and green lights were blind with dust. Finally, the calliope began to subside. The merry-go-round was going around for the last time.

Then the music stopped and pennons and tents, grabstands and galleries, Kewpies and carnies and gaff wheels and all, were lost in a rising dust wind.

Blowing forever away from home.



"What's obscene to me, Myrtle, is my son wanting to stick me away in some retirement home."

Beware of good looking stereos.

The showrooms are full of them.

Which only goes to prove that anybody can make a stereo system that looks good.

Fine oiled hardwoods. Impressive rows of dials and levers. Fancy indicator lights. They're all part of the show.

But if you're proud to show it off, will you be as proud to turn it on?

We can talk this way because we're very definitely a part of that show.

We make Sony compact stereo systems.

And we'll admit they're as beautiful to look at as the handsomest stereo systems around.

But that's no reason to buy one.

What happens when you listen to one is.

That's the time to choose.

What you'll be listening to is a Sony amplifier, with an FM-AM Sony stereo tuner and a Dual, Garrard or BSR record changer built in.

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Connected, of course, to two separate Sony speaker systems.

There are ten Sony all solid state compact stereo systems to listen to priced from about \$150 to about \$400.

Years of making separate stereo components have taught us the right way to make compact all-in-one stereo components.

Years of making even our own transis-



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After you've given all the good looking stereos in the showroom a good look, give them a good listen, too.

The least your compact stereo system should do is look good.

Take care that's not also the most it does.

SONY
We don't just look good.

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you bet your life (continued from page 92)

course. I want to die peacefully, in bed." Nuvolari laughed, then said, "Well, then, my friend, please tell me where you find the courage to go to sleep each night."

Ironically, Tazio Nuvolari died in bed, an old man.

There is little evidence of sadomasochistic traits in men who risk their lives in dangerous sports or occupations. Andreski notes, "Sadism, i.e., the desire to inflict pain, should not be confused, as it often is, with pugnacity, i.e., the desire to fight." To pugnacity might be added the desire to compete, wherein men are attracted to highly dangerous endeavors out of the simple desire to win something. The biggest victories come in the face of the biggest opponents, so men with the greatest courage and skill are naturally attracted to the most imposing challenges. Count Wolfgang von Trips, a fine German racing driver who was killed in the 1961 Grand Prix of Italy, put his desire to compete with the best in stark, pragmatic terms: "I feel I am a good driver and I seek out the best competition. If one is a good skier, he doesn't want to spend his time on the beginners' slopes."

To counter matter-of-fact statements like Von Trips's or Mallory's, some devotees of psychology often dredge up the old death-wish syndrome, which they claim infests anyone who engages in a more hazardous activity than croquet. "That's bullshit," says one top racing driver. "If I want to kill myself so badly, why do I work so hard trying to stay alive?"

While the death wish is a substantive mental-health symptom, there is disagreement among psychiatrists as to how it relates to men who engage in dangerous activities. In fact, the entire question of suicide is the subject of widespread argument within academic circles, and few clear-cut answers exist about the motivations for such acts. Certainly there is a relationship to culture. Most nations with high suicide rates (West Germany, Japan, Austria, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Sweden) have low homicide rates, while nations with high homicide rates (Colombia, Mexico) have low suicide rates. Some psychologists have speculated that countries with strong social cohesion, as in Scandinavia, may force individuals to be more strongly self-accusing and therefore inclined to punish themselves rather than their fellow citizens. Whatever the answer, it appears to be tangled in a fiendishly complicated web of social relationships that defy simple explanation.

Regardless of culture, does an individual have the right to take his own life? In Japan, where the self-accusing syndrome is deeply woven into the fabric of

life, it is socially acceptable. In Western nations, it is considered illegal, immoral and ungodly. As late as 1823, there is a recorded case of a group of Englishmen disposing of a suicide victim by burying him at the roadside with a stake driven through the body. Here again, the powerful self-preservation instincts of the group become evident and suicide is censured because it is an individual act that is in opposition to group needs and an eloquent exposure of the fallibility of the society in which it takes place. In the strict confines of the Judaeo-Christian ethic, it is a negative act of self-will that simply cannot be tolerated. But there is a substantial argument in favor of suicide, based on the simple law of survival of the fittest. If there is such a thing as a death wish, is it not desirable to permit this negative psychic trait to be weeded out of the breed? It can be argued that each time society thwarts a suicide, it is monkeying around with natural selection and most certainly with an individual's right to die. As John Stuart Mill said, "Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

Does this sanction complete freedom in disposing of one's life as he sees fit? Not totally, because few single acts can be isolated in society. A suicide victim may leave a destitute family as wards of the state and a burden to others. By leaping off a building, he may pose a threat to innocent bystanders or prompt unnecessary risks on the part of the police, medical personnel and others responsible for public welfare. Under these circumstances, society does have a franchise in controlling individual destiny. But if the act is voluntary and has no apparent effect on others, there seems to be little justification for preventing it. In sanctioning freedom of will, Mill said, "The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. . . . The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. *His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.*"

Countering this sentiment is the powerful Calvinist feeling infesting Western civilization that claims the one great offense of man is self-will: "Whatever is not a duty is a sin." Is it a sin, therefore, for a great bullfighter like Manolete to become a legend in his own lifetime, then lose his life by goring? Was the death of the great driver Jim Clark against a tree trunk on a German trackside a violation of our moral code? Was the expenditure of 31 lives in trying

to reach the 26,620-foot summit of the Himalayan peak Nanga Parbat an affront to civilized behavior? On the contrary, it would seem that these audacious acts symbolize the courage and diverse spirit in mankind that, if tempered or bred out by an overprotective society, would create future generations as fearful as moles. On the other hand, we have the overt profit seekers, such as Niagara Falls barrel riders, who have made bumbling attempts to gain credibility as heroes and have thereby imperiled the lives of their rescuers. A bad scene for a gang of sorry grandstanders; but at the same time, it seems that the risk and adventure experienced by both the barrel rider and his rescuers is a valid expression of the human spirit. We lament the fate of the poor guys who have to save foolhardy or unlucky adventurers until we recall that they, too, as a vast majority, carry out their work as enthusiastic volunteers.

Dr. Sol Roy Rosenthal, professor of preventive medicine at the University of Illinois College of Medicine and medical director of the Research Foundation in Chicago, is taking a hard, scientific look at what he calls "risk exercise." Dr. Rosenthal, an avid horseman and fox hunter, discovered some years ago that he found a greater sense of exhilaration by engaging in strenuous sports involving physical hazard than he did in participating in equally rigorous but perfectly safe activities. Trying to pinpoint this sense of "euphoria," as he calls it, Dr. Rosenthal embarked on a detailed but as-yet-incomplete research project into risk exercise. His thesis is this: For millenniums, primitive man was equipped, in a physical and mental sense, to risk his life in the routine activities of gathering food and protecting his family. But as more refined civilization evolved, the risk factor became a less necessary part of man's normal life style. As a substitute, he created artificial risk exercises. In fact, Dr. Rosenthal is inclined to believe that calculated risks, either physical or mental, are key factors to a normal life. They may, he conjectures, be intimately connected to physical and mental health and even to the very process of human aging and evolution.

After questioning thousands of participants in risk-exercise activities, Dr. Rosenthal found that a very large percentage reported a sensation of elation or euphoria upon completion of the exercise. At the present time, he is expanding his research in an effort to ferret out the biochemical reasons for this stimulation. Like the well-known liberation of adrenaline as a reaction to fear, or the release of adrenal-pituitary hormones into the blood stream during various stress situations, it is possible that certain biochemical changes take place in the body



"Look at it how you will—Alice is a fine, big girl!"

during risk-exercise activity. If Dr. Rosenthal can isolate this substance or substances, it may have widespread medical applications in the treatment of depression and other mental problems. Whether or not this can be done, Dr. Rosenthal still feels he has accumulated sufficient evidence to support his concept and maintains that some kind of risk exercise is essential to the well-being of all balanced individuals.

. . .

Our space adventures have been decried as extravagant wastes of money, as doubtless there were denunciations of Magellan's expedition, every polar trip and each individual act of risk involving a test of man against self or nature. In this regard, the German philologist Wilhelm von Humboldt noted the "individuality of power and development" within men and claimed that "individual vigor and manifold diversity" combine themselves in a critical expression of

"originality"—certainly a human trait that should never be eliminated.

Protesting what he referred to as "the tyranny of the majority," John Stuart Mill gives a powerful endorsement to the entire question of risk taking and an individual's right to die in a manner he finds appropriate by saying "that mankind are not infallible; that their truths, for the most part, are only half-truths; that unity of opinion, unless resulting from the fullest and freest comparison of opposite opinions, is not desirable, and diversity not an evil, but a good, until mankind are much more capable than at present of recognizing all sides of the truth, are principles applicable to men's modes of action, not less than to their opinions."

Surely, if Maurice Wilson and George Mallory could speak from their graves on the heights of Mount Everest, they would heartily agree.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 70)

we began making an enormous number of tools that made the tools. For the shells that were going to be fired by the cannons, all we needed was a special die on a punch press. But we could change that die and make lamps instead. What we were really acquiring was a production capability, and the country acquired an extraordinary wealth. But we were so dumb we didn't know we were doing it. The Allies' purchasing agent, J. P. Morgan, bought all America's production and used up all the world's monetary gold—30 billion dollars. Then they went on credit for another 30 billion, but they still hadn't tapped the productivity of America. The only way to get it really going was to get America into the war, so the great propaganda was that democracy was at stake, and we were all brought out to save democracy.

America produced a million men to send across the ocean, and with her enormous technology, spurred on by the war, created a vast amount of new production capability, which I call wealth. The ability to care for many more lives for many more days—that's real wealth. But after the war, the old masters of the world, who were running the game in terms of their agricultural economics and their gold, said to the Americans, "How are you going to pay for all this?" We'd gone ahead and produced 178 billion dollars' worth of matériel without stopping to ask if we could afford it, because we thought our lives were at stake and we wanted to win. But America believed in the old accounting method—still does!—and there was no awareness that we had become enormously wealthy and had not gone into debt at all. So America invented the income tax and Victory loans to pay off a liability she mistakenly thought she had spent but was actually sitting there in this fantastic new production capacity. The Russians quite correctly saw it as an asset and were tremendously envious, but we went on believing it was a debt. Never had there been a greater naïveté in history.

America got into the Depression ten years later, because the old masters then running things on a gold basis didn't really have the gold; it was all in the Kentucky hills. And they didn't know how they were going to get the gold out of there. They were playing world poker on the bluff that they controlled wealth. There hadn't been any income tax up to that point, so there was no way in which any government could inspect what these men really had, so they all had poker hands they didn't have to show. And what a rough game it was! But the income tax gave the Government its first chance to see what these old masters



"Go to another clerk, please . . . I'm embezzling."

really had, and it was discovered that they were just bluffing.

Things might have gone well for them except that, in order to save themselves, they had to let the scientists get going on World War Two, and that is what brought about the really great changes we've been talking about. The scientists went from the visible to the invisible, from the wire to the wireless, from the track to the trackless, from visible muscle to invisible alloy. They went over into the great electromagnetic spectrum, where the reality of yesterday, which you could see, touch, smell and hear, was no longer reality; now they were dealing in chemical synergies and invisible radio frequencies. The old masters of industry had done everything in terms of the visible and palpable, which is still reflected in the language of great power systems—FOR THE COMMANDER'S EYES ONLY, FOR THE BOSS'S EYES ONLY. But now the boss couldn't see what was going on anymore. He didn't know what his people were doing; he didn't understand the technology. It was never announced to the world that the old masters had gone, that the old power was gone forever. But that's what happened.

PLAYBOY: But aren't the new masters even more powerful than the old?

FULLER: Not in the sense of individuals; there were individuals of incredible power in that world of bluff and immorality. Industry then became so complex for all those top men who were doing the bluffing and the cheating that they needed to have some faithful managers and servants running their companies for them, so they started business schools in the universities. Business schools sprang up all over the place. But since they wanted their boys to be faithful servants, they didn't teach in the Harvard Business School how the businessman *really* made his money: They didn't teach you how to cheat your grandmother. So we got a large crop of young people coming into the corporations under the impression that you could both do the job and be moral. They were cruelly disenchanting. But now, among the administrations of those vast companies, I find a beautiful bunch of men who would really like to do things in a fantastically moral way. But they've inherited the momentum of these corrupt practices, and there isn't much they can do about it.

PLAYBOY: What kind of momentum are you talking about?

FULLER: A man works hard and gets promoted and suddenly he finds that his new job carries with it the need to compromise and let something wrong go by. The idea that a corporation has any morality is entirely wrong. They were developed with the idea of limited liability, and it has permeated all their



"Oh, he has lots of charisma, but it's all tied up in bonds."

thinking. So they also limit their morality. They turn out goods that will work for a month. And the individual executive has a very difficult time changing all this, because he has to get quite high before he discovers that somebody has already arranged to make more profit by cutting down the quality. These fine old corporations that have always striven for excellence get bought up by other companies. Yet the old name goes on and you have Kenyon Instruments still in business; never mind that they don't work anymore. I find what's going on in the manufacturing world very, very wrong.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any way to correct it?
FULLER: Above all, we're up against the problem of the accounting system. You have to be operating on a 25-year basis to make any sense in an industrial society. You've got to get rid of that agricultural fiscal year. When you're dealing in the failure-oriented fiscal-year idea, you're always toting up your outlay and discovering you can't afford to spend another cent. But the kind of productivity that long-range planning will give

you doesn't come into focus within the span of that single agricultural year. So you're constantly deluding yourself. That's exactly what Russia saw and China after her; the agricultural and the industrial don't mix. And there will be no way of matching them until the Western world goes on a 25-year basis, though precisely how they're going to do it I don't know. I'm not talking ideologies; this is basic economics. And it's going to be one mess after another until this point is realized. Because the system is not working. Not working! It's all irresponsibility—that's what the young world is so sick about. The kids know there's something wrong in the family. They don't know what it is, but it just stinks to them.

PLAYBOY: Now you're sounding more like a revolutionary.

FULLER: But I told you it has nothing to do with politics or ideologies. It's a matter of making sense. There's no instant anything, of course, so there's going to be some rough going. The many who are not literate about what's

going on will be terribly scared. But it won't be a question of pulling the top down and jailing the enemies of the people. It'll be pulling the bottom up, so that everybody can be brought into the success we'll all enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been historically true that the most popular way people have had to distinguish themselves from the masses was to acquire wealth completely beyond their needs? They've experienced their wealth in terms of exclusivity, gaining advantages that others didn't have. Isn't that why the top has always reacted by resisting when the bottom starts to rise?

FULLER: The top can react as it will. To the extent that it's not thinking, it'll be fierce, yeah. Those on top will assume they're going to be pulled down. But nothing could be worse than that kind of misapprehension. They'll pull every trick they can, just when they don't need to anymore. But we've always played musical chairs in our society. We start with 100 people and 99 chairs and we keep eliminating chairs. The kind of change I'm talking about is when you begin with one chair and end up with 100. Every time the music stops, more people are sitting down. When there was only one chair, you might have felt pretty damn exclusive when you sat down. But now we know that—for the first time in history—the chair manufacturer can make enough for everybody. It's going to be a different game.

PLAYBOY: It won't be much fun for the people who were used to winning.

FULLER: That's true, of course. I used to say that the World Game I was proposing had no opposition. I was incredibly wrong, because you have to play against a formidable number of things. Once I worked it out like a football team. I had 11 important players, such as Fear, Unfamiliarity, Inertia. Ignorance was quarterback.

PLAYBOY: What about Greed?

FULLER: He played center.

PLAYBOY: Then you do see social disturbance as having a role in this lifting-the-bottom kind of revolution?

FULLER: Yes, but I think it's fantastically healthy. The only things that ever get hurt in such a process are things that are vulnerable because they've been working against evolution. Man's function is to use his mind, and he won't put up with any of the precious old traditions that tell him he can't do it.

PLAYBOY: How about the argument you always hear on campuses where there's been trouble: that without a calm and orderly atmosphere, no constructive change is possible?

FULLER: I think universities are completely obsolete. I think they're having these troubles because they're supposed to be eliminated. There's very little that goes on at a university that can't be done better otherwise. The biggest *raison*

d'être for the present system is the security of the professor. He's got tenure. Has anybody else got tenure? Hell, no. Those tenure boys are really a shame; they're so businesslike, they really look out for themselves.

Once you eliminate the obsolete structure and the emphasis on earning a living, people will go to the university because they want to use themselves and explore their wonderful capabilities. Humanity will carry on beautifully if you don't mix them up with earning a living. We'll make wonderful use of those buildings and all that equipment. That's what the tenure boys are so scared of. They've been living on the idea of monopolizing the information, but now they see the time coming when the big idea will be to proliferate it and try to see that everybody gets to share it.

PLAYBOY: A moment ago you mentioned the World Game. What is it?

FULLER: The only way we can get somewhere is by having a completely different way of seeing our world, an informational approach. I saw that back in 1927; I could see the big changes coming; I could schedule many of them, plot them out by means of various curves showing invention lags, showing the fallout from the new production. I began to play the game of looking at the total earth as I was taught in the Navy. The Navy was absorbed in this kind of thinking, surveying the earth in search of resources and advantage. So I asked, "What is the value of a war game?" and clearly, the answer was that you pay no attention to sovereign boundaries. You transcend them. And I said I'd like to have the same transcendental advantage of looking at the world and its resources, but I'd like to see how to use those resources to do more with less. And that's what brought me over to the idea of a World Game. It passed through many phases and was called by many names, but always its prime intention was to find ways of bringing advantage to all men without taking advantage of any man.

I'm sure I'm the first one who really peeled off from having any kind of specialty or career on the basis of seeing that such things could be done. By 1927, I knew that the more-with-less approach was literally practical, even though many of the techniques had not yet been invented. I tried to talk to other people, but they paid no attention to me. They thought I was a charming nut. But the fact is that, by means of becoming a deliberate comprehensivist, I have come in view of an enormous amount of information that has allowed me to make accurate projections of most of the big changes that have occurred in the past 50 years or so.

PLAYBOY: Was it those projections' com-

ing true that led people to take you seriously?

FULLER: If it hadn't been for the geodesic domes, there would have been an esoteric group who would know about me, would possibly know of the kind of comprehensive design science I've professed; but I wouldn't be very well known. Since I was the holder of some important patents, however, those big corporations had to acknowledge my thinking, and this established me in a different way. Big business respects me in quite a different light from the old days, when they loved to have me around as their favorite scatterbrain. I learned the term brain picking from Time, Inc. In the Thirties, editor after editor would take me out to lunch and pick my brain so he could write a story. I found I was getting to be a pretty good vegetable garden for a great many people to feed on. And I was eager that there be an accumulation of some credit for the way I was arriving at these ideas, which was design science. I didn't want to be dismissed as a hit-and-run inventor when, in fact, I was working very methodically.

PLAYBOY: What was there about your technique that made you call it design science?

FULLER: The whole thing was finding out what was first-things-first in universe, and to do that you have to get away from any ideas of specialization. You've got to develop your comprehensive literacy and find out what your problem is. It takes a long time to get to know anything that way, but once you do, you know it so clearly and cleanly that anybody who'll really sit down and work it out can't go wrong.

PLAYBOY: How did you do it?

FULLER: I began with the conviction that I was an average man who, because of some rough times and some good times, happened to have a great deal of experience. I'd been brought up thinking that my own ideas were cockeyed and that I must listen to the other man. My father died when I was young and my mother was helped a great deal by friends of the family, successful men, and they would take me aside for a lecture and my mother would say, "Never mind what you think—listen to that man." So I learned to discount my own thoughts. My father-in-law, Monroe Hewlett, was the first man to say to me, "Bucky, your ideas are sound. Listen to your own ideas." He gave me great courage. Then came the extraordinary episode when our first child died just before her fourth birthday and, in the same year, my wife's mother died and her brother was killed in an automobile accident. It was a year of tragedy and Anne sort of buried herself in her family and I buried myself in my work, starting five companies and building 250 buildings around the country, using a new construction method my father-in-law



"It's today?"

invented. And I'd drink a lot and I'd work fantastically hard all day, then drink all night. I was in Chicago and I got to know Capone and people like that, and I had a vast across-the-board kind of experience.

So then a new child was born, and by that time a great many things I was doing were running on collision patterns, and I was coming to grief everywhere I turned. Finally, about the time my second daughter was born, in 1927, I decided to find out what I really did think, to really make up my own mind, based on my own experience, dedicating myself to the betterment of mankind, because anything less than that would have shortened my perspective and kept me tied down to the old ways of thinking. And I told myself that, as an average man, I'd have to search myself very carefully to find what faculties I really had to deal with my unique experience. And by applying myself to that task, I found I did have some of those faculties, and it was a wonderful experience to see them come to light. For example, I can really concentrate. I can get to thinking so hard that I don't know where I am in universe. And I can return to that deep concentration time and again. I also had a deep reserve of energy, having learned cross-country running and done a great deal of rowing as a young man; it gave me the third and fourth wind you need to carry on for days.

At any rate, by 1932 I found that I could really ask myself very powerful questions and I went cracking through things. I opened up a whole lot, and it's amazing the insights you get when you're in that condition. From the things I wrote in 1927, you can see that I had a clarity of vision of how things were going to evolve. I was living way out on the frontier, because in 1927 I had said, "How many years ahead will I have to go before anything and everything that people are now exploiting becomes obsolete?" I figured that if I could get out beyond the point where anyone's interests were being threatened by what I was doing, everyone would leave me alone and I could really operate.

That brought me to a severe analysis of industrial society, and I saw that if I could go 50 years ahead, everybody would leave me alone. And that's exactly the way it happened. I was allowed to do anything I wanted and people said, "Well, you're very amusing, but obviously I can't take you seriously." But because I'd deliberately got to living and thinking 50 years ahead on a comprehensive basis, I inadvertently got myself into a strange position. I began to live on that frontier, and it was like any wave phenomenon: I was living where it was cresting and things happened to me long before they happened to the rest of society.

I suppose that has something to do with why I have such great confidence in myself. But I don't have such great confidence that I can avoid getting tired anymore, because I've finally learned to accept the fact that apparently nature intends us to get to a point where we're supposed to sleep. For years I managed to get by on just two or three hours, letting myself sleep a half hour every four or six or whatever it was. It worked fine, but it was a terrible inconvenience for my wife and she made me stop it. You can theorize about what sleep is, but it seems to me that each day we get more and more asymmetrical until we have to sleep to get back into symmetry again. So I know I have to sleep and I know that if I use my reserve energies, I'll have to take time to fill those reserve tanks up again. They're in an inconvenient position and they have small nozzles and it takes longer to fill them. The point of all this is that I'm so convinced of what's happening that I don't have any personal option at all. So just being tired isn't enough reason to take it easy. I know I get to the point where I'm so fuzzy-minded that I'll mess things up more than help them, and then sleep is something I don't consider sinful.

PLAYBOY: We're surprised to hear you speak of sin.

FULLER: I'm the only man I know who *can* sin. I find everybody else too innocent. They don't know what they're doing. I find that people who seem to be the most offensive are fantastic innocents. They couldn't really know what they're doing, because they'd be mortified at the idea of doing something so unbecoming. But I've had enough experience, such a fantastic amount, that I really *know* what it is to sin. I could very easily transgress. I could rest and sleep and make all kinds of money. The opportunities keep coming in all the time. But I have no desire to sin, I assure you. The point is: I know how. There are many things I've done in my life that would be sinful if I did them today. But to do any of them over again would be absolutely sinful. I still feel I'm entitled to make experiments, but once I find out—do it again? No. That's sinful.

PLAYBOY: Would you clarify that with an example?

FULLER: I could give large examples. I could give economic ones or sexual ones or whatever it is, but I know I don't have to go into that. I'm sure you know what I'm talking about.

PLAYBOY: We do and we don't, because when you contrast yourself with others in terms of their being too innocent to recognize their sins, that surely wouldn't apply to most questions of sexuality or economics.

FULLER: But people are so specialized they don't see the whole. They could be relatively sinful in terms of their

local special knowledge, but on the whole I think they're very innocent. They get going around in circles and they get spun off in some way. They get to the point where they don't have any credit and nobody believes in them, and then they may reverse directions if they're able. And it's important to go through these experiences. I've been through them quite a few times, behaving in such a way that I wore out my credit. I've been credited, then *wham!*—discredited. But the kind of faults I've been discredited for were not my real faults at all. I was being altruistic. I let my heart run away with me. I was romantic. But there's nothing wrong with being that way. I wasn't trying to take anything from anybody else. At any rate, I know you know what I'm saying. Sometimes you just have to get across that thin ice, and you go, and you take the risks.

PLAYBOY: But isn't the typical experience one in which there's awareness of wrongdoing and uneasiness about it, yet also an inability to change?

FULLER: That's not sin. You're talking about people who can't break out of a pattern. Well, if they can't, they can't. There are gears and wheels that drive people the way they go, and I couldn't consider that sinning. In this way, I differ strongly with great numbers of young people with enormous conscience and integrity who are critical of older people who can't break free from those gears. Oftentimes they are people who would gladly do even more than those who are being critical of them would know how to want or expect. But they're helplessly caught up in processes that just move them along. We tend to categorize people awfully fast, and then we get some poor guy in a position where he thinks he's a mess. I was taught that I was a mess when I was young and I believed it for years.

Once I was asked to talk at San Quentin. The 70 most obdurate and incorrigible men in the place had formed a class and they were terribly excited to find themselves able to think and use their own minds for the first time, and they said they would like to have me come and talk with them. So imagine how I felt that men in their position would have any interest in what I was saying. I went right out to San Francisco and was over at the penitentiary at seven in the morning. I always go to the bathroom before I talk, so I went into a little toilet off the stage and there was a sign saying, *THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE KILROY COULDN'T GET INTO*. They really do have a wonderful sense of humor, those fellows. Then I went up onstage and suddenly in came the prisoners. And they all sat down in chairs, every one of them with his head down, as if they could hardly look up, and I can't tell you how awful it was to see how young

they all were. They were all about 20, very few with any age at all, and in view of the fact that 12 percent of America's population is black, it was horrible to see that 60 percent of these men were black. It showed you how things go in our community.

At any rate, because I don't plan my talks and because this was a situation in which I couldn't get over being moved at being asked there by those men, I sat there trying to think about my life and I found myself saying that it was just a tiny hair of luck that I wasn't in there with them. My mother used to say to me many times that she was scared to death I'd go to the penitentiary. She was sure I was going to get into big trouble. So I started my talk that way, telling them what a large factor luck was in our circumstances, and this was the first occasion in which I became aware of the fact that when I get highly concentrated I close my eyes, because when I opened my eyes after I'd been talking an hour or so, all these prisoners were looking up at me with big eyes because I was almost at the point of falling off the stage. And we went on until noon and then had a break and started in again.

I got so intense that I must have given them as complete and compact a review of everything I know about society as I ever did—all the little patterns man has gotten himself into without knowing it, human beings doing things the wrong way round, and I asked them to think about the people they knew, their enemies, and whether they had good houses, their environments, their living circumstances. Anyway, I suddenly realized it was 3:30 and I'd been talking nearly eight hours, and when I stopped, every one of these men ran up and jumped up onto the stage, and they said, "Bucky, this is the greatest day of my life," and things like that, and off they went, running. Later I found out that the prisoners had passed the word among themselves that if I went beyond 3:30, they were just going to sit there and listen, even though it would have meant missing their head count. And if anybody's late for a head count, it means solitary, and here these men were agreeing to take a week or a month of solitary to hear me talk for another minute. Boy! I'd never been so moved in my life. To realize that there wasn't a kid out there who couldn't have been my grandson Jaime. I don't care what they'd done. I could see that every eye was pure and beautiful. Well, all this had to do with the way people get tied into knots.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the reason so many people get tied into knots is that it may be in the interests of others to do the tying?

FULLER: Yes, that's it. But I try to put things in a bigger frame. And I see that

nature has manure, and she has roots as well as blossoms, and I don't blame the roots for not being blossoms. Things go through phases. I think society is getting somewhere. We don't always understand how and where we're going, but I've tried to indicate to you that I think we're immortal. We tend to think always in superficials, in appearances, as though we were nothing other than our skin. So many of the things we think of as bad and hard and cruel may not be so in the end. There's a river flowing into the ocean and there are back eddies all over, and I don't call them evil. We are in a very big course, too big for many of us to comprehend. We attach the wrong significance to things. We make people ashamed when they need not be ashamed. The things we've always called pain and shame we're suddenly discovering are all right. And thank goodness! Evolution has its own accounting system, and that's the only one that counts, dear fellow. The sun never heard of our fiscal year and all our small moralities. Each one of the people I meet—you get the outer layers

peeled off and you discover that there's a real human being there. There's always some kind of unpackaging you have to go through. But the package is tied on people. They don't tie it on themselves.

PLAYBOY: Isn't part of that packaging a sense of the individual's impotence to affect events, to improve or even influence our own welfare, let alone that of society?

FULLER: Something hit me very hard once, thinking about what one little man could do. Think of the Queen Elizabeth again: The whole ship goes by and then comes the rudder. And there's a tiny thing on the edge of the rudder called a trim tab. It's a miniature rudder. Just moving that little trim tab builds a low pressure that pulls the rudder around. It takes almost no effort at all. So I said that the individual can be a trim tab. Society thinks it's going right by you, that it's left you altogether. But if you're doing dynamic things mentally, the fact is that you can just put your foot out like that and the whole ship of state is



"By standing upright, we free our hands for making tools and weapons, building cities, creating civilization!"



going to turn around. So I said, "Call me Trim Tab."

The truth is that you get the low pressure to do things, rather than getting on the other side and trying to push the bow of the ship around. And you build that low pressure by getting rid of a little nonsense, getting rid of things that don't work and aren't true until you start to get that trim-tab motion. It works every time. That's the grand strategy you're going for. So I'm positive that what you do with yourself, just the little things you do yourself, these are the things that count. To be a real trim tab, you've got to start with yourself, and soon you'll feel that low pressure, and suddenly things begin to work in a beautiful way. Of course, they happen only when you're dealing with really great integrity: You must be helping evolution.

PLAYBOY: If we can extend that idea to the life of nations, it would seem that those in accord with evolution would have an easier time of it. We're thinking of what you said earlier about China, recognizing the fundamental changes brought on by industrialization. If you'd call that helping evolution, as we think you would, then why has China behaved with such hostility toward the West?

FULLER: When nature wants to grow something delicate and important, she becomes stickly-prickly. She puts out thorns and things to keep other life away and allow this thing to grow. So China put out her thorns, doing anything that could dismay outsiders and get them preoccupied with their own troubles and leave her alone while she devoted herself to total industrialization. These thorns, in the case of China—which lacked the capacity to defend itself from nuclear attack—took the form of psycho-guerrilla warfare.

The psychological understanding of the Chinese is enormously deep. And they were able to see that they didn't want to waste any of their productivity on the kind of military power that would have had to fight off the rest of the world, so they decided to convince the rest of the world that it was full of error. They said: "The Americans are dumb, but they do have the atom bomb. And we cannot trust them not to use it, because the out party gets in and they revert and want to wipe out the great menace of China. So we must find every vulnerability they have, and with our great studious ability we will be able to do so." And they also observed: "Here is this wonderful young generation in America that has been looking at television and has developed a compassion for humanity and is highly idealistic. Very quickly we can exploit that compassion and make it impossible for America to make war."

Now, nobody in the history of man has as long a history as the Chinese and

the Indians. They have fantastic continuity and they are inherently brilliant. Go back 2000 and 3000 years and you find a thinker like Lao-tse; the record is clear illustrating the brilliant, incisive, economical thinking that has gone on there. And they could see very clearly all the things I've been saying; they could see that America didn't know what she was doing in keeping right on with the old farm economics, the old failure-oriented economics.

In the meantime, China had Russia and the United States engaged in a war, or the illusion of a war, and not knowing how to disengage themselves. Both sides gladly would have disengaged long ago if they'd known how to do it. And China, in addition to Vietnam and Korea, probably promoted the Arab-Israeli trouble by bringing in the Palestinian guerrillas and not letting the leaders on both sides disengage, as the evidence suggests they otherwise might have done. The Chinese did every complicating thing they could think of to keep these troubles going.

Mind you, I'm not being anti-China. The industrialization of China is the greatest undertaking of humanity ever, and when the Chinese come in with full industrialization in 1975, we'll see a major shift in attitudes; indeed, it's starting to happen already. The stickly-prickly skin falls away and there is the beautiful fruit inside. We have to remember that China has been looking out for nearly a quarter of humanity—780,000,000 human beings of fantastic philosophical continuity and great historical significance. The Chinese are not bad people. They are simply determined to survive and, to do it, they were ready to sow dismay wherever they could. And that's just what they've done in this country.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that crime and drugs and the youth revolt, for example—the principal subjects of dismay in this country at the moment—have been exacerbated by the Chinese?

FULLER: I think every bit of it would have occurred even without their interference. Except for the large drug proliferation. I think there's no question that the drug part was very much the product of Chinese psycho-guerrilla warfare.

PLAYBOY: Isn't all of this sheer speculation on your part?

FULLER: Not at all. Of course, nothing would be more difficult to pin down. When you talk about brilliant psychological warfare, you're dealing in a complex kind of game. No individual is ever given the full picture of what's happening. So when I talk the way I do, it's from what I learned in the Navy and from being in positions where I got enough insight to be competent in what I say.

As for the youth revolt and the trouble in the universities, this owes itself to the fact that the educational system is

completely inverted in this country. It starts with the past, and the past can't get you anywhere. And they've got everybody specialized. We've learned that all biological species that become extinct do so because of overspecialization. All the human tribes no longer with us became overspecialized, and we are on an extinction path for the same reason. Man is inherently comprehensive, and without across-the-board experience and knowledge, he has no way of finding those general principles. We are being barred from those fundamental insights by our system of education. Only the great money and power men profit from the interaction of intelligence while keeping everybody else in line with their divide-and-conquer kind of specialization. It's a power structure. It's completely wrong. And not only is it wrong and inadequate, it works in reverse. It's designed to make men perish.

Psychological warfare, particularly that of the Chinese, has called many of these things to our attention that might otherwise have gone undetected for a few more years. Nature is doing some very important things with psychological warfare—in looking for weaknesses to which man is gradually forced to attend. When man doesn't advance consciously and competently, evolution forces him to do it by backing him into the future. And the drug thing could bring about an enormous amount of self-discovery by the young. As you get out of drugs, and you *can* get out of them, it can bring you a great deal of self-discovery. And when it comes, it gives you great strength. Man is born ignorant: He gets into things, he pulls out, he learns by trial and error. Now he's consciously and observably making vast mistakes and brinking himself into trouble. But by that means, he also brinks himself into constructive action.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the kind of psychological warfare you're talking about will stop after the Chinese become industrialized?

FULLER: There won't be this kind of thing going on. As I said, there is a noticeable softening right now, because we are well into the last five-year plan, and the stickly-prickly business is beginning to fall away. But up to 1975, the reactionary kind of thing could build up among people in America who are not thinking. It might break out into a horrible kind of civil warfare. I think man is in tremendous peril, and it could get to the point where the hawks really do get hold of the buttons and start pushing them, and then man might really let the big stuff go.

PLAYBOY: Are you seriously predicting civil war in the United States before 1975?

FULLER: I'm afraid the possibility is here. Yes, very much so. It's a matter of the ingenious but naïve world man being pushed to considerable pain. He has just pulled out from having been in pain



"Of course, we're in for some nasty publicity if she isn't concealing a bomb."

and discomfort yesterday and, having had a little fun for a while, suddenly finds himself back in a mess. But I think if we can weather the next few years, by 1975, when China really begins to come in and for the first time in the history of man the majority of mankind finds itself a physical success here on earth, then it's going to be a different story. The industrialization of India will follow very rapidly, and then Latin America and Africa can come along within ten more years. Man could be comprehensively successful by 1985 with the kinds of accelerations that are going on now.

PLAYBOY: How do you expect industrialization to change the competitive urge that seems to rule the game of nations? Won't somebody always want to be top dog?

FULLER: If you see this happening in terms of nations, you won't follow what I'm saying. I don't think these changes will ever occur in terms of countries. The idea of countries was never anything more than a convenience to the great pirates, the men of power who wanted to divide and conquer. So they were happy to have everyone speak different languages and think they believed in different ideals. But after man brinks himself into the position where he finds the majority successful and well informed, he's going to see that he can't enjoy his success until everyone else is fixed up.

I'm not saying that political action won't be involved, but as always it will only trail after the real developmental changes that occur in the environment. So I see the mood of man simply demanding that the political parties on all sides yield in a direction that none of them ever thought of before. No one will be yielding to the other man's policy; they'll be yielding to the computer, to the spontaneous demand of mankind that they start making sense in universe. And nobody will lose face doing it.

PLAYBOY: So you see this change occurring as a recognition by all humanity that the time to grow up has arrived?

FULLER: I know it can happen and I think it will. I'm afraid we'll probably go through a lot of misbehaving before the logical thing happens.

PLAYBOY: Isn't 1985 a very short timetable for the kind of fundamental historical change you foresee?

FULLER: 1975 is still a long way off, let alone 1985. When you get to 1975, you'll hardly be able to remember sitting here in 1971, it will seem so far back. It's a very strange thing, as things happen and changes occur, how quickly society says "Of course, that's obvious!" and "Oh, well, that's the way it always was." If you say to somebody, "I prognosticated that," they'll tell you that everybody knew it. That's very, very common. But the fact is that man is continually being surprised. He doesn't dream of the changes that come in his lifetime, but the minute they occur, he

develops a marvelous ability to take them for granted.

When I was born, that's the year the automobile was born. And I was eight years old when the Wright brothers developed their first plane. At that time, of course, you could make a paper dart and throw it across the schoolroom, and we were all certain, every young kid, that man could make a flying machine. I'm sure I made 20 triplanes and had them gliding out the attic window, as many kids did, and our families all said, "Isn't that cute the way you play, Junior? But of course it's impossible to waste your life on these games."

For the first year after the Wright brothers, the American engineering societies were trying to prove it was a hoax. That's how surprised they were. Then, in 1927, I was wheeling my little daughter Allegra in her baby carriage in Chicago and a little airplane went overhead. And my little baby was lying there looking up at the airplane in the sky. It was still a very rare matter. That was the year Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Then two years later, the first night airmail went out of Chicago in a cloth-covered biplane, and not until four years later did we have our first aluminum airplane. So there was a little airplane in my daughter's sky, the sky that she was born under. There wasn't one in my sky. I was still cranking the engine in my car in 1927. And I thought of engines as something you had to keep at and work on personally, and I didn't assume that the general run of society could make any use of them, because they were pretty unreliable.

But then my granddaughter Alexandra came along, and she happened to come home to an apartment in Riverdale, which was in the flight pattern of La Guardia, and she would lie in her cradle while several times a minute there'd be *raahhhhh* going over. And everybody tickled her under the chin and said "Airplane! Airplane!" She saw many thousands of airplanes before she ever saw a bird. What I'm saying is simply that what's in your world at the time you're born is what you call natural. You accept it and trust it and count on it. Now when you get on a jet, you look around and there are a couple hundred people being lifted into the air and only a few even bother to look out the window. The rest are reading or sleeping. Why? Because their confidence in that airplane and its controls is so absolute that it bores them to think about it.

Millions of children have been born since that moon thing, and by 1975 they will be pretty talkative and have a lot to say. They'll be different from you and me, much more spontaneous in their awareness of what our situation is here on Spaceship Earth. And the velocity with which information can get around, the proliferation of the communications sat-

ellites, the world-around distribution of information, all these things are happening very quickly and changing the fundamental relationships of one man with another. So because of these things, I see the new world of men coming on very, very rapidly.

It's all a question of hanging on through this period of peril, because once man reaches the point of the haves' being in the majority, the mood of politics will change dramatically. So it's a question of encouraging man to be aware of his great potential and not throw away his chance for success. I can understand why there's such impatience with those who fear change and find themselves rooted in the old ways. But as I said before, for the young to expect older people to get their conditioned reflexes out of their system in a hurry is unreasonable. We're coming to success by virtue of all the people who have fallen in the fantastic continuity of sacrifice that has been made by humanity all down the line. The number of human beings who have perished and given themselves is just unbelievable, and I don't like to hear young people belittle what society has been through to bring it to where it is. It's been a hard-fought battle, and we are close to where it can be won. But it could still be lost if the kids become too intemperate and too intolerant of the people around them—particularly the people close to them, people who really do love them and are in great pain about not being understood. There is a gap, or whatever you'd like to call it, and no wonder! It's an awfully big jump we're talking about—a tremendous jump. It's a circumstance tantamount to leaving the womb. But the fact that the umbilical cord is obsolete doesn't make it no good. Boy, it was great! All the umbilical cords of history, all the traditions, all the things we've come through are absolutely magnificent.

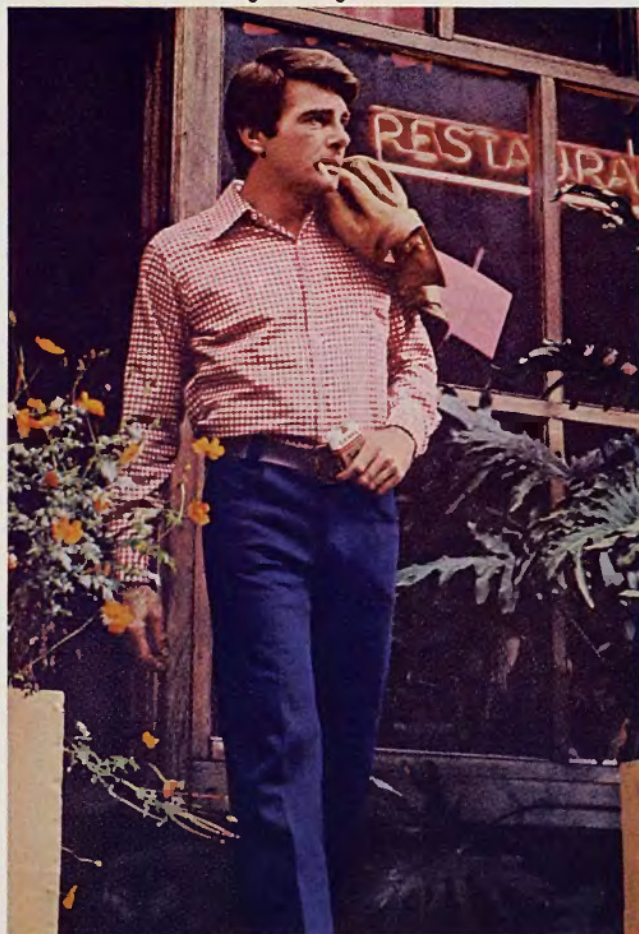
PLAYBOY: How can a young person accept your instructions to be patient when you've said that mankind is heading for extinction unless it changes course?

FULLER: The point is that racism, pollution and the rest of it are themselves very close to extinction. They're the products of illiteracy and ignorance, both of which are falling victim to the kind of evolution we're seeing. The racists are a dying group; they're dealing in something that's untrue. They're obsolete. I'm showing you something that can be beautifully documented. My map makes it perfectly clear that there's no such thing as race. I can show you how man differentiated himself by his movements and explorations, gradually being able to go farther and farther from the warmth of his origins, the ancient Mediterranean home of man, as he acquired the technology that could keep him from freezing. Finally he went so far

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that he lost contact, he wandered off and formed a tribe. And since these tribes had no knowledge of one another, they were utterly closed off in their ignorance and fear. We're now talking about an entirely new picture where man is aware of his fellow man; there's no remote place on our earth anymore. I'm showing you a beautiful picture. And it can sweep people up very rapidly. I'm amazed at how rapidly people listening to me catch on to what I say. If it weren't true, I wouldn't be saying it.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure whether you're saying that the impatience of the young is something to be held in check. Do you consider revolutionary fervor and unrest a resource or a liability? It seems that a good game plan would include tapping that energy instead of trying to contain it.

FULLER: I couldn't be more interested in that resource. I know how negative it can be. But in my syntropic view, I like to see all forces turned to account. But the essential question is how evolution is going to convey to the have-nots what it's up to in the most economical manner. I've visited the Third World a great deal, and I'm sure they understand industrialization better than most Americans, because they're still so close to nature that they can see wholes, while Americans have become so specialized that they have difficulty doing that. So I expect great understanding to come from that part of the world. I think Africa is going to surprise the world by becoming one of the most constructive forces we have ever had.

PLAYBOY: What keeps you traveling so

much and talking so much if you're convinced that all these things are going to happen as part of evolution?

FULLER: You mustn't think of evolution as something outside man. Evolution is man, man in his universal aspect, man functioning as part of universe. You mustn't confuse what I'm saying with some kind of fatalism. It used to be said of me that I believed inexorable things were happening to man, but that wasn't a good analysis of what I was saying and I don't hear much of that anymore. Literacy about me is constantly rising. People recognize that what I'm saying does tend to correspond to their experience. Young people tell me that my ideas have made it possible for them to have a philosophy.

I've told you why I think it would be quite wrong of me to rest and take it easy. We're at a very critical point. And I seem to be getting into new phases in recent years. I'm getting new close-ups of what our experience seems to be telling us, new mental strategies on how to cope with the information. And the only way I've discovered of standing back and really taking a look at these ideas is to get them out of myself, to think them out loud or get them down on paper somehow. So it would be a great mistake for me to think of slowing down. The trouble is that it's so very hard to keep ourselves synchronized with one another. Just when I'm feeling fresh, I see everybody's eyes closing. So let's all go to bed. Tomorrow we'll be on the same cycle again.



SOUND IDEAS

(continued from page 98)

first unit, but does have a stereo amplifier built in; all you need to add to your present stereo setup is the decoder plus an extra set of speakers. The SQ system also has the advantage of starting out with an initial 52-record release by Columbia, Vanguard and Ampex; these are scheduled to be priced at a dollar above regular list.

There are numerous decoders available, but these are the major ones and most of the others differ primarily in model designation and not significantly in circuitry. Most of the systems, except for the CBS/Sony units, have a degree of compatibility, but at least one company, Electro-Voice, will be on the market in the late winter with a universal decoder capable of decoding both the Stereo-4 and the CBS/Sony systems (other manufacturers will undoubtedly follow). The unit, costing only slightly more than the present EVX-4 model, will automatically sense the encoding mode and switch to it.

After the development of decoders, the next step was the manufacture of add-on stereo amplifiers with built-in decoders to give four-channel ability to existing stereo sets. With these units, plus two additional speakers, your system can handle either discrete or matrixed four-channel sound sources. The Electro-Voice Model E-V 1244X amplifier has a built-in EVX-4 Decoder and, when tacked on to your present system, enables you to play either quadraphonic records or four-channel tapes (\$129.95). Another add-on unit is the Toshiba Quad Matrix Model SC410 (\$169.95), essentially a stereo power amplifier with a built-in matrix decoder; it also allows for handling discrete four-channel formats. And Dynaco has combined its Quadaptor with an integrated stereo amplifier (the Quadaptor, as you recall, did not need four separate channels of amplification) in its Model SCA-80Q (\$249.95 factory assembled; \$169.95 in kit form) for an all-in-one unit.

As might be expected, four-channel amplifiers have proliferated since last year and there are few companies that do not offer at least one or two models. Some will handle four-channel discrete sources but will require plug-in units for decoding quadraphonic records; others will handle both. The Kenwood Model KA-8044 Quadrix Amplifier is a completely integrated amplifier with provisions for discrete four-channel or matrixed four-channel sound (\$299.95). Scott's most recent four-channel unit is the Model 495, rated at a continuous 25 watts per channel in a four-channel mode, or 50 watts per channel in an optional stereo mode, and will handle matrix material as well as discrete (\$349.95).



"Oh, that—that was a gift!"

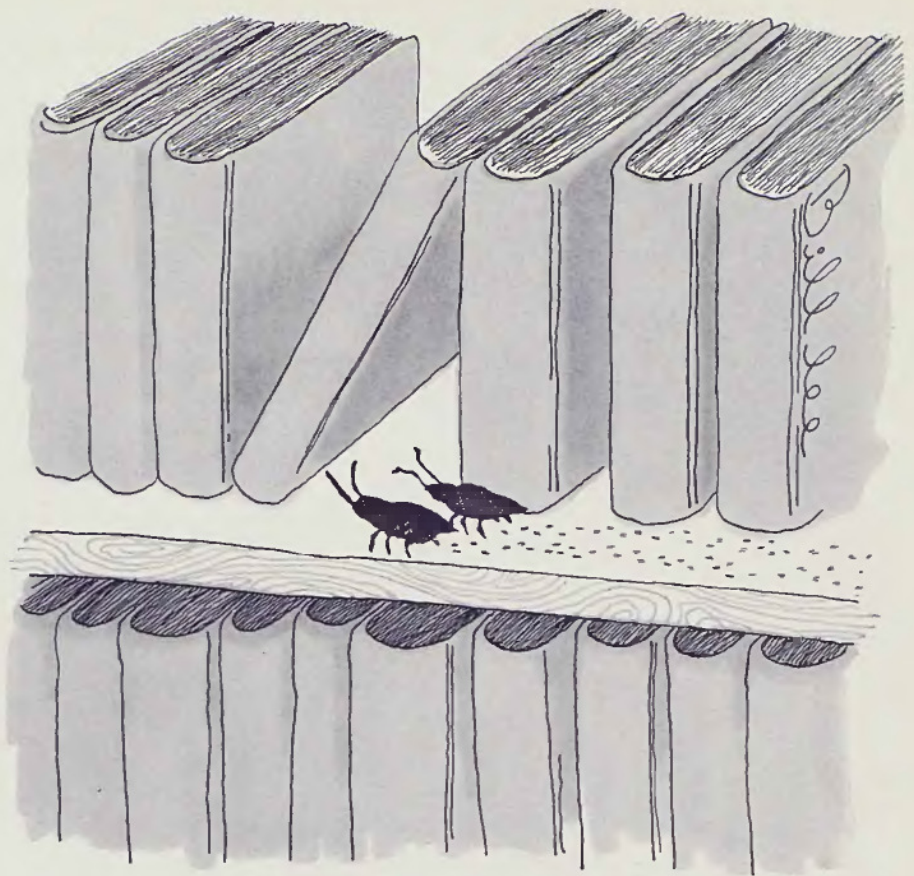
The ultimate in four-channel equipment, of course, are the units that will do everything—four-channel stereo receivers. Among the most expensive units going, they also offer the greatest flexibility and convenience. The Fisher Model 801 (\$749.95, without cabinet) offers 44 watts continuous per channel, has an FM sensitivity of 1.7 microvolts, remote-control tuning and will handle both discrete and matrixed four-channel material. It also comes close to having a built-in universal decoder but is most compatible with the EVX-4 system, though somewhat less so with the SQ system. And if and when discrete four-channel FM broadcasts (as opposed to matrixed) become reality, the Model 801 will be ready for that, too.

Another giant when it comes to flexibility is the Sansui QR6500, which is actually an AM/FM two-channel and four-channel stereo receiver-synthesizer-decoder-amplifier and control center (\$679.95 plus partial surcharge). For four-channel sound, it will do everything that's currently possible—synthesize quadraphonic sound from stereo records, decode it from encoded records, handle four-channel discrete sources, etc.

As with stereo, there are four-channel compacts, some of which exhibit a flexibility that's truly amazing. The Panasonic SC-8700 is a four-channel receiver with discrete four-channel ability as well as that of decoding encoded material. One of the joys of the SC-8700, which it shares with a few other units, is that it can actually provide two program sources to two different rooms in the house—you can, for example, play conventional FM-stereo in your living room while piping music from stereo records to remote speakers in a distant bedroom. (With one set of speakers, \$429.95. Additional SB-170 speakers, \$99.95 the pair.)

In discrete four-channel, the biggest breakthrough is in the cartridge format, partly because of RCA's release a year ago of a number of tapes in the Q8 mode. (Bear in mind, incidentally, that since half of the eight tracks are used for the rear channels, the total playing time is also half of what it would ordinarily be.) Any number of manufacturers are making four-channel cartridge players, both for the automobile and for the home, but among the leaders are Fisher, with its Model CP-100 cartridge tape deck, which not only will play two- and four-channel program material but automatically switches to the correct mode (\$169.95). The Qaudio Model 702 cartridge tape player by Toyo is complete in itself, with its own power amplifiers, tone, balance and volume controls, plus a VU meter for each channel. (With four speakers, \$249.85.)

As of this writing, four-channel cassette units are very scarce, but Astrocom has a superior unit in its Model 307 (\$499.95).



"I've always found Freud a little tough to swallow."

This is a four-channel stereo cassette deck, capable of two- or four-channel record and playback of cassettes or automatic reverse play of prerecorded two-channel stereo cassettes (which means it's not necessary to turn them over to play them back). For four-channel record and play, your total tape-play time—like that of cartridge tapes—is halved.

Open-reel tape manufacturers have gradually increased the number of their four-channel models and for the quadraphonic enthusiast it's important to remember that this is the system that offers the best fidelity of the various discrete four-channel systems. Akai has entered the lists with a compatible two- or four-channel tape deck, the Model 1730D-SS, a two-speed unit (7½ and 3¾), featuring automatic shutoff (\$389.95).

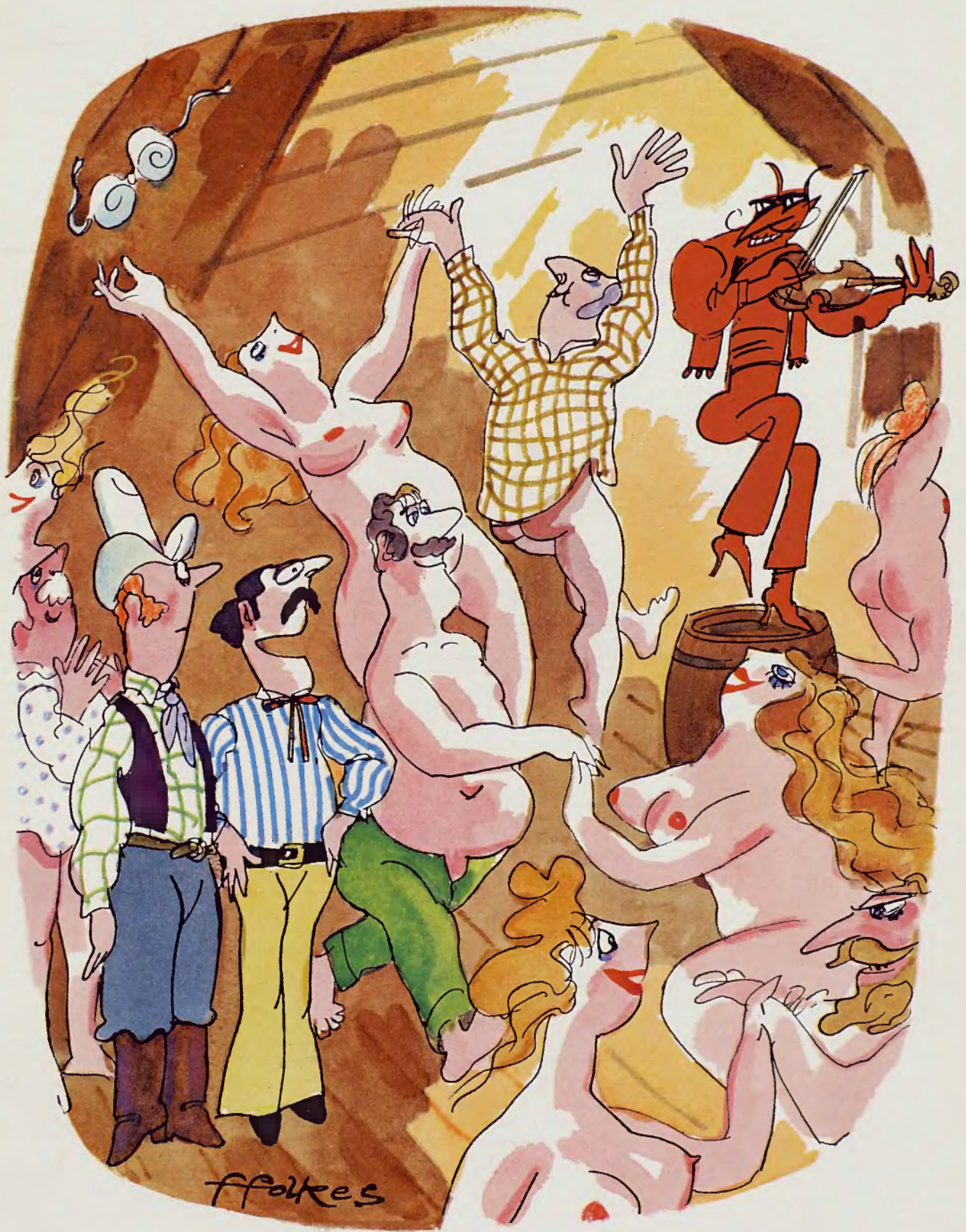
Sony/Superscope has four tape decks in its Quadradiad line, of which the Model TC-366-4 is a relatively inexpensive unit with automatic total mechanism shutoff, tape / source monitoring, sound-on-sound capability and many other features (\$499.95). As with cassette and cartridge four-channel units, total recording time for any specified length of tape is cut in half when used in the four-channel mode. Like the Akai unit, the model is completely compatible with stereo recording and playback. Incidentally, forget about automatic reverse in the four-channel record-and-play mode—if you

wish to replay, you will have to rewind.

Which just about covers quadraphonic sound—except for the most striking development of all, four-channel headphones, made possible by the addition of an extra reproducer in each earpiece mounted slightly toward the rear. The Koss Model K2+2 Quadrafones (\$85) are compatible with conventional stereo amplifiers as well as with four-channel ones. And available from Electro-Voice in the near future: headphones that contain their own decoder and that will create the effect of four-channel sound when plugged into the conventional stereo amplifier (and when playing a quadraphonic record). This means four-channel sound without adding either an extra amplifier or an extra set of speakers.

Before leaving quadraphonic sound, some reminders: Compatibility may be a problem. Before you buy a unit, be sure you know with which systems it's compatible. Also remember that the position of the listener is more critical with respect to four-channel sound than it is with stereo. And if you're a tape-recording enthusiast, don't forget that the running time of tapes in four-channel is just half that of stereo. Finally, and definitely on the plus side, remember that quadraphonic sound will, in most cases, give you a sonic flexibility you never dreamed of with your old stereo set.

And speaking of stereo, that field has 205



"Don't know who he is, but he's sure warmed up the Saturday-night hoedown."

been just as active as quadrasonic. Receivers have traditionally offered the most value for the dollar and the new models are no exception. Particularly surprising this year has been the appearance of really excellent units priced around \$200. Representative of these is Sherwood's Model S-7100 (\$199.95), an AM/FM-stereo receiver rated at 25 watts continuous per channel with an FM sensitivity of 1.9 microvolts. It features front-panel headphone and tape-recording jacks, as well as a main- and remote-speaker switch, and the price includes the walnut cabinet—an unbelievable bargain when compared with units of just a few years ago. Besides Sherwood, Pioneer, Sansui, Fisher, Sony, Marantz and other manufacturers offer units in the same price range and with just about the same degree of flexibility. Contenders for honors at the upper end of the receiver spectrum include Altec Lansing's Model 725A, a high-powered (60 watts continuous per channel) unit with an FM-tuner sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts and front-panel tape-recorder input and output jacks as well as a host of other features. You name it, the 725A probably has it (\$699, without cabinet).

In an age when some of the new top-of-the-line speakers seem to have become progressively less efficient, the amplifiers needed to drive them have become correspondingly more powerful—some of them could drive not only all the speaker systems in your house but half of those in Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts as well. Marantz, for example, offers the professional Model 500, rated at 250 continuous watts per channel when connected to eight-ohm speakers and an incredible 500 when connected to four-ohm systems (\$1200). In addition to Marantz, Phase Linear has the Model 700, which puts out a continuous 350 watts per channel (\$779), and a Model 400, more conservatively rated at 200 watts per channel (\$499). In the small, select field of superb preamplifiers, one of the more recent entries is by JVC. Its Model PST-1000E/5011 features a graphic tone controller for each channel, which splits the audio-frequency spectrum into seven sections with a separate slider control for each (\$699.95).

One of the more visually fascinating items, introduced a year or so ago, is the digital readout tuner, which has no tuning scale as such but indicates station frequency via the illuminated numbers on readout tubes. The most recent model is Sherwood's SEL 300 (\$579), a top-of-the-line unit with an FM sensitivity of 1.5 microvolts, a four-channel output jack for use when (and if) a system of broadcasting four discrete channels is approved by the FCC, front-panel jacks for head-

phones and tape dubbing, a noise filter and even a control for regulating the brightness of the readout numbers.

Surprisingly enough, turntables—ordinarily items that differ relatively little from one year to another—have recently undergone some radical transformations. The Garrard Zero 100 (\$189.50), a two-speed automatic turntable, offers almost zero tracking error by virtue of an articulated tonearm head that slowly swivels as the arm travels across the record, so that the stylus remains perpendicularly tangent to the record groove at all times. Panasonic, usually noted for its excellent moderately priced units, offers an expensive—and novel—model in its SP10, a two-speed table featuring a D. C. servomotor with the record platter mounted directly onto the motor shaft; the unit is claimed to have virtually no motor hum, wow, flutter nor rumble (\$335, including base but no tonearm; dust cover optional for \$15). Toshiba's Model SR-50 has a photoelectric cartridge in which the stylus effectively modulates a beam of light (with anti-skating and viscous-damped cuing, \$449.95, including base). A precision English import is the Transcriptor hydraulic reference turntable. It has a tonearm with a unipivot to minimize friction; the pivot is immersed in a silicone oil bath for proper cartridge damping. (Includes transparent Perspex hinged cover, \$365, from Audiophile Imports.)

McIntosh, a company well known for its ultrareliable amplifiers and tuners, has invaded the speaker field this year with three different models—a bookshelf unit and two floor-standing models, ranging in price from \$312 for the bookshelf ML1C to \$1012 for the ML4C. The first features a 12-inch woofer and a seven-inch midrange, plus a dome radiator and a coaxial super radiator to handle the treble ranges; the latter adds three more 12-inch woofers, three additional dome radiators and an extra super radiator.

Another speaker company, JBL, has created quite a stir with its Model L100 Century, the "supershelf," a three-way adaptation of its studio monitor, with front-mounted controls hidden under the waffle grille (\$273); while the Bose Corporation has introduced a modified version of its original Direct/Reflecting design in the new Model 501; this gives almost comparable performance to its more expensive Model 901, at a substantially lower price (\$124.80). Yet another recent entry in the loud-speaker field that utilizes the rear and side walls of the listening room to reflect much of the sound from the speaker, thus contributing to a sense of spaciousness, is EPI's Model 601 (\$249), a multispeaker unit with a linear-frequency response of from 35 to 18,000 cycles.

The state of the art in speaker systems is probably best represented by Infinity

Systems Servo-Statik I (\$1995 in walnut finish; Brazilian rosewood, add five percent), consisting of two electrostatic panels for the left and right channels and an 18-inch bass feedback woofer housed in its own commode. Along with the panels and the woofer goes a 110-watt monophonic amplifier for driving the bass speaker; this unit also contains an electronic crossover network and level controls for highs and lows. Separate stereo power amplifiers are needed to drive the mid- and high-frequency sections of the electrostatic panels, so the total financial outlay for the Servo-Statik I is not exactly small; on the other hand, the dedicated stereo buff will find the quality of sound hard to surpass.

On the tape front, chromium-dioxide and cobalt-oxide tape formulations have improved signal-to-noise ratios substantially. More and more cassette units have been equipped with the Dolby noise-reduction system, while several additional manufacturers are offering separate versions of the Dolby system for use with both cassette and reel-to-reel recorders. Teac, for example, offers the Model AN-50 for cassette decks (\$49.50), though more elaborate versions are also available. Kenwood offers another system featuring different circuitry, the Model KF-8011 Audio De-Noiser (\$199.95). More open-reel recorders are having noise-reduction systems built in while, at the same time, their over-all performance continues to improve. The Tandberg Series 4000X has a Crossfield head for better reproduction of highs, offers sound-on-sound and echo effects, electronic remote-control start-stop facilities and built-in 7" x 4" speakers (\$459). The series is available in quarter-track stereo (Model 4041X) or half-track stereo (Model 4021X).

No roundup would be complete without mentioning record care. The perennial Dust Bug (\$6.50) has been joined by the SA-100 Record Cleaning Machine from Syantific Audio, which retails for a mere \$595 and not only sudses your discs with a special cleansing agent but has a vacuum system that sucks up the goop and dirt afterward. (A less expensive model will soon be available for \$179.95.)

This past year, the developments have come so thick and so fast (last-minute news is that RCA, Panasonic and JVC have come close to perfecting the compatible, discrete four-channel disc) that it's difficult to imagine much room left for further improvement. But don't worry; there is. And we'll tell you all about it next year.

Because of the surcharge and revaluation of overseas currencies, prices of various components may differ somewhat from those at the time we go to press.



rangle dang kaloof

(continued from page 122)

I suffer from emphysema. I don't suffer from emphysema at all, I suffer from a small red Indian. Naturally, the experts can find nothing wrong with me. For some reason, they are unable to see either Indian or rawhide thong. Ah, well, ready for you now, Flaherty."

The doctor came with the paring knife in his trembling hand to lay open a passage to Flaherty's heart. He peered with his rheumy and blood-veined eyes, and it was necessary to remember that he was the foremost heart expert in that region. Even so, Flaherty found himself to be highly nervous. The doctor with the shaking hands hadn't made the cut a quarter of an inch deep when Flaherty gave it all up and threw away his chance of being freed from the lasso.

He cried out in quick terror and he ran out of the house. For Flaherty *did* have something the matter with his heart. He was chickenhearted.

He had twinges, he had pangs, he had

palpitations from the strange turn of events. And there, in front of the secluded home of Dr. Silbersporen, Flaherty ran smack into a tree. This is something one should always avoid.

It didn't knock him clear out. It did something much worse. It knocked him into that narrow borderland between wakefulness and honest sleep. And the gnome was able to trap him there.

"Louder!"

"Rangle dang kaloof."

"Louder, I said."

"RANGLE DANG KALOOF."

This went on for a long time. Then uniformed men were there with a paddy wagon. They took Flaherty away.

It is nice where they have him now. He still has heart twinges and pangs and the gnome still sets him to whooping every now and then. But Flaherty doesn't feel as isolated as he did before. There are other folks there who can see the gnomes in that narrow borderland between wakefulness and sleep. There are other folks there who suffer from them.



JAZZ & POP '72

(continued from page 162)

opening, there was much voluble religious controversy swirling about *Jesus Christ Superstar*, but the crowds—largely but not exclusively young—kept coming. A Jesuit, the Reverend James Di Giasomo of Fordham University, is particularly supportive of what he believes to be the rock opera's salutary effect on the young, in that "it presents Jesus as a strong radical leader, attempting to change the world, and not merely from the standpoint of bourgeois religiosity."

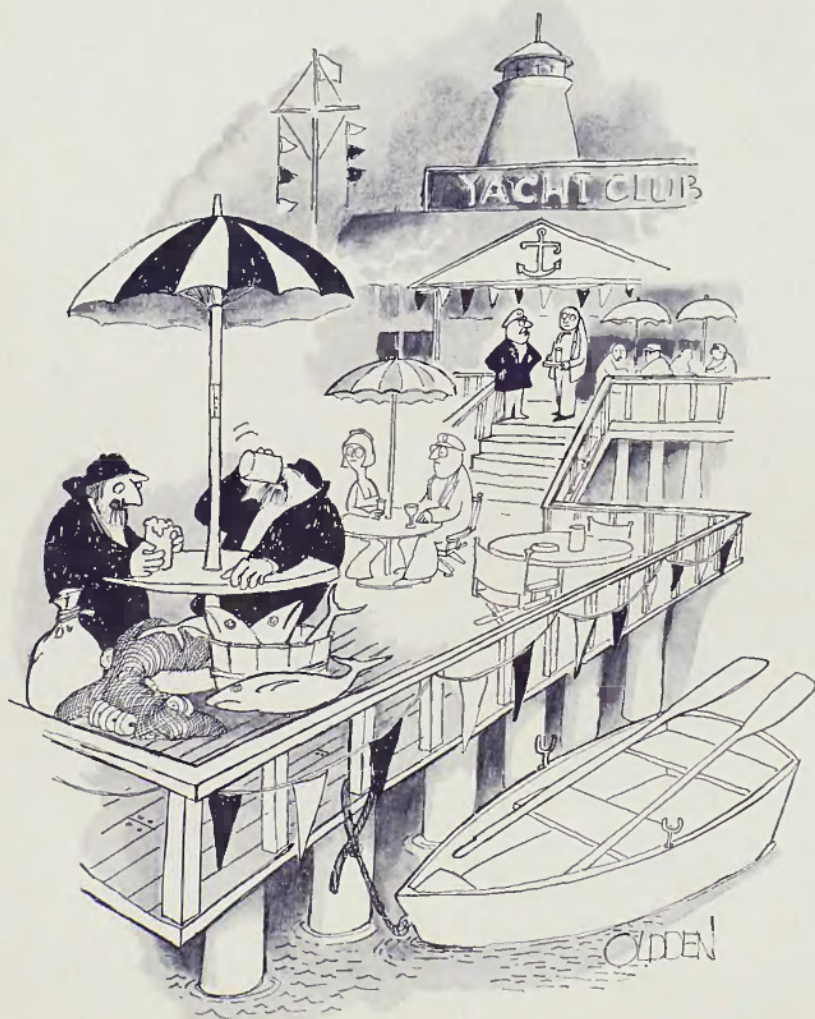
Clearly, the past decade's expectations of glory in and through the new music will not die easy. Not only does a Jesuit see a rock opera as a way to a radical catechism but a member of an English table-tennis team visiting China earlier in the year feels he has accomplished some kind of consciousness raising by having exposed a large number of Chinese, at a public occasion, to The Moody Blues' album *To Our Children's Children's Children*. And a press agent for The Moody Blues, with the straightest of faces, proclaims that these Chinese listeners (who had never heard of the Beatles, Presley nor The Rolling Stones) were, in their baptism into rock, "doubly appreciative of the Moodys' music because of what they regarded as its revolutionary content."

Yet something did happen, and continues to happen, in and through the deeply changed nature of our popular music. On the one hand, even Bill Graham is not entirely turned off. "We live in the United States of America," he says, "and everything that succeeds succeeds like all hell. The kids made this music into the international, hip sound. Many of them resent it now because it has changed the scene so much and has made it pretty artificial; but it did something to the world; it turned it on! And that's something!"

On the other hand, critic Ralph Gleason, who was in on the beginning of rock and goes far back into jazz as well, ended the year with great faith in the regenerative power of the good sounds: "At this minute in time, we are living in a garden of delights, in an atmosphere so filled with sounds of beauty and words of poetry that it is truly incredible. From The Band to The Who, from Van Morrison to Carole King to the Grateful Dead and the James Gang. Hour by hour, new ones appear."

But in *Won't Get Fooled Again*, from their 1971 album *Who's Next*, The Who say: "The world looks the same/and history ain't changed."

In any case, whether one is brought to a vision of the Promised Land by the music or runs into the music to escape from a present wasteland, these sounds are still extraordinarily important to the



"Get me the chairman of the membership committee. . . ."

vast ecumenical audience for this unceasingly ecumenical music.

At the Brill Building on Broadway, where American popular music used to be manufactured by insular songwriters who knew little of this country beyond narrow sections of New York and Hollywood, Irving Caesar, 76, talked in the summer of 1971 about the radical changes that have taken place and are continuing, in what and how we hear: "They got those rock fellows in here now," he said. "You hear the damndest goings on now. You know, the music business has become not a specialized thing. It's everyone's business."

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

Our annual Jazz & Pop Poll would be incomplete without a selection by our incumbent All-Stars of their favorite musicians and groups. Eligible to vote were the 1971 medal winners: Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Burt Bacharach, Ginger Baker, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Harry Carney, Chicago, Eric Clapton, Joe Cocker, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Hal David, Miles Davis, Buddy De Franco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Bill Evans, 5th Dimension, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Jim Hall, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Herbie Mann, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Doc Severinsen, Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Smith, Booker T., Dionne Warwick, Kai Winding and Si Zentner. The results of the All-Stars' balloting follow.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Woody Herman again proved a redoubtable one-two-three combination, but Stan Kenton ceded to Quincy Jones for fourth, while the Miles Davis-Gil Evans deadlock for fifth was replaced by another. Doc Severinsen and Oliver Nelson. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Count Basie; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Quincy Jones; 5. Oliver Nelson, Doc Severinsen.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: This year, Dizzy Gillespie could not hold back Miles Davis for leadership. Freddie Hubbard slipped from third to fifth and Clark Terry and Doc Severinsen, who last year yielded to Art Farmer and Louis Armstrong for fourth and fifth, not only regained their former status but moved up a notch each. **1. Miles Davis;** 2. Dizzy Gillespie; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Doc Severinsen; 5. Freddie Hubbard.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: J. J. Johnson is once again the leader of the pack, as Bob Brookmeyer, Urbie Green and Kai Winding shuffled, with Green ascending a notch to second, while Winding and Brookmeyer moved two spaces, up and down, respectively. Frank Rosolino, at fifth, bumped Curtis Fuller. **1. J. J. Johnson;** 2. Urbie Green; 3. Kai Winding;



"We can't go on meeting like this, man. All this chocolate stuff is making my face break out!"

4. Bob Brookmeyer; 5. Frank Rosolino.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: Cannonball Adderley retained the crown, as Paul Desmond, who barely beat Phil Woods, stood fast at runner-up. Ornette Coleman and Lee Konitz, last year deadlocked at third, this year deadlocked one down.

1. Cannonball Adderley; 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Phil Woods; 4. Ornette Coleman, Lee Konitz.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: Stan Getz held command once again, with Zoot Sims repeating as number two. Eddie Miller shot up to third from a fifth-place tie with Sonny Rollins, bumping Paul Gonsalves to a fourth-place tie with Wayne Shorter. **1. Stan Getz;** 2. Zoot Sims; 3. Eddie Miller; 4. Paul Gonsalves, Wayne Shorter.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: Harry Carney and Gerry Mulligan fought it out once more, with Gerry emerging as top man. Pepper Adams held at third, but only by tying All-Star newcomer Cecil Payne. Benny Crawford, also new, felled '71's fourth-place duet by Ernie Caceres and Jim Horn. **1. Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams, Cecil Payne; 5. Benny Crawford.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Buddy De Franco remained king of the hill. Jimmy Giuffre slipped a notch to third and Benny Goodman hitched up three spots to runner-up. Alvin Batiste descended two to fifth place, as Pete Fountain rose to number four. **1. Buddy De Franco;**

2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Giuffre; 4. Pete Fountain; 5. Alvin Batiste.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Bill Evans was victorious over mobile Herbie Hancock, who raced to runner-up from fourth. Oscar Peterson slipped another notch this year, bumping Jimmy Rowles in the process, while Chick Corea reappeared in fifth after barely being bested by Cuban pianist Chucho for cleanup. **1. Bill Evans;** 2. Herbie Hancock; 3. Oscar Peterson; 4. Chucho; 5. Chick Corea.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ORGAN: Jimmy Smith again proved his invincibility, but Billy Preston found himself in an unexpected crowd for runner-up, as he was tied by Groove Holmes and Wild Bill Davis, who advanced three and one positions, respectively. Owen Bradley remained fifth, but Keith Emerson came on to deadlock him. **1. Jimmy Smith;** 2. Wild Bill Davis, Groove Holmes, Billy Preston; 5. Owen Bradley, Keith Emerson.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VIBES: Milt Jackson and Gary Burton repeated their one-two finish, but Lionel Hampton dropped two places to fifth, as Bobby Hutcherson took his place. Roy Ayers deposed Victor Feldman for fourth-spot honors. **1. Milt Jackson;** 2. Gary Burton; 3. Bobby Hutcherson; 4. Roy Ayers; 5. Lionel Hampton.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Jim Hall maintained the lead, number-two man Kenny Burrell evicted Herb Ellis, who wound up fifth, and newcomers George Benson and Gabor Szabo drew third and fourth place, fading Joe Pass and

John McLaughlin from earshot. 1. Jim Hall; 2. Kenny Burrell; 3. George Benson; 4. Gabor Szabo; 5. Herb Ellis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Ray Brown and Ron Carter repeated as one and two; Eddie Gomez slipped a niche to fourth. Jack Six fifthed, dumping Richard Davis, while Miroslav Vitous moved from nowhere into third. 1. Ray Brown; 2. Ron Carter; 3. Miroslav Vitous; 4. Eddie Gomez; 5. Jack Six.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Buddy Rich is still number one, although Tony Williams was hot on his tail. Philly Joe Jones has company at third in the form of advancing Mel Lewis and neophyte Jack De Johnette. 1. Buddy Rich; 2. Tony Williams; 3. Philly Joe Jones, Mel Lewis, Jack De Johnette.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: A tie for fourth between Keith Emerson and Pharoah Sanders highlighted this contest, as Rahsaan Roland Kirk again led the rest. Herbie Mann went from a deadlock with Yusef Lateef at third to a switch with '71 runner-up Toots Thielemans, ejecting Ravi Shankar and Lateef in the process. 1. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, manzello, stritch; 2. Herbie Mann, flute; 3. Toots Thielemans, harmonica; 4. Keith Emerson, Moog; Pharoah Sanders, soprano sax.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Ray Charles finally overcame Chairman Frank Sinatra for the laurels, as the recent retiree slid to third. Billy Eckstine advanced two to second place, Tony Bennett pianissimoed to fifth, while Joe Williams hung onto fourth place. 1. Ray Charles; 2. Billy Eckstine; 3. Frank Sinatra; 4. Joe Williams; 5. Tony Bennett.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Ella is still queen and Sarah Vaughan still heiress apparent, in a race that saw Dionne Warwick bump Carmen McRae for third. Nancy Wilson ceded to Aretha Franklin, and last year's Peggy Lee-Laura Nyro duet at fifth position became Roberta Flack's alone. 1. Ella Fitzgerald; 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Dionne Warwick; 4. Aretha Franklin; 5. Roberta Flack.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: New voices permeate this year except for repeat winner, the 5th Dimension, and the Four Freshmen, who found themselves down a notch to third. The remaining slots were filled with the runner-up Jackson 5, the Carpenters and Sly & the Family Stone. 1. 5th Dimension; 2. Jackson 5; 3. Four Freshmen; 4. Carpenters; 5. Sly & the Family Stone.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR SONGWRITER-COMPOSER: Duke Ellington came from nowhere to lead once again, with Jim Webb holding at second. Last year's winners, Burt Bacharach and Hal David, plunged to a tie with Michel Legrand for third, while Henry Mancini came up to tie Johnny Mandel for fifth. 1. Duke Ellington; 2. Jim Webb; 3. Burt Bacharach-Hal David, Michel Legrand; 5. Henry Mancini, Johnny Mandel.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: Miles Davis knocked B, S & T down to fourth, Chicago moved up one to tie for second with the Bill Evans Trio, and the Oscar Peterson Trio slipped to fifth to deadlock with the Modern Jazz Quartet, who dropped Young-Holt, Unltd. out of the running. 1. Miles Davis; 2. Bill Evans Trio, Chicago; 4. Blood, Sweat &

Tears; 5. Oscar Peterson Trio, Modern Jazz Quartet.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

PLAYBOY's readers were asked to write in their choices for the best albums of the year in each of three categories—best LP by a big band, best LP by a small combo (fewer than ten pieces) and best vocal LP.

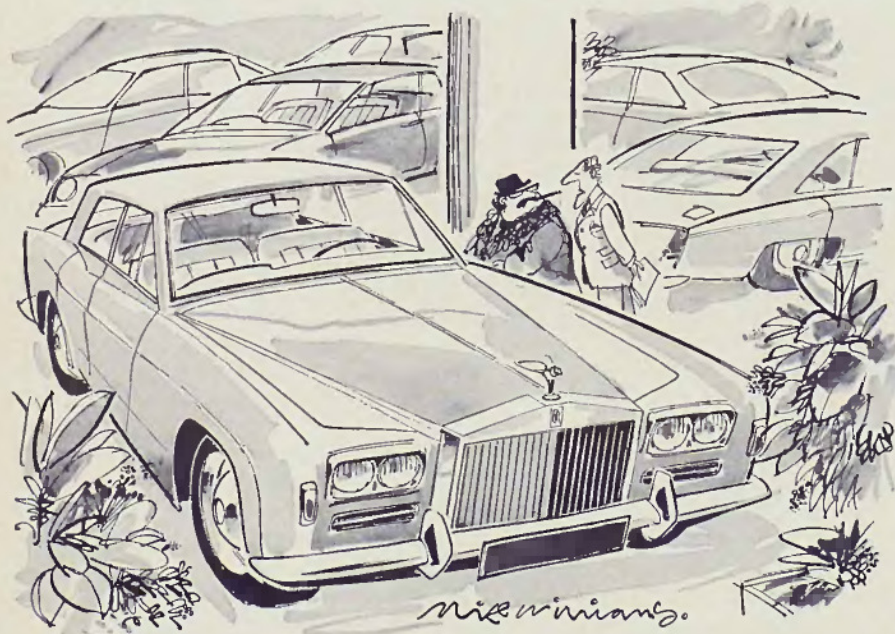
BEST BIG-BAND LP: *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Decca). The controversial rock opera, composed by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, promises to be one of the biggest sellers in history. As a trendsetter, this work has exerted so great an impact, through ballads such as *I Don't Know How to Love Him* and the theme, *Superstar*, that its recording has run full cycle—from original recording to concert-opera performance to Broadway to Broadway-cast album.

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP: *Abraxas / Santana* (Columbia). The influence of guitarist Carlos Santana and his Hispano-American group on the course of rock has been seminal. Originally from the Bay Area, Santana, in such compositions as *Singing Winds, Crying Beasts* and the Xavier Cugatlike *Oye Como Va*, fuses the freakiness of the San Francisco sound with the funkiness of Latin street rhythms.

BEST VOCAL LP: *Tapestry / Carole King* (Ode). In the early Sixties, King preferred to write ballads for pop-sousters such as The Shirelles, the Drifters and Little Eva. Now, after pianist-composers such as Laura Nyro have paved the way, King, in this album, is on her own. With a vocal style that's both confident and honest, she can, with equal aplomb, turn a bluesy phrase on *So Far Away* or jam with the best of them on *I Feel the Earth Move*.

BEST BIG-BAND LP

1. *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Decca)
2. *Don Ellis at Fillmore* (Columbia)
3. *Burt Bacharach* (A & M)
4. *Shaft / Isaac Hayes* (Enterprise)
5. *Mancini Plays the Theme from Love Story* (RCA)
6. *Love Story—Sound Track* (Paramount)
7. *Mad Dogs & Englishmen / Joe Cocker* (A & M)
8. *New Orleans Suite / Duke Ellington* (Atlantic)
9. *Keep the Customer Satisfied / Buddy Rich Big Band* (Liberty)
10. *Bitches Brew / Miles Davis* (Columbia)
11. *Gula Matari / Quincy Jones* (A & M)
12. *Duke Ellington's 70th Birthday Concert* (Solid State)
13. *Burt Bacharach Plays His Hits* (Kapp)
14. *Friends & Love . . . a Chuck Mangione Concert* (Mercury)
15. *M. F. Horn / Maynard Ferguson* (Columbia)



"Naturally you like it, sir, but I'm not quite sure if it likes you."

JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

16. *Walking in Space* / Quincy Jones (A & M)
17. *Consummation* / Thad Jones & Mel Lewis (Blue Note)
18. *Make It Easy on Yourself* / Burt Bacharach (A & M)
18. *Stan Kenton and His Orchestra Live at Redlands University* (The Creative World of Stan Kenton)
20. *Mancini Concert* (RCA)
21. *Jeff Stuyges and Universe* (MAM)
22. *Benny Goodman Today* (London)
23. *From Monty, with Love* / Mantovani (London)
24. *One Fine Morning* / Lighthouse (Evolution)
25. *Music from Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* / Burt Bacharach (A & M)

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP

1. *Abraxas* / Santana (Columbia)
2. *Chicago III* (Columbia)
3. *B. S & T; 4* / Blood, Sweat & Tears (Columbia)
4. *Aqualung* / Jethro Tull (Reprise)
5. *Emerson, Lake & Palmer* (Cotillion)
6. *Layla* / Derek and the Dominos (Atco)
7. *Chicago Transit Authority I* (Columbia)
8. *Tarkus* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Cotillion)
9. *Sticky Fingers* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
10. *Chase* (Epic)
11. *Who's Next* / The Who (Decca)
12. *Blood, Sweat & Tears 3* (Columbia)
13. *The Allman Brothers Band at Fillmore East* (Capricorn)
14. *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* / The Moody Blues (Threshold)
15. *Survival* / Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol)
16. *Chicago II* (Columbia)
17. *All Things Must Pass* / George Harrison (Apple)
18. *4 Way Street* / Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic)
19. *Santana* (Columbia)
20. *Melting Pot* / Booker T. & the MG's (Stax)
21. *A Tribute to Jack Johnson* / Miles Davis (Columbia)
22. *Weather Report* (Columbia)
23. *Live Album* / Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol)
24. *Miles Davis at Fillmore* (Columbia)
25. *The Cry of Love* / Jimi Hendrix (Reprise)

BEST VOCAL LP

1. *Tapestry* / Carole King (Ode)
2. *All Things Must Pass* / George Harrison (Apple)
3. *4 Way Street* / Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic)
4. *Sticky Fingers* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
5. *Every Picture Tells a Story* / Rod Stewart (Mercury)

For the second year in a row, death claimed several fine musicians—trumpet great Louis Armstrong, tenor saxophonist King Curtis and lead singing lyricist Jim Morrison. Armstrong, one of our earliest Hall of Famers, was ineligible for the ballot, but sentiment undoubtedly played a primary role in both Morrison's second-place finish and Curtis' inclusion among the top 25 vote getters. Neither appeared in previous polls. Eight other newcomers debuted in 1972 Hall of Fame competition: Carole King, Neil Young, James Taylor, Stephen Stills, Peter Townshend, Elton John, Neil Diamond and Ringo Starr. But George Harrison, who came from 12th, and Mick Jagger, from fourth, both joined Morrison in the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, as they climbed to first and third, respectively. In the balloting, the continuing domination of pop-rock has edged all jazzmen but Buddy Rich off the leading-contenders' list. Previous winners are Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Benny Goodman, Wes Montgomery, Herb Alpert, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Jimi Hendrix,



"Shall I serve that all on one plate?"

Janis Joplin and Elvis Presley. Following are 1972's top 25:

1. George Harrison
2. Jim Morrison
3. Mick Jagger
4. Burt Bacharach
5. Eric Clapton
6. Carole King
7. Neil Young
8. James Taylor
9. Doc Severinsen
10. B. B. King
11. Buddy Rich
12. Frank Zappa
13. Joan Baez
14. Barbra Streisand
15. Stephen Stills
16. Johnny Cash
17. Paul Simon
18. Henry Mancini
19. Peter Dinklage
20. Dionne Warwick
21. Elton John
22. King Curtis
23. Neil Diamond
24. Ringo Starr
25. Joe Cocker

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

Ever since rock began to replace the likes of Percy Faith and the Johnny Mann Singers as embodiments of pop, its simple country and blues roots have found their way into nearly every variety of contemporary music. Jazz and rock, especially, have intertwined, so much so that it has become increasingly difficult to determine what separates the two. Jazz, partially in deference to rock's unparalleled popularity, has either sought rock

accommodation or moved in sectarian directions, which usually has led to greater complexity—and a more limited following.

Nowhere is this trend more obvious than in the instrumental-combo category, once dominated by jazz groups. Chicago, as in 1971, took top honors; but from the Stan Getz Quartet, the Herbie Mann and Charlie Byrd quintets, the Oscar Peterson Trio and Young-Holt, Unltd., there was only the sound of silence. At least four more long-established jazz combos toppled in the '72 poll to the likes of rock combos Jethro Tull, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Derek (Eric Clapton) and the Dominos and Grand Funk Railroad, all of whom placed in the top ten. Another evidence of increasing rock hegemony is the piano competition, where Elton John, in his Readers' Poll debut, soared to All-Star status. Leon Russell and occasional soloist Neil Young also figured in the youth blitz, seizing high honors from the likes of Dave Brubeck (last year's winner), Ray Charles, Ramsey Lewis and Sergio Mendes. Booker T. is still the organ king, but Keith Emerson and Lee Michaels ascended to runner-up and third from eighth and tenth in '71.

For big-band leader, however, jazz, and most notably its pop wing, still made itself heard. Last year's underground surprise, Frank Zappa, plunged out of the top five. Doc Severinsen barely edged out newcomer Burt Bacharach for number one, while Maynard Ferguson and Quincy Jones advanced.

The death last July of Hall of Fame great Louis Armstrong was mourned by

all of music. An All-Star for many years, Armstrong, despite his age, nearly beat out men half his age for horn-section status last year. Doc Severinsen and Al Hirt blew the same licks as a year ago, roaring in as first and second trumpeters. Herb Alpert ceded third spot to Miles Davis, who moved up a notch. Upwardly mobile was Bill Chase, as Art Farmer fell. The bone men, led by J. J. Johnson, showed no change through the first six slots; the only excitement in the alto area emanated from Yusef Lateef, who rose to high rank from obscurity. The tragic killing of r&b standout King Curtis dimmed the continuing Getz-Randolph show at tenor, although Raheem Roland Kirk and Pharoah Sanders advanced smartly. The baritone seems to belong to Gerry Mulligan, as do clarinet to Pete Fountain and vibes to Lionel Hampton.

On the other hand, the personnel in the male- and female-vocalist, vocal-group and songwriter-composer categories were not nearly so placid. Never before in the history of the Jazz & Pop Poll have so many rocketed to the highest level from near nothingness. Britisher Rod Stewart, on the strength of his soulful voice and superb backup by the other four Faces, soared to All-Starship, as did Carole King, whose Canarsie twang and mellow compositions swept her to queen of the vocalists. New names in each category included Elton John, Neil Young, Tina Turner, Chér, Karen Carpenter and Carly Simon. Though Burt Bacharach and Hal David recaptured the composing award, they had to stave off the two-three punch of Carole King and Neil Young. George Harrison, Gordon Lightfoot and Kris Kristofferson were notable newcomers. Breakups, more than any other factor, figured in the volatility of our readers' vocal-group choices. Simon & Garfunkel; Peter, Paul & Mary; and, of course, the Beatles, were ineligible. Even so, The Moody Blues, an English brood, proved a surprising winner; last year, they finished 21st. The Doors, Grateful Dead and Ike & Tina Turner climbed, but none more than the Carpenters, who shot through to runner-up from nowhere.

Ian Anderson, flutist for Jethro Tull, Bob Dylan on harmonica and flutist Herbie Mann battled for miscellaneous-instrument honors, with Anderson triumphant. Ginger Baker and Buddy Rich had a similar set-to on drums. But this year, the decision went to Buddy. Finally, the explosive Eric Clapton and Paul McCartney took guitar and bass laurels, again, in races that featured the breakthrough of new faces and a trend away from jazz to harder rock.

Listed on the opposite page are the most popular artists in each category. All-Stars are boldfaced; they will be awarded silver medals, as will Hall of Fame winners and those whose recordings were rated tops by PLAYBOY readers for 1972.



"It does improve your putting skill, but the best part is retrieving the ball."

BIG-BAND LEADER

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Burt Bacharach
3. Henry Mancini
4. Duke Ellington
5. Quincy Jones
6. Buddy Rich
7. Ray Charles
8. James Brown
9. Don Ellis
10. Count Basie
11. Stan Kenton
12. Sun Ra
13. Woody Herman
14. Frank Zappa
15. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
16. Bobby Rosengarden
17. Les Brown
18. Lionel Hampton
19. Harry James
20. Maynard Ferguson
20. Gerald Wilson
22. Oliver Nelson
23. J. J. Jackson
23. Si Zentner
25. Louis Bellson

TRUMPET

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Al Hirt
3. Miles Davis
4. Herb Alpert
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Hugh Masekela
7. Bill Chase
8. Don Ellis
9. Clark Terry
10. Nat Adderley
11. Billy Butterfield
12. Harry James
13. Maynard Ferguson
14. Freddie Hubbard
15. Bobby Hackett
16. Jonah Jones
17. Cynthia Robinson
18. Chet Baker
19. Snooky Young
20. Donald Byrd
21. Thad Jones
22. Roy Eldridge
23. Lee Moran
24. Woody Shaw
25. Pete Candoli

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson
2. Si Zentner
3. Kai Winding
4. Bob Brookmeyer
5. Slide Hampton
6. Dick Halligan
7. Carl Fontana
8. Urbie Green
9. J. C. Higginbotham
10. Jimmy Cleveland
11. Quentin Jackson
12. Buster Cooper
13. Bill Harris
14. Turk Murphy
15. Benny Green
16. Chris Barber
17. Al Grey
18. Dickie Wells
19. Curtis Fuller
20. Frank Rosolino
21. Benny Powell
22. Wayne Henderson
23. Garnett Brown
24. Jim Robinson
25. Harold Betters

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Paul Desmond
3. Fred Lipsius
4. Yusef Lateef
5. Zoot Sims
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Bud Shank
8. Paul Horn
9. James Moody
10. Benny Carter
11. Art Pepper
12. Sonny Stitt
12. Paul Winter
14. Eric Kloss
15. Phil Woods
16. Sonny Criss
17. Lou Donaldson
18. Bunky Green
19. John Handy
20. Jimmy Woods
21. Gary Bartz

22. Charles McPherson
23. Lee Konitz
24. Hank Crawford
25. Charlie Mariano

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz
2. Boots Randolph
3. Chris Wood
4. Eddie Harris
5. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
6. Pharoah Sanders
7. "Fathead" Newman
8. Charles Lloyd
9. Sam Butera
10. Yusef Lateef
11. Zoot Sims
12. Bob Cooper
13. Gene Ammons
14. Sonny Rollins
15. Buddy Tate
16. Al Cohn
17. James Moody
18. Joe Henderson
19. Bud Freeman
20. Corky Corcoran
21. Illinois Jacquet
22. Art Pepper
23. Eddie Davis
23. Stanley Turrentine
25. Wayne Shorter

BARYTONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan
2. Bud Shank
3. Sahib Shihab
4. Pepper Adams
5. Charles Davis
6. Lonnie Shaw
7. Leroy Cooper
8. Jim Horn
9. Chuck Gentry
10. Bill Hood
11. Benny Crawford
12. Cecil Payne
13. Jimmy Giuffre
14. Jerome Richardson
15. Harry Carney
16. Charlie Fowlkes
17. Frank Hittner
18. Jay Cameron
19. Pat Patrick
20. Ronnie Ross
21. Danny Bank
22. John Surman
23. Clifford Scott
24. Ronnie Cuber
25. Raphael Garrett

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain
2. Benny Goodman
3. Woody Herman
4. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
5. Acker Bilk
6. Buddy De Franco
7. Peanuts Hucko
8. Pee Wee Spitelara
9. Phil Woods
10. Art Pepper
11. Buddy Collette
12. Jimmy Giuffre
13. Tony Scott
14. Jerry Fuller
15. Jimmy Hamilton
16. Alvin Batiste
17. John Carter
18. Benny Maupin
19. Frank Chace
20. Bob Palmer
21. Bob Fritz
22. Russell Procope
23. Ray Burke
24. Matty Matlock
25. Barney Bigard

PIANO

1. Elton John
2. Leon Russell
3. Burt Bacharach
4. Nicky Hopkins
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Neil Young
7. Ray Charles
8. Ramsey Lewis
9. Peter Nero
10. Erroll Garner
11. Sergio Mendes
12. Duke Ellington
13. Oscar Peterson
14. Herbie Hancock
15. Thelonious Monk
16. Les McCann
17. Count Basie

18. Chick Corea
19. Bill Evans
20. André Previn
21. Joe Zawinul
22. Vince Guaraldi
23. George Shearing
24. Ahmad Jamal
25. Keith Emerson

ORGAN

1. Booker T.
2. Keith Emerson
3. Lee Michaels
4. Isaac Hayes
5. Stevie Winwood
6. Al Kooper
7. Jimmy Smith
8. Ray Charles
9. Billy Preston
10. Ray Manzarek
11. Dick Hyman
12. Brian Auger
13. Garth Hudson
14. Owen Bradley
15. Sun Ra
16. Wild Bill Davis
16. Walter Wanderley
18. Bill Doggett
19. Brother Jack McDuff
20. Jimmy McGriff
21. Groove Holmes
22. Shirley Scott
23. Johnny "Hammond" Smith
24. Keith Jarrett
25. Sonny Burke

VIBES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Cal Tjader
3. Gary Burton
4. Milt Jackson
5. Stu Katz
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Don Elliott
8. Buddy Montgomery
9. Roy Avers
10. Bobby Hutcherson
11. Red Norvo
12. Larry Bunker
13. Dave Pike
13. Tommy Vig
15. Johnny Lytle
16. Victor Feldman
17. Mike Mainieri
18. Tyree Glenn
19. Teddy Charles
20. Gunter Hampel
21. Emil Richards

GUITAR

1. Eric Clapton
2. George Harrison
3. José Feliciano
4. Carlos Santana
5. Peter Townshend
6. B. B. King
7. Chet Atkins
8. Stephen Stills
9. Alvin Lee
10. Jimmy Page
11. Mason Williams
12. Charlie Byrd
13. James Taylor
14. Keith Richard
15. Johnny Winter
16. Glen Campbell
17. Kenny Burrell
18. Jerry Garcia
19. Cat Stevens
20. Gabor Szabo
21. Tony Mottola
22. Jeff Beck
23. Larry Coryell
24. Laurindo Almeida
25. Mike Bloomfield

BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. Jack Bruce
3. Jack Casady
4. Ray Brown
5. Charles Mingus
6. Noel Redding
7. Mel Schacher
8. Jim Fielder
9. Rick Grech
10. Ron Carter
11. Donald "Duck" Dunn
12. Bob Haggart
12. Monk Montgomery
14. Buddy Clark
15. Bob Cranshaw
16. Richard Davis

17. Art Davis
18. Joe Byrd
19. Bill Wyman
20. Percy Heath
21. Gene Wright
22. Cecil McBee
23. El Dee Young
24. Phil Upchurch
25. John Entwistle

DRUMS

1. Buddy Rich
2. Ginger Baker
3. Ringo Starr
4. Keith Moon
5. Charlie Watts
6. Gene Krupa
7. Mike Shrieve
8. Joe Morello
9. Elvin Jones
10. Louis Bellson
11. Sandy Nelson
12. Mitch Mitchell
13. John Bonham
13. Bobby Colomby
15. Tony Williams
16. Shelly Manne
17. Bobby Rosengarden
18. Grady Tate
19. Daniel Seraphine
20. Chico Hamilton
21. Cozy Cole
22. Carl Palmer
23. Art Blakey
24. Max Roach
25. Hal Blaine

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

1. Ian Anderson, flute
2. Herbie Mann, flute
3. Bob Dylan, harmonica
4. Keith Emerson, Moog
5. George Harrison, sitar
6. Ravi Shankar, sitar
7. Stevie Wonder, harmonica
8. John Hartford, banjo
9. Paul Butterfield, harmonica
10. John Mayall, harmonica
11. John Sebastian, harmonica
12. Earl Scruggs, banjo
13. Sugar Cane Harris, violin
14. Mongo Santamaria, congas
15. Dick Hyman, Moog
16. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, marzello, stritch
17. Alice Coltrane, harp
18. Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe
19. Pete Drake, steel guitar
20. Hubert Laws, flute
21. Ry Cooder, mandolin
22. Don Butterfield, tuba
23. Jean-Luc Ponty, violin
24. Paul Horn, flute
25. Charles Lloyd, flute

MALE VOCALIST

1. Rod Stewart
2. James Taylor
3. Mick Jagger
4. Neil Young
5. Paul McCartney
6. Neil Diamond
7. Cat Stevens
8. Joe Cocker
9. Elton John
10. David Clayton-Thomas
11. Elvis Presley
12. Stephen Stills
13. Tom Jones
14. George Harrison
15. Isaac Hayes
16. Andy Williams
17. Tony Bennett
18. Gordon Lightfoot
19. John Lennon
20. Sammy Davis Jr.
20. Richie Havens
22. Marvin Gaye
23. Johnny Mathis
24. Mark Farner
25. Bob Dylan

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Carole King
2. Grace Slick
3. Joan Baez
4. Barbra Streisand
5. Dionne Warwick
6. Joni Mitchell
7. Tina Turner
8. Roberta Flack
9. Aretha Franklin
10. Melanie
11. Chér

12. Judy Collins
13. Ella Fitzgerald
14. Rita Coolidge
15. Vikki Carr
16. Laura Nyro
17. Diana Ross
17. Carly Simon
19. Nancy Wilson
20. Linda Ronstadt
21. Petula Clark
22. Peggy Lee
23. Mary Travers
24. Karen Carpenter
25. Buffy Sainte-Marie

VOCAL GROUP

1. The Moody Blues
2. Carpenters
3. The Rolling Stones
4. 5th Dimension
5. The Who
6. Three Dog Night
7. Creedence Clearwater Revival
8. Grand Funk Railroad
9. Ike & Tina Turner
10. The Doors
11. Grateful Dead
12. Jefferson Airplane
13. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
14. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77
15. Association
16. Bee Gees
17. Led Zeppelin
18. Mothers of Invention
19. The Band
20. Jackson 5
21. Sly & the Family Stone
22. Lettermen
23. Poco
24. Guess Who
25. Ten Years After

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

1. Burt Bacharach-Hol David
2. Carole King
3. Neil Young
4. George Harrison
5. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
6. Paul McCartney
7. Bob Dylan
8. John Lennon
9. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
10. Frank Zappa
11. Kris Kristofferson
12. James Taylor
13. Stephen Stills
14. Peter Townshend
15. Cat Stevens
16. Paul Simon
17. Quincy Jones
18. Henry Mancini
19. John Fogerty
19. Gordon Lightfoot
21. Laura Nyro
22. Rod McKuen
23. Jim Webb
24. Duke Ellington
25. Johnny Cash

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Chicago
2. Santana
3. Blood, Sweat & Tears
4. Jethro Tull
5. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
6. Derek and the Dominos
7. Grand Funk Railroad
8. Jefferson Airplane
9. Chase
10. Mothers of Invention
11. Bee Gees
12. Booker T. & the MG's
13. Dave Brubeck Quartet
14. Miles Davis
15. Ventures
16. Modern Jazz Quartet
17. Ramsey Lewis Trio
18. Alice Cooper
18. B. B. King
20. Bread
21. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
22. Canned Heat
23. Jr. Walker & the All-Stars
24. Al Hirt & Pee Wee & the Young Set
25. Captain Beefheart & the Magic Band



PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 54)*

way as the establishment they are so quick to condemn.

Aren't there any *real* people left in the world?

Dick Byrd
Waltham, Massachusetts

A MORE RECEPTIVE SYSTEM

The *Playboy Forum's* correspondents are outspoken on nearly every topic from Vietnam to abortion, but there seems to be a dearth of interest in electoral politics and in the subject of why the two-party system is so unresponsive to the needs of the American public.

This is regrettable, because many of the issues to which your readers address themselves must be resolved within the context of the present political system. We believe that one reason for the insipidity of conventional politics is that politicians feel safe in aiming for the lowest common denominator, knowing that strong-minded people, like those

who write to *The Playboy Forum*, frequently ignore the political process as a means of implementing their ideas.

We feel that the system must become more receptive to the opinions of individuals, just as individuals must be more aggressive in expressing their wishes to government. The filtering of individual desires through layers of representatives and bureaucrats should be simplified. Methods are, of course, the problem. Some people have suggested greater reliance on government by referendum, while President Nixon, on the other hand, asserts that he will not be influenced by public-opinion polls, such as those indicating that most Americans don't like the war.

We hope *Playboy Forum* readers will take up issues posed by the structure of the existing political system. In addition, we invite them to air their views in *The New Democrat*, a magazine we edit, whose purpose is the revitalization of the two-

party system and the Democratic Party in particular. The magazine has published in-depth exchanges on blacks and the Democratic Party, on the possibility of a fourth party in 1972 and on candidates for 1972.

Stephen C. Schlesinger, Editor
Grier Raggio, Publisher
The New Democrat
New York, New York

MODERN WITCH DOCTOR

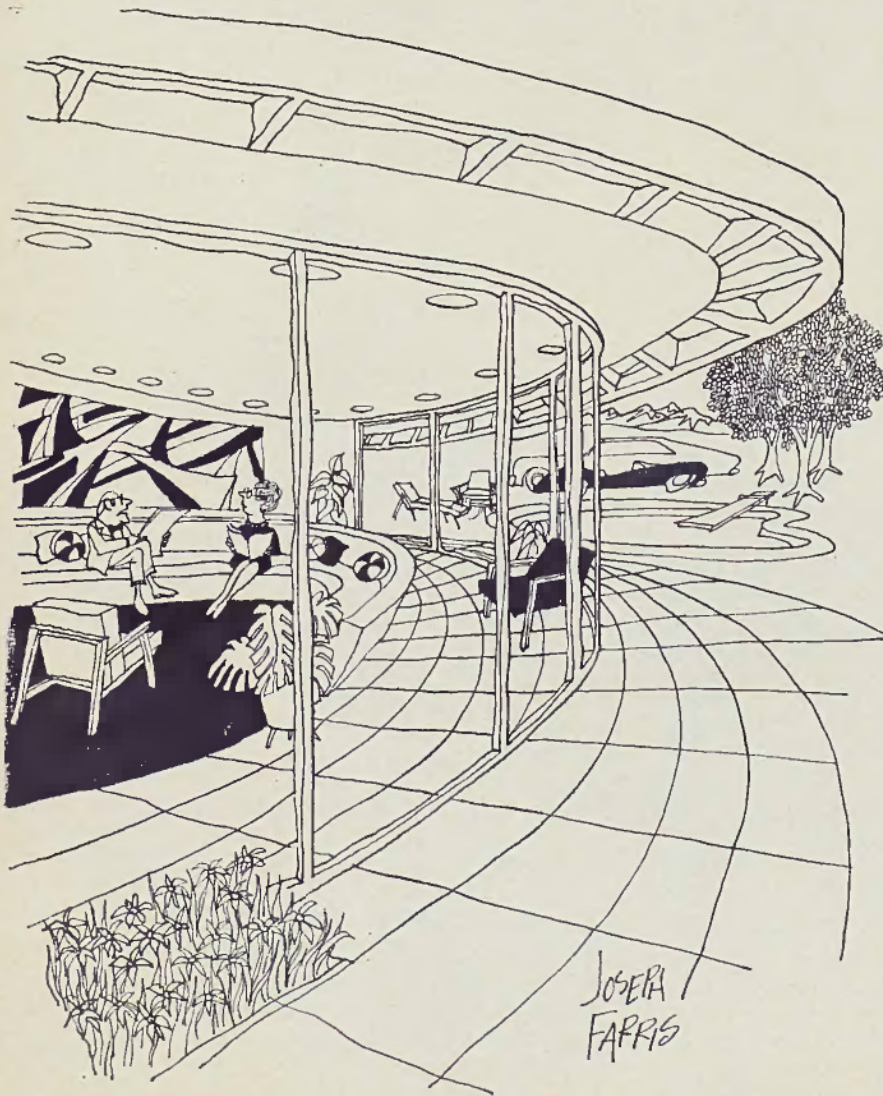
I am happy to see *The Playboy Forum* publishing continuous discussion about involuntary commitment to mental hospitals. Whatever defenders of such imprisonment may say, those of us who have been on the receiving end of this compulsory therapy know it for the tyranny that it is.

My case was quite typical. It began when I had a conflict with the principal of the school where I worked, and it escalated into a fight within the board of education. One member of the board, when the others were seemingly on my side, suggested that the problem might be resolved if I would submit to an interview with a psychiatrist who was a friend of his. When I became angry at this—why, after all, wasn't the same suggestion made for the principal?—he said that this showed that I was upset and irrational.

Looking back, I realize that I should have shown confidence in my own sanity and evaded the board member's shrink by submitting to an examination by a psychiatrist of my own choice. But, at the time, it seemed that the only way to indicate I had nothing to hide was to accept the psychiatrist my opponent had named. I had some kind of naïve faith in the integrity of the psychiatric profession, I guess.

Cynics will know what happened next: The psychiatrist decided that I needed treatment. I decided that I didn't. Two days later, the police picked me up and I was hustled off to a state hospital. The commitment papers, signed by the psychiatrist, said that I was in danger of harming myself or someone else. This was a flat lie; despite my indignation over what was occurring, I never once spoke of doing violence to anyone. Nevertheless, I spent 60 days as a guest of the state, under very heavy sedation. The other patients in the hospital were similarly doped up, and this was the only therapy I ever saw given to anyone. Meanwhile, we were under constant observation to determine how ill we were; if any of us rose out of the drug stupor long enough to complain about something, it was marked down as a sign of our resistance to therapy and proof that we needed more dope.

After two months of this, my family finally got me out. Since most people still believe in psychiatry, I am trying to



"I wouldn't be caught dead applying for welfare!"

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conceal this whole episode while I look for a job in another state.

(Name and address withheld by request)

ANTI-GUN CONTROL

Wayne Billings, who in the November 1971 *Playboy Forum* commented on the shooting of Kenyon F. Ballew by IRS agents, apparently would have your readers believe that the law enforced by the agents was put on the books by conservative elements in Congress. On the contrary, the terrible tragedy was the result of enforcement of the 1968 Gun Control Act that was enacted by liberals, not conservatives. It should be apparent to even the blindest liberals that the law, rammed through Congress by President Johnson on a wave of anti-gun sentiment following the Kennedy assassinations, is a failure. Nowhere has crime decreased because of it; in the case of Ballew, a tragedy was caused by it.

If the Ballew case received little attention from the national press, it's because the liberals who enacted the law don't want the public to realize what a flop they have generated. For complete coverage of the Ballew case, look in the July-November, 1971, issues of *The American Rifleman*, the official publication of the National Rifle Association. The N. R. A. has always opposed useless legislation that affects only the honest citizen.

Harry Camphuysen
Carlsbad, California

PRO-GUN CONTROL

After reading about the shooting of the hapless Kenyon F. Ballew, I was moved to try to learn more about the case (a task not helped by the almost nonexistent coverage in the national news media). The most detailed report was in *The American Rifleman*. Their view, shared by several of my gun-buff friends, seems to be that the tragedy was a direct result of the 1968 Gun Control Act; that is, if there were no such act, the police would have had no reason to invade Ballew's home and Ballew would not now be incapacitated with a bullet lodged in his skull. Of course, they express outrage that the IRS Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division agents acted in such an irresponsible manner, but I find it hard to believe that that's really the focus of their concern. If their primary concern was the shoot-first-and-ask-questions-later approach, it seems to me that they would have been equally upset when Black Panther leaders Mark Clark and Fred Hampton were killed in a surprise raid by police who were also searching for illegal weapons. Their real complaint, I suspect, is that one of their own got shot because of a law they oppose.

Nonetheless, I think the law is a good one. The Gun Control Act is not to blame for the fact that those empowered to enforce it chose to do so by battering down a man's door and shooting him as

he tried to protect his home from what looked like a band of invading hippies. To so blame the act is about as reasonable as blaming traffic laws for the death of a speeder who was accidentally shot by an arresting officer (as actually happened several years ago in Los Angeles).

If there is anything to be learned from the Ballew case, it's not that the Gun Control Act should be repealed. It's that guns are dangerous, potentially lethal weapons, no matter who is using them, and that those whose job it is to enforce the act should be carefully chosen, well-trained and closely supervised men who are prepared to respect the civil rights of their suspects.

Dave Scott
Denver, Colorado

WHEN THE STATE KILLS

With the Supreme Court preparing to hear cases that will decide the future of capital punishment in the U. S., the debate on this subject acquires new poignancy. Clarence Darrow stated one of the best reasons capital punishment should be abolished during a debate with Judge Alfred J. Talley. Darrow said:

We teach people to kill, and the state is the one that teaches them. If a state wished that its citizens respect human life, then the state should stop killing. It can be done in no other way, and it will perhaps not be fully done that way. There are infinite reasons for killing. There are infinite circumstances under which there are more or less deaths. It never did depend and never can depend upon the severity of the punishment. . . .

Now, why am I opposed to capital punishment? It is too horrible a thing for a state to undertake. We are told by my friend, "Oh, the killer does it; why shouldn't the state?" I would hate to live in a state that I didn't think was better than a murderer. . . .

The thing that keeps one from killing is the emotion they have against it; and the greater the sanctity that the state pays to life, the greater the feeling of sanctity the individual has for life.

Philip W. Sawyer
Delaware, Ohio

Beware Your Local Police

The story about the man in Tucson who called the police while he was being burglarized and then was arrested himself for possession of marijuana (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1971) has a parallel here in Maryland. I quote from the *Baltimore News American*:

Police investigating a rape in southwest Baltimore ended up arresting the rape victim for possession of drugs.

The surprise turn of events came

when a police canine dog searching the woman's Manordene Road apartment scared her cat, who ran into a closet, upsetting a box of marijuana seeds.

Police intensified the search, recovering nine LSD tablets and a small amount of hashish. The woman and her husband, a musician working at the time, were charged with possession of LSD, hashish, marijuana and maintaining a common nuisance house.

Police said they are still investigating the rape.

There are now so many laws on the books that almost all of us could be arrested for some violation or other (and our legislators create new laws, and new criminals, every time they meet). Is it safe to call the police for help under any circumstances?

James Wilson
Baltimore, Maryland

There's a commonly seen bumper sticker, probably right wing in origin, that reads: IF YOU DON'T LIKE COPS, NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE CALL A HIPPIE. Maybe that's not such a bad idea.

MARIJUANA EDUCATION

In May 1967, *California Medicine* published an article by Dr. Edward R. Bloomquist titled "Marijuana: Social Benefit or Social Detriment?" Unfortunately, it was basically an exercise in undocumented personal opinion. For example, the author wrote of marijuana users wearing dark glasses to hide their dilated pupils while plowing a car through a crowd of pedestrians—and made further allegations contradicted by more recent objective studies. The bibliography contained only 11 references, including such nonscientific publications as the *Los Angeles Times*, *Michigan Daily*, *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* magazine. Despite these obvious shortcomings, John Kaplan reported in his book *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* that more than 500,000 requests for reprints of the article had been received.

In April 1971, *California Medicine* published a paper I authored titled "Marijuana: A Realistic Approach," a review article that summarized the current scientific and sociological data on Cannabis. Controversial aspects were heavily referenced and the bibliography included over 40 significant articles from medical and scientific journals. I pointed out that there is much objective data on marijuana already available and emphasized the fact that past misinformation has hampered drug-education efforts and caused both the medical profession and public officialdom to suffer a serious loss of credibility with many younger citizens.

An unusual volume of requests for reprints of my article has come in from physicians and educators all over the



"Gee—it's just like in the movies!"

United States and from 21 foreign countries. Keeping up with this unexpected response was difficult financially, so I applied for help to the Memorial Hospital Medical Center of Long Beach where I am affiliated. The hospital finance committee denied my request because, I was informed, they did not wish to associate themselves with an article that might endanger donations to the hospital. I could not agree with this idea that public relations should ever take precedence over telling the truth, especially when misinformation in this area has already caused so many problems. It was disturbing to think of the wide circulation Dr. Bloomquist's poorly documented paper had achieved, and I was further perturbed when the American Medical Association secured instant nationwide news coverage for the Kolansky and Moore report—a study involving marijuana and young adults that violated so many fundamentals of scientific method that nearly every experienced marijuana investigator has declared it invalid. At this point, I contacted the Playboy Foundation for help.

Playboy put me in touch with Keith Stroup of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, through whom arrangements have been made for my paper to be included in the material they send to legislators and other parties requesting information. The Playboy Foundation is supplying both N. O. R. M. L. and myself with all the reprints we need. Because of this, my article will reach more responsible people than I ever thought possible. My sincere thanks go to Playboy for giving me the chance to be heard. Hopefully this may hasten the demise of our country's punitive approach to marijuana so we can start repairing the damage that has been done already.

George M. H. Chun, M. D.

Department of Clinical Physiology
Memorial Hospital Medical Center of
Long Beach
Long Beach, California

GOOD ACID, BAD PR

Two years ago, I would not have dreamed of taking drugs, though I was somewhat skeptical about the bad publicity surrounding some of them. Then, about a year ago, a close and trusted friend talked me into trying LSD. That beautiful experience and a great deal of subsequent reading on the subject convinced me that the adverse publicity was bullshit.

My inhibitions overcome, I was like a kid with a new toy, tripping once a week. Then it became boring. Some of your readers probably think this is where I tell about switching to heroin for bigger and better kicks. Wrong! I simply stopped tripping so often. Now my wife and I take acid only once every two or

three months, not because it's hard to get (it's very easy) but because that's the way we like it; it keeps our trips exciting. We know that LSD is suspected of destroying chromosomes, but the same is true of alcohol, aspirin, Thorazine, caffeine and a dozen other drugs.

The real problem we face is getting good acid. We buy it from reliable people, but it's still street acid, and God only knows what might be in it. If we could purchase LSD with a doctor's prescription, we would be ecstatic—it would be a hell of a lot cheaper and safer.

So why can't we?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Some people who use LSD or related drugs, such as mescaline and psilocybin, have described their experiences as beautiful, mystical or otherwise desirable. Others have had neutral experiences and some have had downright bad trips. Researchers have found that positive results are more likely with the help of advance preparation, including the knowledge of what to expect, controlled dosage and purity of the drug, the presence of a trusted, experienced guide, a relaxed setting and a stable, well-integrated personality. Unfortunately, most drug users rarely concern themselves about these factors. An increasing number of users are experiencing the same boredom you describe after frequent use of LSD or other drugs. Tolerance develops rapidly, so frequent users have to build up the dosage to very large amounts.

As of now, the studies using large samples and careful scientific methods have found no significant increase in white-blood-cell chromosomal breakage in test-tube experiments with LSD. Researchers have yet to establish any relationships of LSD to white-blood-cell chromosomes, to sperm or egg cells, to genes within these cells or to actual birth defects. In plants or lower animals, it is known that caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, aspirin, DDT, cyclamates and many other substances will produce harmful effects ranging from chromosomal breakage to birth defects.

You're correct in saying that getting good acid is a problem. Most street acid is impure, often mixed with methamphetamine (speed) or other drugs with effects quite different from those of LSD. But the reason you can't get reliable acid by prescription is obvious: It's going to be years, to say the least, before U.S. officials stop treating LSD users as criminals and turn control of the substance over to the Food and Drug Administration, which could test it for safety.

This is a substance that has profound psychological effects that vary from person to person, and, at present, most doctors know little or nothing about it. Ideally, a system of control should be based on more information about the drug's effects

than we now have and should include careful education of its users and of those who would dispense the drug.

THE LAW IS THE LAW

I do not believe that Connie and James Eye, who received 20- to 40-year prison sentences after being inveigled into selling five dollars' worth of marijuana to an informer, were treated justly (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971). However, I do believe that the law is the law, and when a person commits a crime, he must be prepared to face the consequences, no matter how ridiculous the law seems to him and no matter how unjust or extreme are the consequences. To break the laws against possession, use or sale of pot is not daring or cool; it is merely a crime. When someone gets caught, he should be considered not a martyr but a criminal.

Craig M. Slater

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

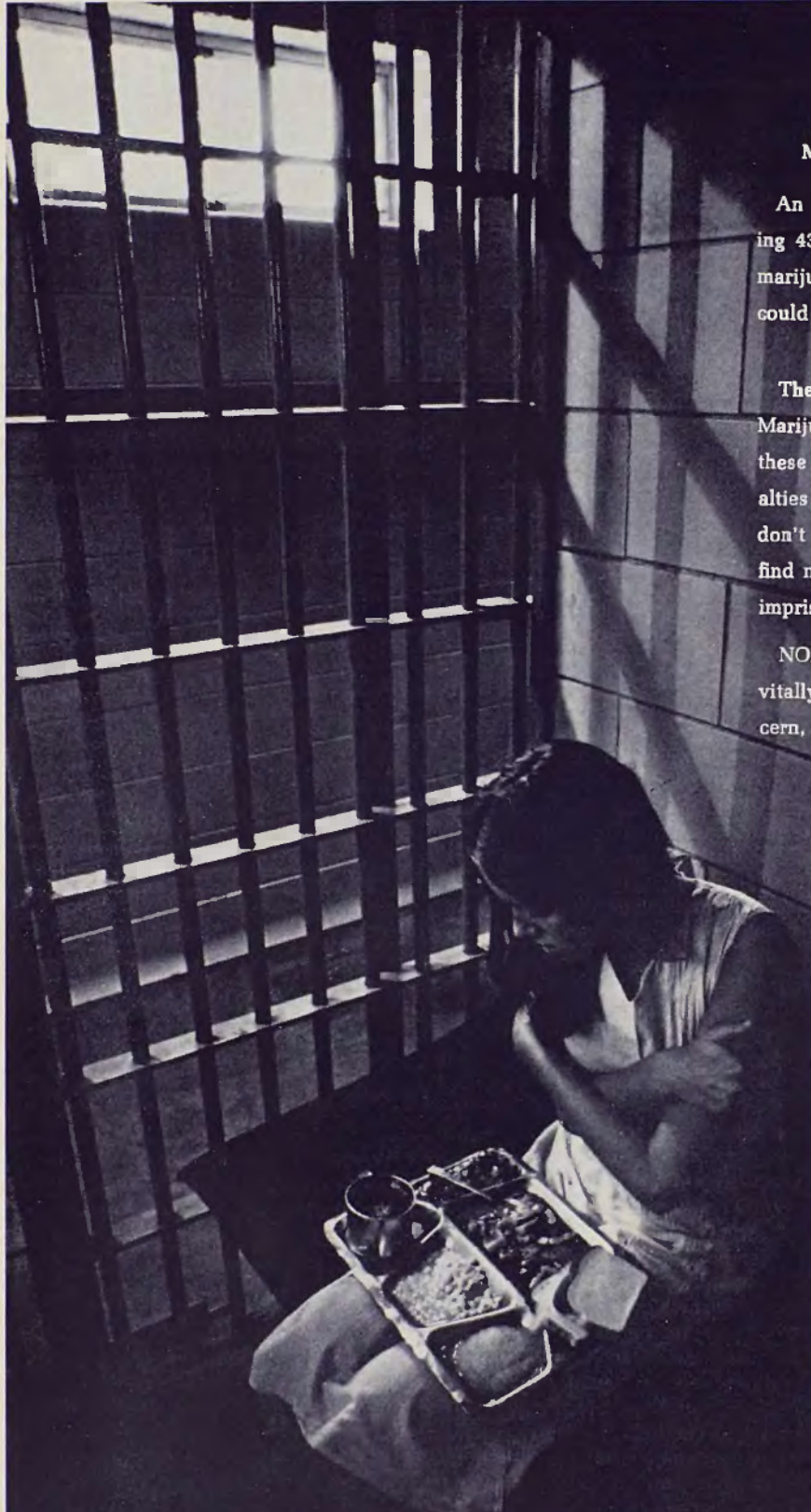
As it happens, Connie and John Eye (John's first name was originally reported incorrectly) have been released from prison and placed on probation. True, the Eyes were not acting out of religious conviction in selling marijuana to an informer, nor were they sentenced to be torn to pieces in an arena by wild animals, so the term martyr is not, strictly speaking, applicable to them. However, we think future generations will marvel at the way U.S. justice persecuted marijuana smokers, just as we look back with horror at the ignorance and cruelty of imperial Rome.

DRUGS AND THE NEW MORALITY

I'll bet you didn't know that PLAYBOY contributes heavily to the problem of drug use in Vietnam. That's the view of three Army chaplains who, in a letter to the *Los Angeles Times*, asserted that our Servicemen are using drugs because of personality deficiencies, which result from exposure to a new morality that threatens to push the nation into a decline rivaling that of the Roman Empire. They said:

The "new morality," as presented to millions of our citizens through PLAYBOY and other semipornographic and pornographic literature, and picked up by other forms of mass media including our national press and some Governmental agencies, is perhaps the main cause of our national decline. Seeking personal pleasure at the expense of others—or as PLAYBOY calls it, "mutual consent"—cannot help but create a nation which provides nothing to live for.

And so, presumably because they have nothing to live for, our boys in Vietnam turn to drugs. I myself am inclined to think that they do so because they can



Marijuana: It's time to change the laws.

An estimated 20,000,000 Americans, including 43% of all college students, have smoked marijuana. Under existing laws, all of them could go to jail.

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, NORML, is working to change these laws. We want to end all criminal penalties for possession and use of marijuana. We don't advocate the use of marijuana, but can find no medical, moral or legal justification for imprisoning those who do use it.

NORML is a non-profit organization which vitally needs your help. If you share our concern, join NORML, and support us in our fight.

NORML

National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws
2105 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037

Name: _____

Address: _____

(number and street)

(city)

(state)

(zip code)

- I have enclosed my membership fee of \$7.00 (students and military \$5.00).
- I want to support your work with an additional contribution of \$_____.
- I prefer to remain anonymous but want to support your work with a contribution of \$_____.
- I would like to distribute your literature and work for the reform of marijuana laws in my area. Please furnish me material for _____ persons.

Membership includes: Subscription to NORML NEWSLETTER. Pamphlet analyzing marijuana laws in all 50 states. Full size illustrated marijuana penalty poster. Additional posters available for \$2.00 each. Please make checks payable to: NORML.

POT LUCK

find more consolation and comfort in a few puffs of grass than in "counseling" from simple-minded chaplains such as these.

Edward Benjamin
Glendale, California

HEALTH AND FREEDOM

Much of the debate on whether or not marijuana should be legalized seems to hinge on the question of whether or not the herb is detrimental to one's physical or mental health. In my opinion, such an argument is totally irrelevant. The only determining issue is if the Government has a right to legislate against personal moral crimes, as it chooses to regard prostitution and the use of certain drugs. I, for one, refuse to submit my personal life to Government scrutiny.

I feel that the very term permissive society, often used to describe our contemporary culture, is questionable, since it implies that someone has a right to grant or withhold permission.

Larry R. Fuller
Rancho Cordova, California

MORE THAN HUMAN

Our involvement in Indochina and the resulting war-crimes trials are reflections of the peculiar mentality of our leaders, who do not think in the same way that ordinary people think. For instance, I am an Army finance clerk and, one day when the office was quite busy, a major came to me without waiting his turn in line. Since he demanded that he be taken care of as soon as possible, I took his records to the N. C. O. in charge of the section. Another clerk asked, "What does that guy want?" and I replied, "This man is an in-country transfer." At that point, the entire office was startled by the Major's loud voice declaring: "In the last five minutes I have been called a guy and a man. I am neither. I am an officer!"

Sp/5 Robert J. King
APO San Francisco, California

ABOLISHING THE STATE

I want to say "Right on!" to Chief Petty Officer Phillip J. Chesser (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1971) for his ability to see to the heart of a problem while others fiddle around the edges. He points out that organized armed forces have to be undemocratic, no matter what the ideals of the society that employs such forces. He then adds:

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.

Now we're getting down to cases. All the people who write to *The Playboy Forum* month after month to complain about the injustices and the brutal authoritarianism rampant in the Armed Forces seem to think a few intelligent reforms would solve the problems. And all the people who imagine that with revolutionary violence they can liberate themselves and the American masses also seem to think it would be as easy to put down the gun as it is to take it up. The fact is that as long as people consider it legitimate to use force to impose their will on others, we will have nations and their enmities, armies and their injustices, superweapons and the threat of human extinction. Indeed, we better start listening to "the view of Joan Baez and others" before it's too late.

James Hubbard
Chicago, Illinois

A VOLUNTEER ARMY

Since *The Playboy Forum* publishes letters on the inequities of the draft and on proposals for all-volunteer Armed Forces, you may be interested to know that my wartime experiences over 26 years ago led me to think along those lines even then. I believe what I wrote in my war diary in 1945 is actually more pertinent today. It reads, in part:

Conscription for two years, except in a grave national emergency or when Congress has declared war, is an abomination.

Why not try an all-volunteer Army, with enlistment for a period of 18 months?

I also had some thoughts on the related topics of military justice and equality, which, sad to say, are just as applicable now:

For our new Army, I shall urge that the pre-Magna Charta system of military trials—courts-martial—be revised drastically. The cards were stacked against GI Joe accused of any offense and there must be drastic changes made.

Army stockades and psycho wards should be inspected regularly. Fascist brutality toward prisoners should no longer be tolerated. There has been too much of that in the past.

The pay differential in the Army should be examined. There is too great a spread between the pay of a private and that of a master sergeant or lieutenant.

When there are the same clubs for officers and enlisted men; when restaurants and hotels are not marked OFFICERS ONLY; when the captain takes his turn in the PX line with the private; when the major and the cor-

poral eat in the same mess; when the colonel and the sergeant enjoy the same recreational facilities; when officers and enlisted men wear the same quality and style of uniforms, differentiated only by insignia of rank, and have the same sort of quarters; when these things are brought about, we shall have a democratic Army of volunteers. In time of peace, we shall have all the volunteers we need for a large Army. It will not be necessary to resort to conscription in peacetime.

Senator Stephen M. Young
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

PEACE SYMBOL DISTURBING

You might be amused by a letter from Long Binh Post Headquarters in Vietnam announcing new rules for those selling articles in the exchange on the post:

1. This headquarters has recently noticed numerous instances of concessionaries selling unauthorized merchandise in the gift shops and laundry-tailor shops on Long Binh Post, i.e., peace-symbol patches.

2. Request the Bien Hoa-Long Binh Area Exchange remove these items from the concessionaries' stock assortment in order to enforce uniform regulations and to maintain discipline on Long Binh Post.

Apparently peace symbols are detrimental to discipline! Well, 30 days more and I'll be out of this zoo.

Capt. Harry E. Roach, U. S. A. F.
Long Binh Post, Vietnam

We wish the peace symbol really did have some of the magical powers its detractors attribute to it.

PEACE SYMBOL RETURNS

Perhaps a reconciliation is in sight in this polarized land of ours. *The Pointer*, published at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Barbers Point, Hawaii, devoted its entire front page to a peace symbol framing pictures of sailors returning to their families. In the same issue, an editorial stated:

Back in 1969, Rear Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, 14th Naval District commandant, issued an order barring vehicles with peace symbols from naval bases on Oahu.

"At that time," the admiral said, "the peace symbol was directly related to incidents at Pearl Harbor and Barbers Point, where barracks and other structures were painted with obscene, abusive and anti-military sentiments."

Early last month, after deciding that the reasons for banning the symbol "no longer exist," Admiral Hayward rescinded the order. . . .

As we have pointed out, the peace symbol represents several meanings



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have to change things about a bit, Friday."*

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(See page 33.)

to many different individuals. To ban the symbol from any segment of our society is a form of suppression that contradicts our nation's treasured freedom of expression. . . .

Surely this form of expression is to be preferred over more violent methods of dissent. In fact, such a person may well be trying to exercise his citizenship responsibly. And that, after all, is what we really all desire.

Peace.

DS/1 John K. Renwick
FPO San Francisco, California

In December 1970, "The Playboy Forum" published a letter reporting that vehicles displaying the peace symbol were banned at Pearl Harbor and other naval bases, and we're happy to learn of the end of this attempt to prohibit the symbolic statement of an idea.

CONSTELLATION PROJECT

The U. S. S. Constellation is an attack aircraft carrier. It is nearly as long as the Empire State Building is tall. It can carry up to 100 planes and a crew of 5000. The Constellation task force costs over \$2,000,000 a day to operate in a combat zone. While lying off the coast of Vietnam, it had launched 50,000 bombing missions. Home-ported in San Diego, it was scheduled to sail on its sixth mission to Vietnam last October.

We of San Diego Nonviolent Action launched the Constellation Project, to try to keep the ship home for the sake of peace. To make its sailing a public issue, we held a city-wide vote, asking civilians and the military if they thought the carrier should go to Vietnam or stay home. More than 45,000 of the 54,000 civilians who voted wanted to keep the Constellation home. The military vote was 6951 to 2575 against the carrier's departure. The ship sailed for Vietnam last October first, but we helped assert the idea of participatory democracy. We opened a new channel for people in and out of the military to be heard in a matter that affects their lives and the lives of others. In addition to the vote, nine crew members from the Constellation refused to sail with the ship. They took sanctuary in Christ the King Church and were subsequently arrested by Navy officials and Federal marshals.

When the Navy, the Congress and the President order a ship to Vietnam, they claim to be speaking for the rest of us. We decided the stakes are high enough and life important enough that we should speak for ourselves.

Frank Ben Caprio
San Diego, California

OPPOSING WITHDRAWAL

Like Lieutenant C. F. Jamison (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971), the Vietnam Veterans for a Just Peace wish

to see an end to the murder of innocent men, women and children. Unlike Lieutenant Jamison, however, we oppose the calls for immediate and total withdrawal. The Viet Cong and North Vietnamese have demonstrated again and again that they are quite willing to murder the innocent with their indiscriminate rocket attacks and road mines. Radio Hanoi boasted of the liquidation of "the enemies of the people" (South Vietnamese who sided with the U.S.) in Hué in 1968, when the Communist forces took control for 25 days. War is not popular, but to surrender the people to Communist retribution is not to make peace.

Ronald K. Wishart
Vietnam Veterans for a Just Peace
Englishtown, New Jersey

In a statement delivered to a meeting of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who heads the Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees, said:

The devastation that the war continues to bring the people of Indochina is painfully clear. . . .

Newly compiled figures recently submitted to the subcommittee by the Department of State document rising tragedy for the people of Indochina. In Vietnam, during the first six months of this year [1971], the flow of new refugees and war victims averaged over 33,300 per month—for a total of some 200,000. . . .

Civilian war casualties, based on hospital admissions alone, averaged well over 3600 per month—for a total of 22,035. This is a misleading figure, although it is usually cited as the total figure by our Government. But the figure omits civilian casualties treated elsewhere, those not treated at all and those who are killed outright or die before reaching treatment facilities. If these additional numbers are added to hospital admissions, civilian casualties during the first six months probably number at least 50,000—including as many as 10,000 deaths. The cumulative total of civilian casualties since 1965 now numbers some 1,100,000—including at least 335,000 deaths.

Do you believe that these casualties are due solely to Viet Cong and North Vietnamese action? We don't, and we think that the South Vietnamese are paying too high a price for what the U. S. Government is pleased to call protection.

"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.



FAST FEAST (continued from page 104)

tomatoes, olive oil, garlic, lemon juice, salt and pepper), crusty warm French bread sliced thick and buttered lavishly, and the king of chiantis, Brolio Riserva. Normal cooking time is 1 hour for the lentil mixture, another hour for the sausage. With the waves, approximate cooking time: 37½ minutes.

PHEASANT WITH SHALLOTS AND CHABLIS (Serves four)

Get as fancy as you want with the microwave oven. But if you can't manage pheasant for this special dinner, use chicken; the waves don't know the difference. I use the ordinary stove for this optional first procedure, browning the pheasant in 2 tablespoons butter and 1 tablespoon olive oil (to keep the butter from burning), draining the pieces on paper towel. This takes about 10 minutes.

2 young, tender, farm-raised hen pheasants, cut up (browned, as above)
24 shallots, peeled, left whole
1½ cups Chablis
½ teaspoon dry rosemary
Salt, pepper

Arrange browned pheasant pieces in deep glass serving dish. Space the shallots around the pieces of bird, pour in the Chablis; sprinkle lightly with rosemary and season with salt and pepper. Cook, uncovered, in microwave oven 30 minutes, turning the dish every 5 minutes. Serve the pheasant and shallots from the cooking dish, pour more cold Chablis and run up a green salad. If you are not weight watching, it's impressive to decide on a baked potato, too—after you sit down to dinner. Medium-sized potatoes take 4 minutes each in the microwave oven; you can almost have them ready while the wine is being poured. *Cooking time: 30 minutes* (plus 10 minutes for the optional browning).

A Pair of Midnight Pleasers

Serving bacon and eggs as they do in Rome and Mexico City has become a late-hour ritual with me. With the waves, it's almost as easy as cracking an egg and tearing off a piece of paper towel.

LINGUINE ALLA CARBONARA (Serves four)

12 slices bacon
4 eggs, beaten
1½ cups grated asiago or parmesan cheese
3 tablespoons chopped Italian parsley
Pepper mill, full of black peppercorns
Salt
1 pound linguine

Spread a double layer of paper towels on a 12-in. glass pie or cake dish. Arrange bacon strips on paper side by side, not overlapping. Cover with more paper towels. Place in microwave oven; cook 10 minutes. Remove grease-saturated paper

towels, pat off remaining grease with fresh paper towels. Break bacon into pieces half the size of thumbnail. Place eggs, cheese and parsley in large bowl. Mill black pepper in lavishly. Beat with whisk or electric beater until mixture is well blended. Have 4 rimmed soup bowls warming in regular oven or special warmer. Almost fill 3-quart glass casserole with hot water. Bring to boil in microwave oven; add 1 tablespoon salt and linguine. Boil 2 minutes; separate strands by stirring with fork. Cook 3 minutes more. Cover, let stand 5 minutes. Test a strand of linguine; it should slightly resist the tooth if properly *al dente*. Never overcook pasta; it should not be mushy. Working quickly, blend a heaping tablespoon bacon pieces into the egg mixture. Using spaghetti tongs, take the linguine directly from the hot water, shaking off excess water, and add to the cheese-and-egg bowl. The pasta must be hot, so it slightly sets the eggs as you toss the pasta. Using two wooden forks, toss the linguine well but gently with the cheese and eggs. Serve immediately in warm bowls topped with generous spoonings of the remaining crisp bacon

pieces. *Cooking time: 15 minutes* (including bacon).

MEXICAN EGGS AND BACON (Serves four)

2 tablespoons butter
2 small white onions, minced
2 medium tomatoes, peeled, deseeded, chopped
1 tablespoon Italian parsley, minced
1½ teaspoons chili powder
8 eggs (beat well with fork; add 1 teaspoon salt)
12 slices bacon

Place butter in 9-in. glass plate; heat in microwave oven for ½ minute. Add onions; cook 2 minutes or until transparent. Stir in tomatoes, parsley and chili powder. Cook 3 minutes or until excess moisture cooks off. Add eggs; cook 1 minute. Stir well; cook 1 minute; stir. Remove; eggs should be soft and creamy. Do not overcook. Using paper-towels-on-glass-plate system, as in *linguine alla carbonara*, cook bacon. Serve eggs on warm plates with 3 slices crisp bacon on top of each serving. *Cooking time: 17½ minutes* (including bacon).

So go make microwaves!



"Now, just a goddamn minute, Lorraine—maybe the señor does want his sister!"

SAM ERVIN *(continued from page 150)*

employees, encouraging them to snitch on anyone who demands to talk to high Government officials personally "for the purpose of redress of imaginary grievances" or who wants to "embarrass . . . any U. S. Government official at home or abroad." That description, said Ervin, could be applied to him as well as to millions of other Americans. "I am a 'malcontent' on many issues," he said. "I have written the President and other high officials, complaining of grievances that some may consider 'imaginary.' I may also have 'embarrassed' high Government officials."

That sort of thing, coming from one who is revered by Southern conservatives and who is the darling of the textile industrialists because of his harsh laissez-faire attitudes toward the working class, is indeed surprising—unless one puts it into the context of the gentry who produced Ervin.

For a Southern state, North Carolina has always had an impressive flexibility. Although the occasional resurgences of the Ku Klux Klan have found more mean red-necks signing up in North Carolina than in any other state, at the other end of the social spectrum one finds a deep, stubborn, enlightened tradition of libertarianism. The Quaker influence is responsible for some of it. The liberal Baptists at Wake Forest University account for much of it (William Louis Poteat was teaching evolution to Wake Forest students 20 years before Tennessee even thought about holding a monkey trial). The intellectuals of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill can be credited with even more. And one cannot overlook the influence of the newspapers and their editors—the coolest journalists in the South.

Ervin's mixture of middle-America orthodoxy, rampant individualism and both pro-black and anti-black attitudes is even better understood when one zeroes in on his home town: Morganton, population 13,625.

The sign beside the Burke County Courthouse tells the traveler through that community in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains that the odd little structure was built of local cut stone circa 1835, that it was raided by Union forces in 1865 and remodeled in 1901. On the courthouse grounds there is a statue, a memorial to OUR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, at the base of which are hundreds of names such as McGalliard, McNeely, Poteat, Weaver, English, McGhee, Shehan, Kincaid, Isenhour, Swink, Hawks, Ledbetter, McGimpsey and Laughbridge—mostly the sons and grandsons of Scotch-Irish immigrants, but some English and some Dutch.

Half a block from the courthouse is a café that has a hand-lettered cardboard

sign in the window advertising HOME-MADE BISCUITS AND SAUSAGE, 15 CENTS. And next door is a bookstore, but the only books in evidence are those in the window, a thin platoon of romanticism featuring poems by Kahlil Gibran and Rod McKuen.

Morganton, of course, is not without sin. It has "brown-bag" bars for dues-paying members at both the Holiday Inn and the Quality Courts. (But the motels balance this by placing copies of Oral Roberts' *Daily Blessing* in the rooms.) And there is one two-dollar skin-flick moviehouse in town, though there are no pictures out front.

One of the buildings across the street from the courthouse is a run-down two-story affair that is owned by Senator Ervin. There, upstairs at the back, are Ervin's home offices and, though he is seldom there and his office staff is often gone, too, the door is usually open and anyone is welcome to go in and browse through the lawbooks and listen to the only sound—a leaky toilet. These were his offices when he was a county judge and, before that, when he was a country lawyer practicing with his father, reportedly a feisty, bearded fellow. Though Sam, Sr., is long dead, Senator Ervin retains the Jr. on his name. He is physically much larger than his father was, but he was always "Little Sam" to the townspeople and apparently still is in his own mind, at least by comparison.

There are two sources of prestige in a town like this: wealth and breeding. Ervin is old family. His father's people came over from Northern Ireland in 1732, where they had been sent from Scotland (they were Lowlanders, not the wild Highlanders) to hold down the Irish. They were, of course, Calvinists, and so today is Ervin, which he says means that "we don't refrain from sinnin', but we don't get as much pleasure out of it as other people." Although they were not wealthy in the Southern Bourbon sense, his immediate ancestors on both sides were moderately landed gentry, and the land has included portions of the town. Both his mother's people (the Powes) and his father's are memorialized with all the grandeur that a small town can confer: street names.

This sort of thing—family genealogy, fraternal memberships, municipal and state histories—means a lot to the Senator, as shown by the fact that his biography in the Congressional directory was until 1970 the longest of anyone's in Congress, running over a page (the late Senator Richard Russell, exercising the most rampant false modesty, limited his own to one line) and listing all 41 legal, historical, civic, farm and veterans' associations to which he belongs. The biography was trimmed to an ordinary length in 1970, not because Ervin wanted to—

in fact, he wanted to add a few organizations—but because his staff had become embarrassed by its length and asked him to remove some of it.

The Confederate monument on the courthouse grounds is more than a war memorial; it is also a monument to individual decision. Although Burke County sent plenty of men against the Union, it was sharply divided; and only a few miles deeper into the mountains, two adjacent counties, Avery and Mitchell, were very pro-Union in sentiment and supplied very few rebel soldiers. There were virtually no slaves in the mountains. Indeed, North Carolina was reluctant to secede from the Union and first efforts to bring about secession were repulsed by a referendum of the people. When it came—well, Ervin, a history buff, tells this anecdote about how the scales were delicately tipped: "The most influential man in the state was Zeb Vance and Zeb Vance was very much opposed to secession. He went around the state speaking for the Union. But then Lincoln called on North Carolina to supply troops for the North. Vance was at this place making a speech and somebody ran up the aisle with the message from Lincoln. Vance had his hand raised, making a point for the Union, when the message was stuck in front of him. His hand came down for the Confederacy. He took the position, which many in North Carolina took, that if they had to cut throats in the War between the States, they would rather cut the throats of strangers than of neighbors."

The war itself does not seem so long ago to Ervin (he was eight years old when Confederate hero General James Longstreet died), and North Carolina's sober deliberation, as opposed to the hysteria that sent some other portions of the South into the fighting, is still the mood that sits on him when he debates the civil rights issues. With Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, he co-managed the filibuster against the 1964 civil rights legislation, but at the same time, he denounced George Wallace as "the chief aider and abettor of those who would pass such bad legislation."

Considering Ervin's uncomplicated upbringing and his uncomplicated home town, it's plain that the seeming conflict within him is really a natural adjustment of outside complexities to a simple tribal code—like the shrinking of a missionary's head. Why, I asked him once, did he approve of capital punishment? He responded, "Well, some crimes are so atrocious. You take the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby. Any man who would do that for filthy lucre is so bad he ought to be executed." The Lindbergh baby was kidnaped in March 1932.

Some see a staggering simple-mindedness in such thought, but one must also admit that it is as conceptually timeless



John
Dempsey



"You got home just in time, Shirley—this guy here says we're going to get eight inches tonight!"

(and as stern) as Calvin's God. Capital punishment is justified whether one cites the perverse end of Abel or of Sharon Tate—or of someone in between.

I asked him why he disliked the way the Supreme Court had been operating for a couple of decades. "Well, I'd say about the Supreme Court what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said about life and language—they are both sacred. Homicide and verbicide—that is, violent treatment of a word so as to destroy its meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. I think the Supreme Court has committed verbicide and I think that is a crime against the Constitution, which it is sworn to uphold. Some of the Justices are habitual offenders."

In a debate with Ramsey Clark before the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research in Washington, Ervin elaborated further on this point. "Why," he asked, "did the founding fathers reduce the Constitution to writing? The answer is simple. Since the Constitution is a written instrument, its meaning does not change unless its wording is changed by an amendment in the manner prescribed by Article Five." Later he added, "Everyone will concede that the Constitution is written in words. If these words have no fixed meaning, they make the Constitution conform to Mark Twain's description of the dictionary. He said the dictionary has a wonderful vocabulary but no plot."

The fundamentalist's extravagant regard, or seeming regard, for the letter of the law—whether it be instructions for administering the Eucharist or the wording of a Constitution written at a time when a black man was officially regarded as three fifths of a constituent and no one dreamed of such problems as labor-union contracts—must surely inspire, among other reactions, considerable awe for Ervin's certitude. "I am sworn to uphold the Constitution as I see it," he has said, "not as the Supreme Court interprets it." Every man his own priest. The Scots of Scotland said it about the Church 300 years ago. Today's North Carolina Scots say it about government as well.

There are several reasons for the belated attention given to Ervin. The first—and least important—reason is that he was never an intimate member of the Senate Club back in the days of Lyndon Johnson and Robert Taft and the secret-handshake mystique of membership, nor has he ever been chairman of one of the powerful committees. And the second reason, a fatal one, is that Ervin has a mental style that is—in Washington, in most literary circles and on most faculties—so old-fashioned as to seem quaint.

His humor is generally of the frontier sort. During a debate with Senator Jacob Javits, Ervin kept pressing him to answer a question directly and Javits kept ducking. Ervin concluded:

"The Senator from New York reminds me of a case I tried one time. I defended an old man named Benton, who ran a little copper still in his house.

"I had to enter a plea of guilty for Benton, because he was caught red-handed. Not having the powers of elocution or circumlocution of the able Senator from New York, I simply had to plead Benton guilty.

"The prosecuting attorney called Benton to the stand and asked, 'Mr. Benton, where did you get that still?'

"Benton said, 'I ain't gwine to tell you.'

"The prosecuting attorney repeated the question.

"'Ain't gwine to tell you,' said Benton.

"Then the judge said to my client, 'I assume that when you tell the prosecuting attorney that you are not going to tell him where you got the still, what you mean to say is that you prefer not to do it?'

"Mr. Benton said, 'That's right, Judge, but I ain't gwine to tell him nohow.'

"So the Senator from New York is not going to answer my question."

The humor went astray. Javits only became more sullen.

No state in the union is so dependent on income from the tobacco industry as is North Carolina, so it isn't surprising to find Ervin unsympathetic with health officials who warn against the use of cigarettes. "When I hear these arguments," he once told the Senate, "I am reminded of a prominent citizen who lived to be ninety-six years of age:

"On his ninety-sixth birthday, the newspapers sent their reporters out to interview him. One of them asked, 'To what do you attribute your long life?'

"The old man said, 'That is my old to the fact that I have never taken a drink of an alcoholic beverage nor smoked a cigarette in all my days.'

"At that moment, they heard a noise in an adjoining room that sounded like a combined earthquake and cyclone. One of the newspaper reporters said, 'Good Lord, what is that?'

"The old man said, 'That is my old daddy in there on one of his periodic drunks.'"

There are problems with Ervin's dependence on this kind of humorous capsuling of existence: Those who prefer stand-up comics to politicians listen only for the punch line and disregard the moral, while those who insist that life be deadly serious look upon the anecdotes as frivolous. Of the latter group, television newscasters are pre-eminent. During Ervin's hearings into Government snooping via computers, network editors used a film showing Ervin holding an 11-pound family Bible in one hand and, in the other hand, a piece of microfilm two inches by two inches, which, he explained, "contains 1245 pages of a Bible, with all

NEW YORK



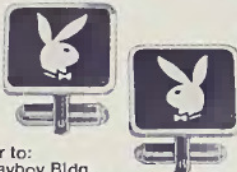
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773,746 words on it. This means a reduction of 65,500 to one. With such a process, I am told, all of the millions of books stored on the 270 miles of the Library of Congress shelves could be reproduced and stored in six filing cabinets. They could be retrieved and read with a simple microscope or magnifying device."


But the networks left out what he said next, which was dearest to his heart (since most Americans were likely to admire, rather than fear, the technology): "Someone said that this meant the Constitution could be reduced to the size of a pinhead. I said I thought maybe that was what they had done with it in the Executive branch, because some of those officials could not see it with their naked eyes. And I might add the same thing about some of the Supreme Court Justices."

Lost also to the TV audience was Ervin's subsequent profound witticism: "A great many people believe in the infallibility of computers. I first thought of introducing a constitutional amendment making computers eligible to run for the Presidency. But when I went down to study computers at a computer center, they told me and demonstrated that computers could make logical deductions from the facts stored in their memory bank but couldn't possibly make an illogical deduction from those facts. So I gave up the idea of the amendment, because anybody or anything that can't make an illogical conclusion has no place in political life."

In an inert Congress, the member who moves at all is likely to be credited with doing too much. And, in a way, this has happened to Ervin. If he is, as many claim, the Senate's foremost authority on the Constitution, it is not because of his mastery but because there is such scant competition. "The 14th Amendment," he told me, "was about the plainest thing in the Constitution until the Supreme Court got to messing it up a few years ago. 'Cause it merely says that no state shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of its laws. It's a very simple proposition. It's put in there to keep a state from having one law for one man and another law for another man, or one law for one group of people and another law for another group of people, when they are all in the same set of circumstances. All it means is that a state shall treat all people in like circumstances in a like manner."

The truth is—as judicial history shows—the Supreme Court got to messing with the civil rights aspects of the 14th Amendment within 15 years after it had been passed in 1868 and had so thoroughly messed it up by the end of the 19th Century, with separate-but-equal and a host of other racially oppressive rulings, that it took another lifetime to straighten it out. Meanwhile, the 14th

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Amendment's due-process and equal-protection guarantees had been perverted primarily to the protection of laissez-faire commerce. The 14th has never been "a very simple proposition."

Because he didn't know how long he could stay there, Ervin went through Harvard Law School backward—third year first, then second year, then first—"And sometimes," one young Washington civil rights lawyer has observed, "it sure does show." There are other regrettable but understandable lapses, mainly traceable to Ervin's fear of old adversaries.

So fearsome to him is the concentration of Federal power—he calls it "the processes of death"—that Ervin has been willing to pervert his principles to strengthen state government, which, at least in the South, is "opposed to" Washington. Thus, while he harangues against the spread of Federal wire tapping, he favors the spread of wire tapping by state police. Ervin's office, however, carefully stipulates that he endorses this procedure for capital-crime investigations only.

His dislike for labor unions has also distorted his judicial logic. When civil rights legislation was being fought over in 1964, Ervin wanted to require jury trial in all civil rights cases—which would be an almost certain way of getting white defendants off in the South—because "I am a great believer in, and a strong advocate of, the right of trial by jury, because I believe the right of trial by jury is, in the ultimate analysis, the only protection the people have against tyranny." Nevertheless, when he was on the North Carolina supreme court, in at least two cases involving the struggle of labor unions to organize the textile mills, he voted to uphold criminal-contempt convictions without jury. Accused of inconsistency because of these rulings, he conceded he had upheld a bad law.

In 1969, when the State, County, Municipal Employees Union struck the food services at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Jim Pierce, then a labor organizer (now executive director of the National Sharecroppers Fund), was one of the ramrods of the effort. "There were Federal snoops all over the place. People would come to me and say, 'That's an FBI man over there,'" Pierce recalls. "I had a Chapel Hill cop tell me, 'Jim, be careful. They've got your wires tapped.' You didn't see Senator Ervin coming to my rescue in his own state."

Of course, it could have been that Ervin didn't know about it. But Pierce has a point; even if he had known, he would not likely have protested the FBI's spying on a labor stiff. Southern politicians have generally counted the G men among their friends. Until the last half of the Sixties, the FBI was notoriously lax in its attitude toward civil

rights violations in the South; the character of the bureau's personnel in that region was strictly segregationist, and they showed a strange ineptitude in solving lynchings and cases of voter harassment. *The New York Times's* Tom Wicker once pointed out, "As late as Lyndon Johnson's first year in office, he had to 'maneuver' J. Edgar Hoover into opening a major FBI office in Jackson, Mississippi, the spiritual capital of white supremacy." In their book, *The Orangeburg Massacre*, about the shooting of 30 black students by police at Orangeburg, South Carolina, in 1968, Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* and Jack Bass of the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer* claim that the FBI helped cover up evidence and in other ways impeded the investigation conducted by the Justice Department.

Apparently because of such expressions of sympathy toward the South, plus the fact that Hoover is the Federal Government's foremost advocate of all the God-and-country principles dear to the heart of a traditionalist like Ervin, he has been singularly inconsistent in combating all aspects of Federal snooping.

Yet no portion of the bureaucracy is so guilty as the FBI of invading individual privacies, as the stolen files from the Media, Pennsylvania, FBI office have shown. The bureau that Hoover built will preside over the dossier future of this country; the FBI is known to be setting aside more room in its new headquarters in Washington for "domestic intelligence" than for its anti-crime work. But, when it was suggested to Ervin that he expand his Senate probe beyond the Army snoops and include the FBI's more threatening surveillance of dissenters, maverick politicians and left-wing professors, he refused on the grounds that what the FBI was doing was not "illegal."

The most pathetic self-betrayal on the old man's part came late in 1971, when President Nixon appointed Assistant Attorney General William H. Rehnquist to the U. S. Supreme Court. Having been tormented for so many years by the "judge made" liberalism of the Warren era, Ervin was now apparently willing to desert some of his principles in order to reverse the High Court's character.

So he supported Rehnquist. Of course, in supporting a conservative, Ervin was being consistent. But Rehnquist was more than a conservative; he seemed to stand for several basics that violated Ervin's standards of constitutional liberty. He defended the Government's right to silence criticism among its employees (he took this stand after a group of Federal workers signed an anti-Vietnam petition); he advocated the forceful crushing of non-violent protests; and he urged that the courts should abstain from protecting the individual from surveillance by Government spies. All this was on the record before Rehnquist appeared for approval

before the Judiciary Committee, of which Ervin is a member. Ervin not only ignored the record but when it came his time to question Rehnquist, he said he would pass, "because I do not want to be shaken in my convictions" of Rehnquist's fitness. At 75, the wrinkles in the old ideals are really beginning to show.

There was a time—say, between 1880 and 1930, the heyday of industrial paternalism, before F. D. R. began to inflate the Federal Government and Eleanor showed that it was OK for a white lady to have her picture taken with Negroes—when Sam Ervin might have achieved a modicum of greatness. In that period, it was quite enough for a politician to have no higher ambition than to prevent things from getting worse; change was only tolerable and progress was a radical idea.

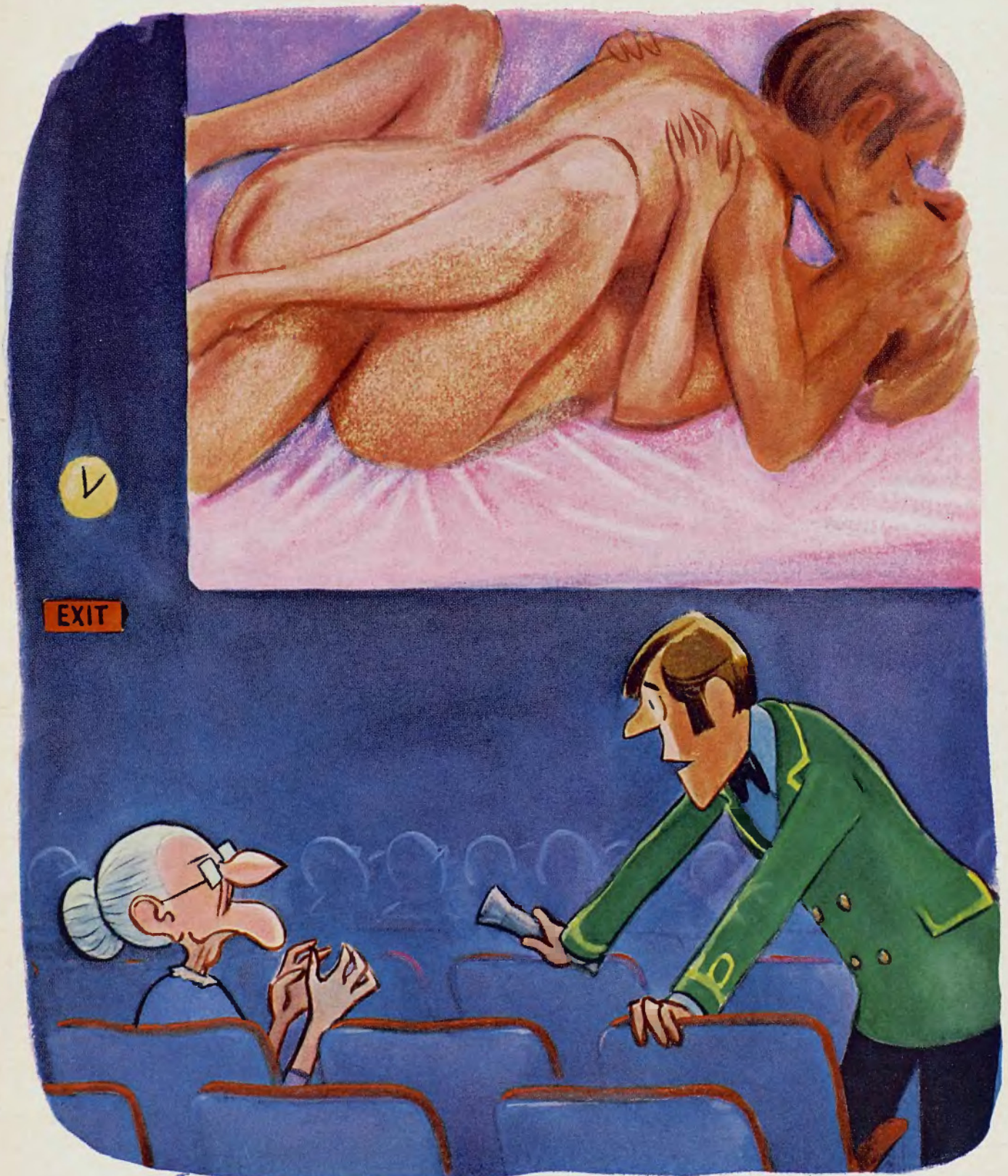
That's the way Sam Ervin sees things, too. And when one stubborn politician's abhorrence of change serves as a strongbox for the protection of individual liberties, the whole nation benefits, not only in the substantive accomplishment of embarrassing Federal snoopers but in the pleasant sight of one old man jawing back at the bureaucratic smart alecks. One should stop there, however, and be content. To ask for more from Senator Ervin is to be painfully disappointed. Mankind, to him, can do no more than hold its own. All its efforts at improvement will be futile, if not sinful.

Aside from his father, who taught him to love his version of the Constitution, the greatest influence in Ervin's life was his sister Catherine, who, he says, "taught me to love poetry and good literature." Like what? "Like Kipling." And what especially in Kipling? "Well, like, *The Gods of the Copybook Headings*, it's one of my favorite poems. It's a marvelous poem."

And Ervin begins to recite Kipling's sneers at the idea of disarmament, Kipling's ridicule of the distribution of wealth. Kipling's hoots at the concept of brotherly love, culminating in:

*As it will be in the future, it was at
the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain
since Social Progress began:—
That the Dog returns to his Vomit
and the Sow returns to her Mire,
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger
goes wabbling back to the Fire;
And that after this is accomplished,
and the brave new world begins
When all men are paid for existing
and no man must pay for his sins.*

Destruction, only destruction ahead. Ervin's eyes light up as he chants the lines, nodding his head. Kipling *knew*. "He told about everything we went through," he says. "'And no man must pay for his sins.' Aren't we doing exactly that now, going back to deficit financing?"



V

EXIT

BUCK BROWN

"Ma'am, on behalf of the other patrons, I must ask you to stop cheering."

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