ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

BEGINNING A SCI-FI THRILLER BY MICHAEL ("ANDROMEDA STRAIN") CRICHTON • BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN COVERS AND UNCOVERS A BEAUTY CONTEST • PLAYBOY PREVIEWS "SAVAGES," A FAR-OUT FLICK • A VISIT WITH THE MAGNIFIQUE DOMINIQUE SANDA

PETER ("JOE") BOYLE LAMPOONS MOTORCYCLE MOVIES IN "SNOW'S ANGELS" • TUNING IN ON THE GRATEFUL DEAD • AN INTERVIEW WITH PEPPERY LABOR ORGANIZER SAUL ALINSKY • "AEROSPACED OUT" BY SENATOR ALAN CRANSTON • SOKOL'S ART GALLERY

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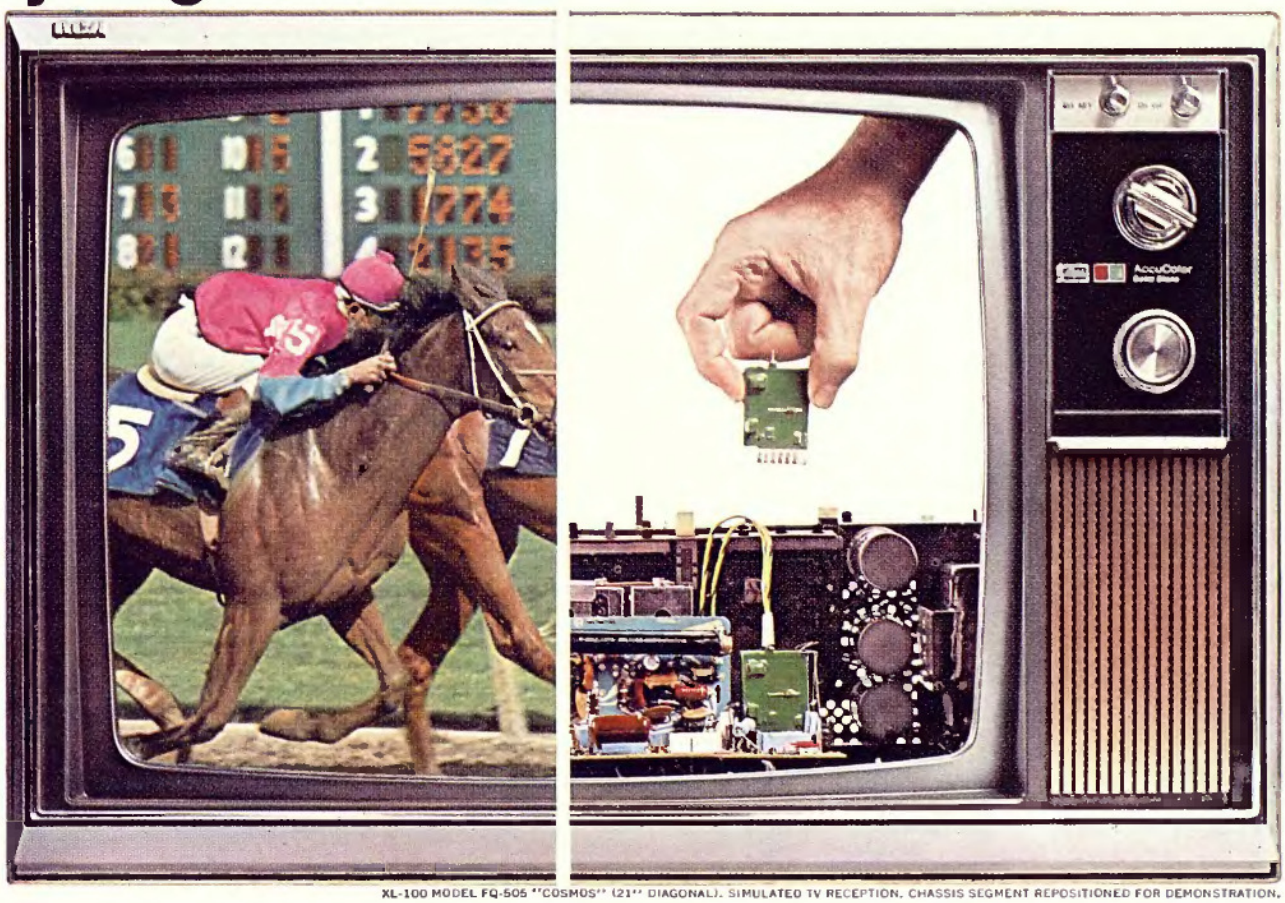

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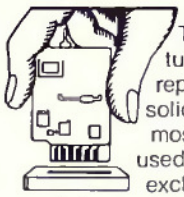

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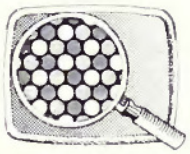

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Love Johnnie Walker Red

Dear World,

Because you love us more than any other Scotch in the world, we thought we'd take this opportunity to ask you to be our Valentine.

PLAYBILL AT 29, Michael Crichton is a phenomenon. He's been called a one-man writing factory, the Jules Verne of our time. He's also a physician (nonpracticing) and a fellow of the Salk Institute (on leave). Crichton himself has lost track of just how many books he's written, under his own name or one of three pseudonyms (as "Michael Douglas" he authored with his brother the novel *Dealing*, which was serialized last year in PLAYBOY and is now onscreen as a Warner Bros. release). His latest, *The Terminal Man*, which begins in this issue, has netted well over half a million dollars even before its publication (by Alfred A. Knopf in May); it's a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and will be a movie (with Crichton directing) for Warners. Says Crichton: "I've always wanted to rewrite *Frankenstein*, and this is it—just as *The Andromeda Strain* was a conscious rewrite of *The War of the Worlds*. I am now consciously rewriting *Dracula* and directing films [besides *Terminal Man*, a forthcoming novel, *Binary*], but otherwise minding my own business. I intend to take my own life on March 10, 1973, at 11:04 A.M., if it is not raining." That last sentence, we trust, was spoken in a moment of fatigue brought on by a writing pace that has reached as high as 16,000 words a day. "I'm slowing down now; if I hit 6000, I'll stop myself." We hope to tap at least some of that diminished outpouring between now and March 10, 1973.


CRICHTON


FRIEDMAN


CRANSTON


BOYLE


HOLMES


SOKOL


MC CLANAHAN


GREY


ROBERTS

Anthony Grey, a British newsman who spent 806 days in solitary confinement in Peking, kept his sanity by practicing yoga, playing mental chess—and writing, among other things, this month's *Himself*, a whimsical fantasy about the body as a departmentalized bureaucracy, in which each cellular civil servant has a persona of its own.

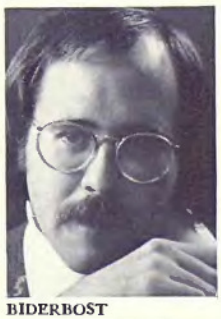
The emergent—or re-emergent—art of personal journalism is exemplified herein: funkily by Ed McClanahan's *Grateful Dead I Have Known* and wryly by Bruce Jay Friedman's *Poise as a Tie Breaker*. McClanahan says of this assignment: "The honest-to-god up-front truth is that I don't actually know shit from apple butter about music. . . . I was obliged to confess early on to Jerry Garcia that what I'd probably end up writing about was not so much the Grateful Dead as me hanging around the Grateful Dead. 'Well, shit yes, man,' Jerry said, genuinely surprised. 'What else?' Thereby persuading me that the Grateful Dead are a force for good. Which, when you get right down to it, is what this article is *really* all about." As for Friedman's adventures in the world of competitive beauty (illustrated by David Wilcox), Bruce sticks steadfastly to his claim that he didn't make out with any of the entrants. We wish him better luck this year; he's been invited back.

Another believer in the "I was there" school of journalism is *The New York Times*'s young (29) Los Angeles bureau chief, Steven V. Roberts, who gives us a revealing portrait of a colorful member of that vanishing species the rugged individualist in *Bill Lear and His Incredible Steam Machine*. The breed may be endangered, but it's not yet extinct; still another notable specimen is Eric Norden's *Playboy Interview* subject, feisty organizer Saul Alinsky—who's now out to help the Silent Majority find its voice.

John Clellon Holmes continues his travels through Europe with *Encounter in Munich*, which, like his earlier PLAYBOY contributions about Naples and Florence, will appear in his memoir *Walking Away from the War*—a book that, he says, will be published "as soon as I finish it." Another contributor, U. S. Senator Alan Cranston, was in Germany (and in Italy and Ethiopia) as a foreign correspondent during the Hitler era. Since then, he's gone on to new fields and a newer dilemma: As a so-called dove, he's concerned about the arms race and its propensity for gobbling vast sums of money that might better be spent elsewhere; on the other hand, as senior Senator from California, he represents a constituency that's heavily involved in aerospace and defense. Cranston's solution, a sort of scientific WPA, is outlined in *Aerospaced Out*.

On the lighter side, we offer Warner Law's heartburning *The Chef's Story* (illustrated by William Biderbost); Peter (*Joe*) Boyle's *Snow's Angels*, a satirical screenplay; *Palette-able Sex*, by cartoonist Erich Sokol; and Miss March, Ellen Michaels, photographed by Dwight Hooker. He's the guy at bottom far right who looks like an extra in a spaghetti Western. Coincidentally, that genre's graduate, Clint Eastwood, also appears on these pages: not in his moth-eaten serape but modeling elegant sweaters. So much for stereotypes, except, of course, for our stereotypically photogenic gatefold girl. We like her as she is.


LAW


BIDERBOST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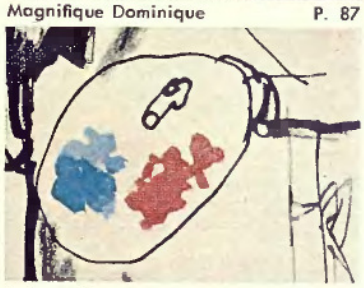

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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TO JUPITER—AND BEYOND

I immensely enjoyed Arthur C. Clarke's *A Meeting with Medusa* (PLAYBOY, December 1971). I have read Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey* at least 15 times and get something more out of it each time I reread it. Along this line, I was glad the *Medusa* story delved deeper into the possibilities of transferring a human brain (or thoughts alone) into shining new homes of metal and plastic, which he touched upon in *2001*. Magnum opus, Clarke, and thanks again for a thoroughly entertaining and thought-provoking story.

Paul E. Miller
Falls Church, Virginia

Your latest Arthur C. Clarke effort was a very fine example of the sort of science fiction that requires a conscientious extension of present knowledge, as well as meticulous attention to detail in its presentation of near-future circumstances. The act of providing this background material without detracting from the momentum of a powerful adventure story excited my admiration along with my imagination.

Roger Zelazny
Baltimore, Maryland

"Jack of Shadows," Zelazny's most recent sci-fi novel, was published last year.

Clarke's *Medusa* is a conceptually and visually striking piece of work. At once it is a vision of Jupiter in terms of the best knowledge we have about it and an exciting extrapolation of what we may find there. The departures from actual fact are brilliantly plausible, so much so that I won't be surprised if medusae *are* found in the Jovian atmosphere. For more than two decades, Clarke has been a master of science-fiction realism to the point where much of his work approaches the authenticity of the fictional regionalist, except that his regional home is the solar system. But Clarke is not afraid to speculate imaginatively; facts are not his strait jacket, for he knows that the realism of the universe is fantastic realism, and I am grateful you publish him. His latest story is extraordinary.

George Zebrowski, Editor
Science Fiction Writers of America Bulletin
Binghamton, New York

Arthur C. Clarke likes to detail real science in his regalings—and I mean *detail*. However, there are two major drawbacks to incorporating actual scientific facts into fiction. First, it overemphasizes specifics and draws attention to the data that are missing. Clarke's preoccupation with detail points up the second major drawback: that the details interfere with the story. Howard Falcon, the hero, was mechanistic. Perhaps he was supposed to be, but certainly he had no human warmth. Falcon suffered, I think, because the writer cared more about the planet Jupiter than he did for him. Perhaps it's just me, but I prefer people to things, and I regret the exploration of planets at the expense of having humans denatured and made secondary. Of its kind, *A Meeting with Medusa* was quite a good yarn. But I'd like to see it once more—with feeling.

Jack Wodhams
Caboolture, Australia

A Meeting with Medusa isn't the best science fiction that Arthur C. Clarke has ever written, but it's certainly the best story (of any kind) that PLAYBOY has published in the past year or two. The surprise handling of the ending bothered me a little, but that's pure nitpicking with a story of this caliber. I only hope that it turns out to be the first section of a new Clarke novel.

Gene DeWeese
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Science-fiction writer DeWeese will be pleased to know that Clarke's next book, a factual one dealing with Jupiter and the outer planets, will be released this fall under the title "Beyond Jupiter: The Worlds of the Grand Tour."

THE UNIVERSAL *PSYCHOPATH*

Alan Harrington's thought-provoking article *The Coming of the Psychopath* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) prompts additional probes and questions. Perhaps the death-rebirth analogy he perceives in the psychopath's relation to life is also related to the human need for excitement and physical danger. Such experiences have been inherent in human existence for thousands of years, though our society has removed most of these personal physical threats from the environment. Satisfaction of this need rather than being psychopathologic may actually constitute maturity and stability. Harrington's thesis and these additional questions beg for more research by a

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cross section of behavioral and social scientists. The implications for our society are vast and barely imaginable. It may be necessary to provide large segments of our population with exciting and dangerous experiences during the coming of the transitional revolution.

Gary H. Jones
Chico, California

To speak of the *figure* of the psychopath minus the *ground* of electric information from which he springs is merely to classify without understanding the process or provenance of the psychopath. Psychopathy, in my opinion, may have more to do with the continuing allegiance of some individuals to visual culture and its civilization than with any other cause. Because visual culture engendered centuries of habitual impersonalism and detachment, many tradition-oriented people feel rebuffed and revolted by the new and intensely personal demands for involvement that our newer culture fosters. In a word, psychopathic man is man in transition between antithetic modes of social order; one dead, the other powerless to be born. Since everybody is involved in both modes, it would be impertinent to express an absolute value judgment. This situation is not new. The same kind of transition occurred in Shakespeare's time, where the old, *resonant* medieval culture clashed with the new *visual* Renaissance. Hamlet was a perfect expression of man in transition (psychopathic man). Part of him was living in the new visual world of goals and ambitions, and part of him still belonged to the acoustic world of medieval hierarchy and personal loyalty. He appeals to acoustic harmony as the very basis of political order. All the horror and confusion which resulted from intruding a specialist visual order across an acoustic ground of depth-involvement and loyalty is today being played backwards at high speed. Once more, at instant speeds, points of view and distant goals yield to depth involvement and the need for role-playing. In our time, electric speed has abolished visual order in favor of collage and mosaic. The only bond that remains is the "resonant Interval" of quantum mechanics—and that is little for ordinary man to link with.

Marshall McLuhan, Director
Centre for Culture
and Technology
Toronto, Ontario

One of the most original thinkers of our time, McLuhan has written "Understanding Media" and the forthcoming "Take Today: The Executive as Dropout."

The Coming of the Psychopath is unsettling only if you happen to believe that obedience to artificial social contracts, imposed on us all by previous generations of psychopaths and saints, is a definition of mental health. Lumping together pseudo-psychology, social criticism and personal hang-ups, sprinkled liberally with real if noncontextual quotes from respected mind scientists, Harrington concludes that what we all really need is Super-Opiate, a drug-oriented religion. In fact, Harrington would benefit more from a real trip to the outside world, where he could meet and hopefully understand what may be evolving as the first truly "unhooked" generation.

Lois C. Robb
Hollywood, California

The Wizard of Woo described in *The Coming of the Psychopath* is not so much a true psychopath as a victim of a schizophrenic reaction with psychopathic traits. Were he a real psychopath, the Wizard of Woo would not have been conscience-stricken or shown even fake remorse or set it up so he would be caught. A real psychopath would have no conscience and could have defended himself by pointing out that the women insisted on his taking their money and that he was just a man who fell out of love easily. Often, the victims of thought disorder are confused with psychopaths; they can be differentiated by their poor judgment and bizarre actions. I also do not agree that a psychopath can sometimes inspire far more devotion than the average person. Those fearful of a reactive and loving man are comfortable with psychopaths because they really prefer their role as dispensers of love. Give-and-take relationships are boring and annoying to psychopaths. The sense of power and pleasure in manipulating others is their major interpersonal goal. An analogy I find more useful than Harrington's Successful Psychopath is the child who can do as he pleases without caring. If this is the new hero, as your author fears he might be, then self-indulgence is the order of the day.

Ann Ruth Turkel, M.D.
William Alanson White Institute
of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis
and Psychology
New York, New York

Alan Harrington's *The Coming of the Psychopath* is the most disappointing treatment of an important subject I have ever seen you publish. Harrington's "hip" prose style ruined any coherent analysis he may have advanced. In several cases, he fails to document what could be important hypotheses. One notable claim is where Harrington intimates that "lesions in Hemingway's head" may have contributed to that writer's genius. In fact, Hemingway's lesions of 1918 involved mostly his leg.

Jonathan Crespin
Cincinnati, Ohio

SCROOGE LIVES!

Your *Bah! Humbug!* quiz (PLAYBOY, December 1971) was disgusting. I was appalled at the way you distorted this day. Your Senior Editor, David Stevens, should have more consideration for a Biblical subject. I sincerely hope these are not his real feelings toward this spiritual time of the year. In the future, leave Christmas alone. There is not much left in the world that the human race can still cherish, so don't tarnish what remains.

Linda L. Stokes
Homestead, Florida

So nu? Why no Chanukah quiz?

Richard Caplan
Riverside, California

ROMAN KNOWS

Your interview with film director Roman Polanski (PLAYBOY, December 1971) was most informative indeed. Though I have seen only two of his films, *Repulsion* and *Rosemary's Baby*, I was impressed by the stark realism of his style. Polanski's megalomaniacal qualities appear quite genuine and I believe such traits are necessary to successful directors. To be able to examine and dissect concepts almost totally within one's own ideals provides a unity of theory and action, where one can be true to oneself. I am indebted to PLAYBOY for helping me understand a little of Polanski and thus making his future films even more appealing to me.

George Zurawski
Nipigon, Ontario

I am a 19-year-old college student confused about the complexities of this society, and how I can mesh with it and keep my own head in general. I believe I have found a life raft. Your recent interview with Roman Polanski was fantastic, for it shows a powerful, dynamic and practical personality who realizes what society and people are all about. Roman Polanski knows where he is going, and through him I have indeed found out where I am going, too. Thanks for helping me get my head together.

Mitch Feingersch
Oceanside, New York

HIGH-FLYING BIRDS

Richard Hooker's *S*E*X Comes to Thief Island* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) was beautiful. As a pilot and lover of nature I appreciated the characterizations of the Italian kamikaze pilot, Wrong Way Napolitano, and the left-handed Jewish jet pilot, Tiptoe Tannenbaum.

Ed Sherwood
Canoga Park, California

WE'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

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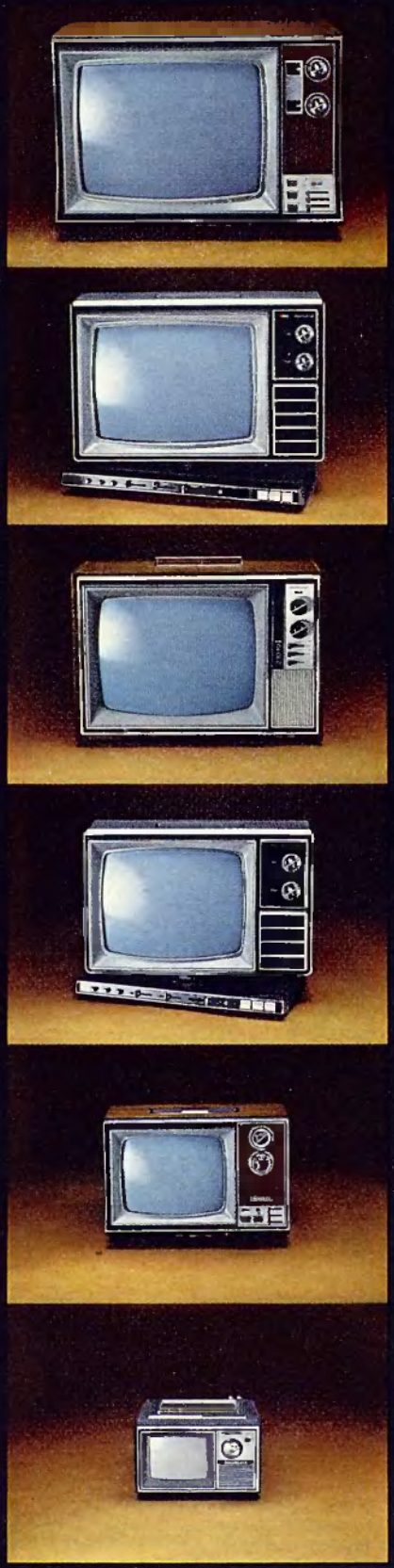

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a thing as Spanish Harlem, and raised in the Kingsbridge section of the Bronx, nostalgia is a mild word for my reaction to Bruce Jay Friedman's *New York—A Town Without Foreplay* (PLAYBOY, December 1971). It was great to see someone put into words the memories that every native New Yorker carries with him. During my temporary journalistic exile in Pennsylvania, I've found that those reminiscences make great stories for local listeners, just as they once did for those "scrubbed" Midwestern coeds. A subscription to *New York* and weekly reading of the Sunday *Times* helps, but only meeting a fellow native by chance brings back the fiercely competitive games of "King-Queen," dressing up for Sunday strolls on Broadway or jumping off "the Cut" bare-assed into the Harlem river as a Day Liner passed by. I guess an old college roommate from Chicago had a point when he said, "There's New Yorkers and there's Americans," but it's still the only town you know you're in as soon as you jump into a cab at Kennedy. There must be millions like me around the world who can sympathize with that dry cleaner who needed just one look at Haverstraw. For all of us, my thanks to Bruce Jay Friedman.

Andrew L. Lluberes
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The best thing about being born in New York City like I was is that it makes you free to call your own shots. Unlike my friends from the Middle West who are stuck and afraid to go home, I don't have to defend the city. And if I knock it, no one can say I'm a shit-kicker from Terre Haute who's had a bad time. Bruce Jay Friedman wrote a brilliant article and wrapped up most of Fun City in a few thousand words. But I think he came to the wrong conclusion. New York's got it all, all right. Better Chinese food than Shanghai and better knishes than Tel Aviv. Wilder women than Paris and funnier men than London. The Jets and Super Joe. The Philharmonic, the Met, the Staten Island Ferry, brunch at the St. Moritz, Broadway, Mabel Mercer and Nathan's. New York City has all that and more. And I still say, fuck it.

Peter Andrews
Katonah, New York

Peter Andrews last appeared in our pages in October 1971 with "A. C. L. U.—Let There Be Law."

I shall refer your entire package, *New York—A Town Without Foreplay* and Murray Kempton's *My Last Mugging* (PLAYBOY, December 1971), to my Magazine Article Workshop at New York University and also to the audiences of several radio interviews I have scheduled, for they represent to me good examples of the "new journalism." As for substance in each piece: Would that they were not true to life, but, alas, they are. The writing is tops.

Professor Beatrice Schapper
New York University
New York, New York

The Friedman piece starts brilliantly, but after the first two pages, I felt he had to get "with it" by dropping names. Bruce Jay Friedman is a guy with a lot of talent if he only knew how to check his rather coarse streak and soft-pedal the *Carnal Knowledge* act. At its worst, his piece struck me as almost graffiti. Surely PLAYBOY readers are not high school kids who get a charge out of four-letter words. No one wants Friedman to write in the piddling style of E. B. White—but I suggest he reread some of Bellow.

Albert Halper
Pawling, New York

Playwright/novelist Halper's most recent work is "Good-bye, Union Square," a memoir of the Thirties.

AYES OF THE BEHOLDER

It is interesting to note that all but one of the photographers in your pictorial *Personal Visions of the Erotic* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) seem to equate eroticism with nudity and/or sex. In fact, the basic premise of the feature is self-fulfilling: We are told that the photographs are erotic, therefore they are. This is eroticism by association. With the exception of Art Kane, all the photographers portray varying degrees and types of sexual activity. The graphic intentions of these artists are excellent, but it is the sense of *wonder* inherent in Kane's picture that, for me, makes it the most profoundly erotic. Kane himself makes this point in his comment on the photo, verbalizing what is apparent to the viewer—the artist's love of both his craft and, implicitly, his subject.

D. Reid Powell
Toronto, Ontario

GOLD MINE

Often an experience as recorded is so complete that further comment seems unnecessary. *Crazy Kids Cross the Ocean* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) by Herbert Gold was one such experience. Both in mood and tone, Gold's work recalls the energy and vitality of the great writers of the Beat Generation. Whether the scene is in Allen Ginsberg's East Harlem apartment or in a Paris café, there is in this memoir the same sweet sound of Charlie Parker's sax fading from fore- to background as there is in the best of Jack Kerouac or Gregory Corso. Perhaps it's the early-Fifties setting of the piece, or the freewheeling dialog that made *Crazy Kids* more than mere nostalgia. It was current, it was vibrant, it was funny, it had life. I couldn't ask for anything more. Thanks so much for publishing it.

Ernie Moorad
Brooklyn, New York

THE NATIONAL PASTIME

Early last July, I was attending a White Sox game at Chicago's Comiskey Park when I saw this unbelievably beautiful blonde trying to make her way to a seat. The Sox have had hard times in the past keeping the attention of the fans, but this girl caused such a commotion that she had to leave the game early. I guess for Chicago fans, a striking blonde in dynamite-pink hotpants is a rare treat, because as

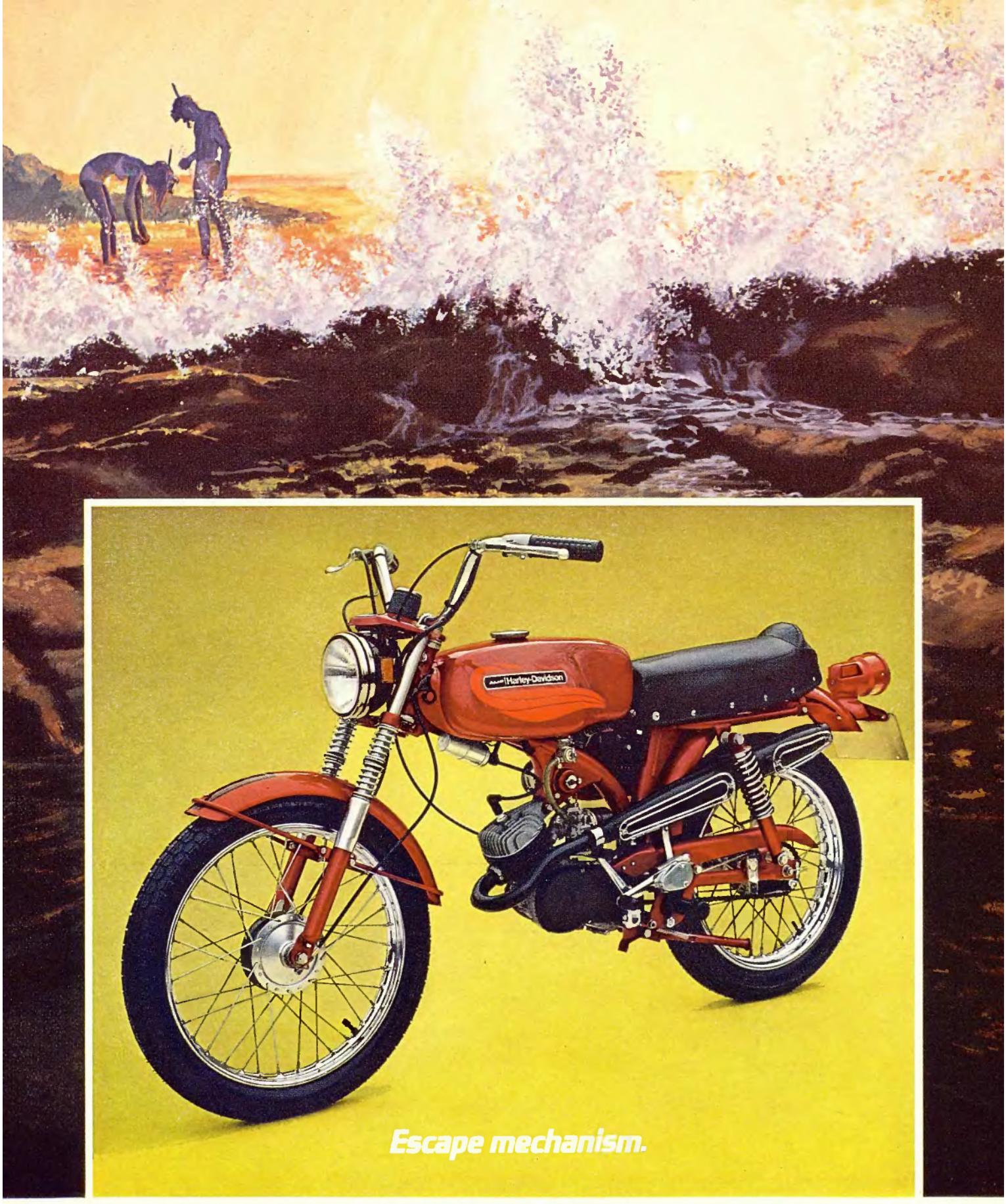
she was leaving, she received a thunderous standing ovation. Now I receive my December PLAYBOY and I'd bet a Sox season ticket that the blonde in the stands was, in fact, your December Playmate, Karen Christy. Please say it's so.

Joe Kelley
Chicago, Illinois

It's so, Joe—as the shot above, snapped by a Chicago Daily News *photographer at the game, will attest.*

PARODY PRAISED

I would like to congratulate you on your parody of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* in *Playboy After Hours* (PLAYBOY, December 1971). As an instructor of Humanities, I attempt to teach this play. But alas, teaching *Godot* proves to be as



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frustrating as waiting for him. Your miniplay, *Waiting for Nicholas*, adroitly captures Beckett's style and message. But most importantly, it is infused with the humor so befitting the absurd.

R. A. Whisnant, Jr.
Eastfield College
Dallas, Texas

PLAYING IT KOSHER

Dan Greenburg's *Shelley* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) not only reminded me of an experience I once had with a young girl but recalled in heart-wrenching detail the intense and contradictory feelings that washed over me during my affair. Greenburg's writing was so evocative that I could taste Shelley's lips, feel her thighs and live again those innocent moments. Sure, even the poignancy is funny, but the marvelous thing about Greenburg is that he never stoops for the cheap laugh.

Douglas Dodge
Toledo, Ohio

Having just finished reading *Shelley*, that sophomoric little tale, I would appreciate if Greenburg and other Jewish authors would have their Jewish protagonists screw a Jewish girl for a change. Beginning with Herman Wouk, it has always been the same—the Jewish boy never does his thing with a Jewish girl.

August Mortara
New York, New York

WORKS OF LOVE

In many years of looking at Segal sculpture, I can say that no gallery or museum catalog has ever approached the quality of reproduction you attained in your *George Segal: Love's Labors Cast* (PLAYBOY, December 1971). A pleasure to see!

Carroll Janis
Sidney Janis Gallery
New York, New York

SLIMMES' PICKINGS

Before reading *A Feminist Looks at History* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) by Dr. Virginia Slimmes, I was an ardent supporter of women's lib. Indeed, after reading our history books, one begins to wonder at the incompetence of our male leaders. It was natural, therefore, to assume that women could not do any worse and perhaps they could even do better. But now Slimmes tells us that all those incompetent leaders were really women. With that knowledge, I now feel fully justified in becoming an ardent sexist. No wonder the world is so screwed up; women have been running it all along.

Bernie Koenig
London, Ontario

Dr. Virginia Slimmes stated that "many of Shakespeare's lines suggest a female hand." If she had researched her subject more carefully, she would have discovered that Dr. Cothburn O'Neal advanced this thesis 18 years ago in his historical novel, *Dark Lady*. However, Shakespeare's gender should be evident from the following passage from *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Such duty as the subject owes the prince / Even such a woman oweth to her husband; / And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, / And not obedient to his honest will, / What is she but a foul contending rebel / And graceless traitor to her loving lord? / I am asham'd that women are so simple / To offer war where they should kneel for peace, / Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, / When they are bound to serve, love, and obey."

Leon Morris, Ed. D.
Zangs Neuropsychiatric Center
Dallas, Texas

***HUGHES* VIEWS**

Having been an admirer of Howard Hughes long before he was able to pull himself back together after his plane crash, I was especially absorbed by the excellent articles *Can the Real Howard Hughes . . . Still Stand Up?* (PLAYBOY, December 1971), by Edwin Fadiman, Jr., and James Phelan. In the Thirties I was a guest-visitor to 7000 Romaine Street, which housed a factory for the purpose of developing a steam car that would fire up and take off within 30 seconds, since the time lag in the early days of steamers was much too long to suit the public's demand. Unfortunately, when the car was taken out on the road, the improved boiler stuck up so high in the front that the driver could not see the road for about 200 feet in front of the car. I have never heard anything more about the Hughes Steam Car and though he surely must have lost a great deal, to Hughes it was probably a drop in the bucket.

Raymond A. Grover
Huntington Park, California

I read with awe and disbelief that a man such as Howard Hughes can exist in the world today. For one man to possess so much power seems incredible. Even more amazing is that he has effectively run his empire while in complete seclusion. And now those who have been closely associated with Hughes sense that the end is drawing near and they are trying to suck up the blood that he has poured into the creation of his empire. Davis, Maheu, Eckersley—all obsessed with gaining control over his holdings—have learned nothing from the man himself.

Lubomyr Yurechko
State College, Pennsylvania

James Phelan's article about Howard Hughes is an irrational attempt to put down the Mormons as a people. Perhaps it never occurred to Phelan that the work of Hughes's assistants might be the very reason why Hughes's businesses still exist at all. In contrast, Phelan implies that the Mormons are corrupt as a people because Hughes chose to hire some of them to represent him during a time when he evidently could no longer handle his own affairs. In the light of this, perhaps Phelan should fill your pages in the future with other fairy tales that expose the empire-maneuvering among Jews, Muslims and Hindus.

Roman Darien
Mesa, Arizona

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

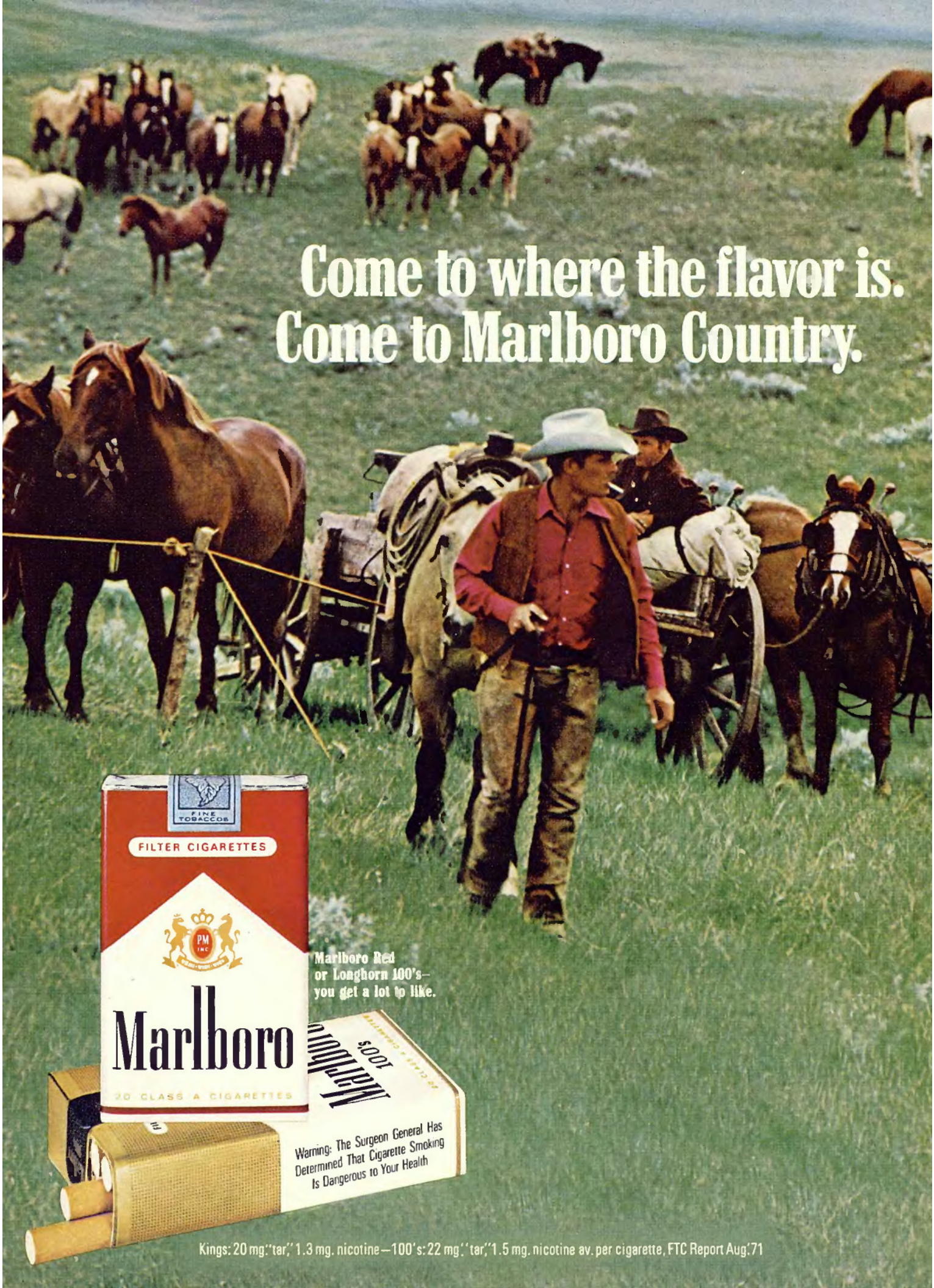
Vladimir Nabokov is frequently far too esoteric for my taste, but *The Dashing Fellow* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) doesn't suffer from that at all. Kostya's treatment of the lady he picks up on a train and later thoughtlessly seduces is, if anything, rather brutally down to earth—a sad and real reminder that many people move through the world unconcerned about the bruises and scars they leave behind on the people they touch.

Emily Cummings
Kansas City, Missouri

AUTO EROTICISM

I wish to call to your attention a glaring error in *Professor Zachary Ding's Patented Official Unabridged Condensed New 1972 Autocyclopedia* (PLAYBOY, December 1971) entry regarding the so-called Grummett Naphthamobile. Professor Ding and his collaborators, Brock Yates and Bruce McCall, unabashedly (rather than unabridgedly) state that Fenton Grummett designed the cross-friction engine in his prison cell. Mere passable research would have shown, to the contrary, that Grummett's cellmate, Willard Bitters, was, in fact, the creator of this phenomenal motor. Unfortunately, Bitters' prison sentence—resulting from a string of arrests and convictions relating to his selling exclusive rights to a previous invention (a device that converted common cement to quicksilver) to a widow in Mound, Minnesota—did not expire until 1947, 15 years after the self-aggrandizing Grummett had made his infamous trip to, and beyond, Panama City. I refer you to the brochure published by the Navarino, Tierra Del Fuego, Chamber of Commerce. In the chapter "Famous Citizens of Navarino," of which both Grummett and Bitters now are numbered, there is a carefully chronicled account of the Bitters/Grummett Naphthamobile—which, you may be interested to know, still does duty as the official Chamber of Commerce float vehicle each spring at the world-famous Navarino Tineidae Cotillion Parade.

Bob Brown, Editor
Car and Driver
New York, New York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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

You Finally Made It!! This invitation signifies your arrival as an important person (or a skillful phony). You shall be one of the elite attending the Third Anniversary party of *Screw*—The World's Greatest Newspaper."

Feeling our ego gently massaged, and further seduced by *Screw*'s promise that its sip-in would include "• DIRTY MOVIES • CHEAP FOOD • OLD BEER • EGG CREAMS • TRANSVESTITES, PERVERTS, FREAKS, FAKE CELEBRITIES & YOU," we dropped in shortly after the appointed hour at Max's Kansas City, a New York singles bar on Park Avenue South, where the decor is so drear and the lights so dim that patrons tend to pair—or even triple—off pretty recklessly. At first glance, the *Screw* celebration didn't appear to be having any measurable effect on Max's customary sessions of touch therapy, and the crowd noises sounded slightly more subdued than one might find on a swinging Friday night. Not a pervert or egg cream in sight. We reminded ourself that this was only Thursday. The beer, wine and *sangria* were free: so was the cheap food, which turned out to be the same fried chicken, soggy rice and red-bean chili we had encountered several evenings earlier at a bash inaugurating New York's First Annual Erotic Film Festival. An X-rated menu.

Finally, a creature of indeterminate sex floated through the crowd wearing a white, silk-ruffled costume with a red battery light in each padded breast. But an electric bosom counted for little when rumors of a nude host and hostess wafted down from Max's smoke-filled second floor. Upstairs, we found the nudes near the bandstand—a slender boy named Hector and a discreetly stacked girl named Janine, who said they were professional actor-models hired to serve a few drinks and mill around. Later, when we spotted Janine and Hector on the dance floor—just dancing—everyone looked very disappointed.

The official ceremonies got under way when *Screw*'s executive editor, the obese Al Goldstein, announced the winners of its "coveted Phallus Award for the best performances of 1971." Goldstein gave himself the School of Homer Critics Award for his "multifaceted criticism of current film and stage fare, although he is blind in both eyes." Norman Mailer received, *in absentia*, *Screw*'s accolade as Mr. Sexual Minute-Man "for his sexual performances with both Germaine Greer and José Torres."

Several guests accepted their awards in person, including film critic Judith Crist, who showed up to claim her Good Taste and Sound Judgment Award "for refusing our free subscription renewal and sending us a check for another year of *Screw*." And *Screw*'s publisher, Jim Buckley, received a Phallus "for the best performance by a male member in his not-to-be-forgotten parts in the film *WR—Mysteries of the Organism*." Buckley and his penis are featured in a plaster-casting sequence. A red-bearded New York City Morals Squad detective named Donald Gray was also on hand—to accept "the Knapp Commission Award." According to Goldstein, Detective Gray has busted *Screw* four or five times and conceived a sneaking fondness for it. Gray seemed quite pleased with his "cock lamp" (as *Screw* calls the Phallus) but prudently declined to be photographed. We wondered if he simply didn't want to be snapped at such a dull party.

Around midnight, additional troops were called in to rescue the evening. Max's began filling up with transvestites, perverts, freaks and fake celebrities. Thirty or more were in drag, people like Holly Woodlawn and the Cockettes—who caused some consternation by powdering up in the ladies' room. One winsome lad explained that all those drop earrings and sequins would look like hell in the men's.

Attention now shifted to the sidewalk, where a crowd estimated at 1500 to 2000 was trying to argue its way past New York City Fire Department inspectors. The estimate came from Goldstein, who looked very pleased. "Did you see Gore Vidal?" he asked. "We didn't really expect him, but we gave him a Late-Comers Award—because he was the first celebrity interviewed by *Screw* who came out of his closet. Vidal said we should give his cock lamp to someone else. Did you see John Simon, the world's most hated man? That's what we call him in an upcoming interview, but I didn't want to mention it tonight, since he was good enough to come here." Goldstein, a closet puritan, admitted that *Screw* harbors a deep urge to be accepted and respectable. We wished him luck and retired to a booth to enjoy one more free beer, since the dirty movies had been wiped out by technical difficulties—which struck us as kind of symbolic.

"Everyone here," said a soft male voice behind us, "is trying to meet somebody one step above. Like the Cockettes, who all want to make it in big-time showbiz. . . . Jimmy, are you having a good time?"

Good question. The hour, although not as late as it seemed, was nevertheless getting along, so we went home to think it all over. Next day on the telephone, Goldstein told us that we left too early to catch Detective Gray on the dance floor with a stunning chick who turned out to be a Cockette. But Gray made no arrests. The night, after all, was *Screw*'s bust.

•

To whom it may concern: *The Journal of the American Medical Association* recently ran an ad that read "VAMPIRE INFORMATION REQUIRED—for research project. Please send summary on any patient believing himself to be a vampire or who has compulsion to devour living beings to Prof. Leonard Wolf, Dept. of English, San Francisco State College, 19 Holloway, San Francisco 94132."

•

They must like their work: Detroit's Common Council has voted to terminate a $150,000 Model Cities plan offering job training to rehabilitate prostitutes because in the first year of operation no one had entered the program.

•

That Grambling College has a shrewd football coach goes without saying: The school is second only to Notre Dame in the number of graduates currently playing

professional football. But we didn't appreciate just *how* shrewd he was until we read his answer to a reporter who asked if he had any drug problems on his team. Said coach Eddie Robinson: "No, I went to one of these drug seminars and I came back and told them that you use drugs, you lose your sex drive. You shoulda seen how big their eyes got."

•

Rip off—or rip out? Burglars broke into Tel Aviv's municipal library and stole 1000 copies of PLAYBOY.

•

We can hardly wait to get to Illinois' Rockome Gardens after reading the following newspaper ad for this tourist attraction in the heart of Amish country: "The only motor at Rockome Gardens pulls the train which will take you for a ride along the famed Kaskaskia River, where Indians used to camp. . . . Another main feature . . . is the authentically furnished Amish home. You can actually see how these people who reject modern clothing and motor-driven vehicles live." Illustrating the ad is a photo of an Amish house made entirely of empty Fresca bottles.

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Our hat is doffed and we wish good luck to the imaginative state-prison inmate in Waupun, Wisconsin, who has asked a U. S. District Court to respect his religious beliefs as protected by the First Amendment and transfer him to the Wisconsin Home for Women. His suit points out that the Bible commands man to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth" and that under his present conditions of confinement he is "unable to give effect to his religious stirrings to obey God's mandate as contained in *Genesis*."

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We have it on good authority that *Corset and Underwear Review*, a trade magazine, has added a Mr. D. Kupp to its subscription list.

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Latest graffito from San Francisco reads: "A vasectomy means never having to say you're sorry."

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Wonderful opportunity advertised in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "Detailed information on all types of businesses for sale. Both large and small, will be sent to you monthly for 12 months. Send $10,000 to cover cost of handling."

•

Just following orders: The State Employment Security Department in Carson City, Nevada, tells applicants to show up in clothing suitable to the jobs for which they're applying, since many of the posts available are intended for immediate placement. The department was slightly unnerved when a Las Vegas woman showed up properly attired for her occupation. Department director Robert Archie explained, "She was normally hired as a nude dancer."

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Montreal's Sun Life Assurance Company recently informed its policyholders that henceforth their letters would be answered by a human being instead of a computer. Later, the company received a packet of punch cards, which were fed into its laid-off computer for translation. The message turned out to be a letter of sympathy for the machine from another company computer in Don Mill, Ontario, expressing sadness that "Life for you may not be as full and rewarding as it is for me" and inviting the lonely machine to become a data-punch pal.

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A rather large sign for Gauloises cigarettes spotted on a Dublin bus announced: COMING ALL THE WAY FROM FRANCE IS QUITE A FAG.

BOOKS

To judge from the current birth rate of books about movies, any picture is eventually worth at least 10,000 words. Three new entries merit consideration by viewers who aim to be cinematically literate. ***The Hollywood Musical*** (McGraw-Hill) offers a plentifully illustrated and fairly detailed filmography of 275 important movie musicals, from the classics of the late Twenties and early Thirties through epics as recent as *Funny Girl*. Preceding the comprehensive index of song titles, film titles and personalities compiled by Arthur Jackson (of *Hi-Fi News & Record Review*) are a hundred pages of comment by John Russell Taylor, film critic for *The London Times*, a man who has missed very little and pens his concise history with the clear intention of sounding opinionated. He succeeds.

Editor and critic Alistair Cooke is one of nine English and American writers represented in ***Garbo and the Night Watchmen*** (McGraw-Hill), a great title and a worthy reprint of a collection of film criticism first published in 1937. Those were the days, writes Cooke in an urbane preface, when critics "loved the movies, yet did not feel called on to claim for their love that it was about to replace religion, sex, the Supreme Court and interstate commerce." Those were also the days before widespread critical snobbism, when Mae West was not "a puritanistic degradation symbol of the American woman." She was simply a riot. Cooke's *Night Watchmen*, living or dead (but all practicing critics at the time), include Meyer Levin, Graham Greene and Cecelia Ager, a lady who wrote pithily for *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *PM*, salting her critiques with sharp remarks about the stars' *couture* and cosmetics. All in all, a most engaging volume, filled with some surprisingly alive, perceptive and unpretentious reviews of everything from *Top Hat* and *King Kong* to an early Mickey Mouse cartoon called *Jungle Rhythm*.

Screening the Sexes (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), subtitled *Homosexuality in the Movies*, is Parker Tyler's exhaustive and enlightened study of a subject seldom explored—never, we'll wager, by a critic so well informed and free of cant. Once started, with *Myra Breckinridge* as an obvious point of reference, Tyler sets out to prove his assertion that "in sexual matters, more than other matters, movies become profound." He aims not to expose homosexual themes in films but, as he puts it, "to make note of the progress of moral liberality as reflected by the movies." In this he succeeds, whether discussing *Zero de Conduite* (Jean Vigo's classic French drama about a boys' school), Greta Garbo's performance as the mannish *Queen Christina* or dozens of recent films, including *Psycho*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Fellini Satyricon*, *The Damned*, *M*A*S*H* and *Trash*. Never too serious to be thoroughly readable, Tyler finds time to decry "a lapse of professionalism" by male performers whose ineptitude at simulated orgasm is "as gaping as an open fly." *Screening the Sexes* presents an eloquent defense of sexuality as a source of pleasure without regard for male-female reproductive functions, and fortifies Tyler's central thesis (and that of film historians Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert in their continuing PLAYBOY series on *Sex in Cinema*): The steady pulse beat of the sexual revolution can be centrally located in films.

•

Anyone who picks up ***The Naïve and Sentimental Lover*** (Knopf) because it's the new John Le Carré novel is in for a surprise. Le Carré has done a brave thing for a mystery novelist with a vast popular following: He has shifted gears and gone off in a new direction. His book is a mordant comedy about an extremely successful man—a British baby-carriage manufacturer—who at the peak of his career also shifts gears. Cassidy (one of the old Cromwellian Protestant Cassidys, not to be confused with the Irish tribe of the same name) has a weary wife, two dogged sons, the most expensive Bentley on the road, a lavish London town house—and an itch to get away from it all. The itch leads him to Shamus, a free-swinging, possibly mad writer, and Helen, Shamus' wife/mistress/chum/laundress/you name it. Shamus and Helen educate Cassidy in the ways of the world as only a pair of skillful con artists can. One of their principal lessons is the difference between the naïve lover (who "lives life and doesn't imitate it") and the sentimental one (who imitates

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and so is corrupt). But which is Shamus? And which is Cassidy? The businessman's grand tour leads him through the slums of Paris (with Shamus), the tourist traps of London (with Helen), the London waterfront (with the two of them) and, finally, to Switzerland and a wild and aborted shotgun wedding. The book is peppered with sly private jokes and there is at least one little parody of a scene in James Jones's *The Merry Month of May*. Although this is a comic novel, it raises serious questions about sexuality and love, there being a strong aura of bisexuality in the relationships among Cassidy, Shamus and Helen. The result is something not at all like *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, a brooding comedy about the deflation of a pompous man.

•

In ***Dick Gregory's Political Primer*** (Harper & Row), Gregory attempts a record-breaking broad jump from the comedian's stage to the professor's podium, and comes close enough to earn applause. In some ways, the book is an exercise in restraint. Gregory's strong feelings on the country's racial, economic and social inequities are expressed not in the shrill rhetoric of soapbox radicals but in a sardonic review of American political history from Colonial times to the present. The format is textbooky, complete with "review questions" and "further assignments," but the style is strictly Gregorian—a straight-faced lecture on the theory and practice of American politics that comes closer to explaining the realities of U. S. society and government than any public school text. Throughout his course, Gregory sticks close to the facts, often supporting them with charts and statistics, but he salts them lightly with irreverent interpretation. Unlike too many other social critics, Gregory has done his homework and can therefore employ an informed brand of caustic commentary instead of cheap-shot sarcasm or irresponsible denunciation. And at the same time that he criticizes, he reminds the reader that today's problems derive not only from past errors but from the failure to recognize them as such, and the selfish refusal to rectify them once they're recognized. Therein lies the thrust of Professor Gregory's heavy lecture: History should be a teaching device, not a guide for repeating old mistakes.

•

The Mod London heroine of Norma Meacock's ***Thinking Girl*** (Dial) is still a virgin at 27. Lindy-Loo has been a Lesbian and is given to attending leftist demonstrations and keeping a notebook like her idol, Simone Weil. Then Lindy-Loo makes a belated—but vivid—entry into the world of heterosexuality. Her studs tend to be duds; she marries the weak man of her choice, a quoter of Wittgenstein, and they live miserably ever after. He weighs her down with a child, goes off and has affairs and neglects her sexual needs: "I don't expect it seven nights a week. When it dropped to once in two nights, once in three I didn't complain," she complains. "But once in 15? A woman needs it!" On another occasion, he growls at her: "Go back to sleep, can't you?" "I'm thinking," she replies. "Thinking? Thinking?" he thunders. "Women think with their cunts." Which explains the title. But the sum total of this novel is difficult to assay. There are funny lines ("As an avid reader of 20th Century literature, his sexual goal was to satisfy his partner"), fine sentences ("The joy of our meetings had spilled over into the waste between them"), piquant observations ("Excess of tit is as bad as no tit at all") and raunchy advice ("A woman's got two holes. If you can't fuck one, fuck the other"). Author Meacock seems to be issuing a tract in favor of both women's liberation and anal digitation. Unfortunately, for all her prose and porn powers, after a promising start and some rousing foreplay, *Thinking Girl* fizzles toward a limp finish.

•

The ultimatum presented to man by man with the invention of the atom bomb was: "Evolve beyond your aggressive habits or perish." So writes Robert S. de Ropp in ***The New Prometheans*** (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence), a popularized history of how we have arrived at a point where we are capable of either ending the species entirely or of fulfilling the prophecies of *Brave New World* and *1984*. It is De Ropp's unremarkable thesis that there have always been among us a few daring Prometheans, scientists who wrest new powers by which man can increase his knowledge and control of the forces that shape him. Prometheus, alas, had a stupid, grasping brother, Epimetheus, who misused knowledge to bring ruin on mankind. All of history, as viewed by De Ropp, is a struggle between Prometheans and Epimetheans—elements of both often existing in the same scientist. Much of his book is a skimming account of Promethean discoverers—"the atom smashers," "the health bringers," "the food bringers," "the code breakers" and "the mind readers." It's a crash survey course ranging from Democritus to Oppenheimer and Ulam, from Pasteur to present-day researchers on the virus theory of cancer. For those who like to get their scientific knowledge in the manner of "the heart of the concerto" approach to classical music, this part of the book will be useful. The writer is skillful at simplifying complicated processes—oversimplifying, some would say. It is when De Ropp becomes judgmental rather than descriptive that one wonders about the quality of his thinking. Lunar exploration, for example, is dismissed as "40 billion dollars for a box of rocks and a moon flag." Karl Marx is assailed because he spread the concept of class war. (Without Marx, there would have been no class war?) As for De Ropp's prescriptions for the future, he is convinced that we have to transcend pessimism and concentrate on correcting "those errors in evolution which have made us a menace rather than an asset to spaceship Earth." And that means specifically the correction of errors in man's nervous system that make him prey to destructive primitive urges. Whoever can do that, without narcotizing us or turning us into extensions of machines, will be, according to De Ropp, the greatest Promethean of all.

•

The vogue of the contemporary nonfiction novel was launched by John Hersey, not Truman Capote. In *Hiroshima*, he dramatically re-created an Our Town on which the first A-bomb fell. In *The Wall*, he issued a requiem, or Kaddish, for the victims of the battle of the Warsaw ghetto. And now, in ***The Conspiracy*** (Knopf), his first novel in five years, he casts his fictionally moralistic eye all the way back to the Roman Empire and re-enacts an unsuccessful plot to overthrow the tyrant Nero. Hersey's Nero is a poet *manqué* who has become more interested in revels than in rebels. The rebels themselves are mostly literary men, given more to reflection than to action. "What should a writer do," they ask themselves, "when he witnesses horrors and atrocities?" Replies their spiritual exemplar, the stoic Seneca, "The responsibility of a writer is to avoid frenzy." The result is that Hersey's plot, like theirs, lacks life and pace. Nor does the device he chooses to use—relating his story through alleged documents and letters that bog down in didactic discussions—help matters. Indeed, only when he gets to his denouement, a tingling description of two bloodcurdling suicides, does the book itself finally come to life. But, alas, too late: A reader who may have come to praise Hersey has already buried his interest in this listless account of a conspiracy against a Caesar.

•

In ***Speaking and Language: Defense of Poetry*** (Random House), Paul Goodman explores the ways in which we communicate with one another through language. Goodman takes specific issue with those cultural anthropologists and other scholars of linguistics who usually treat human communication as far more mechanical than it is. His own preference, he makes clear, "is to play upon the animal, spontaneous, artistic and populist forces in speech." Since he has a lively, pragmatic imagination and a passionate

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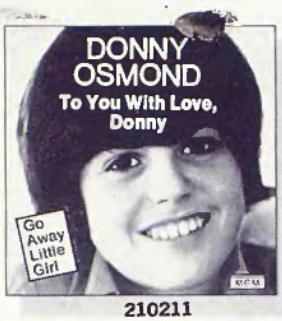

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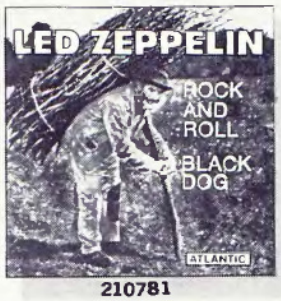

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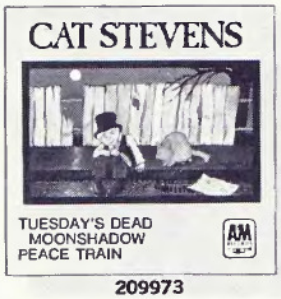

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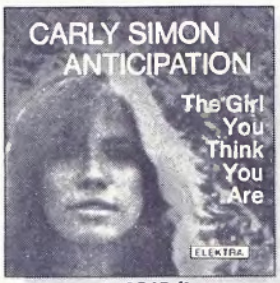

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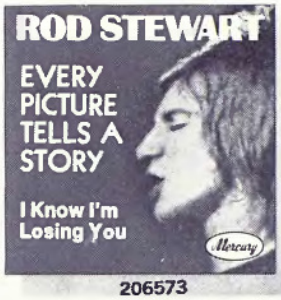

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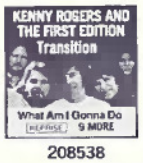

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interest in the processes of communication, Goodman's polemics are by no means academic. He is continuously provocative, challenging the reader to counter his arguments, to venture his own hypotheses and experiences and, above all, to examine the ways in which he himself actually thinks and speaks. Goodman ranges through sublanguages, slang, silence as communication, complex words and poetry, the literary process and examinations of literary styles. He objects strenuously to the McLuhan notion that writing is anachronistically "linear," emphasizing that writing can contain "contrapuntal voices, like a system of metaphor, systematic irony, allegory, subordination of clauses in the framework of an independent clause." In sum, after all these years of practically nonstop writing, Goodman is still hooked on language—its infinite possibilities and permutations and its marvelous unpredictability.

•

Elia Kazan is evidently trying to be relevant as all get out in his new novel, ***The Assassins*** (Stein & Day). Its setting is the contemporary American Southwest, the hands-down choice along TV row this season as the hippest real estate in the country. It deals with a career Air Force sergeant's confrontation with a band of hippies and his subsequent trial for murder. There are good hippies in the book, and bad ones, too (also good and bad Air Force men). There are demonstrations in the streets, shyster lawyers, unethical undertakers, wily right-wingers who enjoy slaughtering wild animals, sinister Federal agents, motorcycle gangs, freaked-out drug parties, and more. And the theme? Well, it seems we are all assassins in one way or another. Master Sergeant Flores guns down Vinnie, a sometime drug pusher and head of a "family" out on the desert, who Flores thinks has seduced his daughter. So Flores is an assassin. But he was egged on to murder by his commanding officer, so the officer is an assassin, too. The police are assassins because they lure Fat Freddie, a friend of Vinnie's, into a murder attempt on Flores. The kids are assassinating one another with drugs, and straight society is assassinating everybody through its hypocritical attitudes. What's more, there is no end to it, for as one of the novel's deeper thinkers says, "It takes an assassin to kill an assassin." Which brings us to Michael, the novel's central character. When he sets out to right the wrongs done to Vinnie, he is as pure as Galahad, a natural leader chock-full of charisma. By the time the tale is finished, of course, he has become a hophead fugitive on the run. Yep, another assassin. Kazan's writing style is didactic, with little art or suspense, and the result is a wearisome novel, curiously lacking in drama when you consider the amount of violence it contains, crammed with simple-minded cynicism and garnished with most of the popular social problems of our day.

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When *Oh! Calcutta!* opened in 1969, it broke the last barriers to erotica onstage and gave rise to speculation that wardrobe mistresses would soon become victims of progress. It also catapulted 40-year-old Hillard Elkins, onetime actor, to the rank of superproducer. Christopher Davis was at Hilly's side from the opening of *Calcutta!* until the opening a year and a half later of *The Rothschilds*, another Elkins property. The result of Davis' Boswellian labors is ***The Producer*** (Harper & Row), a candid account of theater as business rather than as art. "People want to watch other people fucking onstage" is Elkins' simple explanation for the long run of *Oh! Calcutta!* Most critics were unimpressed with its sketches by writers ranging from ex-Beatle John Lennon to Nobel Prize winner Samuel Beckett, but the public has flocked to the show and there were subsequent productions in England, France and Holland. Hilly lived it up and so did his spirited retinue: British actress Claire Bloom, who, during the run of *Calcutta!*, became his fourth wife ("I provide the crass and she provides the class"); Sammy Davis Jr., who played the lead in Hilly's *Golden Boy*, on the nights he showed up; and Arlo Guthrie, who puzzled the film establishment with his offhand manner during a ballyhoo tour for *Alice's Restaurant*, an Elkins movie. *The Producer* is a gossipy, engaging portrait of a Brooklyn boy who became a dynamic figure in the American theater. In the section dealing with the ho-hum crises of *The Rothschilds*, it lags. But then, *Oh! Calcutta!* is a tough act to follow.

•

Iris Murdoch has just turned out her 14th novel. ***An Accidental Man*** (Viking), and the people who are always complaining about the decline of the novel can stop going to the movies for a few days. This book has real characters with real problems, a brilliant, suspenseful plot, entertaining episodes, sudden, character-revealing switches and a succession of dramatic climaxes that are there not for melodramatic effect but in order to cast light on the darker places of human motivation. Ludwig, the young American scholar, and his pretty, down-to-earth bride, Gracie, are set in the center of a story that explores the upper and lower strata of London society with compassion, wit and philosophic profundity. Ludwig has to decide whether to give up his country for a post at Oxford or return home to face jail for draft evasion. How can men be good, true to themselves and their instincts, in a world that seems to have gone fundamentally awry? This is the question to which Miss Murdoch has addressed herself in this fast-moving, expertly written and deeply moving book. Although her pessimistic answer to that question—so glumly personified by perhaps the most pitiful character in modern fiction, a fellow named Austin Gibson Grey—is hardly definitive, the imaginative fiction that has resulted from her broodings is full-bodied and wonderfully satisfying.

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Joining the Navy to free (if not to see) the world, crewmen aboard the U. S. S. Vance found themselves trapped in a bizarre universe. For 99 days on duty off the coast of Vietnam, their captain, Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, methodically drove them to the brink of madness. One sailor went over the edge. Another came within an ace of blowing out the captain's brains. Several officers and men required hospitalization. For everyone, life aboard the reconverted destroyer escort was a series of relentless, ingenious torments that ranged from the trivial to the suicidal (the crew was commanded to sail into a restricted area, even if it meant getting between another ship's guns and its target). In ***The Arnheiter Affair*** (Random House), *New York Times* reporter Neil Sheehan spins the whole incredible but true story with the pace of a playwright. The slow accumulation of detail reaches a peak of intensity, followed by rescue (appropriately, at the hands of a chaplain) and retribution for the captain. Forget Queeg. On the Vance, it's Kafka at the helm.

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"It is easier," said Voltaire, "to write about money than to obtain it"—which neatly accounts for the ceaseless flow of books by nonmillionaires about the stock market. Two new entries, though far apart in style and substance, are both intended as guides for the prudent investor. The more interesting—and, perhaps, more useful—is ***Confessions of a Stockbroker*** (Little, Brown), whose author, the manager of a major branch office for a brokerage firm, uses the pseudonym Brutus. With cynical humor and blunt frankness, Brutus shows us how his staff, his customers and his friends weathered the half year from June to December of 1970, when stock prices moved through the longest bear market since the Great Depression. In diary format, Brutus carries on an unbullish bull session with himself and his cast of characters. This cross between the *Wall Street Follies* and *Psychopathia Financialis* manages to be flecked with practical trading advice: when to buy and sell fad stocks, how to make money by trading within narrow price ranges, why being "cute"—i.e., selling short, putting in bid prices under the market, fooling with stop-loss orders—is

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self-defeating. And when Brutus characterizes his customers—the Sexy Widow, the Determined Bear, the Show-off—it's to laugh all the way to the poorhouse. ***Rogues to Riches*** (Putnam), by Murray Teigh Bloom, has to do with the illegal, barely legal and legal-but-shouldn't-be schemes and devices by which insiders manipulate the market. An indefatigable researcher and a man who is evidently able to win the confidence of any rogue around, Bloom has unfortunately fallen in love with his own material. The result is an unfocused book, ranging from elementary explanations of how floor brokers work to evaluations of market research (verdict: They're useless) to narratives of complex shenanigans to profiles of offbeat market characters. Finally, Bloom and Brutus come to much the same conclusions: that the average investor is a schnook and, as Voltaire knew, that there are only two rules to the money game—be greedy and be lucky.

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William Golding, celebrated author of *Lord of the Flies*, is a tantalizing, irritating writer. One day he can knock out a near masterpiece and the next he turns out something awkwardly written and unnecessarily complex. His latest book, ***The Scorpion God*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), contains three short novels that exhibit both aspects of Golding's talents. The first two are almost unreadable, limping along from page to page through thickets of "poetic" prose and supposedly offering a darkly essential message about the springs of primitive human conduct, but never quite fusing the imagery of the story with the "profundity" of his insights. All is almost forgiven, however, because of the last story, *Envoy Extraordinary*, a sophisticated farce—set in the declining years of the Roman Empire—that has science and technology as its chief satiric targets, yet somehow also manages to say pertinent and amusing things about history, the motor forces of civilization and the incurable pettiness of mankind. The plot has to do with a Greek inventor who offers a steam-driven boat to the emperor, who is mainly interested in using steam to cook fish. By some wizardry, Golding has brought off another near masterpiece, which sounds like a smooth collaboration among the likes of S. J. Perelman, Evelyn Waugh and Robert Graves—if one could imagine all that bristling talent in one room, much less in one story.

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Also noteworthy: Three engaging columnists have new books out; they strike different notes, but each is in tune. Milton Mayer's ***If Men Were Angels*** (Atheneum) consists of four essays on subjects ranging from Marx to Freud to genetic engineering. ***Poor Russell's Almanac*** (Doubleday) covers the year 1972 from the viewpoint of Russell Baker—who sets off on January first with the observation, "This is a day of headache for many." And ***Second Sight*** (Simon & Schuster) is a collection of Richard Schickel's movie reviews from the mid-Sixties. An abundance of entertaining and stimulating reading.

MOVIES

"We want to take the erotic film out of the hands of the smut peddlers and give it some class." These were the brave beginning words of the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival's codirector, Ken Gaul, a former *Screw* editor who teamed up with Roger Sichel, formerly of Grove Press, to present true-blue pornography in a cultural setting removed from the usual haunts of furtive little men carrying briefcases and raincoats. The first annual pornographic come-together encountered so many obstacles, however, that observers were left wondering whether there would be a second.

The ambitious six-week program, scheduled to run concurrently in four Manhattan theaters, was shortened to four weeks—with only two theaters hanging on to the end. There were four police busts, which left Gaul and Sichel facing court action on charges of "promoting obscenity." Four full-length German films never arrived at all and one major feature (Dominic Sicilia's *Hot Parts*, with underground star Ultra Violet) was discreetly pulled out by its producer, who reportedly feared unfavorable publicity.

Consistent with the festival's comic-opera aspects, the panel of judges—which originally included Gore Vidal, Andy Warhol, Sylvia Miles, Karen Sperling, erotic artist Betty Dodson (see *On the Scene*, page 166) and Czech film maker Milos Forman—withered away when its members learned that they, like everyone else, would have to traipse from theater to theater, checking programs subject to change without notice, often missing the objects of their desire. Miss Sperling took a trip (a straight one, no drugs). Warhol failed to appear anywhere as promised. The others presumably did their best, then mailed in ballots, which were tallied along with the results of an audience poll (3500 strong). Best feature in the festival was judged to be *Hot Circuit*, the saga of an air-conditioner salesman who makes frequent connections. In other categories, *San Francisco Blue* (best documentary, a compilation of sexcerpts from vintage porn) and *Orange* (best short under five minutes in length, Karen Johnson's genuinely erotic mini-epic of a girl peeling and biting into an orange) were established award winners from other festivals.

The quality of the 50-odd films in competition was probably irrelevant and generally seemed not a great deal better—and certainly no worse—than many of the flicks being screened at the same time in a score of side-street skin houses, which the New York fuzz quietly ignored. Aesthetic values aside, then, the police busts were apparently an attempt by the local establishment to keep erotica where it belongs.

If so, even a reasonably loyal and normally lickerish attendee at the festival must wonder whether the issues are worth serious debate—on any grounds other than the legality of censorship. The neat, newish Manhattan theaters that drew police summonses were seldom full, or half full, though they did attract a youngish crowd—couples on dates, curious students and swinging singles who would not ordinarily be found in the popcorn-and-porno palaces in the West 40s. Most of them looked bored and often had reason to be. It was also noticeable that they tended to space themselves several seats, or even several rows, apart—which is one way of telling your neighbor to keep eyes front and hands off. There was no sense of danger or daring, however—just fuck movies, suck movies, couples, trios, gang bangs, boy-girl, boy-boy, girl-girl, girl-with-dog, man-with-goat. Sure, it must be fun for those who consider sex a spectator sport, but there is a sameness to the subject that raises questions as to whether the cause of sexual liberation would really be served by getting hard-core pornography into, say, Radio City Music Hall.

But to each his own, we say. Down with censorship, by all means, and down with the snobbish pretense that what pornographers need is luxury housing so they can get a better class of clientele. If it works for you, take a briefcase and raincoat to your friendly neighborhood skin flick, and let freedom ring.

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The spontaneity and spirit of improvisation that established writer-director John Cassavetes as a uniquely creative film maker begin to look like tired mannerisms in ***Minnie and Moskowitz***. For his early works—*Shadows*, *Faces* and *Husbands*—Cassavetes evolved a kind of style by exploring his characters' heads with undisciplined but passionate conviction. Here, everyone sounds real and earnest as ever, but the discoveries they make about themselves seem rigged to fit the accepted Cassavetes format. The film's tenuous story concerns a lonely, beautiful career girl (played by Gena Rowlands, queen of the Cassavetes stock company and the wife of its founder) who finally settles for marriage to a loudmouthed hippie drifter (Seymour

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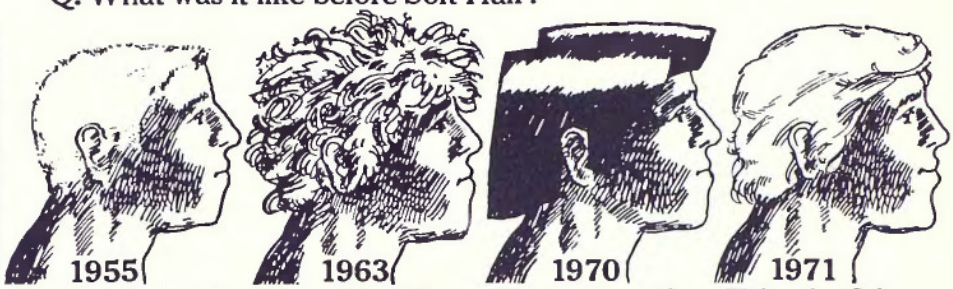

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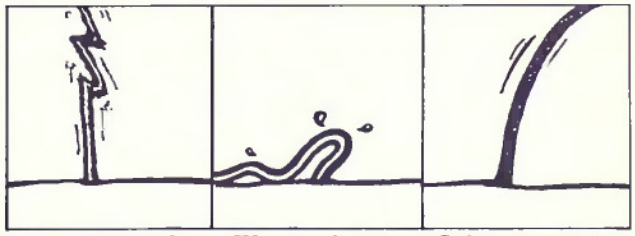

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Cassel). This long-haired dude isn't much of a catch—he works off and on as a parking-lot attendant and makes embarrassing scenes in public—but she finds him superior to the other square misfits in her life. In the real world, such an unlikely alliance might last for a night, or a long, lost weekend at a summer resort. Cassavetes pretends otherwise, and—consistent with the *Husbands* view of American males as perennial juveniles—he continues to focus on adult characters whose solution to every problem starts with fist fights and hollering. But the neo-realism seems out of sync with this frail romantic fable. After a while, the rambling monologs assume a sameness, and we are no longer confronting reality but something akin to a classroom exercise for Method actors. Though he brings off several brilliant bits, Cassel (the hippie stud of *Faces*) often becomes merely strident where the script requires him to behave like an irresistibly charming primitive. *Minnie and Moskowitz* also stirs doubt that an L. A. career girl with Gena's assets would be so hard up for invitations that she has to divide her time between disastrous blind dates, going to Bogart revivals with an elderly lady chum and taking abuse from a married man, played by Cassavetes himself, who appears without credit. He is not at his best.

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The first good news about ***The Boy Friend*** is Twiggy, that Cockney sliver of a girl who drove other models back to their diet pills a few years ago. Making her heralded film debut as star of director-producer Ken Russell's sumptuous valentine of 1001 backstage movie musicals, Twiggy acts with naïve sincerity, sings a little, tap-dances her heart out and proves so sweetly eager to please—both as Twiggy herself and as the frightened understudy she portrays, muddling through her one Big Chance in show business—that even her amateurism becomes a curious asset. Much credit accrues, of course, to director Russell, whose own career has foundered since *Women in Love* (which was followed by his strident Tchaikovsky biography, which was followed by the aesthetic hysteria of *The Devils*). In *The Boy Friend*, based freely on Sandy Wilson's engagingly unpretentious parody of Twenties musicals, Russell goes overboard as usual, but rarely misses a stroke. To parody a parody sounds next to impossible, yet the gamble pays off. Enter Twiggy, a spindly creature in glasses, hard at it as an assistant stage manager with a tacky English rep company that's performing *The Boy Friend* tonight. The troupe's leading lady (an uncredited bit role played with marvelous comic flair by Glenda Jackson, of all people) breaks her ankle, and Twiggy/Polly must go on in her place. She takes off her steel-rimmed specs, becomes beautiful, flirts with stardom and falls in love with her leading man between scenes. At that point, Russell lurches into a show-within-a-show-within-a-show, interrupting the performance onstage with flashback fantasies of dream musicals, during which the curtains open to reveal a world at least double the size of Disneyland. There are Busby Berkeley numbers, flag-waving numbers, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers numbers, and Ray Bolger numbers done by a gangly hoofer who actually calls himself Tommy Tune. He's got to be kidding. But so is everybody else.

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New York, New York, also provides the setting and shapes the sensibility of ***Made for Each Other,*** a comedy written with a Brooklyn-Bronx accent and performed the same way by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna, the husband-and-wife team whose script for *Lovers and Other Strangers* snagged an Oscar nomination last year. Though seldom so blithe an entertainment as *Lovers*, the Bolognas' new effort is often broadly funny and wickedly booby-trapped with the sting of bitter truth. There are perhaps a few too many easy gags about group therapy—hardly the freshest topic from which to launch a comedy—and calling the group "an emergency encounter session" doesn't really freshen the subject. Anyhow, that's where they meet, an ill-matched couple who describe themselves in psychoanalytical jargon as "two self-destructives confronting the life force." Miss Taylor plays Pandora Gold, a lumpish girl with an insatiable appetite for failure, accentuated by her determination to become a famous actress despite the fact that she hasn't a shred of talent. Bologna plays a horny schnook named Giggy Pinimba—an ambulatory guilt complex, habitual student (majoring in black studies) and despoiler of women. As performers, both Bolognas are expert in the kind of semi-campy cabaret satire they commit to paper, and *Made for Each Other* might bring maximum pleasure to a night-club audience of middle-class suburban married couples who roll in the aisles over in-law jokes. On film, even the sure-fire laughs come through as abrasive and obvious. But come they do, by the dozen. So what can we tell ya? Subtle it's not.

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An expert on maximum security, hired to burglarproof the vaults of a large German bank in Hamburg, meets a kookie callgirl whose Johns sometimes stash their ill-gotten gains in safe-deposit boxes. From that convenient setup, ***$*** unreels a plot as cryptic as its title, and writer-director Richard Brooks keeps it unreeling at such a slick professional pace that moviegoers may forget having seen scads of similar play-by-play comedies about the mechanics of a big heist. Because the location is Hamburg, perennial sour Kraut Gert Frobe naturally plays the bank director with a yen for a bit of hanky-panky after office hours. Robert Webber is pretty funny, too, as a shady American lawyer beset by fetishes he hasn't even tried. But *$* derives most of its engaging freshness from the unlikely teaming of Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn. Beatty, who has begun to tailor his cool contemporary rhythm into an individual comic style, trips lightly through his role as the security man and keeps one arched eyebrow in a permanent fix on Goldie—playing Goldie, of course, though she calls herself Dawn Divine—the kind of accomplice who just hopes she will get through the caper without throwing up. For seekers after escapist trivia, *$* delivers full value.

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There's nary a moment of it that an art-film buff would cherish, but the movie made from ***The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*** preserves the crudely comical flavor of Jimmy Breslin's novel about life in the Mafia, and also turns out to be impudent Americana in the broad burlesque tradition of a *Tom & Jerry* cartoon. As adapted by scenarist Waldo Salt, the plot quickly falls apart—and at one point, turns in desperation to the old silent-movie device of story titles between scenes—but director James Goldstone keeps his cast tumbling over one another to flesh out a gallery of New York caricatures that are apt to attract a picket line from the Italian-American Anti-Defamation League. One might object, for instance, to Jo Van Fleet's outrageous hamming as a lethal old Sicilian crone who tells her son, the upstart Brooklyn *mafioso*, to "get offa you ass" and liquidate his rival. Broadway's Jerry Orbach plays the up-and-coming mobster, Kid Sally, as an indolent meatball whose contracted assassins keep getting run over and blown up when they try to knock off the underworld boss of Brooklyn (Hollywood baddie Lionel Stander, back where he belongs after making films abroad). If Stander's foghorn bellow fails to offend anyone, attention is sure to settle on Robert De Niro, an amiably handsome recruit from the New York movie scene, who contributes a socko performance as Mario—an Italian bicycle rider with a penchant for petty theft and a yen for Kid Sally's sister. In this kind of movie, romance usually poses a problem, but De Niro and Leigh Taylor-Young (pounds heavier, and giving her all to the best movie role she's had) are so attractive a couple that they almost walk off with the picture. Other scene stealers include a mangy lion, ex-newscaster Sander Vanocur, and

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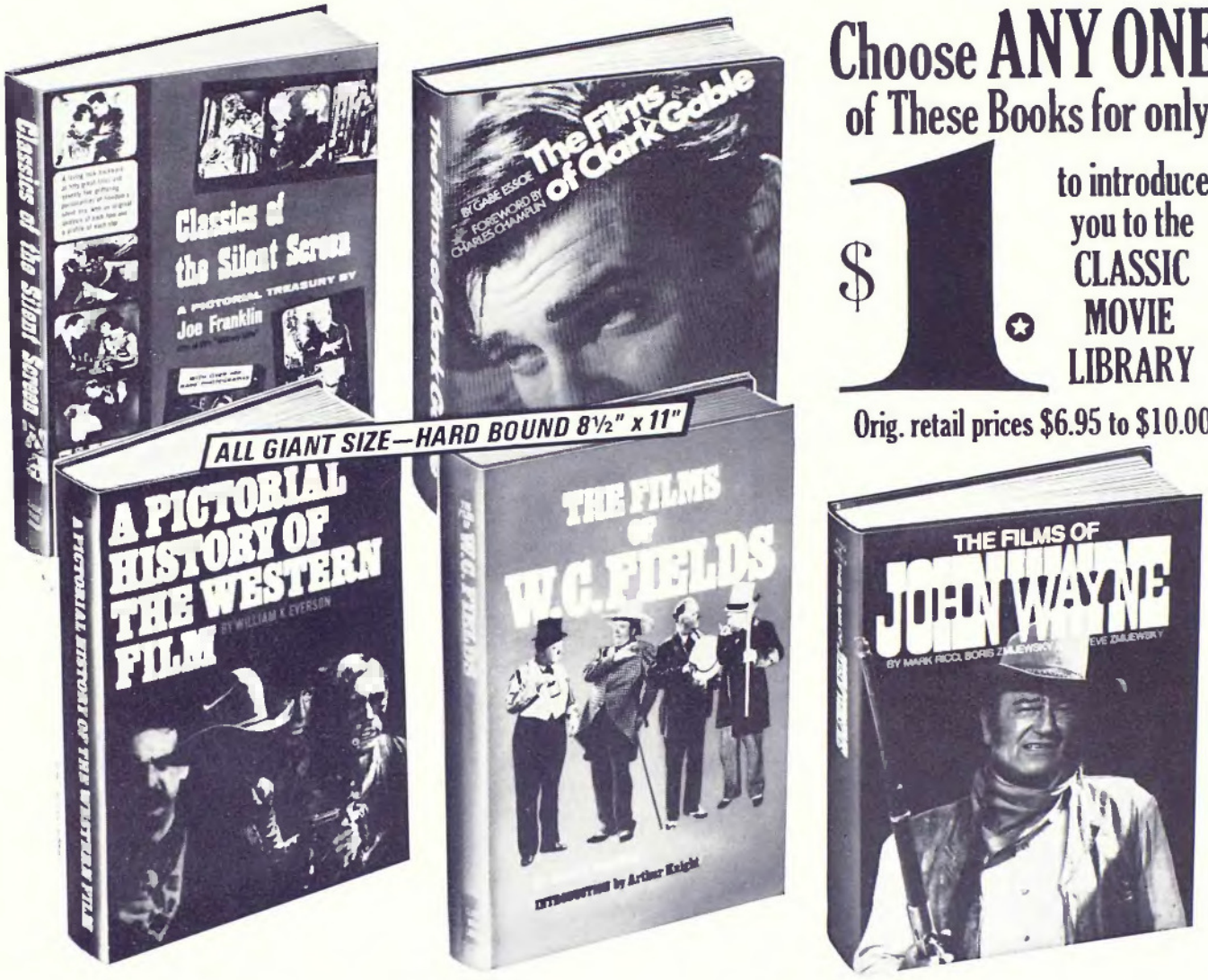

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a handsome fellow cast as the mayor of Fun City. Which actually is fun, for a change.

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The shattering climax of ***Straw Dogs,*** which takes up nearly a third of the picture's length and leaves six people dead, can serve as a textbook study of how to photograph and edit scenes of violence to induce extreme hypertension. For that alone, director and coscenarist Sam Peckinpah (who performed identical functions for *The Wild Bunch*) can claim a film-making achievement. He is a supremely professional director of action sequences, among the best anywhere, and *Straw Dogs* (the title derived from an aphorism of the Chinese philosopher Lao-tzu) succeeds in its aim of giving audiences one helluva jolt. The critical cult that has developed around Peckinpah's work will doubtless interpret the picture as an important statement on the pathology of violence, but such trumped-up theories do him a disservice. Peckinpah is what he is: neither a deep thinker nor a perceptive writer. His approach to the subtler twists of character is always obvious and sometimes corny. *Straw Dogs* would probably be more convincing, as a matter of fact, if set in the rugged Western milieu that Peckinpah knows so well. Instead, he has Dustin Hoffman cast—not altogether credibly—as a quiet young American scientist living with his wife (Susan George, a tawny English tease) near a village in her native Cornwall. Some village. Except for the contemporary costumes, cars and accents, the undercurrents of hostility suggest an imminent shoot-out in Dodge City. How a rational, reflective man discovers his own killer instincts, and acts upon them, is the core of the tale—which erupts when several horny, insolent louts report for chores at the scientist's farm and start imagining ways to have a go at his wife. The wife seems a ready enough candidate for rape and even challenges her husband's manhood prior to the final orgy of maiming, bludgeoning and gunfire that brings *Straw Dogs* to a shivering finish. The motivations of all concerned are fairly arbitrary and serve mainly to tighten Peckinpah's trigger finger. Those who can stick it out to the finale will witness some of the grandest Guignol ever perpetrated on film.

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The one really hilarious scene in ***Such Good Friends*** features James Coco (*The Last of the Red Hot Lovers,* in Neil Simon's Broadway hit) as a rather incompetent New York doctor who has to comfort a patient over the telephone while Dyan Cannon is efficiently pulling his clothes off. Coco makes quite a show of the portly doctor's efforts to keep up his practice and let down his pants without revealing that he's laced into a girdle. Other than that, director-producer Otto Preminger's sex comedy (freely adapted from the novel by Lois Gould) is laced with innuendo, nudity and four-letter words, but seems to lack a sense of humor. The Preminger touch falls like a sandbag onto this tale of a sleek young matron (Dyan) who learns while her husband (Laurence Luckinbill) is dying in the hospital—of complications following minor surgery—that he has been a prodigious adulterer. Confused, she poses nude for a photographer friend (Ken Howard) who turns out to be impotent, makes love to her husband's harried doctor and discusses her dilemma with many low-comic medical consultants and unappetizing friends. In an awkward deathbed sequence that seems meant to be funny, she exhorts her unconscious spouse to recover, by promising, "We'll go to Masters and Johnson and fuck our way to mental health." Cracking doubtful jokes at death's door is possible as a subject for comedy, but not with Preminger—who places his actors into symmetrical compositions oncamera, but shows little inclination to help them find any believable human truth in their roles.

•

Sean Connery, the man who seemed born to play James Bond—and little else—is back, and ***Diamonds Are Forever*** has him doing the Ian Fleming thing with the requisite number of girls and gadgets. The mechanical gimmicks include an orbiting satellite encrusted with millions of dollars' worth of stolen diamonds, not to mention an offshore oil rig in the Pacific Ocean, secret headquarters for an international criminal conspiracy. If memory serves, the space-borne diamonds are connected to a laser beam, and someone intends to destroy Washington, D. C., but don't worry about it. Connery continues to service a host of beddable beauties: Jill St. John, armed with a closetful of wigs and color-matched scanties, plays the number-one girl, a fully packed peck of trouble named Tiffany Case. Plentiful Lana Wood (featured in PLAYBOY's April 1971 issue) plays Plenty O'Toole until assassins overtake her, or you may prefer Donna Garratt and Trina Parks, as Bambi and Thumper, who promise a man everything but give him karate. Amsterdam and Las Vegas are the principal settings utilized by director Guy Hamilton, who seems to know his way around Bond's turf and conducts this tour (seventh in the series) with full appreciation for the extravagant style—but somehow Bondomania isn't quite as gripping as it used to be.

•

It would probably be unfair to pick on ***Nicholas and Alexandra.*** Russia's last czar and his doomed, foolish wife and family were rather small people caught up in one of the great cataclysms of history, as indicated by Robert K. Massie in his biographical best seller. And director Franklin J. Schaffner, who succeeded so well with *Patton,* has clearly tried to keep the story personal, abetted by a James Goldman scenario that avoids throne rooms and court occasions and altogether shows remarkable restraint for a big, handsomely photographed major film. During longish stretches, in fact, *Nicholas and Alexandra* is so conscientiously understated that a moviegoer might well wonder whether Russia's royal family has withdrawn to a cottage in Sussex. The English cast, of course, puts everything a bit offcenter. While Laurence Olivier performs with his customary brilliance as a peace-loving Count Witte, two relative unknowns—Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman—never quite generate the charisma in the title roles that would have been required to sustain a movie some three hours long. The execution of poor silly Nicholas and his loved ones by a firing squad in Ekaterinburg begins to grind toward its bloody climax right after intermission, and must be one of the longest death scenes ever filmed. Such illustrated history lessons serve a useful purpose, no doubt, though we would have trouble naming it; and it's sort of embarrassing to have so many actors troop into the narrative disguised as famous personages. Rasputin, OK. But things get pretty sticky when a slim young rebel with a mustache casually introduces himself as Stalin, or when someone called Lenin reproachfully murmurs, "Trotsky, you've been avoiding me lately."

•

Another tremendous performance by George C. Scott—the actor's actor if ever there was one—is the saving grace of ***The Hospital,*** a thoroughly kinky message movie in which author Paddy Chayefsky's notion is to use a large urban hospital as a leaden symbol of our incurably sick society. The hospital is a madhouse. Patients enter it in perfect health and exit on a slab, the victims of authorized incompetence. Hostile blacks and Puerto Ricans from the adjacent community are picketing outside, with violence imminent. Worst of all, this particular bedlam harbors a homicidal maniac who wantonly murders several doctors and one inept nurse in the course of a single day. No wonder the chief of medicine (Scott) wants to commit suicide, or at least run off to New Mexico with a missionary's daughter (Diana Rigg) who has given up drugs. Traveling with an Indian medicine man whose hocus-pocus turns out to be less lethal than approved hospital procedures, the girl promises a kind of ecological paradise, plus a cure for the eminent surgeon's impotence. "Impotence is beautiful. . . . I'm impotent and I'm proud of it," Scott rages, soaring to emotional heights despite some lines of dialog that would put an ordinary performer into shock. Chayefsky

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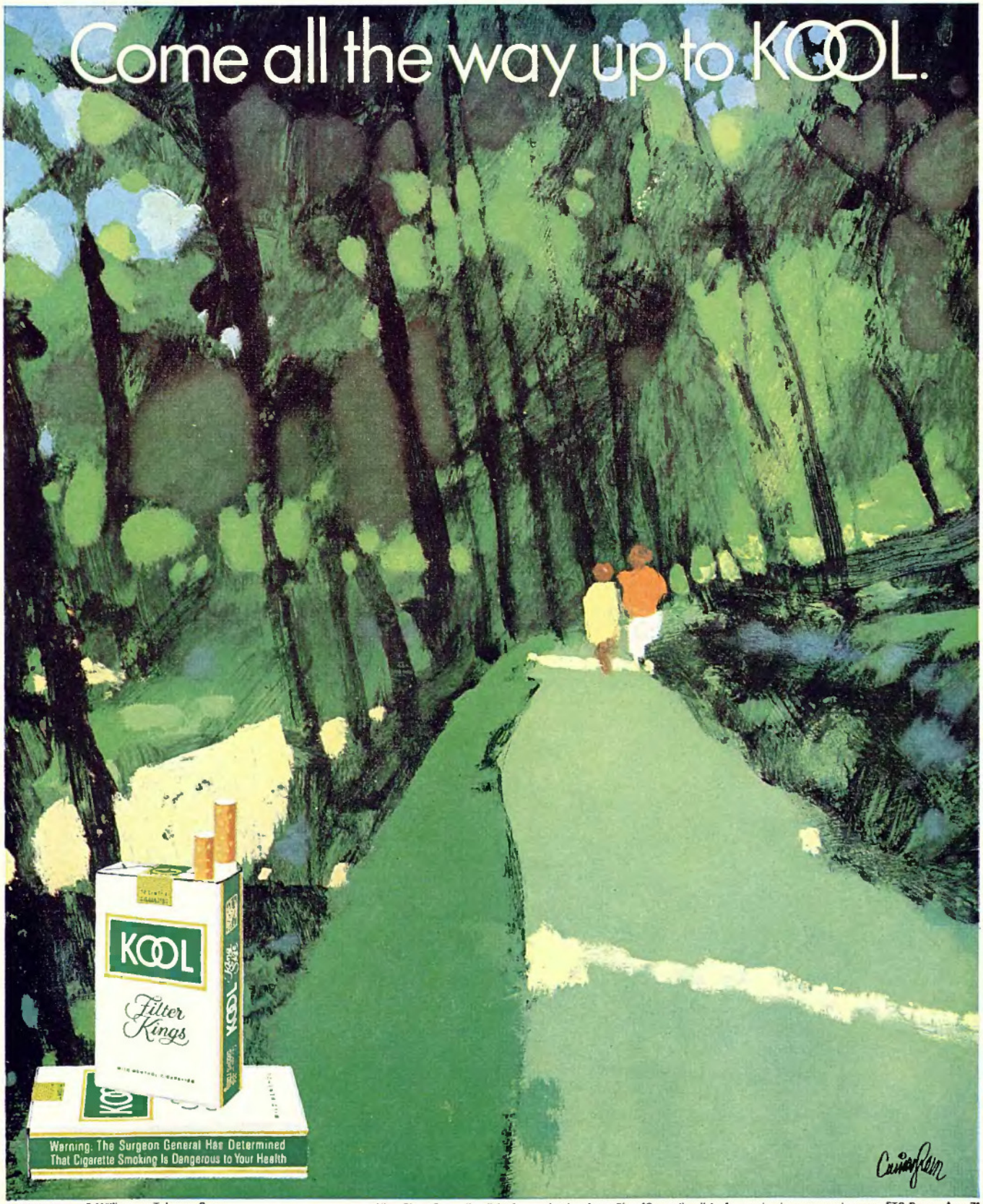

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doubtless had ambitious ideas for *The Hospital*, but very few of them work out, perhaps because he never decided for sure whether he was writing a social tract, a black comedy or a medical horror story. Audiences laugh at *The Hospital*'s excesses, but with the uncertain feeling that they may be laughing in the wrong places. The director on duty—Arthur (*Love Story*) Hiller—seems as baffled as anyone about which treatment to try next. So he subjects the script to an overdose of everything, thereby inducing slow death, much of it pretty painful.

•

The time is 1938, the place Ferrara, Italy. Aping Hitler's anti-Semitic policies, Mussolini begins to develop his own final solution for Italian Jews, and ***The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*** describes how one aristocratic Jewish family waited for the ax to fall. Playing tennis, some of them. Staying aloof from politics, looking at the bright side. Carrying on, the way well-bred people do. As he follows the Finzi-Contini family through sickness and health, through tentative love affairs and holiday dinners, director Vittorio De Sica plays down the perilous undercurrents of history that ultimately bring this small privileged world to an end. Fascist intolerance seems remote, unreal, which may be how certain people saw it—and De Sica stresses that point in a number of purposeful scenes, which add up to his richest work since *Two Women*. Yet the result overall is a languid drama, without urgency or deep emotional impact. To cap its meticulous reconstruction of the prewar Thirties, *Finzi-Continis* has one striking asset in moviedom's new golden girl, Dominique Sanda (see page 87), provocative here as the family heiress apparent. *Finzi-Continis*' secondary attractions include Helmut (*The Damned*) Berger and Lino Capolicchio, giving admirable performances as, respectively, Dominique's consumptive brother and a loyal childhood sweetheart who worships her in vain. But Dominique manages to outshine everything and everyone, even her famous director.

•

The legend of ***Joe Hill,*** celebrated in story and song as a martyr of the early U.S. labor movement, is retold in a Swedish-made film about the career of the man actually named Joseph Hillstrom, a Swedish immigrant worker and author of protest songs who was executed in Utah in 1915 for a murder he probably did not commit. The way the story is developed by Sweden's writer-director-producer Bo Widerberg, who made the lyrical *Elvira Madigan*, Joe Hill dies for the most romantic of reasons: To vindicate himself, he would have been forced to ruin a beautiful lady's reputation. *Elvira*'s wistful swain, Thommy Berggren, plays Joe as a sort of doomed poet of the people. The film's re-creations of a distant time and place look marvelously authentic, a collection of faded tintypes brought to life by some subtle miracle. Since everything in a Widerberg film is lovely to see, regardless of the subject matter, *Joe Hill*'s bitter saga has an oddly delicate air—as though Renoir were on special assignment to paint a strike riot.

•

It is difficult to remain neutral toward Stanley Kubrick's ***A Clockwork Orange***—previewed by PLAYBOY in January—for Kubrick honors without quite doing justice to Anthony Burgess' nightmarish science-fiction novel about an England of the foreseeable future, where roving bands of hoodlums practice sexual assault and acts of ultraviolence for the pure, sadistic joy of it. Despite his weak story sense, Kubrick has a style as boldly personal and distinctive as that of any ranking European master of cinema, and he crowds the film's early scenes with superhip images of a permissive modern world gone berserk. Drugs and erotica are everyone's trip. The hero and narrator of the tale is an amoral *malchick* named Alex, leader of a quartet of thugs, who speaks a Russian-influenced teen jargon that is likely to bewilder moviegoers who have not read the book. The group likes to don masks and wage surprise attacks on private homes in the country, where they may rape and pummel their victims without fear of interference by the *millicents* (or fuzz). Beating up drunks and helpless women also amuses them. When Alex (played with smashing arrogance by young Malcolm McDowell, the predatory hero of *If . . .*) is not being turned on by terrified screams, he likes to lie abed with the stereo booming Beethoven's Ninth Symphony while his crude fantasies bring him to ejaculation. As always in a Kubrick film—witness *Dr. Strangelove* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*—music serves an important function, with classical themes from Beethoven, Rossini and Elgar thundering irony, often at a deafening pitch. The demoralized state of society can be seen in vandalized apartment buildings, murals defaced by pornography and litter everywhere. *Clockwork Orange* loses momentum when the futuristic horror show starts striving for significance—when the incorrigible Alex is imprisoned for murder, and chosen as a guinea pig for brainwashing by the insidious Ludovico Technique that promises to end nonpolitical crime through the reprogramming of a young criminal's responses to violence. In the latter part of the movie, Kubrick (tripling as adaptor-director-producer) gets rather bogged down in his ambitious thesis, resorting to contrived and sometimes overacted scenes that may reaffirm humanitarian principles but are a decided hindrance to drama. He also blunders into the error of equating sex with violence, thereby missing author Burgess' distinction between making love and taking it by force. In sum, Kubrick's *Orange* has a tinge of artificial color, lacquered up as a spectacular shocker by a man who knows every trick of the trade.

RECORDINGS

Call it ***Led Zeppelin IV*** (Atlantic), since it carries no printed information on its cover, only a picture of a bent old gent bearing a great faggot of sticks. Inside are four arcane-looking symbols that, word has it, are ancient runes that Jimmy Page may have used to represent each of the four members of the group. But the real mystery here is that the old Zepp has become so good. The group finally has made its own brand of high-volume tastelessness into great rock, and not all of it is at high volume, either. Besides the flamboyant Page solos and the typical, heavily layered sounds of tunes such as *Rock and Roll*, there are subtle instrumental effects (the dulcimer on *The Battle of Evermore*, for example). With *Stairway to Heaven*, the group ascends into the realm of seriousness—getting into madrigals, yet, and quasi poetry—and does it without stumbling.

•

Helen Reddy has arrived. Her latest Capitol album, titled with her name, is a dandy. The arrangements—sometimes employing a small, unobtrusive rhythm section, sometimes strings and chorus—are perfect foils for Miss Reddy's telling vocals. The material has been chosen with discernment (except for the Carole King sing-along *No Sad Song*). Among others, there are John Lennon's *Hoe*, Leon Russell's *I Don't Remember My Childhood*, Randy Newman's *I Think It's Going to Rain Today* and a couple of Helen's own, one of which—*Summer of '71*, written with Jack Conrad—is a delightfully sentimental beauty and the best of the session.

•

On the basis of ***The Great Blind Degree*** (Stormy Forest), it is safe to say that Richie Havens has no new thoughts about ecology or the generation gap. But while the ecology songs are trite and musically weak, three songs that invoke the awareness of children more than redeem things. In *Think About the Children*, in Cat Stevens' imagined dialog *Fathers & Sons* and in Graham Nash's *Teach Your Children*, three aspects of our legacy to the young are explored in perhaps the most penetrating and lovely pieces Havens has yet recorded in his rough, warm, inimitable voice. He is also writing a book, a

quotation from which adorns the album's back cover and is as murky as his songs are lucid.

•

Buddy Miles, a good rock drummer and vocalist, has been making the Big Tour with his eight-piece Big Band, so now we have two Big Discs to celebrate concerts that you and I probably never attended. As most live albums do, ***Buddy Miles Live*** (Mercury) fails when it aims to convey the spontaneous, oh-groovy excitement of the event. Buddy's constant cliché exhortations to the crowd are a drag, as is all the recorded applause. Yet Buddy is a great drummer and his band produces nice sharp ensembles on driving tunes such as *Joe Tex*. If the tempos are too similar throughout, there is an interesting variety of textures, as on *The Segment*, and Stemsey Hunter plays fine alto sax. Notable in this set are a version of Neil Young's *Down by the River*, funky yet managing to preserve the flavor of the original, and Isaac Hayes's *Wrap It Up*, 19 minutes of slick r&b power.

•

If Miles Davis doesn't watch out, Freddie Hubbard's going to blow him right off his perch as super horn man. ***First Light*** (CTI) contains some of the best trumpet we've heard in years. What with drummer Jack DeJohnette, bassist Ron Carter, guitarist George Benson, flutist Hubert Laws and percussionist Airto Moreira around to lend support, and what with superb charts by Don Sebesky, and a full-sized string section behind him, Hubbard has nothing to do but stretch out and be sensational. His tone, taste and creativity are awesome.

•

East has never met West more successfully or alluringly than on Ravi Shankar's new ***Concerto for Sitar and Orchestra*** (Angel), a melodious mélange commissioned by the London Symphony Orchestra and recorded by it under André Previn's baton with the composer as soloist. Though the melodic idiom is clearly Oriental (each of the concerto's four movements is based on its own raga), the crisp orchestrations are just as clearly those of a craftsman well versed in the ways of the Occident. Shankar plays the sitar solos with his accustomed virtuosity, and the London Symphony men take to the twistings and drummings of the accompaniment like Bombay ducks to water.

•

By now, Herbie Mann has explored about as many corners of the musical map as he could find, so why shouldn't he get back to roots? ***Push Push*** (Embryo) includes the title tune, which is the flutist's own creation and a smasher, *What's Going On*, Aretha Franklin's *Spirit in the Dark* and Ray Charles's *What'd I Say*. The LP features Richard Tee's piano and electric piano, the late Duane Allman's

guitar and the leader's superlative flutework. Mann's virtuosity has sometimes left the impression of mechanics triumphing over feeling. No such thing; skill has never precluded soul.

•

Nobody's impartial about Sly Stone. As the man himself says on his latest album, ***There's a Riot Goin' On*** (Epic), it's a *Family Affair*. And if you dig slurred, mumbled, ululating vocals—casual to the point of being mannered—slippery, liquid sounds, faded, fuzzed and synthesized, with lots of gloop-gloop dobros and slide guitars, well, you won't have to ask why the title tune is listed but not played or who's in the band now. Who cares? This has more variety than previous Sly albums, but the best things are all on the second side. *Time* contains what must be Sly's ultimate mannered/casual vocal: *Spaced Cowboy* is what the name implies and deserves to become a classic; *Runnin' Away*, with its splendid trumpet-sax obbligato, will never induce you to ask, "From what?" You'll know, baby, you'll know.

•

Judee Sill (Asylum) is a uniquely transparent album on which every effect is carefully, artfully controlled. The sparkling engineering and production, the pretty purity of Judee's voice, the easy tuneful simplicity of her songs beautifully combine to render her fanciful religious perceptions. The difficulty is that her lyrics too often depend on private obscurity or cute imagery to convey feeling, so the result—even to be heard in Judee's intonation—is mannered quirkiness. There is something about her pinched face and black robes, her pop-mystic casualness about God and, finally, her pretension that displays all too clearly a girl hung up in her own inchoate mythology of Christ. Her immodest message to us on the inner sleeve is: "May you savor each word like a raspberry." Ours to her: "May you next time provide us less seedy fruit."

•

Savoy Brown, after innumerable personnel changes, has emerged as one fine rock-'n'-roll band. ***Street Corner Talking*** (Parrot) demonstrates the group's ability to handle relatively simple material with variety and taste. *Tell Mama* shows how strong the new band is, while *I Can't Get Next to You* spotlights the lead singing of Dave Walker, who sounds like David Clayton-Thomas while remaining his own man. Paul Raymond's electric organ and Kim Simmonds' lead guitar are noteworthy in *All I Can Do*, a longer, relaxed, bluesy opus that never drags. We hope this band is together once and for all.

•

John Hartford plays exceptional guitar and banjo, sings in a rather unmusical, nasal voice and performs very musical, clever and sophisticated country songs. On his latest disc, ***Aereo-Plain*** (Warner Bros.), we are informed of all sorts of fanciful visions—past, present and future—not the least of which is how to get in touch with God in *Turn Your Radio On*, a great song written without (we presume) tongue in cheek in 1938. Although Hartford has fine accompanying musicians, he sometimes lets himself be overtaken by whimsical and silly excesses: e.g., *Boogie*. But then again, sometimes the silly things are quite marvelous, as on *Holding* and *Steam Powered Aereo Plane*, the former particularly unforgettable for all dope smokers with a sense of humor.

•

Put on your rock-'n'-roll shoes—there's a new group around that understands what it's all about. ***Wilderness Road*** (Columbia) is, simply, a knockout. It's the kind of solid rock that's damn hard to come by these days. Warren Leming and Nate Herman trade lead-guitar slots—covering everything from mean Keith Richard to soothing Jerry Garcia between them—with Andy and Tom Haban filling in on tasty bass and drums, respectively. Together they project The Band's feeling for America and the feral instincts of The Who—but the sound is all their own.

•

Ever since Paul McCartney traded in John Lennon for Linda Eastman, he hasn't made much memorable music. But he does seem to be getting better all the time. After *Ram*, which was something of a disaster, ***Wings "Wild Life"*** (Apple) sounds really good. It still doesn't come up to the best stuff he did as a Beatle, but at least it isn't irritating. Like Lennon, oddly enough, he seems to be moving back toward simpler, cleaner music. The album's would-be rockers—*Mumbo* and *Bip Bop*—won't give you an unquenchable urge to boogie, but in the quieter cuts, such as *Dear Friend*, there are real echoes of his fine early melodies. And even if including a Hawaiian jump version of Mickey & Sylvia's *Love Is Strange* was a tactical error, it at least proves that great rock songs are not easily killed.

THEATER

Two Gentlemen of Verona *was* one of Shakespeare's most forgettable plays. Now it has been metamorphosed into a memorable contemporary musical. The joyful transformation first took place last summer in Central Park under the sponsorship of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival. Now, on Broadway, there have been a few cast changes, some songs have been sliced and the tickets are no longer free—but the show is still a delight. Adaptors John Guare and Mel Shapiro have borrowed the Bard's basic plot—two friends are close enemies in matters of love—and transported it to a Verona and Milan that look suspiciously like New York. The new book is frankly anachronistic: Lovers exchange night letters, lapse into Spanish and sing and dance with soul. Galt MacDermot's score eclects freely, swinging from rock to blues to calypso to nonsense, and Guare's ingenious lyrics spoof everyone from Shakespeare to Guare as songwriter. There isn't a phony fiber in this urban ethnic romp, and the show embraces the entire theater: The band is up in the balcony and the actors are in and out of the aisles and swinging from Ming Cho Lee's jungle-gym set. As the self-admiring cavalier, Proteus, Raul Julia is magnetic, full of comic inventiveness and impertinence. Carefully undermining his comrade Valentine, cunningly pursuing his own best interest, he makes romantic villainy hilarious and charming. But the whole cast joins wholeheartedly in this rousing celebration of youth, young love and irrepressible vitality. At the St. James, 246 West 44th Street.

•

Twigs works because of Sada Thompson. George Furth's four linked comedy skits call for Miss Thompson to play three sisters—and the mother of them all. Delicately directed by Michael Bennett, she makes each lady into a distinct creature—jumping in and out of type like a quick-change character actress. The changes go beyond dress and makeup into mannerism and sensibility. She really seems like four actresses and, at the curtain, one is surprised to see Miss Thompson, a lone female, surrounded by actors. In the first three skits, she plays an attractive urban widow and nonstop talker, then a baseball "widow" and nonstop talker, and then a suburban housewife and nonstop talker. Since the title of the play is from Alexander Pope's "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," Ma, who comes on last, is the biggest nonstop talker of all. An ancient Irish harridan, she is so busy making wisecracks at the expense of her doddering husband that she doesn't even have a moment in which to die, although she never stops threatening to do so. With a less comic actress, the evening might grow tiresome, but Miss Thompson gives a performance that's free of excess yet not afraid of a broad stroke. Whether lugging a refrigerator across a kitchen floor, singing and dancing a remembered music-hall tune or splatting a chocolate cake on her husband's sweater and replacing it on the plate without losing a lick of icing, she carries the show in her triumphant wake. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girl and I, both in our late 20s, want to settle down to a life together—but without getting married, which we feel represents an unwarranted intrusion of the state into our private lives. However, we're apprehensive about the probable negative reactions of our establishment-oriented friends and relatives. To avoid any unpleasantness, we've considered sending out false wedding announcements following a trip to Hawaii. What do you think?—A. B., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

You appear to be a bit confused. Certainly, a marriage can be a cage, but it's not the wedding license per se that puts the lock on the door, it's the possessiveness of the people involved, combined with the frequently stifling demands of conventional society. This can happen, of course, in any relationship, state sanctioned or not, and we must add that your description of your own pairing makes it sound as confining as the most suffocating of marriages. In fact, you're even willing to go as far as to send out phony wedding announcements, as opposed to some authentic newlyweds who are so "liberated" they don't even bother to mail honest ones. We suggest that you care very much what your so-called establishment-oriented friends and relatives think, and we suggest further that you would probably like yourselves a lot better if you got married and stopped worrying what the "in" anti-establishment attitude is this year.

I'm in the market for a new car and I've decided that, at last, I would satisfy a longtime yen to own a convertible. Much to my surprise, few dealers have any. What's the story on them?—B. R., Chicago, Illinois.

The convertible may be going the way of the rumble seat. American Motors gave convertibles the ax in 1968 and Chrysler discontinued its lines last year. A General Motors spokesman reports that sales have been steadily declining during the past few years, while Ford—which labeled as nonsense a report that it would discontinue convertibles in 1973—admitted there is low demand. Chief culprit seems to be high-speed expressways, which make driving with the top down anything but pleasant.

My problem is my wife. Now that the kids are in school, she has taken a part-time job in an architect's office to help out with a temporarily deflated budget. Unfortunately, her boss has convinced her that she should finish college and get some training in urban planning, and that when she does so, he will get her a promotion and a raise. She is excited about this, but I think the whole thing is crazy. Not only do I make enough money so that my wife doesn't have to work but she hasn't stopped to consider that she'll be spending a lot of her income on extras, such as a cleaning lady, a new wardrobe, and so forth. How do I persuade her to forget about being Miss Career Woman of the Year, consider her husband and children first and stick to her real job as a wife and mother?—F. E., Ames, Iowa.

Your wife's problem is her husband. If a desirable provision can be made for the children—and school should take care of a good piece of that—we can't see why you'd object to your wife's finishing her education and experimenting with a career. To deprive her of a chance to feel valuable to herself and society above and beyond the roles of wife and mother would be not only selfish but cruel. Rather than trying to limit her horizons, you should look forward to gaining a wife who, being engaged in work that is meaningful to her, will be infinitely more interesting—and challenging. Isn't that what you want?

A friend is hung up on a Japanese chick, but unfortunately she thinks he smells bad—literally. My friend takes baths until he's pink, but she still can't hide her uptightness when he gets real close. The guy smells all right to me. Could it be a Japanese sense of super-smell? Or what?—J. P., FPO San Francisco, California.

Your friend's problem may simply be that he's a carnivore. The ingestion of any animal fat produces butyric acid, which, in turn, gives the diner a distinctive odor. Americans, who are heavy meat eaters, are accustomed to it, but the Japanese, who eat only a tenth as much meat as we do, are not. However, they eat five times as much fish, and some American men, in turn, complain that Japanese girls have a fishy odor. It's a matter of mind over malodorousness. Various immigrant groups addicted to cabbage, wurst, garlic, etc., have all suffered from social ostracism based on nothing more silly than their eating habits.

Last Easter, I visited Nassau and spent much of my time in one of the local casinos. This was my first time in a gambling casino and I was quite lucky. At the end of the evening, however, I was puzzled by whether or not I should tip the dealer at my blackjack table. What's the drill on this?—A. T., New York, New York.

When a player in any game decides to leave, he usually tips the croupier or

dealer at least five dollars. At the end of the evening, the casino employees pool their tips and divide them up equally. In a crap game, some players tip after they've made a particularly big win.

In any number of Westerns that I've seen, there has been a scene in which the poor soul who has been shot or punctured by an arrow has a bottle of whiskey poured over his wounds. Is this really of any help as an antiseptic, or is it just a form of artistic license?—G. F., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

It's more artistic than antiseptic. Cleansing antiseptics are usually 70 percent alcohol, whereas drinking whiskey, at 86 proof, musters a bare 43 percent alcohol. It would, of course, help rinse the dirt off a wound (but much more painfully than water). At least one doctor we know has suggested drinking the whiskey instead, on the grounds that it would do just as much good medically and would be much more pleasurable.

Though I've been married five years and love my husband deeply, several months ago I came terrifyingly close to having sexual relations with another man. I've felt absolutely rotten ever since and, despite my previously good sexual relations with my husband, I'm now unable to feel any desire for him at all. I no longer enjoy sex with him, he feels rejected, and I feel guilty. We've discussed the problem thoroughly and I think that I may be punishing myself for lusting after another man by denying myself the pleasure of sex with the man I love. Will time cure the problem, or do I need psychiatric help?—Mrs. W. P., Billings, Montana.

Your self-analysis appears sound to us. What you've got to recognize, of course, is that men and women continually find people other than their marriage partners sexually attractive. How they deal with these temptations is what matters. You and your husband ought to approach sex as an expression of love, rather than as a test or proof of it. With patience and understanding on his part and yours, the problem should diminish and pass away. If it doesn't, then by all means seek some form of counseling.

I recently purchased a pair of speakers for my stereo system that sounded just great in the store, but once I got them home I was disappointed in the bass response. Is there anything I can do besides turning up the bass frequency control? In the store it was set "flat," and it seems I ought to be able to leave it that way and get the same response at home.—D. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

To improve your bass response, set your speakers on the floor in the corners of the room. This should add considerably to the bass. The reason is simple: Theoretically, if a speaker could be suspended in the center of a room, it would, in effect, be radiating its sound into a 360-degree sphere. Once on the floor, it's radiating into a hemisphere and the reflected sound from the floor doubles the loudness. Move it against a wall and it's radiating into a quarter of a sphere and the sound is doubled again. In a corner, where the floor and two walls meet, it's radiating into only an eighth of a sphere and the power is doubled once more. Check to make sure that your speakers are in phase with each other, so that the sound fronts reinforce each other; see your instruction booklet for details. You might also place a felt pad under your speakers—if they're on the floor—to prevent the transmitted sound from bothering your neighbors.

A fellow worker is a liquor and wine connoisseur, and the other day he made reference to a drink called "malmsey" and was so sure that I was familiar with it that I felt embarrassed to reveal my ignorance. Can you tell me what it is?—T. F., San Diego, California.

Malmsey is a sweet, amber-colored, fortified wine; the word itself is the English name for the malvasia grape from which it's made. Most present-day malmsey comes from the island of Madeira. George, Duke of Clarence (1449–1478) and the younger brother of Edward IV, was supposedly drowned in a butt (at the time, a cask holding about 120 gallons) of it. Fact or fancy, Shakespeare immortalized the incident in "Richard III."

For the past several years, I've devoted myself exclusively, and successfully, to obtaining a degree in chemistry and gaining entry to one of America's best medical schools. While I was doing this, I put everything else aside, including dating. Now I'd like to start dating again, but I lack the confidence I once had. How does a man start over again?—P. J., Houston, Texas.

First, by recognizing that you're not a beginner or a teenager, that you are continuing rather than starting again and that any awkwardness you display will reflect who you are, not who you were. And what's wrong with that? Try thinking of the girls you'll date as people to whom you'll relate, not characters in a play with whom you have to assume roles and memorize lines. Since your confidence needs a little boosting, seek supportive girls at first and those with whom you have a lot in common, so you won't feel constantly tested. But above all, be yourself.

There's been a lot of talk about the quality of drugs purchased in the street being way below what the seller claims. But I've heard so much baloney put out by the establishment about drugs that I no longer know what to believe. What's the straight scoop?—A. F., Vancouver, British Columbia.

Lab analyses of drugs sold in the street, both in the States and abroad, indicate you may be getting both more and less than you bargained for. An analysis of 119 street-drug samples collected in Amsterdam, Holland, showed that only 79 percent of the samples claimed to be pure hashish actually were and only 51 percent of the amphetamine samples were the McCoy, as were only 14 percent of those claimed to be pure LSD. Some individuals who thought they were injecting themselves with cocaine were actually using monosodium glutamate. A recent "dope scoreboard" published in a Los Angeles underground newspaper indicated that an animal tranquilizer was the active ingredient in a psychedelic called "Angel Dust," that LSD samples were frequently cut with strychnine and that at least one capsule sold as containing organic mescaline actually contained LSD and brewers' yeast. Caveat emptor.

Lately I've come down with a case of what I'm sure is the crabs, and even after meticulous bathing I've still got them. Some questions occur to me: How did I get them? My girl's been out of town for several weeks and during that time I've been continent. Is there an easy way to get rid of them? And what's the danger of their spreading to other parts of the body?—J. C., Chicago, Illinois.

Phthirius pubis—more commonly known as the crab louse—is one of the few lovemaking side effects you can actually contract from toilet seats, bedclothes, towels, clothing, etc., though the most common way is through body contact. Crabs carry no known disease but do cause itching that can be painful. However, there is no danger of their traveling from one part of your body to another. As for dealing with the little buggers, you might first visit the doctor to make sure that what you've got isn't something more (or less) exotic. He may suggest Blue Ointment or A-200 (both nonprescription) or prescribe an effective medication called Kwell. One final suggestion: After taking the cure, make sure you've laundered your underclothing, towels, sheets, etc., as the nearly invisible lice larvae can come back to bug you.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

JUSTICE FOR ALL—MORE OR LESS

Here is another example of the insanity that passes for justice in this land. Three consecutive items in the column "Oregon Briefs" in the *Medford Mail Tribune* describe the penalties imposed for three criminal acts. One tells of a drive-in-theater owner who was found guilty of disseminating obscene material and fined $1000. Another relates the story of a man who was held in jail in lieu of a $5000 bond after 25 pounds of marijuana were discovered in his car. The third item describes the case of a man who was found guilty of hit-and-run. Two women died in that accident. The driver was fined $750.

Wayne K. Howard
Medford, Oregon

THE WORD ON THE WEED

Some significant progress has been occurring in the marijuana-law-reform movement. First, the prestigious San Francisco Committee on Crime, appointed by Mayor Alioto, recommended a plan whereby the state would legalize marijuana and control its distribution in a manner analogous to controls over alcohol. And, until the state and Federal laws are changed accordingly, it suggested that San Francisco simply announce that the city could no longer afford to expend its resources attempting to enforce these laws with which it disagrees.

Second, two committees of the American Bar Association independently recommended legalization of marijuana in testimony submitted to the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse. These recommendations were based on their finding that "there is simply no basis for employing the criminal sanction, with its threat of imprisonment, against people who, at the very worst, are harming themselves."

Groups such as the American Public Health Association and the American Academy of Pediatrics have asked for the removal of all criminal penalties for use of marijuana. And even the American Medical Association, long in opposition to this reform, has published a study that refutes the contention that marijuana somehow leads to heroin. Based on a survey of 106 smokers, the authors concluded:

> It appears that one of the greatest fears of marijuana use, that of graduation to addicting narcotic drugs, has not materialized. If our sample is at all representative of the drug culture, and indeed most of these men have been using marijuana over a period of years and are as immersed in the drug culture now as they are likely to be, the progression from marijuana to heroin addiction appears to be an improbable occurrence.

All of which leads us to the important question: What will the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse recommend in its comprehensive report due this month? We believe it is likely to recommend an end to criminal penalties for adult users. The commission has heard such action urged by so many people, so often, that it's going to be difficult to avoid.

With the continuing assistance of the Playboy Foundation, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has opened branch offices in Phoenix and New York City and has representatives on many college campuses. Now we need all the support and assistance we can get to transfer this growing momentum into legal reform. We can win this issue, with help. If you care, please join NORML, 1237 22nd St. N. W., Washington, D. C. 20037. Membership is five dollars for students and military people and seven dollars for all others. And, for those who want to do more, we still need the help of many people to let the public know what modern science and medicine say about the "killer weed."

R. Keith Stroup, Executive Director
NORML
Washington, D. C.

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY

I recently found an old book called *Our Family Physician*, published in 1885. The entry on masturbation was just what one would expect, until the very end. Students of comparative mythology, contemplate this:

> The symptoms produced by this vice are numerous. When the habit begins in early life, it retards the growth, impairs the mental faculties and reduces the victim to a lamentable state. The person afflicted seeks solitude, and does not wish to enjoy the society of his friends; he is troubled with headache, wakefulness and restlessness at night, pain in

various parts of the body, indolence, melancholy, loss of memory, weakness in the back and generative organs, variable appetite, cowardice, inability to look a person in the face, lack of confidence in his abilities. . . . Finally the whole man becomes a wreck, physically, morally and mentally. . . .

First of all, the habit must be abandoned; this is the first and most important thing to be secured, for unless this is done, every other treatment will be without avail. . . .

Mercurius, phosphorus, aurum, nux vomica, cuprum, cantharides, conium, Cannabis are the principal remedies in this complaint.

That's right: Cannabis. Or, as it is more popularly called, marijuana.

Peter J. Cislo
Modesto, California

THE ONLY MAILBOX IN TOWN

When I read that the U. S. Postal Service and the Bureau of Customs are inspecting first-class mail from overseas without warrants or prior consent of the addressee (*Forum Newsfront*, October 1971), I heard a loud whirring sound. I finally recognized it as Thomas Jefferson spinning in his grave. I also heard the ghoulish laughter of Lysander Spooner, anarchist and constitutional lawyer, who predicted in 1848 that a Government mail monopoly would eventually lead to this type of thing.

Ronald Weston
Cuernavaca, Mexico

THOSE CROTCH SHOTS

I was surprised to find a letter in the November 1971 *Playboy Forum* denouncing photographs in PLAYBOY as crotch shots. I am a professional photographer who has been a PLAYBOY reader for 12 years and I have yet to see a photograph in PLAYBOY that I would call vulgar. Photographing a natural female nude is a challenge, and the beauty of PLAYBOY's pictures is a credit to the photographic profession.

Richard A. Chrzanowski
Westfield, Massachusetts

THE TASTE MAKERS

The opinions of *Atlantic Monthly* columnist L. E. Sissman, as quoted in the December 1971 *Playboy Forum*, are those of a generation of intellectuals who are a deadly, but fortunately a dying, breed. "Those of us who are writers, teachers, community leaders, makers of opinion," says Sissman, "can bury our outmoded, liberal, laissez-faire ideas about freedom of expression at any cost—and help to cramp and cripple the mass appeal of pornography by making it *démodé*." There speaks the culture snob, self-appointed to a highbrow priesthood, convinced that the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

UNLUCKY IN LOVE

MARTINEZ, CALIFORNIA—*A tender gesture toward a prison inmate has brought two lovers together—sort of. A 21-year-old girl went to the Contra Costa county jail to see her imprisoned boyfriend and tried to slip him a nude photo of herself through the visitors' screen. She was arrested and locked up in another part of the same jail.*

WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN

NEW YORK CITY—*A criminal-court jury of five men and one woman deliberated less than two hours before acquitting a Manhattan bookshop proprietor who had been arrested for selling "The Illustrated Presidential Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography." The jury rejected the prosecution's argument that the book was obscene on the basis of its pictures alone and despite the text, which reprints the Government report. The Reverend Morton Hill, veteran smut hunter and a dissenting member of the Presidential Commission, deplored the verdict in a statement to the press, saying it proves that New York's "practically nonexistent" obscenity laws "have made the state a Denmark."*

NEW BOUTIQUE IN TOWN

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA—*The country's first love boutique has opened its doors in Chapel Hill, and its owners hope to expand operations to some half dozen other U. S. cities by the end of the year. Called Adam & Eve and patterned on the highly successful "Birds and Bees" shops in Sweden, the boutique's emphasis is on contraception and it offers a one-day pregnancy-testing service. Canada's first sex shop, The Garden, has opened in Montreal but is styled more along the lines of the sex supermarkets in Denmark and Germany.*

ADULTERY AND MORAL CHARACTER

NEW YORK CITY—*A few weeks after U. S. immigration officials refused citizenship to one admitted "adulterer" ("Forum Newsfront," February), a Federal judge in New York, ruling in a similar case, decided that there is no Federal definition of the word adultery and that the Immigration Service should stop worrying about it. The case involved an alien who married a woman in 1961 solely because she was pregnant by him and wished to avoid the illegitimacy of the offspring. Five years later, the couple divorced amicably without having lived together. Before the divorce, however, the petitioner had intercourse with a woman who eventually became his second wife—which constituted adultery and bad moral character in the eyes of the immigration authorities. Nonetheless, Federal judge Charles H. Tenny noted the many conflicting definitions of adultery in state laws, decided the man showed a sense of responsibility in marrying his pregnant girlfriend and concluded that "Congress, in using the word 'adultery,' was expressing concern over extramarital intercourse that tends to destroy an existing, viable marriage" and was not trying to exclude persons otherwise qualified to become U. S. citizens.*

UPTIGHT TEXANS

In Texas, public school officials in the town of Channelview reportedly have excluded a 16-year-old divorced girl from participating in her high school's extracurricular activities on the ground that she might "talk sex" with other students; and in Austin, state public school authorities have approved 11 textbooks on the condition that the publishers delete certain references to evolution and clean up the language of such authors as Norman Mailer, Vladimir Nabokov, James Baldwin, Tennessee Williams and J. D. Salinger.

MARRIAGE SLUMP

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The U. S. Census Bureau has reported a declining interest in marriage among men and women under age 35. In that age group, the bureau says, 56 percent of the men and 45 percent of the women are still single—an increase of five and eight percentage points, respectively, since 1960. The bureau doesn't know whether its statistics, derived from the 1970 census, "reflect an increasing tendency for young persons to delay marriage for various reasons until later years, or a newly developing tendency for more of the young persons of today to remain single for their entire lives."*

CURING THE COMMON SCOLD

FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY—*Granting the wish of an angry 41-year-old woman accused of assaulting a neighbor, a county grand jury has indicted her not only on the assault charge but also as being "a common scold"—a crime that hasn't been committed (or at least successfully prosecuted) in New Jersey for some 80 years. Alluding to her disputes with police and neighbors, she said, "Resistance to tyranny is justice to God and I'd better get indicted." If convicted of being "a common scold and disturber of the peace of the neighborhood," she*

further insists on the traditional penalty —a public dunking. The prosecution is reluctant to grant this demand.

CLEANED-UP LANGUAGE

BOISE, IDAHO—*Police arrested a 23-year-old carnival worker for using vulgar language in public, and his conviction earned him a $25 fine and one day in jail. The judge suspended the sentence when the offender agreed to wash out his mouth with soap.*

PUNISHING THE PARENTS

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—*Under a new city ordinance, Detroit parents are now legally responsible for the behavior of their children. The ordinance provides that the parents or guardian of a juvenile under 18 can be fined up to $500 and/or sentenced up to 90 days in jail if convicted of failing to "exercise reasonable parental control" by permitting their child to violate curfew, keep stolen property, associate with juvenile delinquents, play hooky from school, possess illegal drugs or be without proper supervision while the parents are away.*

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

NEW YORK CITY—*The city's board of education may waive certain bylaws and offer job reinstatement to 31 public school teachers who were fired 15 years ago for refusing to answer questions about their possible Communist Party affiliations. At that time, the teachers argued that such questions were an unconstitutional violation of their personal and political rights and declined to answer them as a matter of principle. Since then, the U. S. Supreme Court has overturned the laws and statutes under which they were dismissed.*

PLATFORM WITH A POT PLANK

DES MOINES, IOWA—*A Democratic candidate for the Iowa governorship has launched his campaign on a broad platform of social and legal reforms, including the removal of all criminal penalties for the use of marijuana. Senator John Tapscott counted marijuana statutes among the many ill-conceived "morality laws" that, he said, serve only to dictate personal morals and private behavior and should be repealed.*

ALTERNATIVE TO METHADONE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Federal drug officials are hoping they have found the "ideal narcotic antagonist" that can virtually immunize addicts against physical dependency on opiates. The drug, called En-1639A, was developed by a pharmaceutical firm in Garden City, Long Island, and has been undergoing tests. The head of the Federal drug hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, said that En-1639A "could do for drug addiction what vaccines did to eliminate the incidence of smallpox and diphtheria," but he cautioned against viewing it as a panacea, because it does not treat the social and psychological aspects of addiction.*

At the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, neurologists are experimenting with a simple form of brain surgery that seems to eliminate drug addiction in rats and monkeys. An electric cautery is used to knock out a specific group of nerve cells that is believed to be either the main site or a key relay point for the system involved in the intense craving for drugs.

WHITE PANTHER FREED

JACKSON, MICHIGAN—*John Sinclair, founder of the radical White Panther Party, is free on bail after serving 28 months of the ten-year prison sentence he received for giving two joints of marijuana to an undercover agent. The Michigan supreme court authorized Sinclair's release after an intensive campaign by supporters and lawyers who charged that his prosecution was politically motivated. His conviction is being appealed on the ground that ten years for two joints represents cruel and unusual punishment.*

EVEN KLANSMEN HAVE RIGHTS

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA—*A Federal court has ruled that a city clerk's constitutional rights of free speech and association were violated when he was fired because of his affiliation with the Ku Klux Klan. In his decision, the judge said, "Klansmen, like Negroes, are people. . . . They are not by virtue of their Klan membership disqualified from holding public employment, any more than Presbyterians, Black Panthers or members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. . . ." The clerk, a legless veteran of the Korean War and Grand Dragon of the state's K. K. K., was represented by an attorney from the American Civil Liberties Union.*

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

JOHANNESBURG, UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA —*South African censors permit many movies to be seen only by whites, but a shortage of white usherettes has created a need for theaters to hire girls who are "colored" (mixed race). The government has approved the following compromise: The mixed-race girls can be hired on the condition that they escort theater patrons from the lobby to their seats by means of flashlights directed at the floor, and that they never look up at the screen. One member of parliament who opposes the government's apartheid policy remarked, "If we racked our brains to think of a way to make ourselves look absurd in the eyes of the world, we couldn't do better than this one."*

masses are just waiting for him to tell them what books to read, what paintings to look at, what movies to see. The arrogance of this kind of intellectual elitism is both laughable and pathetic. It attacks freedom of expression on the grounds that standards of taste ought to be set by the intelligentsia. It deplores any really popular vehicle of entertainment—as Sissman puts down PLAYBOY—because it holds that makers of opinion ought to force-feed approved values to the public rather than let the media satisfy the wants of their audience.

Fortunately, there is a healthy movement afoot today to break down all class distinctions—racial, sexual, political, social, economic or cultural. The appeal of rock music to so-called highbrows and lowbrows alike exemplifies this ideal, as does the indiscriminate mingling of the sexually explicit with the socially significant in the underground press. Not that those who dig rock music or the underground press should be cultural arbiters, however. Rather, if this movement succeeds, as I hope it will, the taste-making intellectual elite will fade away altogether and each individual will judge for himself.

F. Lewis
New York, New York

CATS AND DOGS

The state of Wisconsin still has a law on its books prohibiting unmarried persons to possess "indecent articles"—a prudish euphemism for birth-control devices. Leading the fight to kill a bill that would have changed this law, state senator Joseph Lourigan, 70, announced that the "point is whether we are going to let the sex act be performed by unmarried persons." Amazing, the power fantasies some of these old wowsers have.

Just to give you a notion of the intelligence level of anti-birth-control forces in Wisconsin, here is another example of the wit and wisdom of Senator Lourigan, as quoted in the *Kenosha News*:

> Senator Joseph Lourigan, D-Kenosha, a Catholic, said passage of the bill would promote "free love and cars and dogs and everything else.
>
> "None of us Catholics are trying to impose our view on other faiths," Lourigan said. "We are trying to keep the morality of the state where it belongs. We have laws prohibiting sexual relations between anyone but husband and wife. This bill would promote animalism."

(Name withheld by request)
Janesville, Wisconsin

THE 19TH HOLE

Infrequent practice in an atmosphere of secrecy will produce maximum sexual pleasure. This unique opinion seems to be the basis of Franklin J. C. Hiller's letter in the December 1971 *Playboy*

Forum. Hiller belittles my comparison of sex to golf (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1971) and declares—rather crudely, I think—that the two sports have nothing in common except that both are "played with balls, a long, rodlike object and holes." It seems obvious to me that, regardless of what either game is played *with*, the more important fact is that both are played *by* human beings in pursuit of pleasure.

In pointing out the similarities between sex and other sports and arts, I don't wish to imply that the enjoyment of sex requires championship-level skill and performance. I would agree with Hiller that compulsiveness and mechanical routine would take all the fun out of intercourse. But why should anyone feel that doing it more means enjoying it less when it comes to sex, if this is not true of any other human activity?

Harry Celine
New York, New York

SEX AND THE SINGLES BAR

The bachelor who hangs out in New York's East Side singles bars is being unrealistic when he bemoans the fact that most of the unattached young men and women he sees in those spots end up going home alone (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971). I'm a single woman who lives in that same part of town, and I know the bar scene pretty well. In the first place, how often would a woman in her right mind want to share her apartment, her bed and her anatomy with somebody she met an hour ago in a bar? I don't think I'm especially paranoid—certainly not when I compare myself with the average New Yorker—but I don't even like to tell people my politics on that short an acquaintance.

To be perfectly frank, I have tried it. In the name of sexual liberation, and also because I was drunk and horny, I've left singles bars with men I didn't know on three different occasions. Once it turned out the guy had a wife at home, and they wanted me to make it with her while he watched and masturbated. I split that scene. The second time, I went home with a man who was perfectly charming until he had screwed me. Then he slapped me, tossed my clothes at me and threw me out. The third time, I took the guy to my place—I was very drunk—and the next morning when I woke up, I found he had absconded with my Wedgwood teapot. As it says in one of the James Bond books, once is bad luck, twice is coincidence, three times is enemy action. I've decided that I can get all the intimacy I want with strangers by riding the subway during the rush hour.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

I'm not sure what the clown who complained about the lack of action in New York's singles bars was talking about, but freedom, liberation and the sexual revolution it wasn't. Why do so many guys think that the only goal of sexual liberation is anonymous screwing with any decent-looking woman who crosses their path? That's not freedom, it's compulsion.

In a sexually liberated society, one would doubtless be able to proposition every female he met and expect to have his offer taken up some of the time. In fact, one can proposition every girl he meets right now, but he's likely to find a very low percentage of takers. Under conditions of sexual freedom, though, whatever the score, it would be taken in stride and would not occasion windy lamentations like those of the anonymous barfly. The most fundamental freedom is the right to say no, and any man who believes that women should not bruise his tender feelings by saying no to him is not ready for a liberated society.

Jim Davis
New York, New York

SEX AND THE OLDER WOMAN

I am writing on behalf of a group of women in our 50s. We all had been married until death or divorce took our husbands. None of us is interested in getting married again, and we don't care for the risks involved in picking up strange men in bars; however, we're far from dead and have strong, unfulfilled sex drives. We think discreet, well-run male houses of prostitution, in which the inmates are checked regularly for venereal disease, would provide an acceptable outlet for us.

I can imagine the sort of nasty cracks this letter will elicit, but I assure you it took guts for us to put our feelings on paper, and we hope that someone will understand.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Worth, Texas

STEPPING OUT FOR FUN AND SANITY

I never thought I'd find myself advocating extramarital sex, but that's exactly what I am doing. Here's my story:

For a while, my husband and I had a regular and thoroughly enjoyable sex relationship. Then I became pregnant and he decided that I was too fat and awkward for him. Our lovemaking ceased entirely. For some reason, his attitude persisted even after our child was born; any sexual overtures on my part were coldly rebuffed, making me feel ugly, ashamed and totally unfeminine. Not surprisingly, I became increasingly nervous and depressed.

Then one evening a friend suggested that I accompany her to a fashionable cocktail lounge. I was surprised to see several other unescorted women there, and I was shocked when my friend explained that they were waiting to be picked up. Nevertheless, when a man approached and offered to buy me a drink, I overcame my reluctance and accepted. I found him attractive and was flattered by his attention. We wound up in a motel room and, to my surprise and delight, I was still capable of arousing and responding to a man's passion.

Meeting men in this way has become my only sexual outlet and is now a regular part of my life. Far from feeling guilty, I feel like a whole person once again, and for the first time in a long while, I'm glad to be a woman.

Unfortunately, I'm still tied to my husband. He refuses to consider a divorce, claiming that he loves me, even though he won't give me half the tenderness and affection offered by the men I meet for one-night stands. I thank God for these men; without them, I would have been in a mental institution long ago.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

HIGH-PRICED BLISS

Couples are paying a high price for serenity if the Reverend Allan G. Snider is correct in finding that religious fundamentalists with rigid, puritanical sexual attitudes adjust better to marriage than couples with freer religious and moral outlooks (*Forum Newsfront*, December 1971). The question Snider's research raises is "What is adjustment?" I'm sure that a 14th Century European peasant was more resigned to his lot in life than a modern American of equivalent socioeconomic station. Yet, I'd rather be discontented and feel that I should demand more of life than a spot at the bottom of the barrel. Similarly, Snider may find that the marriages of liberal-minded people are more unstable and are less ruled by certainties; however, there are worse endings to a marriage, it seems to me, than divorce. Worst of all, I think, might be those bad or mediocre marriages that last a depressing lifetime because the couple lack the strength to break up. There's such a thing as divine discontent.

Susan Phillips
Boston, Massachusetts

THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE

An extended field trip delayed our response to Morton Hunt's August 1971 PLAYBOY article, *The Future of Marriage*. We were disappointed with his treatment of the most innovative development in this institution: group marriage. Hunt joins a long and (sadly) distinguished list of predecessors in failing to distinguish group marriages from communes, thus compounding confusion in an already confused area.

The distinction is anything but picayune. Hunt's conclusion that group marriages dissolve back into monogamous relationships applies more to communes than to true group marriages. Having sexual access to one's spouses in a group marriage is not the same as having sexual

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access to one's neighbors in a commune. The marriages within most communes are monogamous, and even in communes with a principle of free sexual access, we have found, on close examination, that relationships are usually one to one at any given time.

On the other hand, our two and a half years of research reveals that most group marriages are urban or suburban in setting, with vocational and other ties to the established community; this is the opposite of Hunt's assertion that "a rural and semiprimitive agrarian life style" is more congenial to group marriage. The group marriages we studied average just over four adult partners. They are significantly more stable than communes. Those that break up average about a year and a half's duration. Among those still together are numerous groups that have lasted three and four years.

PLAYBOY readers will be interested to know that the Multilateral Relations Study Project is serving as a clearinghouse for information on group marriages and related alternatives, and as a national referral center for professional assistance to nonconventional marriages.

Larry L. and Joan M. Constantine
Multilateral Relations Study Project
Acton, Maine

MORALITY AND THE INDIAN

Bill Barney, in the December 1971 *Playboy Forum*, flays me for trying "to salvage the bankrupt reputation of white Western civilization." He mistook the purpose of my September 1971 *Forum* letter, which was twofold: to deplore the sentimental idealization of oppressed people such as American Indians and to point out the perniciousness of the idea of morality. I did not denigrate Indians, nor did I deny that they suffered grievously at the hands of white Americans; furthermore, when Indians today make demands on the U.S. Government, I applaud their efforts and will support them in any way I can.

But I won't go on any breast-beating guilt trip, and I won't acknowledge that any man, no matter how oppressed, is my moral superior, because I believe that the whole idea of morality ought to be junked. When I wrote that those who took this continent from the Indians were driven by a morality of their own, it was not to praise the despoilers, it was to point out how ruthless people can be when they think God is on their side. And that also goes for those among today's revolutionaries who think any act of terrorism is justified because they know they're right and "the pig" is wrong. Sometimes cynically, sometimes with credulity, the ideas of good and evil have been used to motivate and to justify most of the great wars, mass murders and persecutions of history, including the rape of the North American continent. As the philosopher Blaise Pascal so devastatingly observed: "Evil is never done so thoroughly and so well as when it is done with a good conscience."

George Brown
Chicago, Illinois

GHETTOS AND STARVATION

In your response to a letter titled "Pot and Starvation" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971), you said, "Though young children are not yet starving 'in mass' in this great country of ours (outside the ghettos), it could happen." Are we to infer from this that young children *are* starving "in mass" *inside* this country's ghettos? If so, I would like to know just where this is taking place.

Daniel D. Berger
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In 1968, the Citizens' Board of Inquiry into Hunger estimated, after ten months of field inspections and public hearings, that 10,000,000 persons in this country have insufficient food—conservatively speaking. The C.B.I.H. found 309 "hunger districts" in 22 states where hunger could be said to have reached emergency proportions. The same year, Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania charged that "no state is free of hunger," and two years later, South Carolina's Senator Ernest Hollings still found the situation grave enough to state, in a Good Housekeeping *article, "hunger is the number-one problem in America today." And by hunger, none of these observers means the discomfort experienced by overweight dieters, but rather an insufficient quantity or quality of food to sustain health—in short, starvation.*

It may be hard to believe that starving people exist in this, the richest of all nations. But it is only incredible if one has never acquainted himself with the realities of slum life and tends to think of the poor as statistics rather than flesh-and-blood humans. The fact is that there are millions of people here for whom extreme, debilitating hunger is a constant companion, and they can be found, to answer your question, in the ghettos and rural areas inhabited by the poor in every state of the nation.

THE NAVY VS. THE OCEAN

For five days, our Marine company was aboard a U.S. Navy ship conducting amphibious landing operations and small-craft training. On two days, the ship steamed three to five miles out to sea on garbage runs. For two hours each day, 20 to 30 seamen dumped trash overboard. They tossed literally tons of trash, paper bags, plastic bags, cardboard boxes and large paper bundles filled with all kinds of junk overboard to drift aimlessly in the sea. Beer cans, soda cans, bottles, papers, food remnants from the galley and other waste floated in a spreading trail that stretched out behind the ship as far as one could see.

No attempt was made to limit the litter to one area; no attempt was made to burn the trash or to sink it. The captain of the ship told us that this dumping is necessary and that it is a common practice throughout the Navy.

We feel that this is a deplorable practice, totally inconsistent with recent national efforts to clean up our environment. We are not alarmists nor people obsessed with ecology as a fashionable issue; we are conventional Americans who enjoy clean, natural surroundings and we are writing in the hope that calling public attention to this situation will lead to something being done to rectify it.

1st Lt. James C. Windham
1st Lt. James N. Pepper
San Clemente, California

Using the ocean as if it were a bottomless garbage pit can have hideous consequences. Thor Heyerdahl, who sailed the Atlantic Ocean on his papyrus boat, Ra, reported that vast stretches of the sea, hundreds of miles from the nearest land, were covered with floating trash and oil particles. Warned Heyerdahl: "Modern man seems to believe that he can get everything he needs from the corner drugstore. He doesn't understand that everything has a source in the land or sea, and that he must respect those sources." The U.S., at least, pays lip service to the problem of pollution at sea. According to the Office of Pollution Control of the Department of the Navy, no oil or trash of any kind is to be thrown overboard within 50 miles of any coastline; the limit for dumping garbage is 12. The Navy is also investigating the purchase of incinerators and compactors for shipboard use. The trouble lies not so much with garbage, which is consumed by fish and birds long before it could wash up on any conceivable shore, nor with trash, which could be incinerated, nor with cans, which could be compacted for recycling back in port. The real problem lies with oil dumping, the throwing overboard of nonbiodegradable items such as plastic bottles and the type of mind that dismisses any pollution on the grounds that since it's always been "common practice," it should remain so.

WHO STARTS VIOLENCE?

With regard to the many riots on campuses and in the cities throughout this country, I am appalled to hear so much criticism aimed at the forces that are employed to stop the devastation. Has no one looked at the sequence of events during these disturbances?

Civilization stops when the first rioter picks up the first rock. There is no justification on earth for this act. If the miscreant manages to break a window and people around him prevail upon him to stop his childish activity, are they, his advisors, to be castigated for

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putting an end to his commission of misdemeanors? If, on the other hand, he manages to agitate others to join him and damage a building, are the police wrong to take action to prevent this?

J. Robert Logan
Canoga Park, California

Serious debate in this country does not center on the question of whether or not force should be used to protect lives and property in a riot situation. However, in a number of instances—the most infamous being the killings in 1970 at Jackson State College and Kent State University—responsible investigators such as the President's Commission on Campus Unrest have found the amount of force used excessive, causing the unnecessary deaths of innocent people. The circumstances of each case have to be examined separately—unless you feel that the casting of that first rock justifies any amount of violence in response.

THE KENT STATE MASSACRE

I share Peter Davies' concern about what happened at Kent State University (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971). I disagree, however, with his claim that a grand jury should investigate this incident and that the people must decide whether or not justice has been served. No justice on earth is going to bring those four students back, and an investigation will probably drag on for years without conclusive results. To pursue the matter further in that direction is only to seek vengeance for the four deaths. Rather, let the memory of those students serve as a painful reminder of the need to keep history from repeating itself, and let us devote our studies of this tragedy to searching for ways of preventing such a thing from happening again.

George Fraatz
Kent, Ohio

The spirit of vengeance has already had its day in court. An Ohio grand jury, which found no fault with the National Guardsmen and blamed the calamity on university officials and students, indicted 25 persons, charging them with various criminal acts during the disorders. Only five of these persons were actually tried (one guilty on a minor charge, two guilty pleas, one acquittal, one dismissal for lack of evidence). The indictments against the others were dismissed for lack of evidence, which, the Ohio director of the A.C.L.U. said, "exposed how outrageous the original action was." Former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark called the 25 indictments "a failure of criminal justice here in Ohio. I do not think dismissals have rectified it." For 11 months, these defendants required legal representation while the indictments hung over their heads. Meanwhile, we know nothing about the men who actually pulled the triggers. A

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Federal grand-jury investigation has been called for, not only by Peter Davies but also by the families of the four victims (see next letter) as well as the 10,380 signers of a petition presented to President Nixon by Kent State students and faculty. The knowledge that might prevent future tragedies is locked in the minds of those who perpetrated the massacre. Just what moved them to fire with intent to kill upon a nonthreatening group of students at a distance of 100 yards? The answer might come to light at grand-jury hearings or a trial. Furthermore, by not pursuing the matter further, the Government appears to condone the use of excessive force in such situations. Even though Massachusetts was under British rule at the time of the Boston Massacre, the soldiers who did the shooting had to stand trial and two of them were actually punished. Our own Government seems less scrupulous about homicide than the 18th Century tyrants against whom our forefathers rebelled.

I am an attorney representing the family of Jeffrey Miller, one of the four students killed at Kent State University in May 1970. The injustice of Attorney General John N. Mitchell's refusal to bring evidence before any Federal grand jury on the Kent State incident prompted me to make the following points in an article published in *The New York Times*:

- Four unarmed students were killed at Kent State, the nearest being 270 feet, the others over 300 feet from the firing squad. Nine others were wounded.
- No snipers fired at the Guardsmen.
- The FBI found that the claim by the National Guardsmen that their lives were endangered by the students was fabricated subsequent to the event.
- On-the-scene photographs show many riflemen taking dead-level aim and firing. This is living proof of intent to kill. Military standing operating procedure mandates to soldiers: "Never shoot a person unless you aim to shoot to kill."
- On-the-scene photographs show the rifle squad proceeded to higher ground; they wheeled around, almost simultaneously; many took dead-level aim with their rifles, almost simultaneously; one sergeant aimed straight ahead with a .45-caliber handgun, almost simultaneously; 28 riflemen fired 61 shots within 13 seconds at human targets in an area 300 feet away—almost simultaneously.

The American public has a right to know whether or not the four young people who died at Kent State were the victims of a premeditated plan to punish the student demonstrators. The President's Commission on Campus Unrest called the Kent State killings "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable." How can this be so and yet no effort be made to prosecute? My own discussions with countless young people indicate almost unanimous feelings of frustration and disillusionment with the media's inadequate coverage of the Kent State case. I do hope PLAYBOY will continue to publicize this story.

Joseph Kelner
New York, New York

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

I was appalled to find the following question on a form sent to me by the U. S. Civil Service Commission about a former student of mine who had given my name as a reference:

> To your knowledge does this person associate or has he associated with any person whose loyalty to the United States is questionable or who belongs to any organization of the type described in (B) above?

Section B of the question refers to "any Communist or Fascist organization or to any organization that advocates overthrowing or altering our Constitutional form of Government by force or other illegal means."

The technique of condemning a person because of his friends or acquaintances typified the Joe McCarthy era and is a standard practice of totalitarian regimes. Its use in this country jeopardizes the survival of democracy. I wrote to Senator George McGovern objecting strongly to the appearance of this type of question on Government forms. Kimbell Johnson, director of the Bureau of Personnel Investigations of the Civil Service Commission, replied to a query by Senator McGovern that the form is being replaced with one that eliminates the offensive question and which will go into use shortly.

I'm still wondering how large is the supply of old forms, how immediate the replacement will be and how many other Government forms make this type of inquiry. We will never achieve true democracy if such insulating polarization persists.

Robert D. Mabbs, Director
Community Development and
Social Work Education Program
Augustana College and
Sioux Falls College
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

CIVILIAN DEFENSE FOR SERVICEMEN

I'm facing a court-martial for refusing to obey an order that I considered to be illegal. One of my buddies said he heard that there's a group of civilian lawyers here in Vietnam who will help defend GIs like me. Since military lawyers are reputed to be more concerned about the Army's interests than those of their clients, I'm writing to PLAYBOY in the hope that you've heard about these lawyers and will be able to tell me how to contact them.

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

You're probably referring to the Lawyers Military Defense Committee, a group that was formed in the summer of 1970 and since that time has helped over 700 Servicemen with everything from applications for discharge to general courts-martial for fragging. The committee received a grant from the Playboy Foundation in 1971. You can contact them at their office at 203 Tu Do Street, Room 14, Saigon, South Vietnam, or in the U. S. at their headquarters at Langdell Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

PERMANENT CRIMINAL RECORDS

A bill to expunge certain criminal records has failed to pass the Maryland assembly by a relatively narrow margin. Its detractors claimed that it would allow those with a criminal past to lie to prospective employers. The short answer to this is that employers should not be asking such questions in the first place. Proper employment information would still be available from previous employers or other references and such information is far more pertinent than data pertaining to an arrest or a chance encounter with the law.

In cases of arrests that are made solely on the initiative of individual police officers, where no grand-jury indictment or preliminary hearing has produced a dispassionate determination of probable guilt, all records of the arrest should be destroyed immediately upon the acquittal of the defendant or upon the failure of evidence against him. In other cases, the records should be expunged completely after an appropriate passage of time. Permanent records of this sort handicap people for the rest of their lives.

I, for one, hope the Maryland bill will be reintroduced before a more enlightened assembly and that this time it will be enacted.

Frank Matthews
Bladensburg, Maryland

THE COST OF ONE ARREST

The following excerpts from a *Washington Post* editorial have my complete endorsement:

> Judge Gerhard A. Gesell struck a blow for humanism as well as for simple justice when he ruled recently that the FBI must put an end to its indiscriminate dissemination of individual arrest records. These may still be made available to agencies of the Federal Government and for genuine law-enforcement

purposes outside the Federal Government. But the past practice of letting banks, private employers and others have easy access to them must be discontinued, the judge said, in the interest of fairness and decency. Careless use of these records, he said, "may easily inhibit freedom to speak, to work and to move about in this land." . . .

If a man is arrested and subsequently adjudged wholly innocent of the offense for which the arrest was made, surely his record ought to be as free from blemish as if he had never been accused at all. We wish that such information could be wholly expunged from the record. And even when his past guilt or innocence has been left unresolved, it would be preferable to let him have the benefit of the doubt. Oblivion has its virtues no less than recollection. We share Judge Gesell's humane feeling that, with the development of computerization, there is "a pressing need to preserve and redefine aspects of the right of privacy to insure the basic freedoms guaranteed by this democracy."

There is much more reform needed in this area. I have seen my son's one indiscretion of high school days rise up repeatedly and destroy social and employment opportunities, nullifying years of expensive higher education. When a person hasn't committed any new offense, why shouldn't his arrest record be destroyed entirely after a certain period of time?

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D. C.

LET THE VICTIMS SPEAK

I recently saw some 1970 issues of PLAYBOY and was very stirred by the debate about electro-convulsive therapy in several installments of *The Playboy Forum*. Having been through this torture myself, I agree with the ex-patients who denounced it and I completely distrust the psychiatrists who defended it; however, I am glad that you published both sides. In almost all official investigations, the victim is never allowed to talk. No ordinary woman was allowed to say anything during the Senate hearings on the oral contraceptive and when one tried to speak, she was ruled out of order; the only female testimony came from female M. D.'s, who spoke for their profession—the profession that was being investigated. Similarly, the poor never get a chance to comment on poverty programs and educational conferences do not invite dropouts to come and explain why they found the schools intolerable. And, of course, any inquiry into our mental hospitals develops into psychiatrists investigating psychiatrists and state officials checking other state officials; what the patients have to say is irrelevant and immaterial.

The only way to learn the truth about any social problem is to let the victims speak in reply to their exploiters.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

LAW *VS.* DISORDER

Thanks to PLAYBOY's openly favoring the legalization of everything from marijuana to homosexuality, and thanks also to a Supreme Court that has completely undermined our system of criminal justice by making it impossible for police to conduct an effective investigation, the murderers of a six-year-old girl are still roaming the streets of our town. One of the alleged killers, a boy of 16, has spent almost his entire life committing one sexual offense after another but has never been confined for more than peremptory psychological care. Why? Because our Alabama courts are afraid of criticism by the liberal press, such as *The New York Times*, and because people like Hugh Hefner are constantly screaming about the rights of the accused.

What about the rights of the victim? As the father of a five-year-old girl, I am incensed that child murderers are allowed total freedom of action while the local police and the FBI stand by, helplessly muttering about circumstantial evidence. As a concerned citizen and father, I have attempted to arouse our townspeople to unilateral action, but to no avail. Lawlessness, through its handmaiden humanitarianism, has gained too strong a foothold—even in the Deep South, America's last bastion of decency and order.

Incidentally, as one who holds a degree in statistics, I have done some research on the supposed fairness of your magazine, and it may interest you to know that over the past eight years, a full 82 percent of all the letters you have published espouse your point of view, seven percent are marginal and only 11 percent are unquestionably opposed to the various tenets of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Charles A. Kanter
Fayette, Alabama

You accuse PLAYBOY, The New York Times, *the Supreme Court and anyone else who has ever expressed concern for due process of law of fomenting a spirit of lawlessness and disorder; then, in the next breath, you state that you have advocated what you term unilateral action to deal with a boy who is alleged to be a killer on the basis of evidence that is considered circumstantial by both the local police and the FBI. You further suggest that the absence of more substantial evidence is the fault of a liberal Supreme Court that has made it "impossible for police to conduct an effective investigation," ignoring the fact that effective investigating is exactly what the courts have tried to get police to do by refusing to admit hearsay evidence and extorted confessions.*

You're implying that any failure by the authorities to act in a manner that satisfies you justifies your taking the law into your own hands and ignoring rights guaranteed by the U. S. Constitution (not by us or by The New York Times*) to persons accused of crimes. These rights, including the rights to a fair and impartial trial and to a competent legal defense, are Constitutionally protected because the accused are sometimes innocent. Forgetting that fact, and willfully taking the risk of condemning an innocent person, is the real threat to the decency and order that you cherish. If a private citizen can impose his personal notions of justice on persons whose guilt has been established by nothing more convincing than intuition, then law and order belong only to those with the fastest guns and the ruthlessness to use them.*

As for your comments on the balance of the letters in the "Forum," we haven't done a pro-and-con count, but we'll take your word that fewer oppose us than support us. Obviously, regular readers of PLAYBOY *tend to be more sympathetic than antipathetic to our attitudes, and our column does reflect the spectrum of opinions received in the mail each month. In any case, not playing numbers games, we don't believe that the quantity of letters on a particular point of view is as important as the fact that all points of view are represented—as they are.*

QUEER-KILLING LICENSE

The counsel defending that teenager on death row described in the December 1971 *Forum Newsfront* tried to excuse the crime by asserting that the murder victim had made homosexual advances. Isn't that a pity? Had the boy never heard of the words "No, thank you"?

The murder of our people must end. If it takes the electrocution of a 15-year-old (which is unlikely, unfortunately, because of the national *de facto* moratorium on executions), that is a small price to pay. Thousands of our people have been murdered and continue to be murdered by overreacting hetero bigots. We save our tears for them.

That the state of Arkansas may have invalidated the idea that there's a queer-killing license is welcome news. We applaud. As for the murderers: Fry, you bastards!

L. Craig Schoonmaker, President
Homosexuals Intransigent
New York, New York

You sound eager to pull the switch yourself—evidence that the experience of oppression is rarely ennobling. In your frenzy, you've jumped to a wrong conclusion. The boy's offense would have been punished less severely had the murdered

man been proved a homosexual; that queer-killing license still exists. The Kansas City Times *quotes one of the prosecutors as saying of the victim, "If we had decided he was a homo, we wouldn't have sought the death penalty." It seems to us there's a distinct resemblance between the mentality that advocates electrocuting a 15-year-old boy and the mentality that has condoned the persecution—and often killing—of homosexuals for thousands of years.*

NO FUNNY STUFF IN MIAMI BARS

If you happen to be gay, you'd better be careful where you go to slake your thirst in Miami. The city's finest recently raided a local bar for no apparent reason other than to bust homosexuals. As the police walked in, a plainclothesman at the piano bar took the microphone from the singer and announced that anyone who did not leave immediately would be arrested. Six people were then taken into custody, including one patron who was charged with "being a homosexual drunk in a bar." Another, who had entered the place with his fiancée shortly before the raid began, was charged with "indecent behavior in a bar." The other four were employees who allegedly had violated Miami's unique law against serving alcohol to homosexuals.

Miami's police chief asserted that his department has no particular policy regarding homosexual bars and that "There's no concerted effort involved here, no harassment." I doubt whether the chief's assurances will comfort the bar's owners, who have already lost nearly half their business due to the unfavorable publicity.

At a time when Miami's crime rate is rising at an appallingly rapid rate, with violent crime such as rape and murder taking place in the downtown area, doesn't it seem absurd to have seven police officers waste an evening harassing homosexuals in a bar?

(Name withheld by request)
Miami, Florida

THE MEANING OF MS.

A woman executive employed by a company with which we do business has begun to sign her letters Ms. I'd been in the habit of addressing the woman as Miss, which she is, and when I saw her, I kidded her about the new designation. She got a bit hostile, however, so I dropped the subject. I know vaguely what Ms. is supposed to denote, but I'm not sure of its precise meaning. You did a witty putdown of the Ms. business in the December 1971 *Forum*, but I'd appreciate a straight, serious response this time.

Frank Malcolm
Seattle, Washington

Ms. is a substitute for Miss and Mrs. This idea is that since Mr. conceals the male's marital status, the same should be done for women. Actually, this serves a useful purpose in business correspondence, since letters from women rarely reveal how the reply is to be addressed. Ms. solves this dilemma. In any case, we believe that a person has the right to ask to be called whatever he or she would like.

That's as much praise as we can offer, faint as it is, because otherwise the Ms. idea strikes us as one more of those semantic teapot tempests with which reformist movements tend to get involved. Somehow they seem to think that the changing of words will magically change the quality of their lives. There's not much evidence to support this thesis. What's more, the women's lib leaders pushing this reform don't seem to want to admit that a substantial percentage of married women—probably most—are happy to be known as Mrs. And we suspect that many single women want to be known as Miss so that men will be aware they're available. Indeed, we think knowing whether or not a person is married provides useful information about that person, and we'd be sorry to see that handle obliterated. If it weren't so much trouble, in fact, we'd propose that a distinction be added to men's names rather than subtracted from women's: Why not call men Mist and Mister (Mt. and Mr.) to parallel Miss and Mrs. But there are more important things to worry about. Seriously.

Your response to Trudy Drucker's letter was unjustifiably scornful. Changing one's name to Ralph would not eliminate sexism in nomenclature; your suggestion merely reflects the time-honored notion that the male represents the entire human race.

Ms. P. J. Crowley
Webster Groves, Missouri

I wish the editors of PLAYBOY could have been in our home the day I read your response to Ms. Trudy Drucker (or is it Ralph now?), the Pn. (person) who attacked the titles Miss and Mrs. as sexist and discriminatory, in the December 1971 *Playboy Forum*. I was so delighted, I gave you a standing ovation.

Ever since my wedding day, it has been a pleasure for me to be called Mrs., and to watch my husband's face light up every time he introduces me as Mrs. Swenson. Now Ms. Drucker demands that this title be eliminated from the language. Let her call herself whatever she cares to, but must we all be saddled with the results of her campaign?

Mrs. David Swenson
Clearwater, Florida

DOMINICAN DIVORCE

Some of the vaguely worded news reports on the Dominican Republic's recently enacted divorce law apparently led you to state in the October 1971 *Forum Newsfront* that the law includes a one-week residency requirement, which is not the case. The law does not require any period of residency and the appearing spouse, after being advised of the date and hour of the hearing by his Dominican attorney, may arrive in the country in the morning and leave the same day.

The law simply provides that foreigners and nonresident citizens may divorce by mutual consent, provided at least one party is present at the hearing and the other is represented by a person who has been granted power of attorney to act on behalf of the absent spouse, and that both parties expressly agree to grant competence to a Dominican judge of the first instance.

José Antonio-Martínez
Attorney at Law
Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

WOMEN IN MEDICINE

The male orientation of the U.S. medical profession adversely affects the quality of medical care for society in general and for women in particular. Needless surgery on women and children is demonstrably more frequent in the U.S. than in countries with less biased medical-school admissions policies. It is not only in surgery that women need the support and insight of women physicians, for in other areas of medical practice, poor communication between physicians and females as patients or parents abridges to some extent their right to informed consent. The American Medical Association's suppression of the Food and Drug Administration's efforts to educate women concerning the pill's side effects reflects the patriarchal attitudes within medicine's centers of power and policy.

A sex quota at tax-subsidized U.S. medical schools has been operating for decades. Medical schools, virtually closed to all but about 38 percent of the available population, accept mediocre applicants from a privileged group in preference to superior candidates from among women and minorities. The number of women applicants to medical schools has increased over 300 percent during the past 38 years; the number of male applicants has increased 29 percent. Yet the proportion of women accepted during this period of time has fallen, demonstrating clearly that it is sex-biased admission policies that limit the number of U.S. women doctors.

Male educators argue that equal proportions of men and women are rejected by medical schools impartially. However, it is because 92 percent of the available seats are already occupied by men that half of the men applicants are rejected. Half of the female applicants (about 700 compared with 14,000 men) are annually rejected because of their sex.

Maryland and Michigan women have cause for pride in Senators Mathias and Hart, whose amendment to the 1971 Health Manpower Training Act establishes for the first time women's right to

equal admission criteria at U.S. medical schools. Americans must now pursue their daughters' legal right to equal opportunity for medical education. Only by so doing can we ensure that women will benefit equally from the training and insights of U.S. physicians.

Frances S. Norris, M.D.
Women's Equity Action League
Chevy Chase, Maryland

I was very happy to read the letter from Dr. Harold I. Kaplan protesting the prejudice of medical schools against female students (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971). I am beginning to send applications to medical schools and have already been told, "You're a woman, so you'll never make it." Perhaps if applications were devoid of questions about the applicant's sex and were completed with last name and initials only, some of this sexual discrimination would disappear.

Married as well as single males are accepted into medical schools. These schools reject single women because they may marry and married women because they may get pregnant. It seems as if males have their sexual freedom, whereas a woman medical student is almost forced to take a vow of celibacy. The fact is that a woman today seldom becomes pregnant unless she wants to, and if a woman should become pregnant while attending medical school, she could be given a leave of absence and the opportunity to continue her training later.

I shudder to think that because I am a woman, I might not be allowed to pursue my vocation. I believe I can be a physician and have a family, and that I will be totally dedicated to my patients, my husband and my children.

Mary Marvin Johnson
Meredith College
Raleigh, North Carolina

DEFORMED FETUSES

Dr. Emanuel M. Greenberg, who advocates genetic screening to identify potentially defective fetuses so that they can be aborted (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971), has apparently never had an imperfect child. My husband and I have: a lovely, bright boy who was born with a facial-oral cleft so severe that successful therapy may take as long as 20 years. If Dr. Greenberg had his way, we or the state would have had our son aborted. Yet I am sure that the child, had he the understanding at the time, still would have chosen to be born. Though we did indeed "spew him forth into a hostile environment," we believe that our love and understanding will enable him to live a normal life and prevent him from ever considering his birth "an abrogation of his right to

(continued on page 178)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAUL ALINSKY

a candid conversation with the feisty radical organizer

For the past 35 years, the American establishment has come under relentless attack from a bespectacled, conservatively dressed community organizer who looks like an accountant and talks like a stevedore. According to The New York Times, *Saul Alinsky "is hated and feared in high places from coast to coast" for being "a major force in the revolution of powerless people—indeed, he is emerging as a movement unto himself." And a* Time *magazine essay concluded that "it is not too much to argue that American democracy is being altered by Alinsky's ideas."*

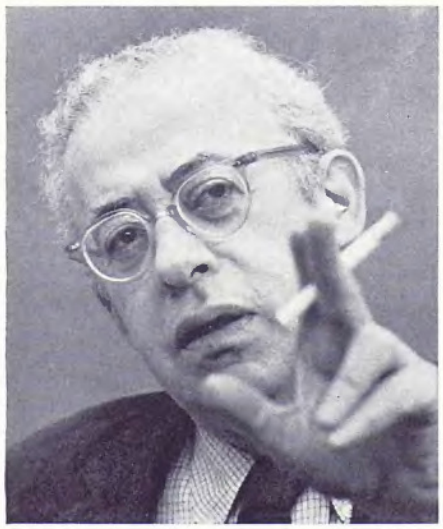
In the course of nearly four decades of organizing the poor for radical social action, Alinsky has made many enemies, but he has also won the respect, however grudging, of a disparate array of public figures: French philosopher Jacques Maritain has called him "one of the few really great men of this century," and even William Buckley, Jr., a bitter ideological foe, has admitted that "Alinsky is twice formidable, and very close to being an organizational genius." He was preceded by his reputation on a recent tour of Asia, where he was hailed by political and student leaders from Tokyo to Singapore as the one American with concrete revolutionary lessons for the impoverished Third World.

Not bad for a slum kid from the South Side of Chicago, where he was born on January 30, 1909. After working his way through the University of Chicago, Alinsky attended graduate school for two years, then dropped out to work as an Illinois state criminologist. In the mid-Thirties, as a side line, he began to work as an organizer with the then-radical C.I.O., in which he soon became a close friend and aide to John L. Lewis. Then, in 1939, he phased himself out of active participation in the labor movement and into the role of community organizer, starting in his own back yard—the Chicago slums. His efforts to turn scattered, voiceless discontent into a united protest aroused the admiration of then–Illinois governor Adlai E. Stevenson, who said Alinsky's aims "most faithfully reflect our ideals of brotherhood, tolerance, charity and the dignity of the individual." In 1940, Alinsky elicited a generous grant from liberal millionaire Marshall Field III, who provided funds to establish the Industrial Areas Foundation, which has remained Alinsky's primary base of operation. Throughout the next decade, with Field's financial backing, Alinsky repeated his initial success in a score of slum communities across the nation, from Kansas City and Detroit to the barrios of Southern California.

In the Fifties, he turned his attention to the black ghetto, and again began in Chicago. His actions quickly earned the enmity of Mayor Richard J. Daley (who, while remaining firmly opposed to Alinsky's methods over the years, recently conceded that "Alinsky loves Chicago the same as I do"). He also redoubled his travel schedule as an "outside agitator." After long but successful struggles in New York State and a dozen different trouble spots around the country, he flew to the West Coast, at the request of the Bay Area Presbyterian Churches, to organize the black ghetto in Oakland, California. Hearing of his plans, the panic-stricken Oakland City Council promptly introduced a resolution banning him from the city, and an amendment by one councilman to send him a 50-foot length of rope with which to hang himself was carried overwhelmingly. (Alinsky responded by mailing the council a box of diapers.) When Oakland police threatened to arrest him if he entered the city limits, he crossed the Bay Bridge with a small band of reporters and TV cameramen, armed only with a birth certificate and a U.S. passport. "The welcoming committee of Oakland police looked and felt pretty silly," Alinsky fondly recalls. Oakland was forced to back down, and Alinsky established a local all-black organization to fight the establishment.

By the late Sixties, Alinsky was leaving most of the field work to his aides and concentrating on training community organizers through the Industrial

"The middle class actually feels more defeated and lost today on a wide range of issues than the poor do. And this creates a situation that's supercharged with both opportunity and danger."



"America isn't Russia in 1917 or China in 1946, and any violent head-on collision with the power structure will only ensure the mass suicide of the left and the probable triumph of domestic fascism."

"I've been fighting the system since I was seven or eight. I was the kind of kid who'd never dream of walking on the grass until I'd see a KEEP OFF THE GRASS *sign; then I'd stomp all over it."*

Areas Foundation Training Institute, which he calls a "school for professional radicals." Funded principally by a foundation grant from Midas Muffler, the school aims at turning out 25 skilled organizers annually to work in black and white communities across the nation. "Just think of all the hell we've kicked up around the country with only four or five full-time organizers," Alinsky told newsmen at the school's opening session. "Things will really move now."

He was right—if his subsequent success as a radical organizer can be measured by the degree of opposition and exasperation he aroused among the guardians of the status quo. A conservative church journal wrote that "it is impossible to follow both Jesus Christ and Saul Alinsky." Barron's, the business weekly, took that odd logic a step further and charged that Alinsky "has a record of affiliation with Communist fronts and causes." And a top Office of Economic Opportunity official, Hyman Bookbinder, characterized Alinsky's attacks on the antipoverty program (for "welfare colonialism") as "outrageously false, ignorant, intemperate headline-seeking."

Perhaps the one achievement of his life that has drawn almost universally favorable response was the publication of his new book, "Rules for Radicals," which has received glowing reviews in practically every newspaper and magazine in the country. To show his staff exactly how he felt about all this unaccustomed approbation, he called them in to say, "Don't worry, boys, we'll weather this storm of approval and come out as hated as ever." It provided Alinsky with some consolation that the book provoked a hostile reaction in at least one major city—his own. The Chicago Tribune *greeted the publication of "Rules for Radicals" with a lead editorial headlined "ALINSKY'S AT IT AGAIN" and concluded: "Rubbing raw the sores of discontent may be jolly good fun for him, but we are unable to regard it as a contribution to social betterment. The country has enough problems of the insoluble sort as things are without working up new ones for no discernible purpose except Alinsky's amusement." To which Alinsky responded: "The establishment can accept being screwed, but not being laughed at. What bugs them most about me is that unlike humorless radicals, I have a hell of a good time doing what I'm doing."*

To find out more about why Alinsky is doing what he's doing, and to probe the private complexities of the public man, PLAYBOY *sent Eric Norden to interview him. The job, Norden soon discovered, was far from easy: "The problem was that Alinsky's schedule is enough to drive a professional athlete to a rest home, and he seems to thrive on it. I accompanied him from the East Coast to the West and into Canada, snatching tape sessions on planes, in cars and at airport cocktail lounges between strategy sessions with his local organizers, which were more like military briefings than bull sessions. My first meeting with him was in TWA's Ambassador Lounge at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. He was dressed in a navy-blue blazer, button-down oxford shirt and black knit tie. His first words were a growled order for Scotch on the rocks; his voice was flat and gravelly, and I found it easier to picture him twisting arms to win Garment District contracts than organizing ghettos. As we traveled together and I struggled to match his pace, I soon learned that he is, if nothing else, an original. (Alinsky to stewardess: 'Will you please tell the captain I don't give a fuck what our wind velocity is, and ask him to keep his trap shut so I can get some work done?')*

"Nat Hentoff wrote last year, 'At 62, Saul is the youngest man I've met in years,' and I could see what he meant. There is a tremendous vitality about Alinsky, a raw, combative ebullience, and a consuming curiosity about everything and everyone around him. Add to this a mordant wit, a monumental ego coupled with an ability to laugh at himself and the world in general, and you begin to get the measure of the man.

"And yet—late at night, in a Milwaukee motel room, his face was gray, haggard and for once he showed the day's toll (three cities, two speeches, endless press conferences and strategy sessions). A vague sadness hung around him, as if some barrier had broken down, and he began to talk—off the record—about all the people he's loved who have died. There were many, and they seemed closer at night, in airport Holiday Inn rooms, sleeping alone with the air conditioner turned high to drown out the roar of the planes. He talked on for an hour, fell abruptly silent for a minute, then sprang to his feet and headed for the door. 'We'll really fuck 'em tomorrow!' The race was on again."

Norden began the interview by asking Alinsky about his latest and most ambitious campaign: to organize nothing less than America's white middle class.

PLAYBOY: Mobilizing middle-class America would seem quite a departure for you after years of working with poverty-stricken black and white slum dwellers. Do you expect suburbia to prove fertile ground for your organizational talents?

ALINSKY: Yes, and it's shaping up as the most challenging fight of my career—and certainly the one with the highest stakes. Remember, people are people whether they're living in ghettos, reservations or barrios, and the suburbs are just another kind of reservation—a gilded ghetto. One thing I've come to realize is that any positive action for radical social change will have to be focused on the white middle class, for the simple reason that this is where the real power lies. Today, three fourths of our population is middle class, either through actual earning power or through value identification. Take the lower-lower middle class, the blue-collar or hard-hat group; there you've got over 70,000,000 people earning between $5000 and $10,000 a year, people who don't consider themselves poor or lower class at all and who espouse the dominant middle-class ethos even more fiercely than the rich do. For the first time in history, you have a country where the poor are in the minority, where the majority are dieting while the have-nots are going to bed hungry every night.

Christ, even if we could manage to organize all the exploited low-income groups—all the blacks, *chicanos*, Puerto Ricans, poor whites—and then, through some kind of organizational miracle, weld them all together into a viable coalition, what would you have? At the most optimistic estimate, 55,000,000 people by the end of this decade—but by then the total population will be over 225,000,000, of whom the overwhelming majority will be middle class. This is the so-called Silent Majority that our great Greek philosopher in Washington is trying to galvanize, and it's here that the die will be cast and this country's future decided for the next 50 years. Pragmatically, the only hope for genuine minority progress is to seek out allies within the majority and to organize that majority itself as part of a national movement for change. If we just give up and let the middle classes go to the likes of Agnew and Nixon by default, then you might as well call the whole ball game. But they're still up for grabs—and we're gonna grab 'em.

PLAYBOY: The assumption behind the Administration's Silent Majority thesis is that most of the middle class is inherently conservative. How can even the most skillful organizational tactics unite them in support of your radical goals?

ALINSKY: Conservative? That's a crock of crap. Right now they're nowhere. But they can and will go either of two ways in the coming years—to a native American fascism or toward radical social change. Right now they're frozen, festering in apathy, leading what Thoreau called "lives of quiet desperation." They're oppressed by taxation and inflation, poisoned by pollution, terrorized by urban crime, frightened by the new youth culture, baffled by the computerized world around them. They've worked all their lives to get their own little house in the suburbs, their color TV, their two cars, and now the good life seems to have turned to ashes in their mouths. Their personal lives are generally unfulfilling, their jobs unsatisfying, they've succumbed to tranquilizers

and pep pills, they drown their anxieties in alcohol, they feel trapped in long-term endurance marriages or escape into guilt-ridden divorces. They're losing their kids and they're losing their dreams. They're alienated, depersonalized, without any feeling of participation in the political process, and they feel rejected and hopeless. Their utopia of status and security has become a ticky-tacky suburb, their split-levels have sprouted prison bars and their disillusionment is becoming terminal.

They're the first to live in a total mass-media-oriented world, and every night when they turn on the TV and the news comes on, they see the almost unbelievable hypocrisy and deceit and often outright idiocy of our national leaders and the corruption and disintegration of all our institutions, from the police and courts to the White House itself. Their society appears to be crumbling and they see themselves as no more than small failures within the larger failure. All their old values seem to have deserted them, leaving them rudderless in a sea of social chaos. Believe me, this is good organizational material.

The despair is there; now it's up to us to go in and rub raw the sores of discontent, galvanize them for radical social change. We'll give them a way to participate in the democratic process, a way to exercise their rights as citizens and strike back at the establishment that oppresses them, instead of giving in to apathy. We'll start with specific issues—taxes, jobs, consumer problems, pollution—and from there move on to the larger issues: pollution in the Pentagon and the Congress and the board rooms of the megacorporations. Once you organize people, they'll keep advancing from issue to issue toward the ultimate objective: people power. We'll not only give them a cause, we'll make life goddamn exciting for them again—*life* instead of existence. We'll turn them on.

PLAYBOY: You don't expect them to beware of radicals bearing gifts?

ALINSKY: Sure, they'll be suspicious, even hostile at first. That's been my experience with every community I've ever moved into. My critics are right when they call me an outside agitator. When a community, any kind of community, is hopeless and helpless, it requires somebody from outside to come in and stir things up. That's my job—to unsettle them, to make them start asking questions, to teach them to stop talking and start acting, because the fat cats in charge never hear with their ears, only through their rears. I'm not saying it's going to be easy; thermopolitically, the middle classes are rooted in inertia, conditioned to look for the safe and easy way, afraid to rock the boat. But they're beginning to realize that boat is sinking and unless they start bailing fast, they're going to go under with it. The middle class today is really schizoid, torn between its indoctrination and its objective situation. The instinct of middle-class people is to support and celebrate the status quo, but the realities of their daily lives drill it home that the status quo has exploited and betrayed them.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

ALINSKY: In all the ways I've been talking about, from taxation to pollution. The middle class actually feels more defeated and lost today on a wide range of issues than the poor do. And this creates a situation that's supercharged with both opportunity and danger. There's a second revolution seething beneath the surface of middle-class America—the revolution of a bewildered, frightened and as-yet-inarticulate group of desperate people groping for alternatives—for hope. Their fears and their frustrations over their impotence can turn into political paranoia and demonize them, driving them to the right, making them ripe for the plucking by some guy on horseback promising a return to the vanished verities of yesterday. The right would give them scapegoats for their misery—blacks, hippies, Communists—and if it wins, this country will become the first totalitarian state with a national anthem celebrating "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But we're not going to abandon the field to them without a long, hard fight—a fight I think we're going to win. Because we'll show the middle class their *real* enemies: the corporate power elite that runs and ruins the country—the true beneficiaries of Nixon's so-called economic reforms. And when they swing their sights on that target, the shit will really hit the fan.

PLAYBOY: In the past, you've focused your efforts on specific communities where the problems—and the solutions—were clearly defined. But now you're taking on over 150,000,000 people. Aren't you at all fazed by the odds against you?

ALINSKY: Are you kidding? I've been doing this for 30 years now, and the odds haven't bothered me yet. In fact, I've always taken 100-to-one odds as even money. Sure, it's true that the middle class is more amorphous than some barrio in Southern California, and you're going to be organizing all across the country instead of in one city. But the rules are the same. You start with what you've got, you build up one community around the issues, and then you use the organization you've established as an example and a power base to reach other communities. Once you're successful in, say, Chicago—one of the cities where we're organizing the middle class—then you can go on to Cincinnati or Boston or Dubuque and say, "OK, you see what we did in Chicago, let's get movin' here." It's like an ink-blot effect, spreading out from local focal points of power across the whole country. Once we have our initial successes, the process will gather momentum and begin to snowball.

It won't be easy and, sure, it's a gamble—what in life isn't? Einstein once said God doesn't throw dice, but he was wrong. God throws dice all the time—and sometimes I wonder if they're loaded. The art of the organizer is cuttin' in on the action. And believe me, this time we're really going to screw the bastards, hit 'em where it hurts. You know, I sort of look at this as the culmination of my career. I've been in this fight since the Depression; I've been machine-gunned, beaten up, jailed—they've even given me honorary degrees—and in a way it's all been preparation for this. I love this goddamn country, and we're going to take it back. I never gave up faith at the worst times in the past, and I'm sure as hell not going to start now. With some luck, maybe I've got ten more good productive years ahead of me. So I'm going to use them where they count the most.

PLAYBOY: How did you ever get into this line of work?

ALINSKY: I actually started organizing in the middle Thirties, first with the C.I.O. and then on my own. But I guess I would have followed the same path if there hadn't been a Depression. I've always been a natural rebel, ever since I was a kid. And poverty was no stranger to me, either. My mother and father emigrated from Russia at the turn of the century and we lived in one of the worst slums in Chicago; in fact, we lived in the slum district of the slum, on the wrong side of the wrong side of the tracks, about as far down as you could go. My father started out as a tailor, then he ran a delicatessen and a cleaning shop, and finally he graduated to operating his own sweatshop. But whatever business he had, we always lived in the back of a store. I remember, as a kid, the biggest luxury I ever dreamed of was just to have a few minutes to myself in the bathroom without my mother hammering on the door and telling me to get out because a customer wanted to use it. To this day, it's a real luxury for me to spend time uninterrupted in the bathroom; it generally takes me a couple of hours to shave and bathe in the morning—a real hang-up from the past, although I actually do a lot of my thinking there.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents politically active?

ALINSKY: A lot of Jews were active in the new socialist movement at that time, but not my parents. They were strict Orthodox; their whole life revolved around work and synagogue. And their attitude was completely parochial. I remember as a kid being told how important it was to study, and the worst threat they could think of was that if I

didn't do well at Yeshiva, I'd grow up with a *goyischer kop*—with a gentile brain. When I got into high school, I remember how surprised I was to find all those gentile kids who were so smart; I'd been taught that gentiles were practically Mongoloids. And that kind of chauvinism is just as unhealthy as anti-Semitism.

PLAYBOY: Did you encounter much anti-Semitism as a child?

ALINSKY: Not personally, but I was aware of it. It was all around us in those days. But it was so pervasive you didn't really even think about it; you just accepted it as a fact of life. The worst hostility was from the Poles, and back in 1918 and 1919, when I was growing up, it amounted to a regular war. We had territorial boundaries between our neighborhoods, and if a Jewish girl strayed across the border, she'd be raped right on the street. Every once in a while, it would explode into full-scale rioting, and I remember when hundreds of Poles would come storming into our neighborhood and we'd get up on the roofs with piles of bricks and pans of boiling water and slingshots, just like a medieval siege. I had an air rifle myself. There'd be a bloody battle for blocks around and some people on both sides had real guns, so sometimes there'd be fatalities. It wasn't called an urban crisis then; it was just two groups of people trying to kill each other. Finally the cops would come on horses and in their clanging paddy wagons and break it up. They were all Irish and they hated both sides, so they'd crack Polish and Jewish heads equally. The melting pot in action. You don't have that hostility in Chicago anymore; now Italians, Poles, Jews and Irish have all joined up and buried the hatchet—in the blacks. But in those days, every ethnic group was at each other's throat.

I remember once, I must have been ten or eleven, one of my friends was beaten up by Poles, so a bunch of us crossed over into Polish turf and we were beating the shit out of some Polish kids when the cops pulled us in. They took us to the station house and told our mothers, and boy, did they blow their tops. My mother came and took me away, screaming that I'd brought disgrace on the family. Who ever heard of a good Jewish boy being arrested, she moaned to the cops, and she promised the sergeant I'd be taken care of severely when I got home. When we left, my mother took me right to the rabbi and the rabbi lectured me on how wrong I was. But I stood up for myself. I said, "They beat us up and it's the American way to fight back, just like in the Old Testament, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. So we beat the hell out of them. That's what everybody does." The rabbi just looked at me for a minute and then said very quietly, "You think you're a man because you do what everybody does. But I want to tell you something the great Rabbi Hillel said: 'Where there are no men, be thou a man.' I want you to remember it." I've never forgotten it.

PLAYBOY: Did you beat up any more Polish kids?

ALINSKY: No, the rabbi's lesson sank home. I don't even tell Polish jokes.

PLAYBOY: Were you a devout Jew as a boy?

ALINSKY: I suppose I was—until I was about 12. I was brainwashed, really hooked. But then I got afraid my folks were going to try to turn me into a rabbi, so I went through some pretty rapid withdrawal symptoms and kicked the habit. Now I'm a charter member of Believers Anonymous. But I'll tell you one thing about religious identity: Whenever anyone asks me my religion, I always say—and always will say—Jewish.

PLAYBOY: Did you rebel in areas other than religion?

ALINSKY: Yes, in little ways I've been fighting the system ever since I was seven or eight years old. I mean, I was the kind of kid who'd never dream of walking on the grass until I'd see a KEEP OFF THE GRASS sign, and then I'd stomp all over it. I remember one time when I was ten or eleven, a rabbi was tutoring me in Hebrew and my assignment was to read the Old Testament and then he'd ask me a series of questions. One particular day I read three pages in a row without any errors in pronunciation, and suddenly a penny fell onto the Bible. I looked up and the rabbi told me that God had rewarded me for my achievement. Shit, I was awe-struck. All that day and through the night, I thought about it. I couldn't even sleep, I was so excited, and I ran over all the implications in my mind.

Then the next day the rabbi turned up and he told me to start reading. And I wouldn't; I just sat there in silence, refusing to read. He asked me why I was so quiet, and I said, "This time it's a nickel or nothing." He threw back his arm and slammed me across the room. I sailed through the air and landed in the corner and the rabbi started cursing me unto the fourth generation. I'd rebelled against God! But there were no lightning bolts, nothing, just a rabid rabbi on the verge of a coronary.

It wasn't defiance so much as curiosity in action, which seems to others to be defiance. My father, for example—he was far from permissive and I'd get my share of beatings, with the invariable finale, "You ever do that again and you know what's going to happen to you!" I'd just nod, sniffling, and skulk away. But finally one day, after he'd really laid into me, he stood over me swinging his razor strap and repeated, "You know what's going to happen to you if you do that again?" and I just said through my tears, "No, what's going to happen?" His jaw dropped open, he was completely at a loss, he didn't know what the hell to say. He was absolutely disorganized. I learned my lesson then: Power is not in what the establishment has but in what you *think* it has.

PLAYBOY: Was your relationship with your father uniformly hostile?

ALINSKY: Yeah, pretty much so. My parents were divorced when I was 13 and my father, who'd begun to make some money out of his crummy sweatshops, moved out to California. For the next few years, I shuttled back and forth between them, living part of the time with my mother in Chicago and the rest with my father in California. I shouldn't really say living with him, because the minute I'd arrive, he'd shunt me off to a furnished room somewhere and I'd never see him till I'd leave. Our only words to each other were "Hello" and then, three months later, "Goodbye." It was a funny kind of life. When I was 16, I started shackin' up with some old broad of 22—and believe me, at 16, 22 is positively ancient. Between moving around in Chicago with my mother and going back and forth to California, I must have attended a dozen different schools; in fact, I wound up with four high school diplomas when I went to college. That's one of the reasons I always stayed close to my kids when they were growing up; I didn't want them to have to go through that.

PLAYBOY: A psychoanalytic interpretation of your life might conclude that your subsequent career as a radical was motivated more by hatred of your father than by opposition to the establishment.

ALINSKY: Parlor psychoanalysis isn't my bag. Anyway, I don't think I ever hated the old man; I never really knew him, and what little I did know just didn't interest me. And the feeling must have been reciprocated. I remember, when I graduated from college at the height of the Depression, I had exactly four bucks between me and starvation, and my mother was so broke I didn't want to add to her troubles. So in desperation I sent a registered letter to my father, asking him for a little help, because I didn't even have enough for food. I got the receipt back showing he'd got the letter, but I never heard from him. He died in 1950 or 1951 and I heard he left an estate of $140,000. He willed most of it to an orchard in Israel and his kids by his previous marriage. To me he left $50.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you learned of his death?

ALINSKY: Maybe the best way I can explain it is to tell you what happened when my mother heard he'd died. She

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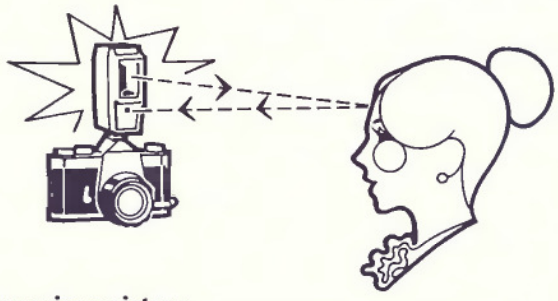

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understood his body had been shipped to Chicago and she called me up and asked me to check all the undertaking establishments to see if he was there and what arrangements had been made. I didn't want to, but she insisted, so I sat down with the phone book and started running through the funeral parlors. After a half hour or so of this, I heard hysterical laughter coming out of the living room and I went in to find my wife, Helene, doubled up in hysterics. I asked her what the hell was so funny and when she finally got control of herself she said, "Do you have any idea what you're doing?" I said, "Why, what are you talking about?" and she said, "Let me give an imitation of you: 'Hello, Weinstein's undertaking parlor? Oh, well, look, do me a favor, will you? My name is Alinsky, my father's name is Benjamin, would you mind looking in the back room and seeing if by any chance you've got his body laid out there?' " And as I listened to her, I understood all the deadly silences I'd been getting at the other end of the phone. That was how much it affected me.

PLAYBOY: Were you equally estranged from your mother?

ALINSKY: Oh, no, we were very close. Momma's great, she's still around and going strong. She speaks more Yiddish than English, but she collects all my clippings, even though she's confused about what I'm doing, and she gloats over the fact that I'm the center of a lot of attention. "My son the revolutionary," you know. Once I was the lead speaker at a mass meeting in Chicago and I thought she'd enjoy seeing it, so I had her picked up and taken to the auditorium. Afterward, I drove her home and I said, "Momma, how did you like my speech?" And she said, all upset, "That's a fine thing you did, to do a thing like that, what will people think of your mother, how will they think I brought you up?" I said, "Momma, what was it I said?" And she said, "You don't know? You ask me, when twice, *twice* you wiped your nose with your hand when you were talking? What a terrible thing!" You know, I'm 63 years old and what are her first words to me on the phone? "Have you got your rubbers? Are you dressed warm? Are you eating right?" As a Jewish mother, she begins where other Jewish mothers leave off. To other people, I'm a professional radical; to her, the important thing is, I'm a professional. To Momma, it was all anticlimactic after I got that college degree.

PLAYBOY: Were you politically active in college?

ALINSKY: Not in any organized sense. I started going to the University of Chicago in 1926, when the campus was still shook up over the Loeb-Leopold case. I suppose I was a kind of instinctive rebel—I got into trouble leading a fight against compulsory chapel—but it was strictly a personal rebellion against authority. During my first few years in school, I didn't have any highly developed social conscience, and in those placid days before the Depression, it was pretty easy to delude yourself that we were living in the best of all possible worlds. But by my junior year, I was beginning to catch glimpses of the emperor's bare ass. As an undergraduate, I took a lot of courses in sociology, and I was astounded by all the horse manure they were handing out about poverty and slums, playing down the suffering and deprivation, glossing over the misery and despair. I mean, Christ, I'd lived in a slum. I could see through all their complacent academic jargon to the realities. It was at that time that I developed a deep suspicion of academicians in general and sociologists in particular, with a few notable exceptions.

It was Jimmy Farrell who said at the time that the University of Chicago's sociology department was an institution that invests $100,000 on a research program to discover the location of brothels that any taxi driver could tell them about for nothing. So I realized how far removed the self-styled social sciences are from the realities of everyday existence, which is particularly unfortunate today, because that tribe of head-counters has an inordinate influence on our so-called antipoverty program. Asking a sociologist to solve a problem is like prescribing an enema for diarrhea.

PLAYBOY: Was sociology your major in college?

ALINSKY: God, no. I majored in archaeology, a subject that fascinated me then and still does. I really fell in love with it.

PLAYBOY: Did you plan to become a professional archaeologist?

ALINSKY: Yeah, for a while I did. But by the time I graduated, the Depression was in full swing and archaeologists were in about as much demand as horses and buggies. All the guys who funded the field trips were being scraped off Wall Street sidewalks. And anyway, much as I loved it, archaeology was beginning to appear pretty irrelevant in those days. I was starting to get actively involved in social issues, and during my last year in college, a bunch of us took up the plight of the Southern Illinois coal workers, who were in a tough organizational fight—tough, Christ, the poor bastards were starving—and we got some food and supplies together and chartered some trucks and drove down to help them.

PLAYBOY: Was it at this time that you became active in radical politics?

ALINSKY: It was at this time I became a radical—or recognized that I'd always been a radical and started to do something concrete about it. But I wasn't a full-time activist; I remained in school, and I suppose a lot of my ideas about what could and should be done were as muddled as those of most people in those chaotic days.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after graduation?

ALINSKY: I went hungry. What little money my mother had was wiped out in the Crash and, as I've told you, my old man wasn't exactly showering support on me. I managed to eke out a subsistence living by doing odd jobs around the university at ten cents an hour. I suppose I could have gotten some help from a relief project, but it's funny, I just couldn't do it. I've always been that way: I'd rob a bank before I accepted charity. Anyway, things were rough for a while and I got pretty low. I remember sitting in a crummy cafeteria one day and saying to myself: "Here I am, a smart son of a bitch, I graduated *cum laude* and all that shit, but I can't make a living, I can't even feed myself. What happens now?" And then it came to me: that little light bulb lit up above my head.

I moved over to the table next to the cashier, exchanged a few words with her and then finished my coffee and got up to pay. "Gee, I'm sorry," I said. "I seem to have lost my check." She'd seen that all I had was a cup of coffee, so she just said, "That's OK, that'll be a nickel." So I paid and left with my original nickel check still in my pocket and walked a few blocks to the next cafeteria in the same chain and ordered a big meal for a buck forty-five—and, believe me, in those days, for a buck forty-five I could have practically bought the fuckin' joint. I ate in a corner far away from the cashier, then switched checks and paid my nickel bill from the other place and left. So my eating troubles were taken care of.

But then I began to see other kids around the campus in the same fix, so I put up a big sign on the bulletin board and invited anybody who was hungry to a meeting. Some of them thought it was all a gag, but I stood on the lectern and explained my system in detail, with the help of a big map of Chicago with all the local branches of the cafeteria marked on it. Social ecology! I split my recruits up into squads according to territory: one team would work the South Side for lunch, another the North Side for dinner, and so on. We got the system down to a science, and for six months all of us were eating free. Then the bastards brought in those serial machines at the door where you pull out a ticket that's only good for that particular cafeteria. That was a low blow. We were the first victims of automation.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have any moral qualms about ripping off the cafeterias?

ALINSKY: Oh, sure, I suffered all the agonies of the damned—sleepless nights, desperate soul-searching, a tormented

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conscience that riddled me with guilt. Are you kidding? I wouldn't have justified, say, conning free gin from a liquor store just so I could have a martini before dinner, but when you're hungry, anything goes. There's a priority of rights, and the right to eat takes precedence over the right to make a profit. And just in case you're getting any ideas, let me remind you that the statute of limitations has run out.

But you know, that incident was interesting, because it was actually my first experience as an organizer. I learned something else from it, too: after the cafeterias had outflanked us, a bunch of the kids I'd organized came up to me and said, "OK, Saul, what do we do next?" And when I told them I didn't have the slightest idea, they were really pissed off at me. It was then I learned the meaning of the old adage about how favors extended become defined as rights.

PLAYBOY: Did you continue your life of crime?

ALINSKY: Crime? That wasn't crime—it was survival. But my Robin Hood days were short-lived: logically enough, I was awarded the graduate Social Science Fellowship in criminology, the top one in that field, which took care of my tuition and room and board. I still don't know why they gave it to me—maybe because I hadn't taken a criminology course in my life and didn't know one goddamn thing about the subject. But this was the Depression and I felt like someone had tossed me a life preserver. Hell, if it had been in shirt cleaning, I would have taken it. Anyway, I found out that criminology was just as removed from actual crime and criminals as sociology was from society, so I decided to make my doctoral dissertation a study of the Al Capone mob—an inside study.

PLAYBOY: What did Capone have to say about that?

ALINSKY: Well, my reception was pretty chilly at first. I went over to the old Lexington Hotel, which was the gang's headquarters, and I hung around the lobby and the restaurant. I'd spot one of the mobsters whose picture I'd seen in the papers and go up to him and say, "I'm Saul Alinsky. I'm studying criminology, do you mind if I hang around with you?" And he'd look me over and say, "Get lost, punk." This happened again and again, and I began to feel I'd never get anywhere. Then one night I was sitting in the restaurant and at the next table was Big Ed Stash, a professional assassin who was the Capone mob's top executioner. He was drinking with a bunch of his pals and he was saying, "Hey, you guys, did I ever tell you about the time I picked up that redhead in Detroit?" and he was cut off by a chorus of moans. "My God," one guy said, "do we have to hear that one again?" I saw Big Ed's face fall; mobsters are very sensitive, you know, very thin-skinned. And I reached over and plucked his sleeve. "Mr. Stash," I said, "I'd love to hear that story." His face lit up. "You would, kid?" He slapped me on the shoulder. "Here, pull up a chair. Now, this broad, see. . . ." And that's how it started.

Big Ed had an attentive audience and we became buddies. He introduced me to Frank Nitti, known as the Enforcer, Capone's number-two man, and actually in *de facto* control of the mob because of Al's income-tax rap. Nitti took me under his wing. I called him the Professor and I became his student. Nitti's boys took me everywhere, showed me all the mob's operations, from gin mills and whorehouses and bookie joints to the legitimate businesses they were beginning to take over. Within a few months, I got to know the workings of the Capone mob inside out.

PLAYBOY: Why would professional criminals confide their secrets to an outsider?

ALINSKY: Why not? What harm could I do them? Even if I told what I'd learned, nobody would listen. They had Chicago tied up tight as a drum; they owned the city, from the cop on the beat right up to the mayor. Forget all that Eliot Ness shit; the only real opposition to the mob came from other gangsters, like Bugs Moran or Roger Touhy. The Federal Government could try to nail 'em on an occasional income-tax rap, but inside Chicago they couldn't touch their power. Capone *was* the establishment. When one of his boys got knocked off, there wasn't any city court in session, because most of the judges were at the funeral and some of them were pallbearers. So they sure as hell weren't afraid of some college kid they'd adopted as a mascot causing them any trouble. They never bothered to hide anything from me; I was their one-man student body and they were anxious to teach me. It probably appealed to their egos.

Once, when I was looking over their records, I noticed an item listing a $7500 payment for an out-of-town killer. I called Nitti over and I said, "Look, Mr. Nitti, I don't understand this. You've got at least 20 killers on your payroll. Why waste that much money to bring somebody in from St. Louis?" Frank was really shocked at my ignorance. "Look, kid," he said patiently, "sometimes our guys might know the guy they're hitting, they may have been to his house for dinner, taken his kids to the ball game, been the best man at his wedding, gotten drunk together. But you call in a guy from out of town, all you've got to do is tell him, 'Look, there's this guy in a dark coat on State and Randolph; our boy in the car will point him out; just go up and give him three in the belly and fade into the crowd.' So that's a job and he's a professional, he does it. But one of *our* boys goes up, the guy turns to face him and it's a friend, right away he knows that when he pulls that trigger there's gonna be a widow, kids without a father, funerals, weeping—Christ, it'd be *murder*." I think Frank was a little disappointed by my even questioning the practice: he must have thought I was a bit callous.

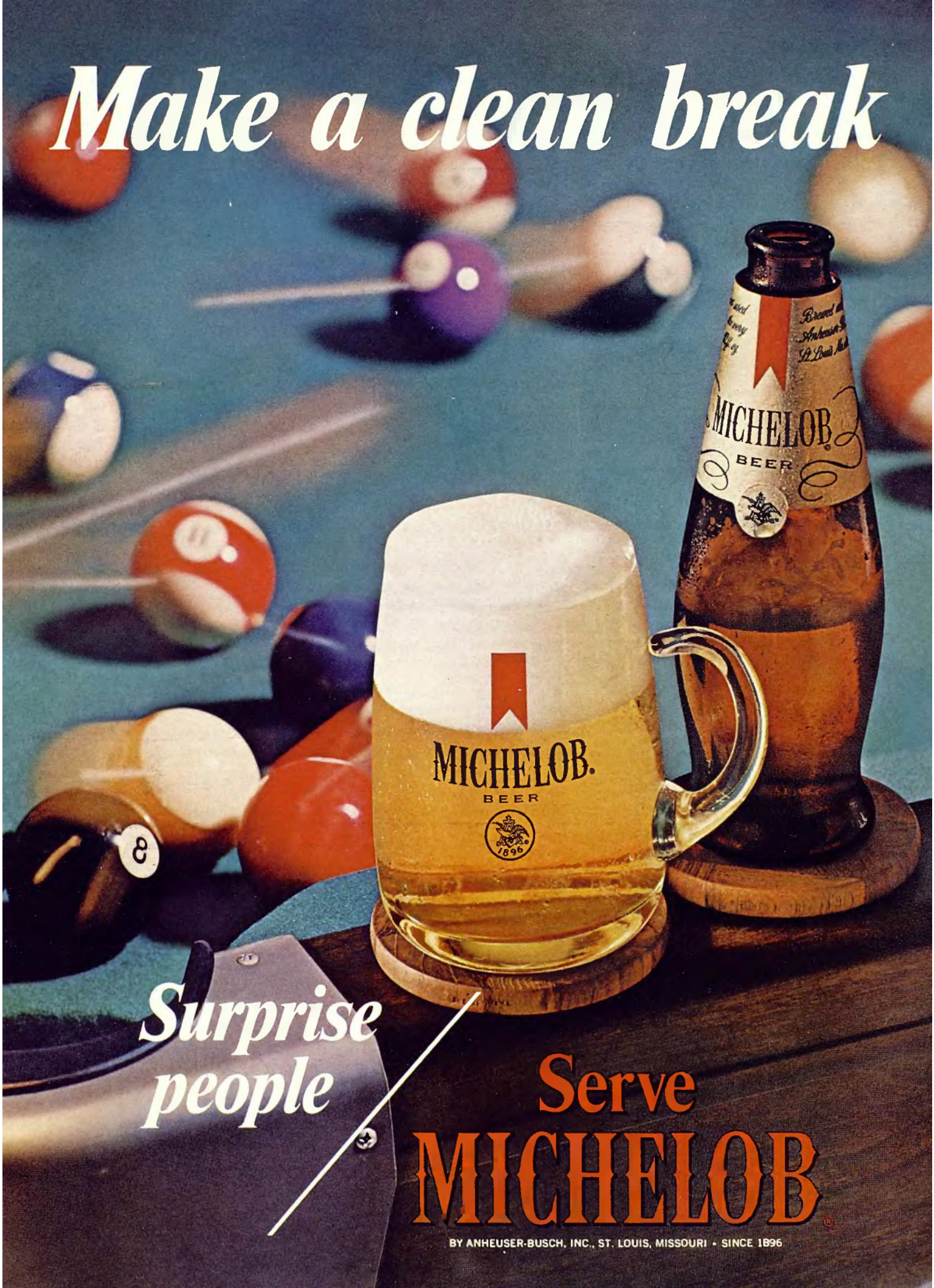
PLAYBOY: Didn't you have any compunction about consorting with—if not actually assisting—murderers?

ALINSKY: None at all, since there was nothing I could do to stop them from murdering, practically all of which was done inside the family. I was a nonparticipating observer in their professional activities, although I joined their social life of food, drink and women. Boy, I sure participated in that side of things—it was heaven. And let me tell you something, I learned a hell of a lot about the uses and abuses of power from the mob, lessons that stood me in good stead later on, when I was organizing.

Another thing you've got to remember about Capone is that he didn't spring out of a vacuum. The Capone gang was actually a public utility; it supplied what the people wanted and demanded. The man in the street wanted girls: Capone gave him girls. He wanted booze during Prohibition: Capone gave him booze. He wanted to bet on a horse: Capone let him bet. It all operated according to the old laws of supply and demand, and if there weren't people who wanted the services provided by the gangsters, the gangsters wouldn't be in business. Everybody owned stock in the Capone mob; in a way, he was a public benefactor. I remember one time when he arrived at his box seat in Dyche Stadium for a Northwestern football game on Boy Scout Day and 3000 scouts got up in the stands and screamed in cadence, "Yea, yea, Big Al. Yea, yea, Big Al." Capone didn't create the corruption, he just grew fat on it, as did the political parties, the police and the overall municipal economy.

PLAYBOY: How long were you an honorary member of the mob?

ALINSKY: About two years. After I got to know about the outfit, I grew bored and decided to move on—which is a recurring pattern in my life, by the way. I was just as bored with graduate school, so I dropped out and took a job with the Illinois State Division of Criminology, working with juvenile delinquents. This led me into another field project, investigating a gang of Italian kids who called themselves the 42 Mob. They were held responsible by the D. A. for about 80 percent of the auto thefts in Chicago at the time and they were just graduating into the outer fringes of the big-time rackets. It was even tougher to get in with them than with the Capone mob, believe me. Those kids were really suspicious and they were tough, too, with hair-trigger tempers. I finally got my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chance when one of the gang's leaders, a kid named Thomas Massina, or Little Dumas, as he called himself, was shot and killed in a drugstore stick-up. The minute I heard about it, I went over to the Massina house, hoping to get in good with Dumas' friends. But they were as leery as ever.

By a stroke of luck, though, I heard Mrs. Massina, Dumas' mother, weeping and wailing, repeating the same thing over and over in Italian. I asked one of the kids what she was saying and he said she was bemoaning the fact that she didn't have any pictures of Dumas since he was a baby, nothing to remember him by. So I left right away, picked up a photographer friend of mine and rushed down to the morgue. I showed my credentials and the attendant took us in to the icebox, where Dumas was laid out on a slab. We took a photograph, opening his eyes first, then rushed back to the studio to develop it. We carefully retouched it to eliminate all the bullet holes, and then had it hand-tinted. The next morning, I went back to the wake and presented the photograph to Mrs. Massina. "Dumas gave this to me just last week," I said, "and I'd like you to have it." She cried and thanked me, and pretty soon word of the incident spread throughout the gang. "That Alinsky, he's an all-right motherfucker," the kids would say, and from that moment on they began to trust me and I was able to work with them, all because of the photograph. It was an improvised tactic and it worked.

PLAYBOY: It was also pretty cynical and manipulative.

ALINSKY: It was a simple example of good organizing. And what's wrong with it? Everybody got what they wanted. Mrs. Massina got something to hold onto in her grief and I got in good with the kids. I got to be good friends with some of them. And some of them I was able to help go straight. One of the members is now a labor organizer and every time things get hot for me somewhere, he calls me up and growls, "Hey, Saul, you want me to send up some muscle to lean on those motherfuckers?" I just thank him and say I can handle it, and then we chat about the old days. Anyway, after I finished working with the 42 Mob, I left the division of criminology and went to work as a criminologist at the state prison in Joliet, but I was already getting bored with the whole profession and looking for something new.

PLAYBOY: Why were you getting bored this time?

ALINSKY: There were a lot of factors involved. For one thing, most of the people I was working with—other criminologists, wardens, parole officers—were all anesthetized from the neck up. God, I've never in my life come across such an assemblage of morons. I was beginning to think the whole field was some kind of huge outpatient clinic. And on a human level, I was revolted by the brutalization, the dehumanization, the institutionalized cruelty of the prison system. I saw it happening to me, too, which was another important motivation for me to get out. When I first went up to Joliet, I'd take a genuine personal interest in the prisoners I'd interview; I'd get involved with their problems, try to help them. But the trouble with working in an institution, any institution, is that you get institutionalized yourself. A couple of years and 2000 interviews later, I'd be talking to a guy and I was no longer really interested. I was growing callous and bored; he wasn't important to me as a human being anymore; he was just inmate number 1607. When I recognized that happening inside me, I knew I couldn't go on like that.

I'll tell you something, though, the three years I spent at Joliet were worth while, because I continued the education in human relationships I'd begun in the Capone mob. For one thing, I learned that the state has the same mentality about murder as Frank Nitti. You know, whenever we electrocuted an inmate, everybody on the staff would get drunk, including the warden. It's one thing for a judge and a jury to condemn a man to death; he's just a defendant, an abstraction, an impersonal face in a box for two or three weeks. But once the poor bastard has been in prison for seven or eight months—waiting for his appeals or for a stay—you get to know him as a human being, you get to know his wife and kids and his mother when they visit him, and he becomes real, a person. And all the time you know that pretty soon you're going to be strapping him into the chair and juicing him with 30,000 volts for the time it takes to fry him alive while his bowels void and he keeps straining against the straps.

So then you can't take it as just another day's work. If you can get out of being an official witness, you sit around killing a fifth of whiskey until the lights dim and then maybe, just maybe, you can get to sleep. That might be a good lesson for the defenders of capital punishment: Let them witness an execution. But I guess it wouldn't do much good for most of them, who are probably like one of the guards at Joliet when I was there—a sadistic son of a bitch who I could swear had an orgasm when the switch was thrown.

PLAYBOY: Did you agitate for penal reform while you were at Joliet?

ALINSKY: There wasn't much I could do, because as a state criminologist, I wasn't directly involved in the actual prison administration. Oh, I made a lot of speeches all over the place telling well-meaning people that the whole system wasn't working, that rehabilitation was a joke and our prisons were still in the vanguard of the 14th Century, and they all applauded enthusiastically and went home with their souls cleansed—and did nothing. Those speeches got me a reputation as a trouble maker, too. You know, all the experts in criminology and all the textbooks agreed that the primary causes of crime were social conditions—things like poor housing, racial discrimination, economic insecurity, unemployment—but if you ever suggested doing something to correct the root causes instead of locking up the results, you were considered something of a kook. A number of times my superiors called me aside and said, "Look, Saul, don't sound off like that. People will think you're a Red or something." Finally, I quit Joliet and took a job with the Institute for Juvenile Research, one of those outfits that were always studying the causes of juvenile delinquency, making surveys of all the kids in cold-water tenements—with rats nibbling their toes and nothing to eat—and then discovering the solution: camping trips and some shit they called character building. Frankly, I considered that job pretty much a sinecure to free me for more important work.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ALINSKY: The causes that meant something in those days—fighting fascism at home and abroad and doing something to improve the life of the masses of people who were without jobs, food or hope. I'd spend all my free time raising funds for the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War and for Southern sharecroppers, organizing for the Newspaper Guild and other fledgling unions, fighting the eviction of slum tenants who couldn't pay their rent, agitating for public housing, when it was still considered a subversive concept. This was the time I began to work alongside the C.I.O. You know, a lot of kids today are bored when their old man tells them what he went through in the Depression, and rightly so in most cases, because it's generally used as a cop-out for doing nothing today. And God knows, too many people who were radicals in the Thirties have since finked out, from either fear of McCarthyism in the Fifties or co-optation by the system or just plain hardening of the political arteries. But there are still a lot of lessons to be learned from those days, lessons that apply explicitly and directly to what's happening today.

PLAYBOY: How close was the country to revolution during the Depression?

ALINSKY: A lot closer than some people think. It was really Roosevelt's reforms that saved the system from itself and averted total catastrophe. You've got to remember, it wasn't only people's money that went down the drain in 1929; it was

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also their whole traditional system of values. Americans had learned to celebrate their society as an earthly way station to paradise, with all the cherished virtues of hard work and thrift as their tickets to security, success and happiness. Then suddenly, in just a few days, those tickets were canceled and apparently unredeemable, and the bottom fell out of everything. The American dream became a nightmare overnight for the overwhelming majority of citizens, and the pleasant, open-ended world they knew suddenly began to close in on them as their savings disappeared behind the locked doors of insolvent banks, their jobs vanished in closed factories and their homes and farms were lost to foreclosed mortgages and forcible eviction. Suddenly the smokestacks were cold and lifeless, the machinery ground to a halt and a chill seemed to hang over the whole country.

People tried to delude themselves and say, "None of this is real, we'll just sleep through it all and wake up back in the sunlight of the Twenties, back in our homes and jobs, with a chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage." But they opened their eyes to the reality of poverty and hopelessness, something they had never thought possible for themselves, not for people who worked hard and long and saved their money and went to church every Sunday. Oh, sure, poverty might exist, far off in the dim shadowy corners of society, among blacks and sharecroppers and people with funny names who couldn't speak English yet, but it couldn't happen to *them*, not to God's people. But not only did the darkness fail to pass away, it grew worse. At first people surrendered to a numbing despair, but then slowly they began to look around at the new and frightening world in which they found themselves and began to rethink their values and priorities.

We'll always have poor people, they'd been taught to believe from pulpit and classroom, because there will always be a certain number of misfits who are too stupid and lazy to make it. But now that most of us were poor, were we *all* dumb and shiftless and incompetent? A new mood began stirring in the land and a mutual misery began to eat away the traditional American virtues of rugged individualism, dog-eat-dog competition and sanctimonious charity. People began reaching out for something, anything, to hang on to—and they found one another. We suddenly began to discover that the ruthless law of the survival of the fittest no longer held true, that it was possible for other people to care about our plight and for us to care about theirs. On a smaller scale, something similar occurred in London during the blitz, when all the traditional English class barriers broke down in the face of a common peril.

Now, in America, new voices and new values began to be heard, people began citing John Donne's "No man is an island," and as they started banding together to improve their lives, they found how much in common they had with their fellow man. It was the first time since the abolitionist movement, for example, that there was any significant black-white unity, as elements of both races began to move together to confront the common enemies of unemployment and starvation wages. This was one of the most important aspects of the Thirties: not just the political struggles and reforms but the sudden discovery of a common destiny and a common bond of humanity among millions of people. It was a very moving experience to witness and be part of it.

PLAYBOY: You sound a little nostalgic.

ALINSKY: Yeah, those were exciting days to be alive in. And goddamn violent days, too. Whenever people wail to me about all the violence and disorder in American life today, I tell them to take a hard look back at the Thirties. At one time, you had thousands of American veterans encamped along the Anacostia petitioning the Government for a subsistence bonus until they were driven out at bayonet point by the Army, led by "I shall return" MacArthur. Negroes were being lynched regularly in the South as the first stirrings of black opposition began to be felt, and many of the white civil rights organizers and labor agitators who had started to work with them were tarred, feathered, castrated—or killed. Most Southern politicians were members of the Ku Klux Klan and had no compunction about boasting of it.

The giant corporations were unbelievably arrogant and oppressive and would go to any lengths to protect their freedom—the freedom to exploit and the freedom to crush any obstacle blocking the golden road to mammon. Not one American corporation—oil, steel, auto, rubber, meat packing—would allow its workers to organize; labor unions were branded subversive and communistic and any worker who didn't toe the line was summarily fired and then blacklisted throughout the industry. When they defied their bosses, they were beaten up or murdered by company strikebreakers or gunned down by the police of corrupt big-city bosses allied with the corporations, like in the infamous Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago when dozens of peaceful pickets were shot in the back.

Those who kept their jobs were hired and fired with complete indifference, and they worked as dehumanized servomechanisms of the assembly line. There were no pensions, no unemployment insurance, no Social Security, no Medicare, nothing to provide even minimal security for the worker. When radicals fought back against these conditions by word or deed, they were hounded and persecuted by city police and by the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover, who back in those days was already paranoid, while in Washington the House Un-American Activities Committee hysterically sounded the alarm against the gathering Bolshevik hordes. As bloody strikes and civic disorder swept the nation, the big cry was for law and order. Nobody talked about pollution then; yet the workers in coal and steel towns were shrouded in a perpetual pall of soot and black dust, while in cities like Chicago, people in the meatpacking areas grew up amid a stench so overpowering that if they ever ventured out into the country, the fresh air made them sick. Yeah, those were the good old days, all right. Shit, the country was far more polarized and bitter then than it is today.

PLAYBOY: When did you involve yourself full time in the radical movement?

ALINSKY: Around 1938. I stuck to my job with the Institute for Juvenile Research as long as I could, doing as little as I could, while I grew more and more active in the movement. But unlike most of the people I was working with, I still had my feet in both camps, and if things ever got too hot, I always had a cushy job I could lean back on, which began to bother me. Also, it was bugging me that suddenly people were calling me an expert in criminology, newspapers were describing me as the top man in my field and I was being asked to speak at all these chicken-shit conferences and write papers and all that crap. It just shows the crummy state of criminology: anybody who has even a flickering shadow of intelligence automatically becomes a national authority.

So all this bothered me, and apart from everything else, I was just plain bored again; I knew the field, I'd gotten all there was to get out of it and I was ready to move on to more challenging pastures. But I still had the problem of making a living, and for a while I sort of rationalized, "Oh, well, at least this way I've got my integrity. If I took a job in business, I'd have to butter customers up, agree with them. But here I'm free to speak my mind." Integrity! What shit. It took me a while to realize that the only difference between being in a professional field and in business was the difference between a five-buck whore and a $100 callgirl.

The crunch came when I was offered a job as head of probation and parole for Philadelphia at a salary of $8000 a year, with the added bonus of a visiting lectureship at the University of Pennsylvania for $2400 a year and a weekly column in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* on how to keep your kiddies on the straight and narrow. Remember, $10,400 then was equal to $30,400 now. So this was

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the turning point for me. I could picture myself in a nice house in the suburbs, just two hours from New York, with all its theaters and concerts, with money in the bank, a car, all the goodies. And I could already hear the rationalizations I'd make: "I'd better not jeopardize this setup. After all, I can do so much more for the cause by stimulating students than by getting personally involved. I can write speeches or papers and put the real message between the lines or in footnotes, and really have an impact." Or: "This will give me the financial freedom to participate effectively." Bullshit. Once you get fat and comfortable and reach the top, you want to stay there. You're imprisoned by your own so-called freedoms. I've seen too many lean and hungry labor leaders of the Thirties grow fat-bellied and fat-headed. So I turned down the job and devoted myself to full-time activity in the radical movement.

PLAYBOY: What was your first organizational effort?

ALINSKY: My first solo effort was organizing the Back of the Yards area of Chicago, one of the most squalid slums in the country. I was helped a hell of a lot by the moonlighting I'd done as an organizer for the C.I.O., and I'd got to know John L. Lewis very well; I later mediated between him and F. D. R. when their political alliance grew shaky. We became close friends and I learned a lot from him. But I always felt that my own role lay outside the labor movement. What I wanted to try to do was apply the organizing techniques I'd mastered with the C.I.O. to the worst slums and ghettos, so that the most oppressed and exploited elements in the country could take control of their own communities and their own destinies. Up till then, specific factories and industries had been organized for social change, but never entire communities. This was the field I wanted to make my own—community organization for community power and for radical goals.

PLAYBOY: Why did you pick the Back of the Yards district as your first target?

ALINSKY: It appealed to me for a number of reasons. For one thing, it was the area behind the Chicago Stockyards that Upton Sinclair wrote about in *The Jungle* at the turn of the century, and nothing at all had been done to improve conditions since then. It was the nadir of all slums in America. People were crushed and demoralized, either jobless or getting starvation wages, diseased, living in filthy, rotting unheated shanties, with barely enough food and clothing to keep alive. And it was a cesspool of hate; the Poles, Slovaks, Germans, Negroes, Mexicans and Lithuanians all hated each other and all of them hated the Irish, who returned the sentiment in spades.

Native fascist groups like the German-American Bund, Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice and William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts were moving in to exploit the discontent, and making lots of converts. It wasn't because the people had any real sympathy for fascism; it was just that they were so desperate they'd grab on to anything that offered them a glimmer of hope, and Coughlin and Pelley gave them handy scapegoats in the Jews and the "international bankers." But I knew that once they were provided with a real, positive program to change their miserable conditions, they wouldn't need scapegoats anymore. Probably my prime consideration in moving into Back of the Yards, though, was because if it could be done there, it could be done anywhere. People would say to me, "Saul, you're crazy; try any place but Back of the Yards. It's impossible, you'll never get anywhere." You've got to remember that, to most people in those days, the concept that the poor have the intelligence and ingenuity to solve their own problems was heresy; even many radicals who paid it lip service in principle were elitist in practice. So the more I was told it was impossible the more determined I was to push ahead.

PLAYBOY: How did you go about organizing a community like Back of the Yards?

ALINSKY: Well, the first thing I did, the first thing I always do, is to move into the community as an observer, to talk with people and listen and learn their grievances and their attitudes. Then I look around at what I've got to work with, what levers I can use to pry closed doors open, what institutions or organizations already exist that can be useful. In the case of Back of the Yards, the area was 95 percent Roman Catholic, and I recognized that if I could win the support of the Church, we'd be off and running. Conversely, without the Church, or at least some elements of it, it was unlikely that we'd be able to make much of a dent in the community.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the Catholic Church quite conservative in those days?

ALINSKY: Nationally it certainly was, which was why a little two-bit Hitler like Coughlin was never censured or silenced until the war. But Chicago in those days was a peculiar exception; under Cardinal Mundelein and Bishop Bernard Sheil, it was the most socially progressive archdiocese in the country. Sheil was a fine man, liberal and prolabor, and he was sympathetic to what I wanted to do in Back of the Yards, but the key thing was to win over the local priests, some of whom were much more conservative. Now, it's always been a cardinal principle of organizing for me never to appeal to people on the basis of abstract values, as too many civil rights leaders do today. Suppose I walked into the office of the average religious leader of any denomination and said, "Look, I'm asking you to live up to your Christian principles, to make Jesus' words about brotherhood and social justice realities." What do you think would happen? He'd shake my hand warmly, say, "God bless you, my son," and after I was gone he'd tell his secretary, "If that crackpot comes around again, tell him I'm out."

So in order to involve the Catholic priests in Back of the Yards, I didn't give them any stuff about Christian ethics. I just appealed to their self-interest. I'd say, "Look, you're telling your people to stay out of the Communist-dominated unions and action groups, right?" He'd nod. So I'd go on: "And what do they do? They say, 'Yes, Father,' and walk out of the church and join the C.I.O. Why? Because it's their bread and butter, because the C.I.O. is doing something about their problems while you're sitting here on your tail in the sacristy." That stirred 'em up, which is just what I wanted to do, and then I'd say, "Look, if you go on like that you're gonna alienate your parishioners, turn them from the Church, maybe drive them into the arms of the Reds. Your only hope is to move first, to beat the Communists at their own game, to show the people you're more interested in their living conditions than the contents of your collection plate. And not only will you get them back again by supporting their struggle, but when they win they'll be more prosperous and your donations will go up and the welfare of the Church will be enhanced." Now I'm talking their language and we can sit down and hammer out a deal. That was what happened in Back of the Yards, and within a few months the overwhelming majority of the parish priests were backing us, and we were holding our organizational meetings in their churches. To fuck your enemies, you've first got to seduce your allies.

PLAYBOY: How did you win the backing of the community at large?

ALINSKY: The first step was getting the priests; that gave us the right imprimatur with the average resident. But we still had to convince them we could deliver what we promised, that we weren't just another do-gooder social agency strong on rhetoric and short on action. But the biggest obstacles we faced were the apathy and despair and hopelessness of most of the slum dwellers. You've got to remember that when injustice is complete and crushing, people very seldom rebel; they just give up. A small percentage crack and blow their brains out, but the other 99 percent say, "Sure, it's bad, but what can we do? You can't fight city hall. It's a rotten world for everybody, and anyway, who knows, maybe I'll win at numbers or my lottery ticket will come through. And the guy down the block is probably worse off than me."

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we come into a community is to break down those justifications for inertia. We tell people, "Look, you don't have to put up with all this shit. There's something concrete you can do about it. But to accomplish anything you've got to have power, and you'll only get it through organization. Now, power comes in two forms—money and people. You haven't got any money, but you do have people, and here's what you can do with them." And we showed the workers in the packing houses how they could organize a union and get higher wages and benefits, and we showed the local merchants how their profits would go up with higher wages in the community, and we showed the exploited tenants how they could fight back against their landlords. Pretty soon we'd established a community-wide coalition of workers, local businessmen, labor leaders and housewives—our power base—and we were ready to do battle.

PLAYBOY: What tactics did you use?

ALINSKY: Everything at our disposal in those days—boycotts of stores, strikes against the meat packers, rent strikes against the slumlords, picketing of exploitive businesses, sit-downs in City Hall and the offices of the corrupt local machine bosses. We'd turn the politicians against each other, splitting them up and then taking them on one at a time. At first the establishment dismissed us with a sneer, but pretty soon we had them worried, because they saw how unified we were and that we were capable of exerting potent economic and political pressure. Finally the concessions began trickling in—reduced rents, public housing, more and better municipal services, school improvements, more equitable mortgages and bank loans, fairer food prices.

I'll give you an example here of the vital importance of personal relationships in organizing. The linchpin of our struggle in Back of the Yards was unionization of the packing-house workers, because most of the local residents who worked had jobs in the stockyards, and unless their wages and living standards were improved, the community as a whole could never move forward. Now, at that time the meat barons treated their workers like serfs, and they had a squad of vicious strikebreakers to terrorize any worker who even opened his mouth about a union. In fact, two of their goons submachined my car one night at the height of the struggle. They missed me and, goddamn it, I missed them when I shot back. So anyway, we knew that the success or failure of the whole effort really hinged on the packing-house union. We picketed, we sat down, we agitated; but the industry wouldn't budge. I said, "OK, we can't hurt 'em head on, so we'll outflank 'em and put heat on the downtown banks that control huge loans to the industry and force *them* to exert pressure on the packers to accept our demands." We directed a whole series of tactics against the banks, and they were a little wobbly at first, but then they formed a solid front with the packers and refused to give in or even to negotiate.

We were getting nowhere on the key issue of the whole struggle, and I was getting worried. I racked my brain for some new means of applying pressure on the banks and finally I came up with the answer. In those days, the uncontested ruler of Chicago was the old-line political boss Mayor Kelly, who made Daley's machine look like the League of Women Voters. When Kelly whistled, *everybody* jumped to attention, from the local ward heeler to the leading businessman in town. Now, there were four big-city machines in the country at that time—Kelly's in Chicago, Pendergast's in Kansas City, Curley's in Boston and Hague's in Jersey City—and between them they exercised a hell of a political clout, because they were the guys who delivered the swing states to the Democrats at election time. This meant that Roosevelt had to deal with them, but they were all pretty disreputable in the public eye and whenever he met with them he smuggled them through the back door of the White House and conferred in secret in some smoke-filled room. This was particularly true in Kelly's case, since he was hated by liberals and radicals all across the country because of his reactionary anti-labor stand and his responsibility for the Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago in 1937. In fact, the left despised Kelly as intensely in those days as they did Daley after the Chicago Democratic Convention.

Now, Kelly was a funny guy: he was a mass of contradictions—like most people—and despite his antilabor actions he really admired F. D. R.; in fact, he worshiped him, and nothing hurt him more than the way he was forced to sneak into the White House like a pariah—no dinner parties, none of those little Sunday soirees that Eleanor used to throw, not even a public testimonial. He desperately wanted acceptance by F. D. R. and the intellectuals in his brain trust, and he really smarted under the second-class status the President conferred on him. I'd studied his personality carefully, and I knew I'd get nowhere appealing to him over labor's rights, but I figured I might just be able to use this personal Achilles' heel to our advantage.

Finally I got an audience with Kelly and I started my spiel. "Look, Mayor," I said, "I know I can't deliver you any more votes than you've already got"—in those days they didn't even bother to count the ballots, they weighed 'em, and every cemetery in town voted; there was a real afterlife in Chicago—"but I'm going to make a deal with you." Kelly just looked bored; he was probably asking himself why he'd even bothered to see this little pip-squeak radical. "What've you got to deal with, kid?" he asked me. I told him, "Right now you've got a reputation as the number-one enemy of organized labor in the country. But I'll make you a liberal overnight. I'll deliver the national C.I.O. endorsement for you and the public support of every union in Chicago. I've arranged for two of the guys who were wounded in the Memorial Day Massacre to go on the radio and applaud you as a true friend of the workingman. Within forty-eight hours I'll have turned you into a champion of liberalism"—Kelly still looked bored—"and that'll make you completely acceptable to F. D. R. on all occasions, social and political."

Suddenly he sat bolt upright in his chair and his eyes bored into mine. "How do I know you can deliver?" he asked. I handed him a slip of paper. "That's the unlisted number of John L. Lewis in Alexandria, Virginia. Call him, tell him I'm here in your office, tell him what I said, and then ask him if I can deliver." Kelly leaned back in his chair and said, "What do you want?" I said, "I want you to put the screws on the meat packers to sign a contract with the union." He said, "It's a deal. You'll get your contract tomorrow." We did, and from that time on victory for Back of the Yards was ensured. And I came out of that fight convinced that the organizational techniques we used in Back of the Yards could be employed successfully anywhere across the nation.

PLAYBOY: Were you right?

ALINSKY: Absolutely. Our tactics have to vary according to the needs and problems of each particular area we're organizing, but we've been very successful with an over-all strategy that we adhere to pretty closely. For example, the central principle of all our organizational efforts is self-determination; the community we're dealing with must first want us to come in, and once we're in we insist they choose their own objectives and leaders. It's the organizer's job to provide the technical know-how, not to impose his wishes or his attitudes on the community; we're not there to lead, but to help and to teach. We want the local people to use us, drain our experience and expertise, and then throw us away and continue doing the job themselves. Otherwise they'd grow overly dependent on us and the moment we moved out the situation would start to revert to the *status quo ante*. This is why I've set a three-year limit on the time one of our organizers remains within any particular area. This has been our operating procedure in all our efforts; we're outside agitators, all right, but by invitation only. And we never overstay our welcome.

PLAYBOY: How does a self-styled outside agitator like yourself get accepted in the

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community he plans to organize?

ALINSKY: The first and most important thing you can do to win this acceptance is to bait the power structure into publicly attacking you. In Back of the Yards, when I was first establishing my credentials, I deliberately maneuvered to provoke criticism. I made outrageous statements to the press, I attacked every civic and business leader I could think of, and I goaded the establishment to strike back. The *Chicago Tribune*, one of the most right-wing rags in the country at the time, branded me a subversive menace and spokesmen for the meat packers denounced me as a dangerous enemy of law and order. Now, these were the same forces that were screwing the average Joe in Back of the Yards, and the minute he saw those attacks he said, "That guy Alinsky must be all right if he can get those bastards that pissed off; he must have something or they wouldn't be so worried." So I used what I call psychological jujitsu on the establishment, and it provided me with my credentials, my birth certificate, in all the communities I ever organized.

But over and above all these devices, the ultimate key to acceptance by a community is respect for the dignity of the individual you're dealing with. If you feel smug or arrogant or condescending, he'll sense it right away, and you might as well take the next plane out. The first thing you've got to do in a community is listen, not talk, and learn to eat, sleep, breathe only one thing: the problems and aspirations of the community. Because no matter how imaginative your tactics, how shrewd your strategy, you're doomed before you even start if you don't win the trust and respect of the people; and the only way to get that is for you to trust and respect *them*. And without that respect there's no communication, no mutual confidence and no action. That's the first lesson any good organizer has to learn, and I learned it in Back of the Yards. If I hadn't, we would never have won, and we could never have turned that hellhole into a textbook model of progressive community organization. Twenty-five years later, the Back of the Yards Council is still going strong, and a whole generation has grown up not even knowing that their neighborhood was once one of the foulest slums in the country. Even Mayor Daley lives there now—about the only argument I'd ever buy for restrictive covenants.

PLAYBOY: Mayor Daley's presence in Back of the Yards symbolizes what some radicals consider the fatal flaw in your work: the tendency of communities you've organized eventually to join the establishment in return for their piece of the economic action. As a case in point, Back of the Yards is now one of the most vociferously segregationist areas of Chicago. Do you see this as a failure?

ALINSKY: No, only as a challenge. It's quite true that the Back of the Yards Council, which 20 years ago was waving banners attacking all forms of discrimination and intolerance, today doesn't want Negroes, just like other middle-class white communities. Over the years they've won victory after victory against poverty and exploitation and they've moved steadily up the ladder from the have-nots to the have-a-little-want-mores until today they've thrown in their lot with the haves. This is a recurring pattern; you can see it in the American labor movement, which has gone from John L. Lewis to George Meany in one generation. Prosperity makes cowards of us all, and Back of the Yards is no exception. They've entered the nightfall of success, and their dreams of a better world have been replaced by nightmares of fear—fear of change, fear of losing their material goods, fear of blacks. Last time I was in Back of the Yards, a good number of the cars were plastered with Wallace stickers; I could have puked. Like so many onetime revolutionaries, they've traded in their birthright for property and prosperity. This is why I've seriously thought of moving back into the area and organizing a new movement to overthrow the one I built 25 years ago.

PLAYBOY: This process of co-optation doesn't discourage you?

ALINSKY: No. It's the eternal problem, but it must be accepted with the understanding that all life is a series of revolutions, one following the other, each bringing society a little bit closer to the ultimate goal of *real* personal and social freedom. I certainly don't regret for one minute what I did in the Back of the Yards. Over 200,000 people were given decent lives, hope for the future and new dignity because of what we did in that cesspool. Sure, today they've grown fat and comfortable and smug, and they need to be kicked in the ass again, but if I had a choice between seeing those same people festering in filth and poverty and despair, and living a decent life within the confines of the establishment's prejudices, I'd do it all over again. One of the problems here, and the reason some people just give up when they see that economic improvements don't make Albert Schweitzers out of everybody, is that too many liberals and radicals have a tender-minded, overly romantic image of the poor; they glamorize the poverty-stricken slum dweller as a paragon of justice and expect him to behave like an angel the minute his shackles are removed. That's crud. Poverty is ugly, evil and degrading, and the fact that have-nots exist in despair, discrimination and deprivation does *not* automatically endow them with any special qualities of charity, justice, wisdom, mercy or moral purity. They are *people*, with all the faults of people—greed, envy, suspicion, intolerance—and once they get on top they can be just as bigoted as the people who once oppressed them. But that doesn't mean you leave them to rot. You just keep on fighting.

PLAYBOY: Spokesmen for the New Left contend that this process of accommodation renders piecemeal reforms meaningless, and that the overthrow and replacement of the system itself is the only means of ensuring meaningful social progress. How would you answer them?

ALINSKY: That kind of rhetoric explains why there's nothing left of the New Left. It would be great if the whole system would just disappear overnight, but it won't, and the kids on the New Left sure as hell aren't going to overthrow it. Shit, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin couldn't organize a successful luncheon, much less a revolution. I can sympathize with the impatience and pessimism of a lot of kids, but they've got to remember that real revolution is a long, hard process. Radicals in the United States don't have the strength to confront a local police force in armed struggle, much less the Army, Navy and Air Force; it's just idiocy for the Panthers to talk about all power growing from the barrel of a gun when the other side has all the guns.

America isn't Russia in 1917 or China in 1946, and any violent head-on collision with the power structure will only ensure the mass suicide of the left and the probable triumph of domestic fascism. So you're not going to get instant nirvana—or *any* nirvana, for that matter—and you've got to ask yourself, "Short of that, what the hell can I do?" The only answer is to build up local power bases that can merge into a national power movement that will ultimately realize your goals. That takes time and hard work and all the tedium connected with hard work, which turns off a lot of today's rhetorical radicals. But it's the only alternative to the continuation of the present system.

It's important to look at this issue in a historical perspective. Every major revolutionary movement in history has gone through the same process of corruption, proceeding from virginal purity to seduction to decadence. Look at the Christian church as it evolved from the days of the martyrs to a giant holding company, or the way the Russian Revolution degenerated into a morass of bureaucracy and oppression as the new class of state managers replaced the feudal landowners as the reigning power elite. Look at our American Revolution; there wasn't anybody more dedicated to the right of revolution than Sam Adams, leader of the Sons of Liberty,

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the radical wing of the revolution. But once we won the fight, you couldn't find a worse dictatorial reactionary than Adams; he insisted that every single leader of Shays' Rebellion be executed as a warning to the masses. *He* had the right to revolt, but nobody had the right to revolt against him. Take Gandhi, even: within ten months of India's independence, he acquiesced in the law making passive resistance a felony, and he abandoned his nonviolent principles to support the military occupation of Kashmir. Subsequently, we've seen the same thing happen in Goa and Pakistan. Over and over again, the firebrand revolutionary freedom fighter is the first to destroy the rights and even the lives of the next generation of rebels.

But recognizing this isn't cause for despair. All life is warfare, and it's the continuing fight against the status quo that revitalizes society, stimulates new values and gives man renewed hope of eventual progress. The struggle itself is the victory. History is like a relay race of revolutions; the torch of idealism is carried by one group of revolutionaries until it too becomes an establishment, and then the torch is snatched up and carried on the next leg of the race by a new generation of revolutionaries. The cycle goes on and on, and along the way the values of humanism and social justice the rebels champion take shape and change and are slowly implanted in the minds of all men even as their advocates falter and succumb to the materialistic decadence of the prevailing status quo.

So whenever a community comes to me and asks me for help and says, "We're being exploited and discriminated against and shafted in every way; we need to organize," what am I going to say? "Sorry, guys, if I help organize you to get power and you win, then you'll all become just like Back of the Yards, materialistic and all that, so just go on suffering, it's really better for your souls." And yet that's what a good many so-called radicals are in fact saying. It's kind of like a starving man coming up to you and begging you for a loaf of bread, and your telling him, "Don't you realize that man doesn't live by bread alone?" What a cop-out. No, there'll be setbacks, reverses, plenty of them, but you've just got to keep on sluggin'. I knew when I left Back of the Yards in 1940 that I hadn't created a utopia, but people were standing straight for the first time in their lives, and that was enough for me.

PLAYBOY: What was your next organizational effort after your success in Back of the Yards?

ALINSKY: Well, in the aftermath of Back of the Yards, a lot of people who'd said it couldn't be done were patting me on the back, but none of them were offering any concrete support for similar organizational efforts. Then in 1940 Bishop Sheil brought me together with Marshall Field III, one of those rare birds, a millionaire with a genuine social conscience. There was a funny kind of chemistry between us right from the beginning, and Field became really enthusiastic about what I was trying to do. And what's more, unlike a lot of do-gooding fat cats, he was willing to put his money where his mouth was. He gave me a grant that would allow me the freedom and mobility to repeat the Back of the Yards pattern in other communities, and with his money I established the Industrial Areas Foundation in Chicago, which is still my primary base of operations. Between Field and Sheil, I got $10,000 as an annual budget for salary, office, staff and travel expenses. Those were the days! I started moving across the country, working in different slum areas and forming cadres of volunteer organizers to carry the work on when I'd left. Those were pretty hectic times; I remember I had cards made up reading, "HAVE TROUBLE, WILL TRAVEL."

PLAYBOY: Did you run into much trouble yourself?

ALINSKY: Yeah, I was about as popular as the plague. I used to save on hotel bills, because the minute I'd arrive in a new town the cops would slap me right in jail. There wasn't any crap about habeas corpus and the rights of the accused in those days; if they thought you were a troublemaker, they just threw you behind bars, and nobody bothered to read you your constitutional rights. I really used to enjoy jail, though. When you jail a radical, you're playing right into his hands. One result is that the inherent conflict between the haves and the have-nots is underlined and dramatized, and another is that it terrifically strengthens your position with the people you're trying to organize. They say, "Shit, that guy cares enough about us to go to jail for us. We can't let him down now." So they make a martyr out of you at no higher cost than a few days or weeks of cruddy food and a little inaction.

And actually, that inaction itself is a valuable gift to a revolutionary. When you're out in the arena all the time, you're constantly on the run, racing from one fight to another and from one community to another. Most of the time you don't have any opportunity for reflection and contemplation; you never get outside of yourself enough to gain a real perspective and insight into your own tactics and strategy. In the Bible the prophets could at least go out into the wilderness and get themselves together, but about the only free time I ever had was on a sleeper train between towns, and I was generally so knocked out by the end of the day I'd just pass out the minute my head hit the pillow. So my wilderness, like that of all radicals, turned out to be jail.

It was really great; there weren't any phones and, outside of one hour every day, you didn't get any visitors. Your jailers were generally so stupid you wouldn't want to talk to 'em anyway, and since your surroundings were so drab and depressing, your only escape was into your own mind and imagination. Look at Martin Luther King: it was only in Montgomery jail that he had the uninterrupted time to think out thoroughly the wider implications of his bus boycott, and later on his philosophy deepened and widened during his time in prison in Birmingham, as he wrote in "Letter from a Birmingham Jail." So jail is an invaluable training ground for radicals.

PLAYBOY: It also removes you from active participation in your cause.

ALINSKY: Oh, I'm predicating this on the jail sentence being no more than two months at the maximum. The problem you face with a heavy sentence is that you're knocked out of action for too long and can lose your touch, and there's also the danger that if you're gone from the fight long enough, everybody will forget about you. Hell, if they'd given Jesus life instead of crucifying him, people would probably be lighting candles to Zeus today. But a relatively short jail term is a wonderful opportunity to think about what you're doing and why, where you're headed and how you can get there better and faster. It's in jail that you can reflect and synthesize your ideas, formulate your long-term goals with detachment and objectivity and shape your philosophy.

Jail certainly played an important role in my own case. After Back of the Yards, one of our toughest fights was Kansas City, where we were trying to organize a really foul slum called the Bottoms. The minute I'd get out of the Union Station and start walking down the main drag, a squad car would pull up and they'd take me off to jail as a public nuisance. I was never booked; they'd just courteously lock me up. They'd always give me a pretty fair shake in jail, though, a private cell and decent treatment, and it was there I started writing my first book, *Reveille for Radicals*. Sometimes the guards would come in when I was working and say, "OK, Alinsky, you can go now," and I'd look up from my papers and say, "Look, I'm in the middle of the chapter. I'll tell you when I want out." I think that was the first and only time they had a prisoner anxious not to be released. After a few times like that, word reached the police chief of this nut who loved jail, and one day he came around to see me. Despite our political differences, we began to hit it off and soon became close friends. Now

(continued on page 150)

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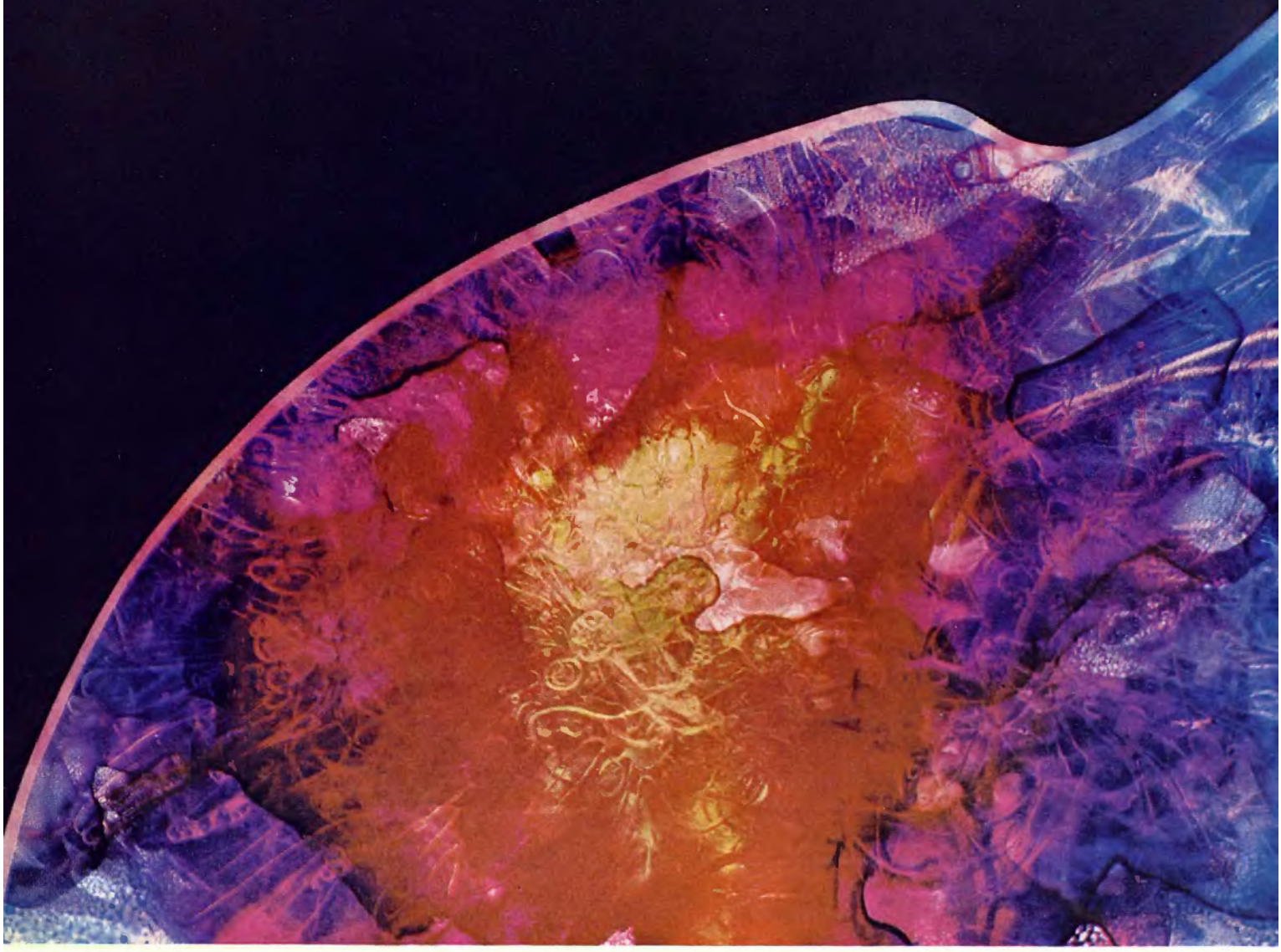


he was sure that humans were losing control of the world—and now the doctors were tampering with his own brain, turning him into a computer

Part one of a new novel

By MICHAEL CRICHTON

TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1971: ADMISSION

I

They came down to the emergency ward at noon and sat on the bench just behind the swinging doors that led in from the ambulance parking slot. Ellis was nervous, preoccupied, distant. Morris was relaxed, eating a candy bar and crumpling the wrapper into the pocket of his white jacket.

From where they sat, they could look at the sunlight outside, falling across the big sign that read EMERGENCY WARD and the smaller one that read NO PARKING, AMBULANCES ONLY. In the distance, they heard sirens.

"Is that him?" Morris asked.

Ellis checked his watch. "I doubt it. It's too early."

They sat on the bench and listened to the sirens come closer. Ellis removed his

glasses and wiped them with his tie. One of the emergency-ward nurses, a girl Morris did not know by name, came over and said brightly, "Is this the welcoming committee?"

Ellis squinted at her. Morris said, "We'll be taking him straight through. Do you have his chart down here?"

The nurse said, "No, doctor, it's upstairs," and walked off, looking irritated.

Ellis sighed. He replaced his glasses and frowned at the nurse.

Morris said, "She didn't mean anything."

"I suppose the whole damned hospital knows," Ellis said.

"It's a pretty big secret to keep," Morris said.

The sirens were very close now; through the window they saw an ambulance back into the slot. Two orderlies opened the ambulance door and pulled out the stretcher. A frail elderly woman lay on the stretcher. She was gasping for breath, making wet gurgling sounds. Severe pulmonary edema, Morris thought as he watched her taken into one of the treatment rooms.

"I hope he's in good shape," Ellis said.

"Benson? Why shouldn't he be?"

"They might have roughed him up." Ellis stared morosely out the window. He

ILLUSTRATION BY RON BRADFORD

really was in a bad mood, Morris thought. He knew that meant Ellis was excited; he had scrubbed in on enough cases with Ellis to recognize the pattern. Irascibility under pressure while he waited—and then total, almost bored calm when the operation began. "Where the hell is he?" Ellis said, looking at his watch again.

To change the subject, Morris said, "Are we all set for three-thirty?" At 3:30 that afternoon, Benson would be presented to the hospital staff at a special neurosurgical rounds.

"As far as I know," Ellis said. "Ross is making the presentation. I just hope Benson's in good shape."

Over the loud-speaker, a soft voice said, "Dr. Ellis, Dr. John Ellis, two-two-three-four. Dr. Ellis, two-two-three-four."

Ellis got up to answer the page. "Shit," he said.

Morris knew what he meant. Two-two-three-four was the extension for the animal laboratories. The call probably meant something had gone wrong with the monkeys. Ellis had been doing three monkeys a week for the past month, just to keep himself and his staff ready.

Morris watched as Ellis crossed the room and answered from a wall phone. Ellis walked with a slight limp, the result of a childhood injury that had cut the lateral peroneal nerve in his right leg. Morris always wondered if the injury had had something to do with Ellis' later decision to become a neurosurgeon. Certainly Ellis had the attitude of a man determined to correct defects, to fix things up. That was what he always said to his patients: "We can fix you up." And he seemed to have more than his share of defects himself—the limp, the premature baldness, the weak eyes requiring heavy thick glasses. All these things explained his short temper—and the explanation made him more tolerable.

Or perhaps the irritability was the result of all those years as a surgeon. Morris wasn't sure; he himself hadn't been a surgeon long enough. He stared out the window in the direction of the visitors' parking lot. Afternoon visiting hours were beginning; relatives were driving in, getting out of their cars, glancing up at the high buildings of the hospital. Apprehension was clear on their faces. The hospital was a place people feared.

Morris noticed how many of them had suntans. It was a warm, sunny spring in Los Angeles, yet he was still as pale as the white jacket and white trousers he wore every day. He had to get outside more often, he told himself. He should start eating lunch outside. He played tennis, of course, but that was usually in the evenings.

Ellis came back. "Shit," he said. "Ethel tore out her sutures."

"How did it happen?" Morris said. Ethel was a juvenile rhesus monkey that had undergone brain surgery the day before. The operation had proceeded flawlessly. And Ethel was unusually docile, as rhesus monkeys went.

"I don't know," Ellis said. "Apparently she worked an arm loose from her restraints. Anyway, she's shrieking and the bone's exposed on one side."

"Did she tear out her wires?"

"I don't know. But I've got to go over and resew her now. Can you handle this?"

"I think so." Morris would rather have Ellis here, but he could probably handle it himself.

"Are you all right with the cops?" Ellis said. "I don't think they'll give you any trouble."

"No, I don't think so."

"Just get Benson up to seven as fast as you can," Ellis said. "Then call Ross. I'll be up as soon as possible." He checked his watch. "It'll probably take forty minutes to resew Ethel, if she behaves herself."

When he had gone, the emergency-ward nurse came back. "What's the matter with *him*?" she asked.

"Just edgy," Morris said.

"He sure is," the nurse said. She paused and looked out the window, lingering.

Morris watched her with a kind of bemused detachment. He'd spent enough years in the hospital to recognize the subtle signs of status. He had begun as an intern, with no status at all. Most of the nurses had known more medicine than he had, and when they were tired, they didn't bother to conceal it. ("I don't think you want to do that, doctor.") As the years went by, he became a surgical resident and the nurses became more deferential. When he was a senior resident, he was sufficiently assured of his work that a few of the nurses called him by his first name. And finally, when he transferred to the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit as a junior staff member, the formality returned as a new mark of status.

But this was something else: a nurse hanging around, just being near him, because he had a special aura of importance. Because everyone in the hospital knew what was going to happen.

Staring out the window, the nurse said, "Here he comes."

Morris got up and looked out. A blue police van drove up toward the emergency ward and turned around, backing into the ambulance slot. "All right," he said. "Notify the seventh floor and tell them we're on our way."

The nurse went off. Two ambulance orderlies opened the hospital doors and watched as the police officer driving the van came around and unlocked its rear door. Two officers seated in the back emerged, blinking in the sunlight. Then Benson came out.

As always, Morris was struck by his appearance. Benson was a meek, pudgy, 34-year-old man with a sort of permanently bewildered air about him. He stood by the van, with his wrists handcuffed in front of him, and looked around. When he saw Morris, he said hello, and then looked away, embarrassed.

One of the cops said, "You in charge here?"

"Yes. I'm Dr. Morris. Would you mind taking his handcuffs off?"

"We don't have any orders about that." The cops exchanged glances. "I guess it's OK."

While they took the cuffs off, the driver brought Morris a form on a clipboard. Morris hardly glanced at it: "Transfer of Suspect to Institutional Care (Medical)." He signed it. Benson stood quietly, rubbing his wrists, staring straight ahead. The impersonality of the transaction, the form and signature, made Morris feel as if he were receiving a package from United Parcel.

Morris led the two other policemen and Benson into the hospital. A nurse came up with a wheelchair and Benson sat down in it. The cops looked confused. "It's hospital policy," Morris said as he led the way to the elevator.

• • •

The elevator arrived and they all got out. Seven was the special surgical floor, where difficult and complex cases were treated. It was essentially a research section. The most severe cardiac, kidney and metabolic patients recuperated here. Morris and the others went down to the nurses' station, a glass-walled area strategically located in the center of the X-shaped floor.

The nurse on duty at the station looked up. She was surprised to see the cops, but she said nothing. Morris said, "This is Mr. Benson. Have we got seven-ten ready?"

"All set for him," the nurse said and gave Benson a cheery smile. Benson smiled bleakly back and glanced from the nurse to the computer console in the corner of the nurses' station.

"You have a time-sharing station up here?" he asked.

"Yes," Morris said.

"Where's the main computer?"

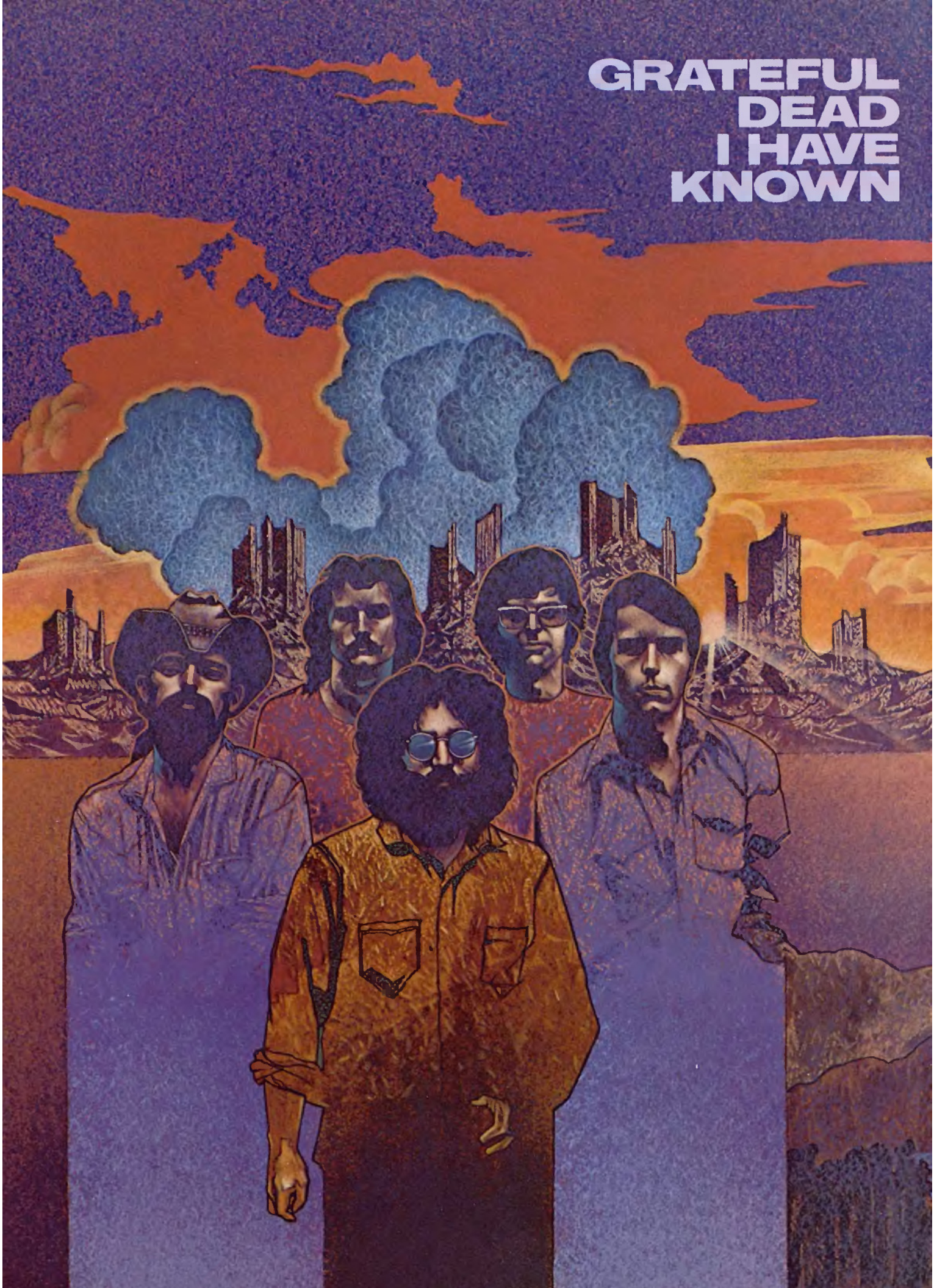
"In the basement."

Benson nodded. Morris was not surprised at the questions. Benson was trying to distract himself from the thought of surgery and he was, after all, a computer expert.

The nurse handed Morris the chart on Benson. It had the usual blue-plastic cover with the seal of University Hospital. But there was also a red tag, which meant neurosurgery, and a yellow tag, which meant intensive care, and a white

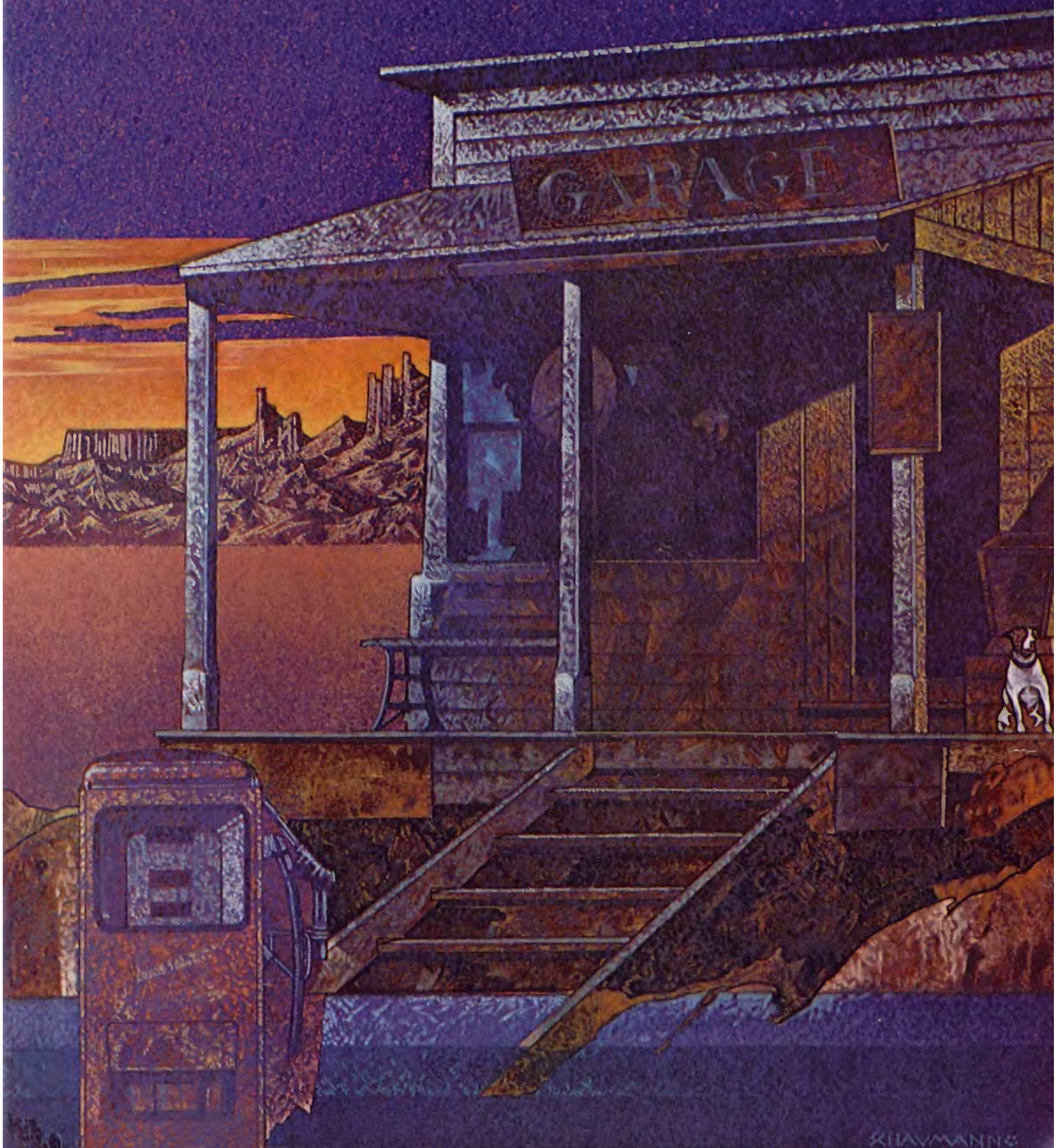
(continued on page 94)

"Some doctors don't mind giving a bit of free medical advice."


GRATEFUL
DEAD
I HAVE
KNOWN

article **By ED McCLANAHAN** A BRIGHT SUNDAY AFTERNOON in August 1971, just one week after Bill Graham closed the doors of the Fillmore West forever and ever, and I'm sitting in the living room of Jerry Garcia's new house on the headlands above a coastal village an hour north of San Francisco (a very *nice* house, by the way, not luxurious or anything but altogether nice enough to reflect the Grateful Dead's rising fortunes during the past couple of years); and if I were to glance over my shoulder, I could see beyond the picture window all

riding that train, high on cocaine . . . or was it just a leetle laughing gas?



the way down the tilting rim of the continent to the shimmering Pacific. Only right this minute, I'm not into scenery at *all*; right this minute, I'm deeply engaged in being paranoid about my tape recorder, just sort of *stroking* the treacherous little bastard, before I entrust to its tape-eating maw the wit and wisdom of Jerry Garcia, lead guitarist and chief philosophical theoretician of what some claim is the greatest rock-'n'-roll band in the world—Captain Trips, they call him.

Jerry, meanwhile, is doing exactly what he always does, playing it as it lays, which right now means sitting there beside me in his rocking chair, gazing benignly out the window, beaming within the dark nimbus of his hair and beard like a stoned-out John the Baptist, waiting.

"What I'd like to do," I'm prattling, rather desperately trying to fill with the sound of my own voice the void my incompetence has created, "I'd like to feel free to take as many liberties with this interview as I've been taking with the rest of the material, to, uh, interpolate and rearrange things here and there when it seems. . . . But maybe you . . . ?"

"Sure," Jerry says cheerily, waving aside my question. "You're gonna *lie* a little, you mean. Sure, you can say I said anything you feel like, I don't give a shit."

"Good deal! Because what I'm planning to do, see, is to take this interview and sort of write myself out of it, my own voice, I mean, so that what's left will be just *your* voice, disembodied, just rapping out loud. Like, for instance, did you happen to read John Sack's interviews with Lieutenant Calley? Do you remember how Sack himself isn't really a *presence* there, how it comes down as if it were just Calley alone, telling his own story? That sort of thing. And then I'll just take your voice and weave it through the piece, probably in italics or something, just lacing it in and out wherever it seems. . . ."

Jerry grins and says: "Sure, feel free, whatever. Only the erroneous assumption in that, see, is that a guy like Calley might ever volunteer any information at all. Or me, for that matter. I mean, nobody ever hears about some of the shit that comes out in interviews unless somebody asks me, you know what I mean? In fact, it's like the basis of the reality from which you write, because you wouldn't write this thing if you'd never talked to any of us, would you? I mean, you know what I mean? If you weren't interacting in there, the story would never have occurred. So it's, like, you can include yourself or not, but either way, it's all you. . . ."

• • •

OK, then; *me*, by God:

So there I am in September 1970, early morning, and I'm hurrying home to California to write about the Grateful Dead (I've been at this quite a while, you understand) after a three-week hiatus back East, barreling along in my big Dodge camper all alone through the everlasting vasty reaches of central Iowa, on a back road somewhere 40 miles in some direction or another from Cedar Rapids, and it's raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock, a cold, driving rain that chills me even with the camper's heater ramming hot air up both pants legs; and beside me on the hump of the engine's housing are spread my Official Accuracy Reporter's Notebooks filled with three-week-old runic scribblings (garcia missing 2 joints midl. finger rt. hand!—phil lesh leanness *lincolnesk*! —sam cutler rd. mgr. look like capt. hook!!—bob weir billy the kid!!—john mcintyre bus. mgr. *elegant*, look like yng. *rich widmark*!!!!) and several yellowing copies of *Rolling Stone* featuring articles about the Dead, and my little portable stereo tape recorder and five cassettes of the Dead's albums, and—here comes the weird part—on my head I'm wearing, Buck Rogerslike, an enormous pair of superpowerful stereo headphones plugged into the recorder, and the volume is turned up full blast and the Dead's "Turn it *on*! Turn it *on*!" is crashing into my eardrums and I'm bouncing ecstatically in my seat and hammering the heels of my hands on the steering wheel to Bill the Drummer's surging, 19-to-the-dozen rhythms, while the guitars scream as loud as locomotive whistles; and now an image swirls to mind and shapes itself, the interior of my skull has somehow become the interior of the Fillmore West, San Francisco's onetime Carousel Ballroom, this cavernous old relic of a pleasure palace amid whose tawdry grandeur our forebears forbore Guy Lombardo and Shep Fields and His Rippling Rhythms that we might live to dig the Dead, my throat and tongue the Fillmore's threadbare maroon-carpeted lobbies and stair wells and my teeth its curlicuing rococo plaster balustrades and my brainpan the grand ballroom itself, my medulla oblongata its vaulted ceiling festooned with heavily sagging billows of silvery-gray asbestos damask, and there are 3000 dope-crazed Dead fans crouched haunch to haunch in the darkness on the immense dance floor of my mind, while at the far end of the great chamber, onstage, dwarfed beneath the high curved bleached-white band shell that is the inner surface of my forehead, the Grateful Dead are getting it on, a demon-driven suicide squad of assassins under the harsh command of the archbrigand Pigpen ("*turn* it on! jes a leetle bit hi-*eee*-yer!"), a murderous little band of renegades, savages, tartars in cowboy mufti, angels of death armed not with three supercharged guitars and a set of traps but with three choppers and a mortar, mercilessly laying waste to the shrieking, writhing mass of defenseless supplicants spread beneath them, and against the backs of my eyeballs the giant light-show screen behind the bandstand is ablaze like the night sky above a battlefield with the garish lightning of their fusillade, it is more than just a massacre, it is a by-God *apocalypse* hurtling along right here inside the fragile eggshell of my skull at 70 miles an hour through the Iowa monsoon, the incredible cacophony of it thrumming in my blood and beating wildly against the backs of my eyes, mounting and mounting and mounting until it peaks out at about 11,000,000 megadecibels and Pig screams "*Yeeeeeeeeeee-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow-wwwwwwwwww!*" and barks "And *leave* it on!" and within the headphones there descends an abrupt and wondrous stillness, a silence made infinitely deeper and more profound by the absence not merely of the Dead's righteous racket but of *all* sound, the headphones baffling out even the engine's roar along with the slap-slap-slap of the wipers and the steady suck of tires on the flooded roadbed, as if the whole wet world were inexplicably and without warning stricken mute, and as the wipers streak the veil of water on the windshield, I see, standing stalwart by the lonely Iowa roadside like heaven's own herald, an enormous billboard, sky-blue, with great thick square white letters proclaiming, for no good reason at all,

TIME ENDS
ETERNITY WHERE

and even as the wind-blown water sheets the glass again, blurring, then fracturing the image beyond all intelligence, I hear Jerry Garcia begin the next song on the tape, his voice rising sweet and clear and plangent into the silence,

"You know Death don't
Have no mercy
In this land. . . ."

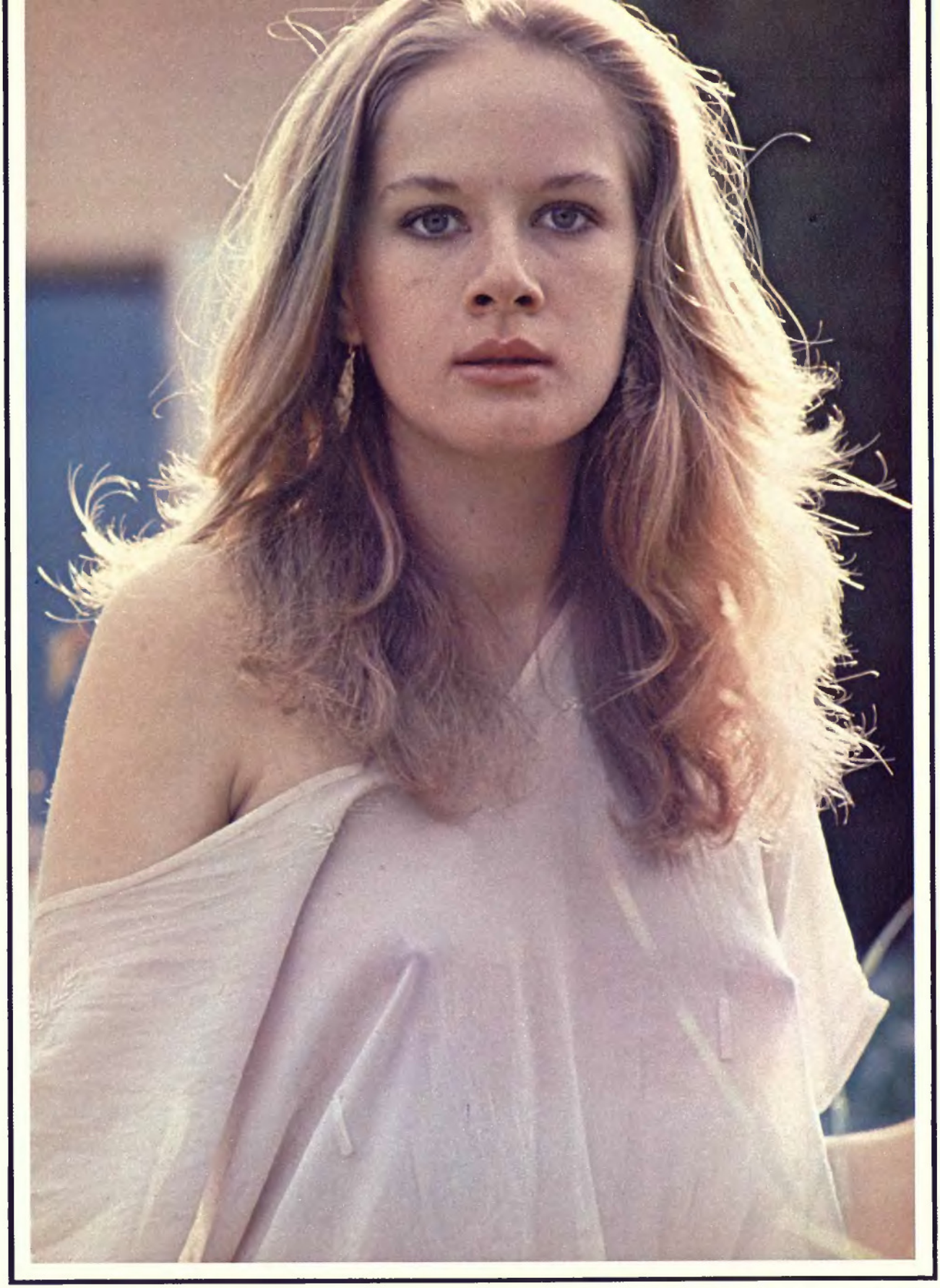
• • •

"I mean, everybody who's makin' a big thing about the closing of the Fillmore, that's a crock of shit, actually. Because, you know, what'd they do before there was a Fillmore? I mean, there's always been a musician scene, musicians have always traveled around and you could always hear music. And that's gonna happen no matter what. In most places, see, there isn't any Fillmore. And that doesn't affect anybody except, you know, the Fillmore freaks. I think the end of the Fillmore is just the beginning of different space. . . ."

• • •

"The first time I saw Jerry Garcia," my young friend Harry (who is said to be a genius in molecular physics, his

(continued on page 108)



MAGNIFIQUE DOMINIQUE

french film star dominique sanda is complex, compelling and—but of course—beautiful

AFTERNOON. The season is late autumn, the setting St.-Tropez. And the freaked-out French resort—resuming its identity as a peaceful fishing village after the summer crush of reckless, topless Beautiful People from four continents—seems precisely the right place for Dominique Sanda, *la belle Dominique*, to be talking about herself. Still a few months shy of her 21st birthday, Dominique is a serenely classic blonde with the electric New Sensibility throbbing in every pore. She is also on her way to becoming

The accolades generated by Dominique's performance in the Bertolucci movie version of Alberto Moravia's *The Conformist* were more than enough to guarantee her a place in the cinematic sun. Above left: In her now-famous "Lesbian" dance sequence with Stefania Sandrelli, she exuded a sexuality—cool on the surface yet promising to erupt at any moment—that was singled out for critical acclaim. Dominique's next film, De Sica's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, finds her again involved with fascist Italy and sexual nonconformity.

a legend as the result of just three pictures, which have inspired rapturous critics to compare her to Garbo, Dietrich and a Botticelli Renaissance angel.

It quickly becomes apparent that she commands attention without effort. Slumped in a blue lawn chair on the flagstone patio of a sand-colored stucco villa that sprawls in the hills overlooking St.-Tropez, Dominique wears a beige cable-knit sweater over tweed bell-bottoms and has her ash-blonde hair pinned back with exquisite indifference. She looks sensational. She and

her lover, 45-year-old Christian Marquand, a former actor who turned film maker (and directed *Candy*), are the house guests of French director Roger Vadim, estranged husband of Jane Fonda and host, for the moment, to a dozen or more friends, relatives, film folk and sweet young things with daring décolletage.

Open and friendly yet subtly aloof from the others, who treat her with the deference due visiting royalty, Dominique pooh-poohs all the nonsense about a new Dietrich. "It's nice to hear. They also say I am like Carole Lombard, but I want to be myself, Dominique. Who I really love and identify with are Baudelaire and Rimbaud, or Rousseau . . . or that English painter who works with acrylics. What's his name . . . Peter Blake."

Speaking of art pulls her attention back to a large woolen tapestry of her own design—a sunburst pattern woven in muted shades of gold, gray, beige and blue. She calmly picks up her needle and sets to work. "I love the sun," she says. "I have dreams about the sun. I'm attracted by warm colors, groovy things, contradictions. Like those Bedouins I once saw in Morocco, who wear their traditional costumes with blue-and-yellow plastic shoes. *That* I like." She would plainly rather discuss Bedouin *couture* than recap her life and career. Both began, in a sense, at the age of 15, when she sought to liberate herself from the no-nos of a convent education and her French bourgeois upbringing by plunging into a passionate love affair with a young man of 23. Their marriage lasted a year, says Dominique, adding, "It ended bitterly. Marriage was just my excuse. Soon I began to be photographed by everyone and made a lot of money. He made no money at all, because he didn't work. Mostly, I did not respect him."

The glamor of modeling soon palled, despite *Vogue* spreads and frequent junkets to Africa, Turkey, Jamaica, Israel, New York. "It was fine for a while, because I was searching for something, but fashion is a world of surfaces, horribly narcissistic. I was like a butterfly, liking people for a day or an hour. I stayed out every night, very late, trying everything . . . you know?" Assured that we know, she smiles the smile of a frolicsome princess who's been caught creeping home at dawn in servant girl's disguise.

Her first film role came at 17, when a friend suggested to veteran French director Robert Bresson that she would be perfectly cast as the heroine of *Une Femme Douce*, his adaptation of a Dostoievsky short story. Bresson got more than he bargained for. "He is really a terrible man, very egoistic," Dominique explains, "and he wants publicity only for himself. All my friends warned me that the actors in Bresson films just disappear and never do anything afterward. One man, they say—I don't remember his name—finished a film with Bresson, then committed suicide by jumping under a train. He *wants* actors depressed, deflated, until there is no emotion left in them. He is brilliant but cold." She shivers, then shrugs off the memory of endless retakes by recalling how she invited writers and photographers to the set and garnered reams of publicity in Paris. "Bresson was furious, of course. But I had nothing to lose, I was not yet an actress. I told him simply, 'Look, you have done many films, but this is my first, and I enjoy the experience very much. I intend to do other films in the future. So you see. . . .'"

Bresson saw that he had a tigress by the tail and subsided. Dominique was next chosen to play opposite actor-director Maximilian Schell in *First Love* and chalked up another personal triumph, which prepared her for her memorable role with Jean-Louis Trintignant in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. Playing the beautiful Lesbian wife of a leftist political leader, Dominique recalls, "was my best film experience. Difficult, because I had to let go of myself, express real emotion. The exhibitionism was hardest for me, like the ballroom scene where the other woman and I danced the tango." A little number, incidentally, that *The New Yorker*'s tart, tough-minded critic Pauline Kael called "one of the most romantic screen dances since Rogers and Astaire."

Now she has three other completed movies on tap, including *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* for Italy's venerable Vittorio De Sica. Antonioni wants her for a film called *Technicamente Dolce* (*Technically Sweet*). She is slated to co-star with Terence Stamp in a screen version of the English stage hit *Abelard and Heloise*. Bertolucci wanted her back to team with Marlon Brando in his new film, but the part went to Catherine Deneuve—because of a conflicting commitment to make a movie in Yugoslavia, though that project came to grief because Dominique happens to be several months pregnant. She and Christian never discuss marriage, she insists, though her parents broach the subject from time to time.

As the sunlight fades, Dominique moves inside the villa, fetches a tea tray and settles onto a green-plush love seat beneath an oil painting dominated by a reclining figure that appears to be a ravished nun. Elsewhere, the decor features elephant tusks and mounted trophies, souvenirs of the absentee owner's hunting safaris. "Horrible," Dominique mutters and obliterates her surroundings with a glance. Near the marble-and-mahogany mantelpiece a considerable distance away, the stereo is playing the Beatles' *Abbey Road*. Dominique nuzzles her kitten, an eight-week-old tailless Siamese named Ether ("There he was in bed with us one morning, and I decided we must find a name for the cat. The name we chose was Ether."). Pensive, she stands gazing at the delicate necklace of lights across the bay and peels off observations more or less at random.

Regarding directors, she knows exactly what she wants. Nothing but the best. "Antonioni, Antonioni. He is a marvelous, sensitive man and my very good friend. We have a certain rapport. I also adore Fellini. A genius, but with too much fireworks. That's not my way. I wouldn't know what to do with Fellini." She professes admiration for Bergman and Godard but wrinkles her nose at mention of Truffaut. "Personally, I don't even know him, but he is terrible for me. I can see what he is in his films. A little French *bourgeois*. I hate that. I have to identify, in a way, with a director's ideas—the script, the actors, the philosophy, it must all come together like this"—she carves a perfect oval in the air, her slim fingers meeting.

Among potential male co-stars, her first choice would be Brando. "A great actor and a very gentle man. He spent a week with us in the mountains. He is a close friend of Christian's, since *Candy*." She is equally intrigued by the thought of working with Jack Nicholson. "He is so different from me, but it might be interesting, no? I loved his performance in *Five Easy Pieces*, then I met him. He seems a little restless, insecure, like many Americans. I suppose because there is so much tension, so many conflicts in America."

Christian enters, dressed in his customary blue jeans and work jacket. He spends hours every day closeted with a female scenarist who is helping him write a script for Dominique—a story about a headstrong young girl in love with a considerably older man. "Yes, the heroine rather resembles Dominique," he admits, "a little bit schizophrenic." He contemplates Dominique as if trying to separate fact from fiction and remarks that she often seems quite old, which is true. According to her changing mood, or the mere shift of light on her profile, she might be a wistful child of 11 or a French diplomat's daughter doing an undergraduate year at Bennington or a wickedly worldly woman whose charms are indefinable, ageless. Marquand calls her a kind of witch. "She is very strong," he adds, "but you will notice she seldom raises her voice." Seldom needs to, for her voice has a sensual depth and resonance quite rare in promising film actresses of 20.

Dominique's view of Christian is no less romantic. One of her treasured possessions, temporarily out for repair, is an earring made from a large toenail he broke while playing tennis. "It's nice."

(continued on page 212)

LET THERE BE LIGHT WHISKEYS

coming soon—courtesy the feds—something new in boozedom

By THOMAS MARIO TWO TYPES of new light whiskey will debut early this summer by the grace of the Federal powers that be. One will be the light whiskey that has gotten most of the publicity—whiskey distilled between 160 and 189 proof aged in used barrels. The second will be called blended light whiskey—light whiskey to which has been added up to 19 percent of the old-fashioned straight whiskey. In other *(concluded on page 204)*

DESIGNED BY KERIG POPE / PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL ARSENAULT

"Try it. You'll like it."


vargas

TERMINAL MAN

(continued from page 82)

tag, which Morris had almost never seen on a patient's chart. The white tag meant security precautions.

"That must be my record. I always wondered what was in it," Benson said as Morris wheeled him down the hall toward 710.

"Lot of unreadable notes, mostly," Morris said. Actually, Benson's chart was thick and very readable, since most of it was computer print-out of different tests.

They came to 710. Before they entered the room, one of the cops went in and closed the door behind him. The second cop remained outside.

Benson glanced up at Morris. "They're very careful about me," he said. "It's almost flattering."

The cop came out. "It's OK," he said.

Morris wheeled Benson into the room; followed by the cops. Seven-ten was a large room, on the south side of the hospital, so that it was sunny in the afternoon. Benson looked around and nodded approvingly. Morris said, "This is one of the best rooms in the hospital."

Benson got out of the wheelchair and sat on the bed. He bounced on the mattress. He pressed the buttons that made the bed move up and down, then bent over to look at the motorized mechanism beneath the bed. Morris went to the window and drew the blinds, reducing the direct light.

"This bed mechanism is remarkably simple," Benson said. "You should really have a feedback unit, so that body movements by the person in the bed are automatically compensated for. . . ." His voice trailed off. He opened the closet doors, looked in, checked the bathroom, came back. Most patients were intimidated by the hospital, Morris reflected, but Benson acted as if he were renting a hotel room.

"I'll take it," Benson said and laughed. He sat on the bed again and looked at Morris, then at the cops. "Do they have to be here?"

"I think they can wait outside," Morris said.

The cops went out, closing the door behind them.

"I meant," Benson said, "do they have to be here at all?"

"Yes. Unless we can get charges dropped against you."

Benson nodded and frowned. "Was it . . . I mean, did I . . . was it bad?"

"You gave him a black eye and you fractured one rib."

"But he's all right?"

"Yes. He's all right."

"I don't remember any of it," Benson said. "All my memory cores are erased." Then he added, "But I'm glad it was no worse."

Morris said, "Did you bring anything with you? Pajamas, anything like that?"

Benson said, "No. But I can arrange for it."

"OK. I'll get you some hospital clothing in the meantime. Are you all right for now?"

"Yes. Sure." And he grinned.

• • •

The cops had brought a chair up to the door. One sat there, the other stood alongside. Morris flipped open his notebook.

"You'll want to know the schedule," he said. "An admitting person will show up in the next half hour with financial waivers for Benson to sign. Then at three-thirty, he goes downstairs to the main amphitheater for surgical rounds. He comes back after about twenty minutes. His head will be shaved tonight. The operation is scheduled for six tomorrow morning. Do you have questions?"

"Can someone get us meals?" one of them asked.

Morris said, "I'll have the nurse order extras. Will there be two of you or just one?"

"Just one. We're working eight-hour shifts."

Morris said, "I'll tell the nurses. It'd help if you checked in and out with them. They like to know who's on the floor."

The cops nodded. There was a moment of silence. Finally, one of them said, "What's wrong with him, anyway?"

"He has a form of epilepsy. When he has a fit, he's violent."

"I saw the guy he beat up," one of the cops said. "Big strong guy, looked like a truck driver. You'd never think a little guy like that"—he jerked his arm toward Benson's room—"could do it."

The cop frowned and asked, "What's this operation he's getting?"

"It's a kind of brain surgery we call a stage-three procedure," Morris said. He didn't bother to explain further. The policemen wouldn't understand. And, he thought, even if they understood, they wouldn't believe it.

II

Neurosurgical grand rounds, where unusual cases were presented and discussed by all the surgeons of the hospital, was normally scheduled for Thursdays at nine A.M. A special rounds was hardly ever called. It was too difficult for the staff to get together. But now the amphitheater was packed, tier after tier of white jackets and pale faces staring down at Ellis, who pushed his glasses up his nose and said, "As many of you know, tomorrow morning the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit will perform a limbic pacing procedure—what we call a stage three—on a human patient."

There was no sound, no movement from the audience. Janet Ross stood in the corner of the amphitheater near the doors and watched. She found it odd that there should be so little reaction. But then it was hardly a surprise. Everyone in the hospital knew that the NPS had been waiting for a good stage-three subject.

"I must ask you," Ellis said, "to restrain your questions when the patient is introduced. He is a sensitive man and his disturbance is quite severe. We thought you should have the psychiatric background before we brought him in. The attending psychiatrist, Dr. Ross, will give you a summary." Ellis nodded to Ross. She came forward to the center of the room.

She stared up at the steeply banked rows of faces and felt a momentary hesitation. Janet Ross was tall and exceptionally good-looking in a lean, tanned, dark-blonde way. She herself felt she was too bony and angular, and she often wished she were more softly feminine. But she knew her appearance was striking, and at 30, after more than a decade of training in a predominantly masculine profession, she had learned to use it.

She clasped her hands behind her back, took a breath and launched into the summary in the rapid, stylized method that was standard for grand rounds.

"Harold Franklin Benson," she said, "is a thirty-four-year-old divorced computer scientist who was healthy until two years ago, when he was involved in an automobile accident on the Santa Monica Freeway. Following the accident, he was unconscious for an unknown period of time. He was taken to a local hospital for overnight observation and discharged the next day in good health. He was fine for six months, until he began to experience what he called blackouts."

The audience was silent, faces staring down at her, listening.

"These blackouts lasted several minutes and occurred about once a month. They were often preceded by the sensation of peculiar, unpleasant odors. The blackouts frequently occurred after drinking alcohol. The patient consulted his local physician, who told him he was working too hard and recommended he reduce his alcohol intake. Benson did this, but the blackouts continued.

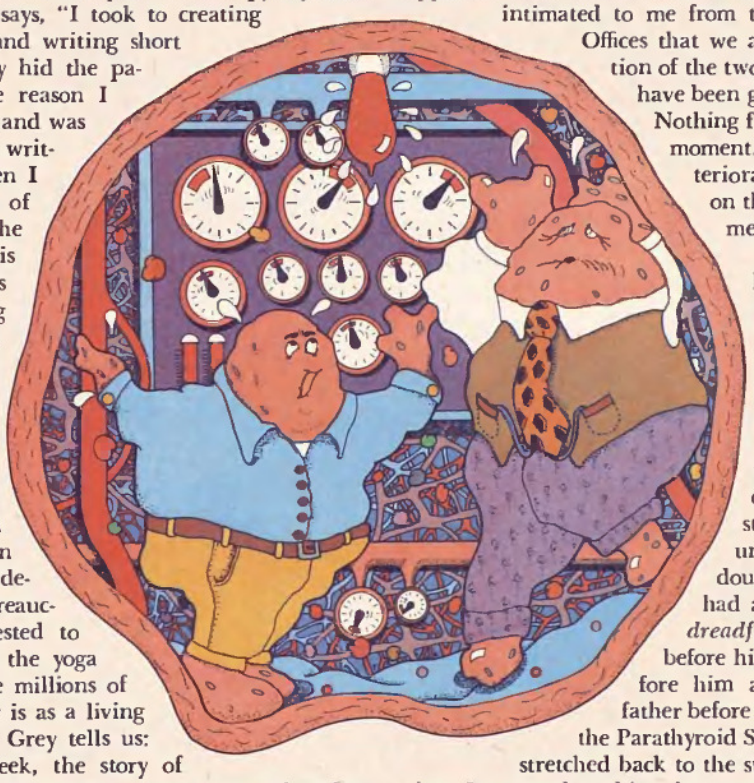
"One year ago—a year after the accident—he realized that the blackouts were becoming more frequent and lasting longer. He often regained consciousness, to find himself in unfamiliar surroundings. On several occasions, he had cuts and bruises or torn clothing, which suggested that he had been fighting. However,

(continued on page 180)

HIMSELF

fiction By ANTHONY GREY

For 806 days between July 1967 and October 1969, Anthony Grey, a correspondent for Britain's Reuters wire service, was kept in solitary confinement, without charges, in Peking. His quarters were claustrophobically small. His diet was meager. At first, he was permitted a total of three books, on chess, yoga and communism (later, he stole a fourth, *Doctor Zhivago*). Desperately lonely, constantly humiliated and harassed, he was in fear of mental collapse. "To occupy my mind constructively," he says, "I took to creating crossword puzzles and writing short stories. I frequently hid the papers, and for some reason I was never searched and was able to get all my writings out safely when I was released." One of the short stories he wrote during this time begins on this page. It has nothing to do with China, nor communism, nor his confinement. It is neither bitter nor despairing. On the contrary, it is a charming fantasy in which the human body functions as a departmentalized bureaucracy. It was suggested to Grey by a line in the yoga book: "Each of the millions of cells in man's body is as a living being on its own." Grey tells us: "So, tongue in cheek, the story of *Himself* was gradually built up. I was uneasy about embarking on it, since, because of its setting in the parathyroid glands, I wondered whether it might make me obsessed with the glands in my own throat. But I decided to chance it and, to my delight, found I so enjoyed writing the story that I didn't stop to worry." The very existence of the tale—to say nothing of its engaging whimsy and inventiveness—is a tribute to Grey's strength and inner resources in the face of treatment deliberately designed to shatter his spirit. He says: "Often two words would recur to me in that room in Peking: 'Nothing matters!' But life always matters—very much."



CELL NUMBER 10047 closed the file he had been working on with a snap, placed it in the supervisor's in tray and said, with a hint of boredom in his voice, "Estimated calcium requirements for maintaining hardness of two hundred and six bones, twenty-nine teeth and twenty toe- and fingernails during the coming month, all present and correct, sir!"

The supervisor of the Parathyroid Subsection regarded the young cell for a moment and remarked mildly, "I don't think there is any need for military overtones in the work of this department. And you might make a note that we may be losing one, if not two, teeth in the near future, bringing the number down to twenty-eight or possibly twenty-seven, thereby reducing future estimated needs."

"Oh, have you heard something from upstairs?" asked 10047 in the offhand manner he affected. "Couple of Himself's molars dickey, are they?"

The supervisor, who thought the young cell's manner was bordering on impertinence, let a tinge of his disapproval show in the tone of his reply. "It has been intimated to me from the Central Executive Offices that we are to have an inspection of the two teeth soon, since they have been giving us some trouble. Nothing further is certain at the moment. By the way, the deterioration is no reflection on the work of this department, I am told."

The supervisor allowed himself the indulgence of a smug smile. The older cell always used the royal or pontifical we when referring to the organization in its entirety. In his young days, terms such as upstairs and Himself were unheard of. And no doubt these young upstarts had a whole range of such *dreadful* slang. His father before him, his grandfather before him and his grandfather's father before that had all supervised the Parathyroid Subsection and the line stretched back to the subsection's very inception. It seemed to him that youngsters today weren't what they used to be. Didn't have the same sense of service in them.

The network of pipes, thick and thin, ducts and canals that ran past the Parathyroid Subsection hummed and throbbed quietly but rhythmically with their usual morning efficiency. They looked for all the world like the complex pipelines of a giant chemical plant. There was an occasional gurgle from one of the ducts.

"Where would you say we are now?" asked 10047 of the supervisor, idly. He thought perhaps his senior would be flattered by this appeal to his superior experience. Calm his ruffled feathers, perhaps.

"In the eight-twenty to Liverpool Street, I would guess," replied the supervisor after a moment. He cocked his head and listened to the sounds coming from outside the department. "I should say we're quietly reading our newspaper at present." He coughed slightly, the way cells do, and pretended to busy himself with the cellular papers before him.

He wasn't going to show he was pleased at this unusual display of respect for his seniority from an underling. There was a long pause. It was quiet in the department this morning. The innumerable dials and gauges held steady on their norms. There was the usual

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG TAYLOR

subdued bustle in the back, the workshops section, as the delivery workers—10047 called them members of the Red Corps—unloaded the oxygen needed for the section's small-scale production and carted away carbon-dioxide drums for disposal. Elsewhere, enzyme specialists prepared shipments of calcium in the blood plasma, to be sent on to proper addresses in the system. There was no hint of the high drama to come.

"Exactly how old are we now?" asked 10047, trying to fight off the overpowering feeling of boredom that always came over him at this time each day.

"Established 1933. We have been in business now for a little over thirty-five years," said the supervisor. He was becoming a little suspicious of the young cell's innocent questions.

The unmistakable sound of half a dozen landing craft going by laden with armed troops came from an enclosed canal that ran close by.

"There go some more lads of the White Corps off to the front to fight the foreign foe," said 10047 lightly, after listening to them pass.

"Oh," said the supervisor, raising his cellular eyebrows, "since you seem so well informed, perhaps you might tell us where they are going—these 'lads of the White Corps.'" He liked white corpuscles to be called white corpuscles or at least white cells.

"I understand there's been a bit of trouble up on the nape of the neck these past few days," said 10047 airily. "Small invasion by foreign group. Nothing special. Usual sort of scrap. We lost a few, but I think it's mostly cleared up by now. I fancy those boyos are going up more for mopping up than anything else. The White Corps' chief is in a bit of a flap, apparently. Just when he wanted all the air he could get to help him seal off the area, Himself apparently goes and bangs a plaster on the outside—what he calls a small boil—completely gumming up the works. The chief's been on to upstairs about it and they hope to get Himself to tear it off later today. But they don't promise anything. You know what they are, 'We can only recommend and advise.'" 10047 mimicked the last phrase in a bureaucratic voice.

Then he noticed with a sudden pang of unease that the supervisor was regarding him with unusual intentness. In his desire to show off his knowledge of affairs, had he perhaps been indiscreet?

"Tell me just exactly how you know all that," said the supervisor, speaking very quietly.

"Um, well," 10047 hesitated and flushed slightly as cells are wont to do. "I've . . . um, I've got a pal in one of the departments upstairs," he said finally, not knowing how this would be received.

"And how, exactly, do you get in touch with him, since you never leave this department?"

10047 glanced round at the little desk instruments in the department, the terminals of the vast communications network. He listened to the soft hum from the trunk lines outside as messages whizzed back and forth between the Central Executive Offices and all departments at speeds of around 300 miles per hour. His gaze rested for a moment on the junction boxes marked SENSORY SYSTEM, VOLUNTARY MOTOR SYSTEM and AUTONOMIC SYSTEM. He took a deep breath and said, with a rush, "Well, we sometimes have a chat through the old communications network—only in the absolutely quiet times, when there's no other traffic," he added hastily, realizing his chief was likely to be displeased.

"I hardly need to remind you," said the supervisor severely, "of the seriousness of misusing the communications." But he didn't say more. He was secretly impressed by his subordinate's contact and already realized it might be of help to him sometime in short-circuiting normal channels.

"Who is your 'pal'?" he asked at length, a slight sarcastic inflection on the last word.

"B. C. 1474729," replied the young cell, using the B. C. prefix enviously. If there ever came a chance, he would dearly love to become a B. C. (Brain Cell). All the others were entitled to the L. C. (Living Cell) prefix, but nobody ever used it, since it was so common.

The supervisor, remembering he should be more reproving, cut sharply into the L. C.'s thoughts.

"Have you no work to do, 10047?"

"Well, nothing that isn't absolutely routine and rather dull," the young cell replied, surprised at his own boldness, "and rather than spread it thinly over the day, I can pack it all away in half an hour later on."

The supervisor raised his cellular eyebrows again but said nothing. He imagined this look combined majestic aloofness, imperious disdain and dignified apartness appropriate in a departmental head.

"What I mean is," said 10047, deciding to crash on, "the work here isn't very exciting, is it? Now, if I were down in Adrenals, it would be different. Just imagine! Life being concerned solely with danger and excitement. Waiting at the ready to shovel out a lashing of the precious adrenaline into the jolly old network. Then sitting back and watching the old pipelines constrict, all the pressure gauges going up, the whole works throbbing at a new, faster level, going flat-out, key pitch, bang, bang, bang!"

He stopped and looked at the supervisor. Perhaps it wouldn't do to get too carried away.

"Your work here is equally important, if less spectacular," the older cell said with a firm note of censure. "And perhaps one thing you haven't considered, our far superior position. We are pleasantly situated adjoining Thyroid Departments in a high frontal position that is eminently desirable. Adrenals Division, of which you seem inordinately fond, on the other hand, have their two sections well down in the" —he paused and a note of distaste crept into his voice"—in the lumbar region, directly adjoining the Decontamination and Filter Plants at Area Kidney."

10047 made no reply to this. How typical the old celliferous fool should think more about their position on the map than what they did!

"Of course," said 10047, letting his voice go a little dreamy, as cells can, "if ever there came a chance to remuster, which I know is without precedent, I should really like to go upstairs." He paused reflectively, then continued even more dreamily:

"Pituitary Control. . . ." He let the words roll deliciously off his tongue. "Pituitary Control, what

"I was taking karate lessons—then I thought, what the hell! and switched to belly dancing."

Himself would call the master gland. Send a team of hormones here, send a team of hormones there and all the L. C.s behind the doors marked THYROID DEPARTMENT, PARATHYROID SUBSECTION, PANCREAS, ADRENALS DIVISIONS and the others jump to your commands. Position, influence, respect! Or even to move into the rarefied atmosphere of the central executive offices themselves. The gray, computerized complex corridors of power! Cranium House! The Whitehall of our world!" He stopped suddenly and looked up. "Hello, what's happening to the old plumbing?"

The steady quiet rhythm in the pipelines had suddenly increased. The lights in the department were burning brighter. There was an uptempo pounding from the whole network. Everybody in the department instinctively turned expectant eyes to the automatic warning board. But the red EMERGENCY sign didn't come on, nor did the action-stations hooter sound. After a few moments, the rhythm began to slow and soon returned to normal.

"Well," said 10047, letting out a long breath, "talking of the boys in Adrenals, that was clearly their doing! Wonder what it was. Didn't last long, anyway, did it? Perhaps someone fired off by mistake. I shall have to ask my pal upstairs."

Somewhere far below the Parathyroid Subsection, the Fuel Refinery and Processing Division and its several satellite construction and maintenance units had already begun work on a new consignment of raw materials that had recently arrived. Refinery's chief engineer was on the line to somebody on high in Central Executive.

"How do you find today's first delivery, Chief?" the B. C. was saying. "We had more time than usual today to think of you."

"Fine, just fine—in itself," the chief added with that note of reserve that every good N. C. O. knew indicated respectfully to the officer and gentleman with whom he was dealing that things were not quite as they might be. He waited for his cue, so that the officer and gentleman could think later that his astute perception uncovered the problem.

"Something's bothering you, Chief, I divine," said the voice of the B. C. on the line, taking up the bait nicely.

"Well, sir, we're all very pleased to see bacon, coffee, eggs, butter and so on back in the consignment today. It's some time since we've seen that, sir. We'd begun to get accustomed to much less and even no morning delivery at all on occasions."

"Well, Chief," the finely modulated tones of the B. C. broke in. "You know how it is. We are a frantically busy up-and-coming bachelor business executive who does things in a hurry, works late, sleeps little." He laughed the little laugh of a superior confiding in a subordinate.

"That's as may be, sir, but with due respect"—the chief had decided to persist—"it's not going to be good enough. You know, sir, as well as I that it's not only the morning delivery that has been a bit haphazard. Two large measures of whiskey and a very small quantity of bread, butter and ham at midday, hurriedly consigned, does not make the most of the processing equipment at our disposal. To coin a phrase, sir, it's underemployed."

The B. C. began to interrupt.

"Ah, I know what you're going to say, sir. It's made up for later, often with a very heavy consignment late in the evening. Quite right. But you know, it's the wrong time and, once again with due respect, doesn't always help us in richness ratios. Overall, sir, we've dipped fairly heavily into the glucose reserves held at Liver Pool. They're almost out there. The next thing, we'll have to go over to fats conversion with according weight loss. And my people dealing with alcohol are rarely underemployed," he added in a matter-of-fact voice. Then he continued in what he hoped might be construed by his listener as an ominous tone.

"I'm having my maintenance chaps keep a very careful daily eye on the Duodenum Section of the pipeline—regular inspections for signs of construction stress, material fatigue—we can't be too careful on duodenal faults. What we should like down here is regular, balanced deliveries three times daily, sir. It's in our best interests."

"OK, Chief, I'll do what I can. But you know the position up here. We don't have the final decision on these things. . . ." The chief engineer, raising his cellular eyes heavenward, chanted under his breath in unison with the B. C. the final inevitable phrase—"We can only recommend and advise."

He hung up and went back to his work, shaking his head in that peculiar way cells have.

Upstairs, the B. C. put down his instrument and remarked to a colleague with a laugh, "Chiefy's carping about irregularity of supplies again. I suppose we'd better have another go at it."

He drew a memo pad toward him and began to write. His printed heading was addressed to "I," who was they knew not what exactly, and who dwelt they knew not where. They were not even sure where the memos they composed eventually arrived. They were whisked away on the internal postal system and disappeared forever in the maze of the gray corridors. They could, indeed, only recommend and advise to the attention of the mysterious, omnipresent, omnipotent, yet evanescent, "I."

• • •

Back in the Parathyroid Subsection, L. C. 10047 had just finished making a quick and very discreet call to his pal upstairs.

"Well, well, well," he said slowly and a little tantalizingly, as he knew the supervisor was eagerly waiting for the news, "that *is* interesting." He wore a broad celliferous grin.

"Know what the cause of all the excitement was?" he asked, addressing the supervisor and all the other expectant L. C.s in the department. Obviously they didn't, and after one or two had chorused rather testily "No, no, what was it?," 10047 deigned to let them in on the somewhat spicy secret.

"New secretary!" he said smugly. "What we were treated to was the reaction of Himself to the first sight of his new secretary on arrival at the office. According to information received from the two observation outlets in the mighty Optics Unit, her L. C.s are really stacked, lads, really stacked! A regular dish of the most succulent variety, I am told. Judging from what we noticed here, I should think it was a case of lust at first sight!"

There was a little buzz of discussion at this.

Half aloud, half to himself, 10047 mused on the topic. "Just imagine, a fine, gently undulating, soft, fragrant, warm, splendidly stacked assemblage of feminine L. C.s.

"Wouldn't mind getting involved with something in that direction myself." He had been gazing dreamily into the middle distance. As he focused again, he realized the supervisor had been listening. "Of course," he continued, "if there were to be any chance of that, I'd have to change direction in my remustering intentions, wouldn't I? It wouldn't be a matter of going up, but of going down! Have to get myself a slot in the glamor department, wouldn't I?"

The supervisor lost his breath at this. He tried to cough to hide it, choked, spluttered and went red in his cellular face. Only after several minutes was he able to speak again.

"If by the glamor department you mean the Reproduction Unit, I suggest you use its correct term." He turned away abruptly but, to his own surprise, found he was having to suppress a smile at the unconventional nomenclature employed by the young 10047.

In the early evening, 10047 announced gleefully to his Parathyroid

(continued on page 214)

an enormous pool of scientific and engineering manpower—without jobs or prospects—is stagnating because of governmental indifference and ineptitude

AEROSPACED OUT

article BY U.S. SENATOR ALAN CRANSTON

Applicant is a management-oriented person with extensive administrative and engineering experience. His ability to initiate, organize, plan and administer management policies and engineering programs has been fully developed. Applicant is thoroughly familiar with the most up-to-date engineering techniques, as well as the most effective means of communicating to ensure that programs are completed with success. He is highly regarded by his associates and would be a valuable asset to an employer seeking a man with his qualifications."

George Florea, the unemployed 49-year-old aerospace engineer who wrote that self-description for his job résumé, holds two college degrees and was a ten-year employee at the Lockheed Missiles and Space Company plant in Sunnyvale, California, when he was laid off in February 1970. At Christmas of that year, he worked as a department-store Santa Claus for $2.50 an hour; it was his first job in nine months. Florea is a family man with three children; he's a political conservative, a loyal, dedicated citizen and a good neighbor, who for 14 years has lived in the same house on Stephen Road in San Mateo, California. He is understandably baffled that he can't find a job that would utilize his obviously needed skills, training and talent.

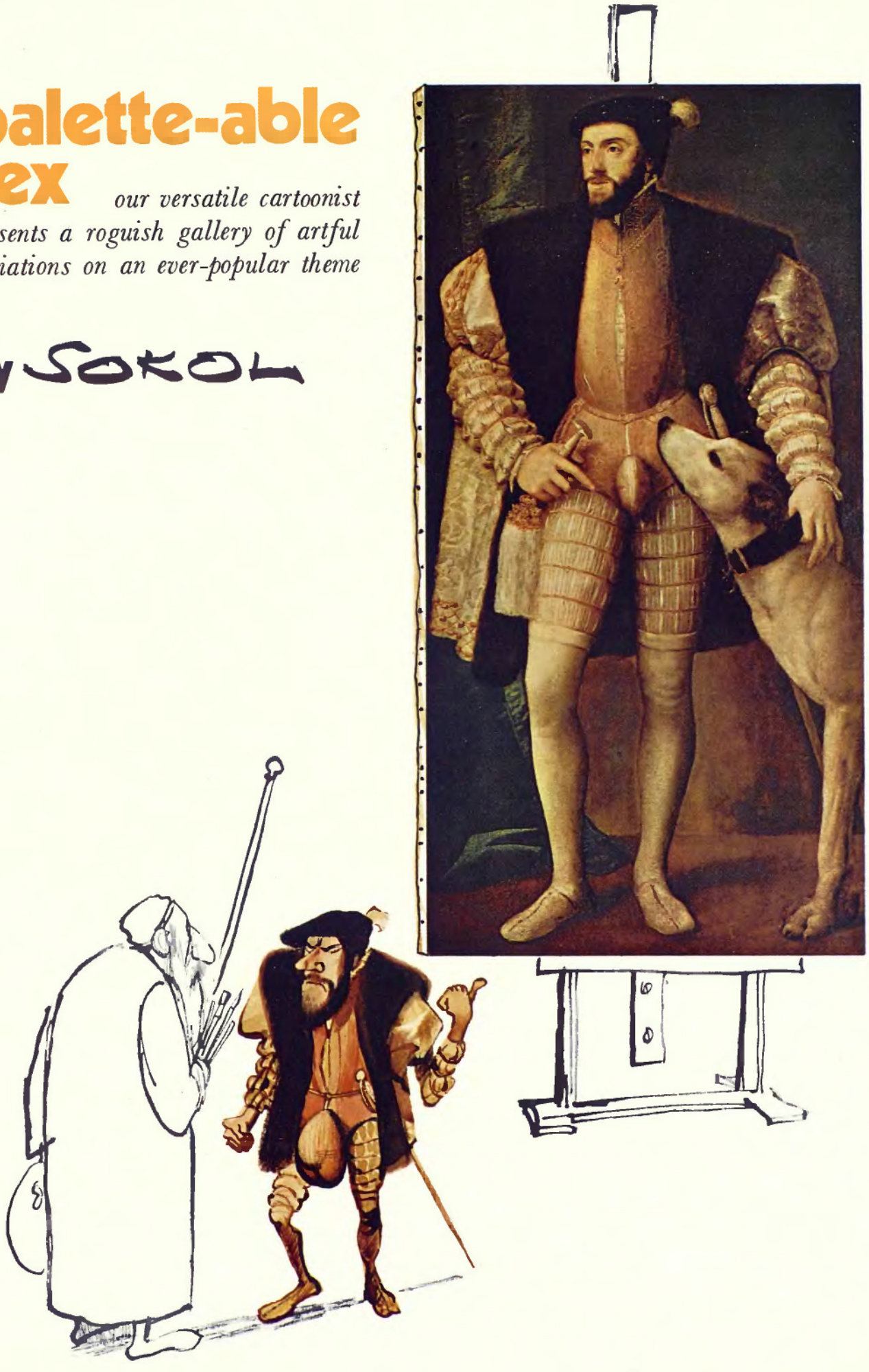
There are about 85,000 George Floreas around the nation at present. Most of them are concentrated where the high-technology aerospace and *(continued on page 106)*

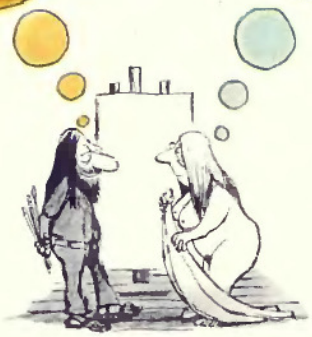
ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEKO

palette-able sex

our versatile cartoonist presents a roguish gallery of artful variations on an ever-popular theme

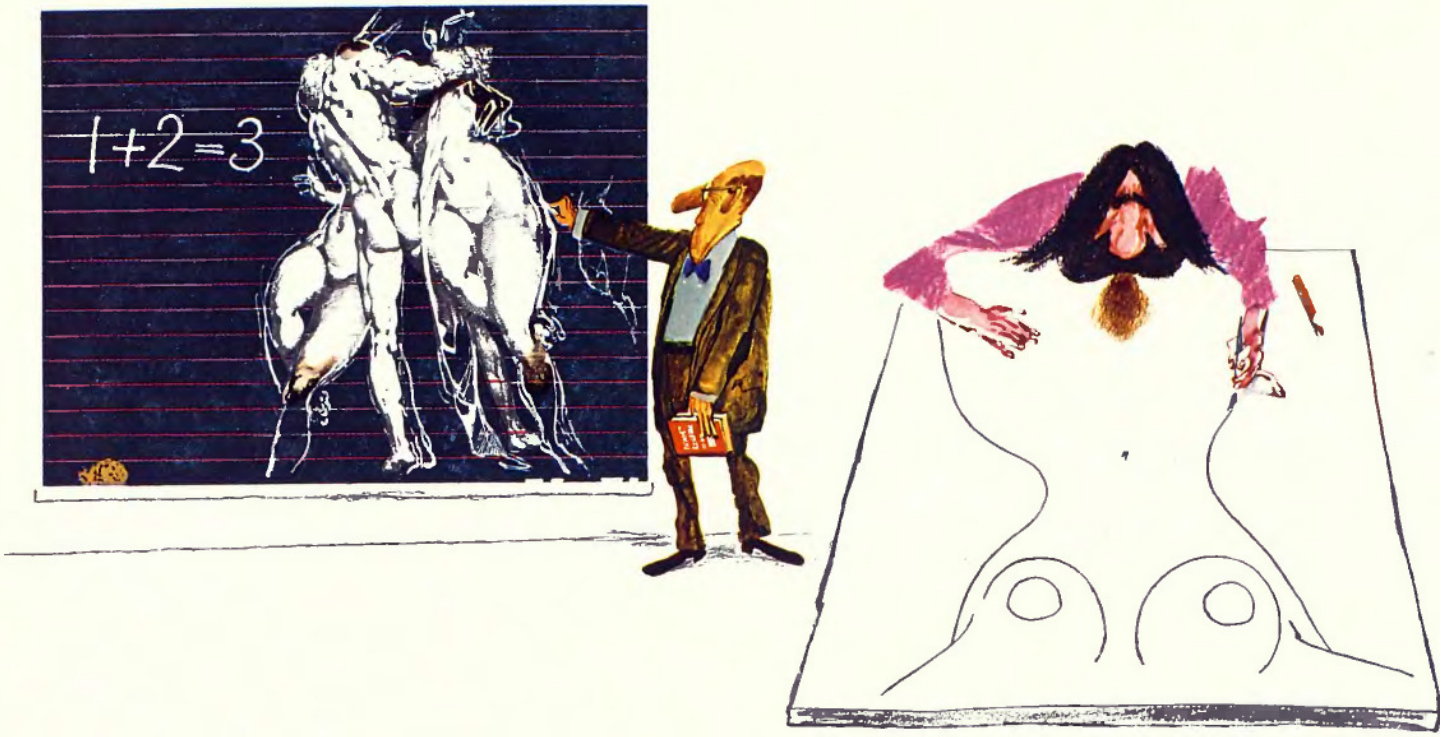
by SOKOL





AFTER TITIANVS · P.


God save the King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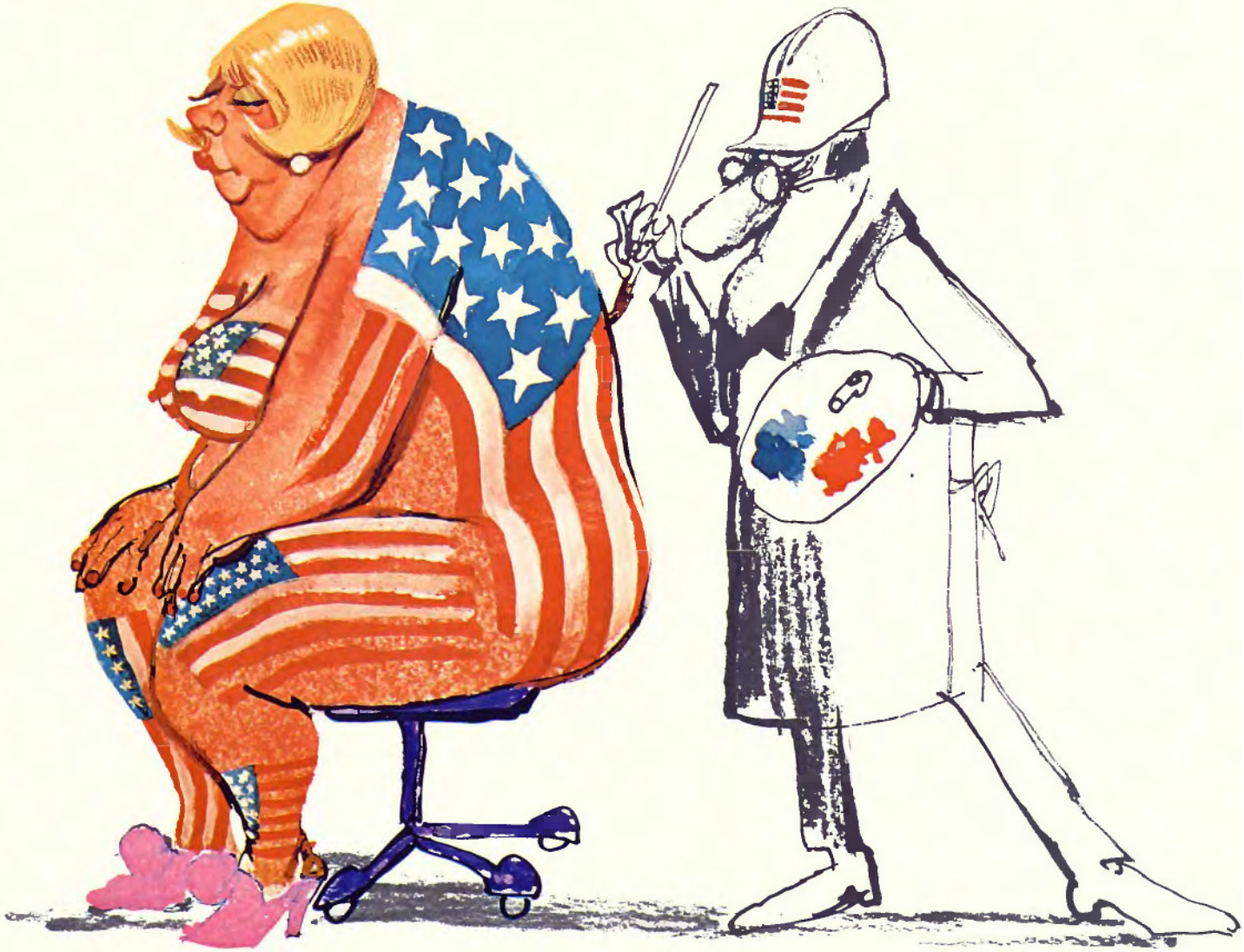


Louis XI
ISN'T GETTING
ANY
SOKOL

AEROSPACED OUT

(continued from page 99)

defense industries are located—in California, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Texas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Missouri, Washington and Florida. Cutbacks in space and defense contracts and a drop in Vietnam expenditures from 28 billion dollars to around ten billion dollars annually, grossly exacerbated by a general economic slowdown, brought the mass layoffs. There were 235,000 scientists and engineers employed in aerospace in 1968. Today there are around 150,000. Total employment in aerospace is down nearly 518,000 from 1968, the peak year of employment, when 1,400,000 were on the industry payrolls.

Since the end of World War Two, the aerospace and defense industries have roller-coastered through their own depression-prosperity cycles, generated by alternate waves of war scares, defense-technology "breakthroughs" and big-spending space programs. And now the roller coaster is down again, deep in the trough of NASA budget cuts and a slowdown in defense spending—an estimated 18 billion dollars in defense procurement for 1972, compared with 24 billion dollars in 1968—due in no small part to Congressional resistance to unwarrantedly large defense budgets.

So George Florea got the ax. And he and other engineers and scientists, worried industrialists and perplexed politicians are asking: What happened to conversion? The men and the companies that built the enormously complex Apollo rockets, spaceships and communications systems surely have something to contribute to meeting our critical civilian needs.

Electronically operated transportation systems, complex computer networks for programmed education and health services, air- and water-pollution-control systems, airport-traffic-control systems, ocean and atmospheric monitoring, assembly-line mass-produced housing, plus hundreds of other ideas for solving the nation's economic, social and environmental problems have been offered. But what has resulted?

Conversion may have been talked to death—if, indeed, it ever was alive. Hundreds of studies, millions of written words, thousands of speeches and desks full of editorials have warned, charged, proposed, exhorted, complained and explained the need for the nation to prepare for peace and begin the task of converting our giant aerospace and defense technology from arms production to the production of civilian goods and services.

Congress for years has wrestled with the question of conversion. Scores of hearings have been held, legislation introduced, surveys made, economists and business experts heard. But for all those hearings and studies, surveys and reports, America continues to waste the 85,000 engineering and scientific brains that helped design our intricate space and defense systems and to waste billions of dollars' worth of plants and equipment that now lie rusting.

Six years ago, the state of California commissioned four systems-analysis studies by the aerospace industry. The idea was to apply the aerospace-systems approach to dealing with crime, transportation and waste disposal. The studies drew national attention as forerunners of how space and missile engineering and management techniques could be used to solve more earthly problems. Today, under a different state administration, the four studies are gathering dust on the "conversion shelf" in the California State Library—four more monuments to America's naïve faith that a problem will be solved if only enough people keep talking and writing about it.

Few people doubt that these experts could design civilian systems to help solve social and governmental problems if they were given the chance. That's not the problem. The hang-up lies in the failure of government to plan adequately for the redeployment of men and facilities far enough in advance of the layoffs and cutbacks. The arms race triggered by Cold War fears after World War Two, the space race triggered by the Soviet success with Sputnik in 1957, and the Korean and Vietnam wars kept the high-technology aerospace and defense industries busy. Unemployment was only an occasional thing. An engineer was never out of work; he was only "between jobs," like a Hollywood actor. He waited out an occasional layoff beside his swimming pool, where he leisurely selected the best of several attractive offers.

But now the historic Apollo program is almost finished and the NASA budget has been severely cut. Total industry sales have dropped from nearly 30 billion dollars in 1968 to around 23.3 billion dollars in 1971. Yet no coordinated plan has been put forth to move men and materials out of armaments and space exploration and into jobs to improve our society and the lives of our people. The "peace dividend" that private and Governmental economists avidly anticipated, the money that was to be left over for more productive purposes when costly cold and hot wars were wound down, has yet to appear in the national budget. It has been eaten up by inflation, the incessant drive for new weapons and the futile, unending race to outpace military obsolescence.

It's simply not possible to speak of guns and butter when we spend more on military matters than on anything else. Our Government seems unable to conceive of anything with a higher priority than arms and arms races. In consequence, domestic problems such as education, health, housing and transportation have been sacrificed. Sacrificed, too, have been the jobs these pursuits could have created and the men who could have filled them.

One California engineer commits suicide holding a handful of rejection letters telling him there are no openings; another operates an ice-cream stand; George Florea becomes Santa Claus; and thousands of others head for the welfare offices and unemployment-benefit lines. There is growing bitterness on those lines. Thomas O. was an aerospace engineer-manager near San Jose, California, with six kids and a $300-a-month home. He owned a boat and was making payments on two cars. Now he's on welfare, using food stamps to feed the kids. He's articulate and angry:

"You know, we aerospace people thought we were a special breed and we still try to keep our elitist position even in the unemployment lines. We talk about *The Wall Street Journal*. We dress up in our suits as though we were going to lunch with an important executive. Most of all, we look straight ahead as we stand in line, trying not to see the other unemployed workers around us. Well, I'm tired of that 'motherhood, sunshine and 1972-will-be-better' bull. Engineers are expected not to rock the boat, but if being unemployed has taught me anything, it has opened my eyes to the great big lie I've been fed about being an elitist."

Melvin S. of Los Angeles sardonically suggests that aerospace engineers be listed as an endangered species and proposes the establishment of an Aerospace Preserve and Environmental Sanctuary (APES). A newly formed organization called the American Engineers and Scientists Association is attempting to organize a national campaign to discourage students from entering engineering and scientific programs of study.

Even when an engineering job does open up, the help-wanted ad will often read, "No aerospace, please." Why no aerospace? "They're too old. . . . They've been overpaid. . . . They're overspecialized. . . . They haven't kept up to date in their fields. . . . Young graduates are smarter, know computers, come cheaper and are more eager. . . ." So the answers go.

How about retraining? Why not turn the aerospace engineer into, say, an environmental engineer? Twenty-four men who would rather switch than continue a losing fight have undergone that kind of retraining at the University of California at Irvine. Others are enrolled in special summer programs at USC. But will there be jobs for them when they

(continued on page 162)

FUNNYPHONES

new york sculptor bob ebers has started a bell epoch in art

For those who can no longer take the phone company seriously. Clockwise from 11: Ebers' funky sculpturephone Uncle Peace stands 21" high, $175. The Lucite Blue Man has bright-red eyes that light when a call is in progress, $250. Mo Bell is made of plywood, metal and Lucite; her nipples flash when the phone rings, $200. Big Ball, also of Lucite, is Ebers' most popular creation; it doubles as a lamp and when the phone rings, the globe color changes from white to red, $300. Alexander Graham Grump is Ebers' comp commentary on the occasional frustrations of dealing with the Bell System, $200. Another plywood sculpture, The Brain, is partially assembled from telephone components, $175. The Lucite Big Dial, which includes the receiver, makes even the most inconsequential call seem important, $300. All of Ebers' funnyphones have been created in signed, limited editions of 400 and come equipped with phone jacks.

GRATEFUL DEAD

(continued from page 86)

major at Stanford, but nonetheless retains a certain charming innocence in matters of the spirit) was telling me the other day, "was in the Straight Theater up in the Haight in '67. I'd never even *heard* the Grateful Dead except on the radio; I was just beginning to find out about the head scene in those days. But I just *loved* their music. And when they came on that night—I remember the light show was all these yellow, swirling things going all the way up to the ceiling, it was like *sunshine*—I went up to the front by the stage and stood there lookin' up at Jerry, and I was thinkin' how I'd just never *seen* anyone like this before, this far-out, mellow dude just playin' that rock 'n' roll, the notes so clear and uncluttered, a beautiful, sparkling thing, you know? And so I looked up at Garcia and I just couldn't *help* but smile, it was just that . . . the *calm* on his face, it was like a *Buddha*, you know, like you can see where the *Buddha* is *at*. Nirvana, you know . . . and Jerry saw me lookin' at him, saw me smiling, and *he* smiled at *me*! And that just blew my *mind*! It was so *different*, this dude was just so *different*, I mean, before that I could *never* have smiled at a rock musician, they were all guys who were just showing off, 'I'm the big stud,' you know. It was all just a big *pose* kind of trip with them, showing off for their chicks and the audience, being tough guys. But *this* dude, I mean you could relate to him *directly*, with just your *eyes* that way. . . ."

• • •

It's a late-July Saturday night backstage at the Fillmore West, and out front the Grateful Dead are blasting away on the third and final set of the evening, but I alone of all the 3000 mind-blown music lovers in the hall can't hear them, not at this particular moment, anyhow, because my head has just now bottomed out of one of those bottomless nitrous-oxide tail spins and is only just beginning its swifter-than-the-speed-of-sound ascent, whizzing upward toward a reality I'd just as lief not hurry to confront, thanks all the same, this tiny overheated broom closet of a dressing room with six or seven freaks (foremost among them Zonk the Gasman and his faithful chrome-plated side-kick The Tank, that immortal pair to whose mutual beneficence the rest of us owe this glorious occasion) laid out on the floor in one or another stage of laughing-gas hog-wildness, grunting and groveling and slobbering and scuffling for the hose like so many French pigs rooting after the Ultimate Truffle (one spaced-out little groupie has had about 12 separate and distinct sets of convulsions in the past half hour, so many that her seizures have become part of the decor of the high; we anticipate them now, and when it's her turn to toke on the hose, we observe her as coolly as if her drooling rictus and spasmodic shudderings have been provided by the management for our amusement between our own tokes), and up there in the real world, where this particular gas flash is about to surface, I'll be obliged to open my eyes again and deal with the dismal fact that the Dead's final set is well under way and I have yet to really listen to a note they've played all evening, not to mention the equally onerous fact that my tape recorder and my brand-new Official Accuracy Reporter's Notebooks are lost somewhere amid the melee at my feet (I've somehow succeeded, by the way, in commandeering the only chair in the room, an overstuffed old number that's just right for doing nitrous oxide in, since it's so thoroughly rump-sprung I can't possibly fall out of it), and sooner or later I'm going to have to dig them out—the ignominious tools of this ignoble trade, I mean—and Get Down to Bidness, fall by the nearest phone booth and slip into my Front Page Farrell suit so that when the Dead have wrapped up this set I'll be all primed and cocked to zap them with the ole five Ws, the way Miss Parsons taught us in high school journalism (Who-What-Where-When-Why-and-sometimes-How-are-you, Grateful Dead?), when suddenly my head pops through the surface of my consciousness like the bobber on a fishing line that has just been gnawed in two by The Big One That Got Away, and the sound of the Dead catches up to me all in one great roaring rush, the voice of Jerry Garcia amplified to boiler-factory rumbustiousness yet still somehow as sweet and gentle as the purest babbling branch water chiding me:

"Please don't dominate the rap, Jack,
If you got nothin' new to say. . . ."

Oh well, I tell myself happily, settling back into the welcoming embrace of my armchair, probably Jerry's got the right idea there, probably I'd better just have me one or two more tastes on them there noxious gases, just to clear my head, and then I can go out there nice and fresh, all primed and cocked to. . . .

• • •

SCENE: *The Dead's business office in San Rafael, where* BOB HUNTER, *the Dead's lyricist, has just been telling everybody about a friend recently returned from a trip to Cuba. Enter* RAMROD, *one of the band's equipment handlers.*

HUNTER: Hey, you know who So-and-so talked to? Fidel Castro!

RAMROD: Yeah? Far out! How'd he get his number?

• • •

Now the first time *I* ever saw Jerry Garcia was in midwinter 1965, in Ken Kesey's house up in La Honda. I'm lounging around Kesey's living room, see, and this extraordinarily curious-looking party comes shuffling through. In point of fact, he's the very first true freak I've ever laid eyes on, this somewhat rotund young man with a hairdo like a dust mop dipped in coal tar, and after he's gone Kesey says that was Jerry Garcia, he's got a rock-'n'-roll band that's gonna play with us this Saturday night at the San Jose Acid Test, their name is the Warlocks but they're gonna change it to the Grateful Dead.

At the time, to tell the truth, I wasn't exactly galvanized with excitement by this bit of news; after all, only a few Saturday nights before that I'd attended what I've since come to regard as the Olde *Original* Acid Test, a curiously disjointed but otherwise perfectly ordinary party at Kesey's house featuring nothing more startling than an abundance of dope and a drunken Berkeley poet who kept loudly reciting Dylan Thomas and, at midnight (hours after I'd gone home, adept as ever at missing the main event), the ritual sacrifice and subsequent immolation of a chicken.

But what I didn't know then was that 400 people would turn up for the San Jose Acid Test, which begat the Palo Alto Acid Test, which begat the Fillmore Acid Test, which begat the Trips Festival, which begat Bill Graham, who (to hear *him* tell it, anyhow) begat Life As We Know It Today. Still, like I said, I couldn't possibly have known that at the. . . .

• • •

Michael Lydon (in *Rolling Stone*) on Jerry Garcia: "Some call Jerry a guru, but that doesn't mean much; he is just one of those extraordinary human beings who looks you right in the eyes, smiles encouragement and waits for you to become yourself. However complex, he is entirely open and unenigmatic. He can be vain, self-assertive and even pompous, but he doesn't fool around with false apology. More than anything else he is cheery—mordant and ironic at times, but undauntedly optimistic. He's been through thinking life is but a joke, but it's still a game to be played with relish and passionately enjoyed. Probably really ugly as a kid—lumpy, fat-faced and frizzy-haired—he is now beautiful, his trimmed hair and beard a dense black aureole around his beaming eyes. His body has an even grace, his face a restless eagerness, and a gentleness, not to be confused with 'niceness,' is his manner. His intelligence is quick

(continued on page 218)

"Maybe you should try another apple."

SUN-STRUCK

march playmate ellen michaels is always at the ready to flee fun city for a place in the warm

FUN CITY: To many natives, it's the epitome of everything and they wouldn't leave for anything. Not Ellen Michaels. Born and reared in Queens, this New Yorker escapes the metropolis every chance she gets. "I have no *real* complaints about New York," Ellen says. "In fact, I like a lot of things about the city. It has great theaters, restaurants, museums and all that. But the one thing

it doesn't have is great weather. It's muggy in the summer, freezing in the winter and rainy in the spring and fall. And for a sun worshiper like me, that kind of weather means no fun at all." So, to beat the elements, this sophomore at Queensborough Community College splits for the sun and surf of Miami during school vacations and as many weekends as possible in between. "Ever since I was

At home (left), Ellen tends to her plants in the morning before dressing and leaving for class at Queensborough Community College. She finds she's a few minutes early and has a preclass discussion with a friend (below).

Geology lab is first on Ellen's agenda. Her professor, Dr. Hugh Rance, instructs her in the use of a microscope (above). "I'm afraid I'm not crazy about geology," says Ellen, "but it's a requirement for my degree. Frankly, I'd rather study people than rocks." After the lab and lunch in the student cafeteria, Ellen and classmate Rich Polisea head for the Library Administration Building, where they spend an hour poring over the geology text (bottom) in preparation for the following week's quiz.

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

a little kid, I've been spending vacations there with my parents and younger brother. And we still go to Miami together for holidays like Christmas and Easter. But when they can't make it, I usually take off alone or with girlfriends. I can't say I really *do* a whole lot when I'm in Florida, except fool around in the water and lie in the sun," she says, "but that's something you sure can't do year round in New York." Even if the weather cooperated, however, when she was home in Queens, where she lives with her parents, Ellen's busy college schedule wouldn't allow much time for sunning. Majoring in elementary education, she will graduate from Queensborough, a two-year school, in June. After that,

Off to the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach for the weekend, Ellen meets another guest, George Santo, at poolside (above) and, after a skindiving lesson, joins George and friends in the ocean, where she tests out her new skills (right). Later, after getting all set for a bask in the sun (below left), Ellen discovers that it's raining, so she visits the Plaza's Health Club (below right) for a rubdown by expert James Copeland.

she plans to continue her studies at Queens College to earn her teaching certificate. "I'll probably consider teaching in the public elementary schools here, but the picture does look pretty bleak, at least right now," says Ellen. "There is a shortage of teaching positions in the city, and I feel that the teachers are generally underpaid. So after earning my degree at Queens, I may have to look around elsewhere for a teaching job," she says, a noticeable glint in her eye, "until the situation with the New York schools improves." And we'd say—merely hazarding a guess, of course—that her first choice just might be Miami.


MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Since the rain canceled her sun-tanning plans, Ellen and George take a spin in his Excalibur and stop at several boutiques to do some shopping. Ellen tries on four or five Indian-import dresses (top left) in The Fig Leaf before finally selecting one to wear that night. ("I wanted to buy all of them," says Ellen, "but I knew I had to return to New York and the wet, cold weather, so I decided to be practical and passed up the backless sundresses.") Back in her hotel room, Ellen prepares for the evening, washing and drying her hair (top right) before slipping into her new dress. Then it's off to the Plaza's Playmate Bar with George and another couple to take in Minsky's Burlesque (above), which includes block-out comedy skits featuring baggy-pants man Looney Lewis and precision-choreographed dance routines with chorus girls in glittering noncostumes. "It was a delightful evening," says Ellen, "but all the time I had to keep reminding myself that I really did have to go back to New York the next afternoon—and face a geology quiz on Monday. And, believe me, I certainly had no desire to leave. But Sunday morning there was sun, so I caught up on my tanning before packing my suitcases and heading home."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The newlyweds decided to spend their honeymoon at a ski lodge but failed to appear on the slopes for the first two days. They did manage to get out reasonably early on the third morning, acting as if they'd been skiing regularly. Over coffee on the terrace a little later, someone asked the bride how she liked skiing.

"It's a fantastic sport!" she burbled. "In my opinion, anyone who doesn't enjoy screwing is a real skiball."

Absolutely *not*, Mr. Entwhistle," said the call-girl to one of her regulars. "No more credit! You're into me for too much already."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *environmental pollution* as domain poisoning.

A mother and her convent-raised young daughter were riding in a taxi one evening through a midtown block notorious for early-hour street solicitation. "What are those women waiting for, Mother?" the girl inquired.

"They're probably meeting their husbands there after work," replied the woman hastily.

"Aw, c'mon, lady," grumbled the cabdriver, "why don'cha tell her the truth? She's old enough."

"Please, Mom," said the girl. "I want to know."

Looking daggers at the back of the driver's head, the woman carefully explained the situation. When she had finished, the daughter asked, "But what happens to the babies those women have?"

"They grow up," the mother whispered loudly, "and become taxi drivers."

People are talking about a new breakfast cereal called Swingers. They don't snap, crackle or pop; they just lie there and bang, bang, bang.

The two Scots had been fast friends for more than 60 years, and now Jock was dying.

"Hamish," he mumbled, "I dinna want to take the highroad without a last nip or so to see me on my way. When I'm in the grave, I want ye to take the bottle of fine old whisky I've been saving these twenty years and slowly pour every last drap of it over me."

"Would ye mind very much, Jock," sobbed Hamish, choking with grief, "if I added a bit of a personal touch in tribute to our friendship by straining it through me kidneys first?"

Say the words that are certain to make you mine!" said the young man to his girl just as her father happened to come out onto the porch.

"I'm pregnant!" she replied.

We think you'll agree that the question of regular prison visitation by ladies of easy virtue clearly involves pros and cons.

The policeman asked the eight-year-old boy what had made him run away from home. "Well," the lad explained, "before I went to sleep last night, I heard Dad tell Mom that he was awful worried about the mortgage on our house. Then some noises woke me up later and Dad was saying, all excited like, 'I'm pulling out!' And Mom answered, 'I'm coming, too!'—and I decided that I just wasn't gonna stay there and get stuck with that mortgage."

A certain young lady of Babylon
Decided to lure all the rabble on
By raising her shirt
And dropping her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble on.

Having spent several weeks studying a novel generally considered to be a literary masterpiece, the professor was disturbed by the fact that his students seemed to be unable to relate to the book. Finally, in some exasperation, he asked, "Haven't any of you ever had a vicarious experience with a novel?"

"No," answered a female voice from the back of the room, "but I once had a novel experience with a vicar."

Adjusting himself after a back-seat quickie, the fellow turned to his date and said apologetically, "Gee, Marge, if I had known you were still a virgin, I'd have taken more time."

"Gee, George," she rejoined, "if I had known you had more time, I'd have taken off my panty hose."

The situation in the airport control tower was a tense one. The controller, new to the job, was a female. The weather was bad and she was having communications difficulties with an arriving plane. "Is something wrong, Delta?" she asked nervously. "Why don't you confirm landing instructions? Is my transmission fuzzy?"

"I don't know, honey," came a pilot's voice. "How old are you?"

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.*

"Something has simply got to be done about all this ecological environment!"

POISE AS A TIE BREAKER

article

By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

why was i a beauty-pageant judge? because i'm a dirty filthy guy who likes to see the chicks parading in front of me and giving me winks

GIRLS—34 of them, aged 17 to 25. Not just any old 34 girls but the absolute cream of New York State, girls who had beaten back the very best their cities had to offer and emerged as the fairest flowers of Troy and Rochester, Setauket and Schenectady. Imagine the prettiest girl in Poughkeepsie alone—right there is a lot of pretty. And don't forget those Downstaters, Miss Manhattan and Miss Bronx, adding a little urban spice to an already delicious rustic brew. All of these East Coast peaches gathered in one hideaway, far from the baleful scrutiny of Betty Friedan and Kate Millett, putting their clean young Empire State limbs forward in the hope of influencing the judges and going on to be named prettiest girl in the whole state.

And what about that judge's slot? All that power. Just at a time when you were getting a little gray in your beard and even looked a little like a judge. Coolly, imperturbably checking them out, stroking your chin, pretending that your interest is in delicacy and grace of movement and that the last thing in the world you care about is tits and ass. Got to be as good as teaching *Beowulf* to Bennington girls. The contestants would be kept under lock and key, carefully chaperoned, but they had said that about Hillcrest Hall at Stephens College for women back in the Fifties, and that never stopped us. The winner would be interesting, of course, but come to think of it, who really cares about the winner? Consoling those 33 losers was the ticket, at the after-the-contest brawl, where a week of pent-up emotion would be unleashed and all hell was sure to break loose. Let me at it.

• • •

The man who tempted me with a judge's slot in the Miss New York–World Beauty Pageant was Nat Kanter, an old steam-bath buddy of mine and a reporter for the New York *Daily News*, whose affiliate TV station, WPIX, produces the pageant's TV show. "It's heartbreak every inch of the way," said Kanter. "Your fellow judges will be Tommy


MISS
MISS UTICA
WILCOX

Mackell, the Queens district attorney, who you'll recall once made a move against Rockefeller for the governorship and just sent Alice Crimmins to jail. He's sure to bombard us with Alice Crimmins stories. Also Matt Snell, running back for the New York Jets. It's important to have at least one black judge, and preferably two, or you'd be surprised at all the mail you get." Kanter said the panel would be packed with other celebs but was a little vague about their identity, finally coming forth with S. Rodgers Benjamin, president of Flemington Furs, the largest retail furrier in the East, and "a terrifically classy dame" named Kathleen Levin, fashion director for Prince Matchabelli and Aziza cosmetics, who earns $75,000 a year and has ten women working for her. I said I'd think it over. A day later, I phoned Kanter. After some decoy remarks about my interest in social phenomena, I said I wanted in. "You'll love it," he said. "And by the way, trim your beard. Remember, Robert Alda, who was dying to be a judge, is standing by as an alternate."

The contest was to be held—and taped for television—at Kutsher's Country Club, a lovely 1000-acre resort in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, otherwise known as the Borscht Belt, a phrase that high-paid press agents have vainly tried to erase from the language. Aimed at Elks Clubbers and out-of-state conventioneers, even newspaper advertisements coyly describing the beautiful trout streams and rolling hills of Sullivan County have failed to make this area seem "less Jewish." It stubbornly remains the Borscht Belt and one wonders why they don't relax already and go with it. Get George Plimpton up to eat a few blintzes at Grossinger's and really swing with the Jewish bit. Make a plus out of it, like the Avis campaign. Times have changed. Updike is the one under pressure, not Bellow.

I am not one of the legion of waiters and bus boys who earned their college tuition hustling pot-roast dinners out of the kitchens at The Concord and the Nemerson and then went on to become heart specialists, producers, astrophysicists and Danny Kaye; but at the tail end of each summer, my mother would take me to a resort called Laurels Hotel and Country Club, where I would spend a lonely week rowing around Sackett Lake and some happy evenings memorizing every word in the routines of a brilliant comedian named Jackie Miles ("Miles and Miles of laughter"); so my trip to Kutsher's was a return of a kind. As I drove along the New York State Thruway, I skipped ahead to my trip back home and imagined Millett, Friedan and Greer waiting for me at a cordoned-off toll booth.

MILLETT-FRIEDAN-GREER: Why were you a judge at a beauty pageant, a sickening outdated ritual that exploits female bodies?

ME: Because I'm interested in the way the country works.

M-F-G: Bullshit.

ME: All right, it's because I'm a dirty guy.

M-F-G: Now you're talking.

ME: That's right, I am. I'm a dirty filthy guy, because I like to see chicks parading in front of me and giving me winks. I'm filthy, filthy, filthy.

Kutsher's is a rustic, sprawling resort that includes vast patches of woods and lakes and half-starved, half-blooming jungle growths that would be ideal for backgrounds in Ingmar Bergman films. It didn't look a bit like the image I'd had: a row of bungalows where you are advised to bring along your own cooking utensils. A bellhop led me to my quarters in the Rip van Winkle wing of the main building and said that the girls, who had been on hand for four days, were under heavy guard in a secluded section of the resort and that they certainly made a pretty picture as they strutted through the grounds in formation. He said the security on the girls was thick, with one chaperone guarding each six girls, presumably to fend off any employee who might attempt a daring and impregnating kamikaze swipe at one of them. I took a swim and a steam bath at the indoor health club, one of the guests advising me to be wary of Kutsher's sun lamp. "Cover your marbles," said the fellow. "Otherwise, that thing is sure to sterilize you."

• • •

Filling me in on past Miss World color and anecdote, Nat Kanter told me that a girl from Freeport with a "38-21-35 frame" had once won the contest but was disqualified when London immigration officials discovered she was only 15; and that last year, two chaperones had freaked out from all the abstinence and boredom and had to be put on a bus to the city for slipping off one night with a team of video technicians. I thanked Kanter for the background fill-in and let him steer me over to Seymour Seitz, head of BBS Productions, the pageant's executive producer, and Hal Blake, producer of the television show. Both Seitz, a natty 40ish type with massive today-style sideburns, and Blake, a lugubrious chap who'd co-authored the pageant song, *Get That Face*, were upset over the fact that at the last second, Jack Cassidy had come up with something very big in his career and had canceled out as m.c. for the TV competition. "I'd bring him up on charges," said Seitz, "but what the hell. . . ."

John Raitt was being whisked in as a substitute, but it was the opinion of Marice "Sam" Tobias, lady writer for the show, that Cassidy's loss would really hurt. "When a comedian blows his lines, he can do a little shtick to recover," said Sam, "but when a straight singer goes up, he's lost at sea."

A further annoyance was that only two weeks after having her appendix taken out, Kaye Stevens, co-host of the TV show, had flown in from the Coast and there had been no limo to pick her up at Kennedy. "For Christ sakes, the scar hasn't even healed," said Seitz, clenching his fists, "and we don't have a limo out there."

To top off these setbacks, Blake weighed in with the news that Matt Snell's aunt had taken ill and the star running back had had to cancel out as a judge. "A colored judge is no problem," said Blake, who seemed to have this one in hand. "I can get all we want. I've already spoken to Dick Barnett of the Knicks. He sounded a little sleepy on the phone, but I also have a call in to Emerson Boozer. We'll wind up with at least one and probably both."

At dinner, I met a gentle, soft-spoken fellow named Newton White, who informed me that he was the designer of the beauty-pageant set, which was being completed in the Palestra Room of Kutsher's. All through the meal, people kept coming up and congratulating White on his work. He told me there really wasn't that much to designing beauty sets. "You shoot to keep them unbusy and whatever else you can manage on the twenty-nine cents they hand you. Lots of white and, of course, Philip Johnson of Lincoln Center says red makes women look regal, so you use that, too. On this set, I've brought in some old floral irises from last year's pageant."

Another guest came by and said, "Lovely, Newton, lovely," at which point the mild-mannered White, who had designed one Broadway floperoo and had seen *An American in Paris* 11 times, sketching the sets in the dark, exploded and said, "They'll take any shit I hang up there. Just once I'd like someone to drive me past my usual efforts into new territory. Not exactly to turn me down flat, but to say, 'Not quite, but how about trying it this way?'" I asked White what his plans were after the pageant and he said, "There's nothing on the horizon."

After dinner, Seitz gathered me up

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CLINT EASTWOOD: PUSHOVER FOR PULLOVERS

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

sweaters step up to star billing

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

WOMEN'S FASHIONS BY HALSTON

The pullover sweater, that casual cold-weather companion for both ski slope and lodge, now is demonstrating a remarkable degree of upward mobility by putting in an appearance at such off-trail occasions as urban cocktail parties and dressy at-home dinners. Among the sweater look's current converts is Clint Eastwood, at present the number-one box-office attraction in the world. Here, Clint—with a little help from model-actresses Susie Blakely (see "Savages," page 141) and Shelley Smith—comes on wearing: Preceding page, a bold-striped Orlon U-neck, by Robert Bruce, $10, paired with a white-on-white cotton shirt, by Van Heusen, $14, and a velvet blazer, by Andras, $185. On this page, from near to far right, Clint favors: a fully washable Shetland pullover with raglan sleeves, by Robert Bruce, $21; a cotton Jacquard-knit crew-neck with contrasting trim, by Mike Weber Designs, $9; and a crocheted loose-fitting sleeveless with squared-off neck, by Eric Ross, $50. Opposite page: a wool body-hugging geometric-patterned sleeveless, by Yves St. Laurent, $70.

POISE AS A TIE BREAKER *(continued from page 122)*

along with a group of beauty-pageant execs and took us all off to the Monticello Raceway, where the fifth race was going to be dedicated to the 34 girls in the pageant. Along the way, Seitz told me that the Miss World contest had been founded 21 years ago and was the oldest international beauty contest in existence. The winner of Kutsher's competition would enter the Miss World–U. S. A. contest at Hampton, Virginia, and the survivor of that free-for-all would move on to do battle with lovelies from other countries at London's Royal Albert Hall for the Miss World title. Seitz explained that the contest was a franchise operation, "like Carvel's," owned by a London company called Mecca Promotions, which turned the U. S. franchise over to a man named Alfred Patricelli, who in turn sold the various state franchises to people like Seitz for anywhere from $100 to $1500 a year. (Seitz then was permitted to sell subfranchises of the Miss New York State contest to small cities.) Seitz said that for some reason, New York girls had always fared poorly in national competitions and that not since Bess Myerson (Miss America 1945) and Jackie Loughery (Miss U. S. A. 1952) had the Empire State come up with a national winner in a major beauty contest.

When we got to the track, a chipper, bouncy young fellow named Ave Butensky, vice-president in charge of spot television buying for Dancer-Fitzgerald, supplied what he felt was the answer. "It's because we always vote poise," said Butensky, whose clients, such as Best Foods, Bounty Paper Towels, BP Oil and Schick, were participating sponsors of the WPIX show. "We send poise to the nationals and we go right down the toilet. I can see poise as a tie breaker, but just once I'd like to see us vote for a klutz, a beautiful klutz. You can't see poise on the goddamned television screen anyway, so what the hell do we need it for?"

At the track, I got my first look at the girls, but I was careful to keep it a collective look and not to start any early judging. All I saw was a lot of eyes and yellow hair and long legs and great noses. The girls were all fenced off in a special beauty-pageant section, sipping soft drinks and cheering on the trotters; whenever the number of girls who wanted to relieve themselves reached a total of four, a chaperone would be dispatched to trot them over to the john. Though betting on the horses was against the rules, I learned that some of the girls were slipping two-dollar wagers to the chaperones; Miss Merrick and Miss Nassau were already big winners.

Sam Tobias, writer of the WPIX show, caught me looking at the girls and asked if I'd picked a winner yet. I told her I was holding off until the actual judging, to which she replied, rather cryptically, "Remember, blondes say yes, brunettes say listen."

Before the start of the fifth race, an announcer silenced the crowd and said, "This race is being dedicated to the girls of the Miss New York–World Beauty Contest, being held at Kutsher's Country Club. They are the world's most beautiful girls."

"I wrote that line," whispered Sam, "just dashed it off while I was sitting here in the stands." Bing Senator won the fifth race and while the pageant girls all crowded around the triumphant horse and jockey, I had a chat with Peggy Molitor, last year's Miss New York–World, who'd come to Kutsher's to hand over her scepter after a year's reign. Had she given me a little leg pressure while I watched Bing Senator overtake Luscious Lou and Little Sport in the stretch? I thought she had. Yes, she definitely had. Last year's finalist, the fairest of thousands of Empire State lovelies, unmistakably squeezing her prize-winning right calf against my own journalistic left one. What a country. There'd been a rumor circulating that the pageant bigwigs were dissatisfied with Peggy's reign; instead of being on hand to endorse supermarkets, she had suddenly dashed off with a biker to lead a hippie-style life. Nat Kanter had batted down this story, saying that she was a terrific kid and had been perfectly willing to endorse supermarkets but that it had to be on her own hippie-style terms, take it or leave it.

A tall, clear-eyed, healthy-looking girl to whom all those descriptions apply —Junoesque, statuesque, well endowed, nifty—Miss Molitor, who, in the New York tradition, had been knocked off quickly in the nationals, apologized for the extra 20 pounds she had packed on in the past year. "Working in an office doesn't help your fanny." She was a bit sad about having to step down, but she said it would be good to be relieved of all the chaperonage and various pressures. "As Miss New York–World, you're not supposed to drink, smoke or say dirty words. They don't watch you as much in the nationals, although one night when I goofed off slightly, they took a bed check, didn't find me and assumed I was dead in the bushes. Those restrictions. When they read them to us, one of the contestants, who was a junkie, suddenly freaked out and ran away, saying she couldn't take it." A Valley Stream girl of modest means, Miss Molitor had had to borrow clothing to get into the New York State competition; her two most vivid recollections were of a girl nicknamed Mirror Mary, who repeatedly elbowed other contestants away from mirrors so she could have them all to herself—and of her roommate, who almost drowned in a bathtub the night before the final judging. "The water was up to her nose when we dashed in and found her." Although Peggy had bitten the dust early in the nationals, her one-year reign had had some compensations. "I took a trip to the island of Nassau with Miss Suffolk and I got a mink coat, which I wore to work, and also a typewriter and a stereo cassette outfit, all of it worth around $6000, although, believe me, I would have preferred the cash. Another good thing was going to the nationals as Miss New York–World and having all the other girls gather around me assuming that since I was from New York, I was some kind of sophisticated swinger. There were other nice things, too. My girlfriends would introduce me as Miss New York–World at parties and that turned people on, although once at a Hilton jewelry convention, somebody kept saying I wasn't the *real* Miss New York and that made me cry. Old boyfriends would call up—for example, a cop who once tried to choke me. He sounded sheepish on the phone and then pretended he was calling to get his blackjack back. I'd kept it, to sort of fool around with. Then there are the obscene phone calls. You get a lot, although I was surprised that my younger sister got more for being Miss Rockaways."

Out of nowhere, Miss Molitor jumped up, said, "I'm just a good straight simple kid" and raced off to join a quartet of pageant chaperones; they reminded me of the tight-lipped matrons at the old Fleetwood Theater in the Bronx, where I had seen *She* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* 12 times each. A lovely racetrack waitress came by and said she didn't think the contestants were all that hot. I told her she could certainly hold her own with the best of them and found myself saying that I could probably slip her into next year's competition. It was my first trip to the races and I was mysteriously jumpy. Then I remembered that I had once worked on a musical and the producer had promised me a race horse if we came up with a winner. The show was buried in Baltimore. After the fifth race, the girls were shuttled back to Kutsher's on a bus and I settled down to some serious horse playing, picking entries whose names were slightly literary. They all lost and in the final race, I switched over to what I considered a "showbiz" horse, North by Northwest. He held to the third position and in the stretch, with a very

(continued on page 199)

"Watch yore language, gents. Thar's a lady present."

after revolutionizing private air transport, our hero hies himself to reno and prepares for battle with the noxious monsters of motor city

BILL LEAR AND HIS INCREDIBLE STEAM MACHINE

personality By STEVEN V. ROBERTS DRIVING THROUGH the brown desert north of Reno, you begin to see signs for LEARENO. It is neither a brand of local beer nor a new Italian singer at Harrah's; it is a dream. Right now there is little more to Learenо than brightly painted signs scattered among the scrubby gray-green brush. But plans are being drafted for a small city out here, built around a serpentine lake—Lake Lear—where men can play golf only a sliced tee shot away from their front door and bicycle to work through lush green belts. What will they work at? Building low-emission engines for steam- and turbine-driven automobiles.

It all sounds a little farfetched, and there are signs all over the West, now crumbling and faded, announcing grand development schemes that never materialized. But the driving power behind this project is William Powell Lear, one of the great inventive minds of his time, a man for whom the phrase irresistible force might have been coined. He has been called half genius and half madman, but, like most observations about Lear, that one is only half-right. Which half, no one is sure. But there are a lot of people who learned a long time ago not to underestimate Bill Lear.

The LEARENO signs lead to Stead Air Force Base, where fliers once trained to withstand the traumas of prisoner-of-war camps. The desolate countryside served very nicely to break down their morale. Lear now owns the Stead facility and right off the main runway is a plain one-story building with white rocks in front that spell out LEAR MOTORS. Inside, the lobby is plastered with encomiums to The Founder: from the Electronic Institute of Technology and the Aero Club of Kansas City, the "grateful employees" of Lear, Inc., and the Society of Experimental Test Pilots. On a stand is the "first production model" of an eight-track stereo tape player, one of dozens of major inventions credited to Lear, a few little gizmos that include the automobile radio, the automatic pilot for small planes and the Learjet, the most successful businessman's jet on the market. On the facing wall is a large photo of Lear and a legend that reads in part: "In this age of specialization, where the person often serves only one function, William P. Lear stands as an example of the successful multidimensional individual." Reading along, you come to the basis of the Learenо dream: "It is Lear Motors' belief that not only is the internal-combustion engine unsuitable because of its inherent exhaust pollution but that its basic characteristics are totally unsuited to the propulsion of a vehicle." After a while, you wonder if you should spell it "L– –r," just to make sure you don't take the name in vain.

I was ushered through a labyrinth of corridors, past offices papered with designs and blueprints, through a bustling machine shop, into a small room. There, over a grill, William P. Lear was cooking hamburgers. "How many

DESIGN BY GORDON MORTENSEN/PHOTOGRAPH BY R. SCOTT HOOPER

want onions?" growled the chef. "It looks like four with and five without, boss," reported a balding man who had surveyed the group of corporate officials and assorted visitors. The waiter identified himself as C. W. ("Buzz") Nanney, vice-president of Lear Motors. In a minute the large, rare burgers were ready. "Anything I can do to help?" chirped one guest. "Eat 'em," came the cogent reply.

As we sat down, Lear suggested: "Put some soy sauce on your hamburgers instead of salt." Several hands darted for the bottle. A chorus of appreciative murmurs floated up toward the head of the table. "Very interesting . . . Very tasty . . . That's good meat . . . Sure is."

The talk turned to the inevitable topic. "The auto industry has its head buried in the sand," declared Lear. "They're living in an *Alice in Wonderland* situation. They have to have a low-emission car by 1977 and they're just hoping something will be discovered that will save them."

Lear then noticed that the man on his left hadn't finished his hamburger. "Do you want that?" he asked. As the startled guest began to answer, Lear snatched the morsel from his plate and tossed it to a small black poodle that nipped at his chair leg. The dog's name is Steamer.

After lunch, Lear beckoned me into his office for a talk. Everything about the man is thick—thick neck, thick hands, thick midsection. (Even his friends would, at times, include his head in that list.) His round face is red deepening to purple; his carefully groomed hair is only smudged with gray. At 69, he looks at least 15 years younger. Few people would call him handsome, but there is a power to the man, a presence that is almost palpable. Somehow, you have no doubt that he is in charge.

It was about three years ago that Lear, bored and sick and looking for something to do, announced that he would build a steam-powered automobile and pledged $10,000,000 of his own money to the effort; he has an income of several million a year, most of which would have gone to Uncle Sam anyway. The decision was based on three assumptions: First, the public would no longer tolerate an automobile engine that befouled the atmosphere; second, the internal-combustion engine couldn't be cleaned up enough to meet this demand; and third, the major auto companies had too much invested in the internal-combustion engine for them to pursue vigorously any alternatives.

Steam hadn't been used in automobiles for decades. It was abandoned for many reasons, but it had one great advantage: It was an external-combustion process. In the internal-combustion system, a gas-air mixture is ignited by a spark and the ensuing explosion drives a piston, which provides the power. But the explosion burns only part of the fuel, and the resulting waste products—hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide—are expelled through the exhaust. In addition, the heat of the internal-combustion process causes the nitrogen and the oxygen in the air to form oxides of nitrogen, probably the most deadly form of auto pollution. In an external-combustion system, the fuel is burned, at a steady rate, outside the boiler. The water, or whatever fluid is used, turns into steam, which then expands and drives the engine. Since the burning of the fuel is continuous, virtually no hydrocarbons or carbon monoxide are released; and the temperature can be kept low enough so that oxides of nitrogen are not formed.

But the distance between theory and application can be vast, and it became apparent that Lear had drastically underestimated the technical problem. The steam engine, the inventor discovered, was three to five times as complicated as the internal-combustion engine. Lear Motors was spending $300,000 a month and getting nowhere. The existing technology was 40 years old and everything had to be redesigned to fit the size and standards of a modern car. Another problem was the fluid used to make the vapor. Water froze and a hundred other substances were either toxic or inflammable or smelled bad.

In November 1969, Lear announced that he wouldn't spend any more of his own money on steam. "I don't see any possibility of adoption of a steamcar," he said. "It is so utterly ridiculous. No one is going to do it." Part of the reason for the announcement was to shake some money loose from Washington, a ploy that didn't work. In addition, Lear's titanic impatience was getting the better of him. By the following March, when I saw him for the first time, he had switched his emphasis to the gas-turbine engine. Like the steam engine, a gas turbine is an external-combustion engine and emits few hydrocarbons or carbon monoxide. It is also much simpler than steam, and Lear was practically drawing plans for his factory. But after more work, it became apparent that turbines also had problems. They generated too much heat and thus produced oxides of nitrogen. They required rare and costly alloys to withstand the heat and they couldn't accelerate immediately. In freeway driving, a delay of seven seconds would be not only annoying but dangerous. So it was back to steam. By the time he cooked us hamburgers a year later, Lear was nearing completion of a steam-powered test vehicle; his persistence in the laboratory had paid off and, as the finishing touch, he had named his new fluid—to no one's surprise—Learium.

"If you're going to win at the tables, you've got to stay in there," said Lear, in what could serve as his personal credo. "It's the rare guy who makes his point in the first throw. You've got to wait until the sevens stop coming and the numbers start coming."

Early last January, Lear publicly announced a perfected engine and said that steam-powered vehicles could be made available to the public in three years. He still believes that the gas turbine will ultimately take over the market, because it's so simple; but in the interim, he's betting on steam. The engines would be made in Reno and installed in cars made by other companies, if they would cooperate. He has already started drafting a prospectus for a public stock issue to raise the capital—he figures about $35,000,000 would do it—and claims that underwriters are interested. But many of the people who greeted Lear's initial experiments with such enthusiasm are more cautious now; they've been burned before. Officials of the Department of Transportation, for instance, get downright bitter about Lear. "He hasn't produced anything I haven't already seen in *Popular Mechanics*," sneered one. "The attitude around here is to yawn and say 'Show me' when it comes to steam," said another. Staff members of California's Air Resources Board call his new engine fluid De-Learium.

The auto companies say it's "much too early" to evaluate Lear's efforts and, for the moment, they're sticking with the internal-combustion engine. But there are signs that they're quietly hedging their bets. Henry Ford said in a *Wall Street Journal* article: "We have a strong vested interest in the survival of the internal-combustion engine, but we have a far stronger vested interest in the survival of our company." General Motors has given Lear a Chevrolet Monte Carlo and a bus to experiment with, plus a look at some of its latest research.

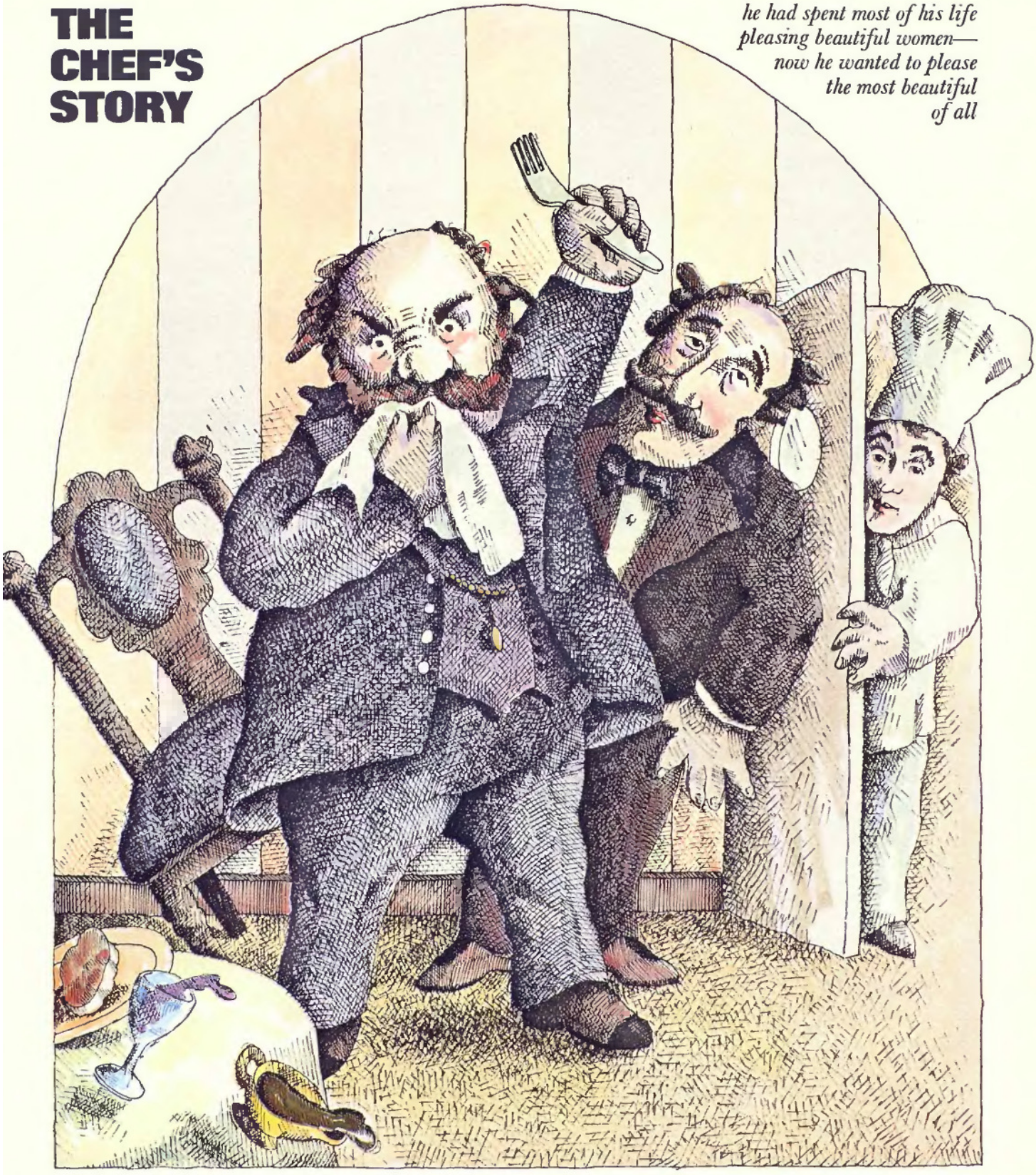
Lear believes that one of the biggest obstacles to discovering a low-emission car is the Federal Government. He was a major contributor to Nixon's campaign—a signed picture hangs over his desk—but admits he's "terribly disappointed" with the President. The Administration promised to support research for a pollution-free car but has done very little. Lear explains it this way:

"I think what happened is that his scientific advisors got completely hornswoggled and overcome with bigness and equipment availability to the point where they really believed that the automobile manufacturers were going to come up with a solution and it wasn't much use to do anything else. When they had this meeting at the Western White House a couple of years ago, Nixon said, 'Now, let's talk about the automotive pollution problem.' And

(continued on page 154)

THE CHEF'S STORY

he had spent most of his life pleasing beautiful women— now he wanted to please the most beautiful of all



fiction **By WARNER LAW** "I DO APPRECIATE your stopping by to see me," the most famous chef in the world said to the most beautiful girl his appreciative eyes had ever seen. He sat in his wheelchair in a shaded corner of his garden in the south of France while his sister strolled nearby, snipping off faded roses.

Normally, the 87-year-old man didn't receive visitors. But, a few minutes before, he'd glanced out a window and seen a fantastically pretty girl come to his door. He heard her tell his sister that she was an American and was both a student of food and a tremendous admirer of the greatest chef in the world and wanted only a brief interview with him. His sister said he never saw anyone and was about to shut the door when he wheeled himself up beside her and invited the girl in.

Now they were out in the garden. "Are you, perhaps, a star of the cinema?" *(continued on page 134)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BIDERBOST

STEPPING LIVELY

shoes and socks that add a kick to your clothes

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN From left to right: Crinkled-potent-leather and suede two-tone lace-up shoe, by Bostonion Bootique, $24 (a pair), shown with stretch-nylon light-brown sock, by Venetion Art, $3 (o pair); two-tone patent-leather model thot feotures contrasting white loce ond o stocked heel, by Italio, $40, ond beige-and-brown-striped Orlon/nylon-blend stretch sock, by Esquire, $2.50; tricolor suede loce-up shoe with a high covered heel, by Bostonian Bootique, $30, and novy-with-white-stitch striped Orlon/nylon-blend stretch sock, by Esquire, $2.50; lined Cavello kidskin boot, by Florsheim, $39.95, and gold-and-brown horizontol-striped nylon-blend stretch sock, by Esquire, $2.50; potent-leother ond soilcloth loce-up shoe, by Corlo Leoni for Volore, $2B, and pink-and-gray Orlon-tweed stretch sock, by D'Orsoy, $2.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA

THE CHEF'S STORY

(continued from page 131)

the old man asked her and admired her hair and her face and her eyes and her lips and her 19-year-old body, with its firm breasts and long, tanned legs.

She blushed and said she wasn't. She told him she was studying cooking in Paris at the Cordon Bleu but was now on vacation. She said that her mother was a food editor and that she, too, planned a career of writing about food.

As she chattered on melodiously, the chef tried to think of which beautiful girl she reminded him. Was it that dancer from Brussels for whom he had created Sauce Nanette? Was it the blonde Danish enchantress in whose honor he had invented *Pêches Alexandra*? Or was it the married soprano with whom he'd had the most secret of affairs and whose dish had had to be named simply *Bombe Mystérieuse*?

The most beautiful one of them all said she hoped to write a little article about her visit today with the greatest chef in the world. If the piece were interesting enough, it would be her entree into the food-writing world.

The old man sighed, sincerely unhappy. "Oh, dear. I do wish I could help you. But I have written four cookbooks, in which I gave away every one of my recipes and all my cooking secrets. Also, I've written two volumes of memoirs, into which I threw every story, every anecdote, everything of the slightest interest that happened to me when I was in charge of great kitchens, in Paris and London and New York. So I'm afraid there is nothing left of interest that I can give you for your article."

The girl smiled. "They say at the Cordon Bleu that your great creations as a chef were always inspired by beautiful women whom you loved. Is this true?"

The old man laughed and thought of *Omelette Marcia* and *Quenelles Marguerite* and Stuffed Duckling Patricia and Roast Pheasant à la Marie Louise.

"I deny this," he said. "These women have children and grandchildren. I refuse to give you permission to write about this aspect of my life."

"Very well," the girl said. "But surely I can write about you as you are now, in this lovely house and garden."

"No!" the chef said severely. "I will not be written about as I am now. I refuse to be described as a half-paralyzed, withered old man in a wheelchair, forbidden by his doctor to eat anything more than pap and pabulum."

"All right. I won't write about you at all."

The old man seemed to shrink in his chair. "You won't write about me at *all*?"

The sister walked over and said, "I'm afraid it's time for my brother's afternoon nap."

The girl rose and took his hand. "It was a great honor to meet you. Thank you, and goodbye."

As the most beautiful one of them all turned to leave, the old man said suddenly, "No. Wait. Come back. Sit down." She did. "I have just remembered something. A little story about myself, which you can use in your article about me. I have never told it before, because—well, for one thing, it's rather a shocking story and I am still ashamed of my part in it."

"What story is this?" his sister asked curiously.

"You will remember it. You were there at the time."

• • •

I was only 17, but I'd already been working in kitchens for five years and I was then the assistant sauce chef in a famous restaurant in a little town called Choron, which is a short distance from Lyons. Our cuisine was so very good that great people came from all over to partake of it.

Even at 17, I was a fine sauce chef. My Hollandaise and my Béarnaise and my Périgueux were nearly as perfect as those of my immediate superior, the head sauce chef, who, however, at that time had taken a mad fancy to a Turkish belly dancer and followed her up to Paris. In his absence, I was in charge. Think of it! A lad my age making sauces for dukes and princes and millionaires!

At that time, I had no great ambitions. I knew that in time I would work my way up to head chef of a local restaurant like this one. That seemed a perfectly good life to me; I didn't wish for anything further.

My head chef was a wildly temperamental old man of integrity and skill. Over him ranked the restaurant's owner and proprietor, *le patron*, who was almost as temperamental as his chef.

In that restaurant we had one continuing problem, in the person of a regular customer. His name was Maugron and he was rich and important in the community. But he was a frightful fellow—a *goujat*, a lout. He'd come in about once a week, bringing one or more disreputable women with him, and he would be loud and obnoxious and he would throw his weight about and make scenes. My sister worked in the restaurant, too—in charge of coats and wraps. She was young and pretty and this monster Maugron would try to flirt with her, but of course she refused even to return his smiles.

Le patron wished somehow to get rid of this man, but he didn't have the courage to order him out forever until he had done something inexcusable, which Maugron never quite did. Being young and devilish, I once suggested that the simplest way to get rid of Maugron would be to cook a series of not-so-good meals for him. But the chef said he would die rather than cook a bad meal and *le patron* said he would rather be drawn and quartered before he deliberately let a second-rate dinner enter his dining room.

One evening, however, I was busy with my sauces when *le patron* came into the kitchen in a rage and shouted at the chef, "I have had it! Maugron is here again, and he's been drinking, and he has *three* terrible women with him, and he's celebrating some big business deal, and he's flown into a fury because asparagus is not in season, and the fact that we have no pheasant has thrown him into a frenzy. He is being completely unreasonable!"

My chef was infected by *le patron*'s anger and he shouted, "Throw him out! Toss the bastard out of here! Tell him I refuse to cook for him! Put the responsibility on me!"

Le patron said sadly, "I can't. I know I should have ordered him out years ago. But since I didn't do it then, I can't do it now. Besides, Maugron hasn't really *done* anything yet except order a large dinner for four." *Le patron* paused, fearing the chef's reaction, and then said, "In addition, Maugron feels so self-important tonight that he wishes a new sauce to be created for him, to be served with the broiled *filets mignons* he has ordered."

"A *new sauce!?*" the chef screamed. "A *new sauce!?* May I ask what is the matter with the hundred and ten steak sauces that I and this young man can make for him?" The chef grabbed an enormous chopping knife. "I will take care of this monstrous man myself!" he shouted.

It took the combined strength of both *le patron* and me to restrain and disarm the chef. Now, as he breathed heavily and muttered, "A *new sauce*, enh?" it was *le patron*'s turn to lose his temper.

"I will not have this! I am trying to run a restaurant, not a lunatic asylum! I have enough problems out there"—he pointed to the dining-room door—"without having an idiot going crazy in here!"

"An idiot, am I?" the chef shouted.

I stepped between them and said, "I'd like to make a suggestion to you gentlemen. Or, rather, *two* suggestions. The first is that I add a little curry powder and mustard and tomato paste to a Sauce Béarnaise. We will call it Sauce Maugron. A new creation. It will not be a bad steak sauce and Maugron will be pleased with it."

(continued on page 204)

SNOW'S ANGELS

parody

By PETER BOYLE

recognizing no god but thor, beating up on après-skiers everywhere, leaving a trail of ravished women and pillaged lodges behind them—these were not nice persons!

SCENE: *A snowbound ski lodge in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. A group of single, clean-cut young Americans are gathered around a fire singing sentimental songs. One chubby young man with glasses has his leg in a cast. Several others are sniffing cocaine discreetly. The scene glows with a feeling of well-being.*

PORK CHOP: Gosh, Judy, I sure do have the darnedest luck.

JUDY: Well, Pork Chop, look at the bright side of things. It's a romantic night and a sultry brunette is writing on your cast.

PORK CHOP: Aw, Judy, you're really swell, but you're just a girl. I'm going to miss the big ski meet tomorrow.

JUDY: Don't worry, Pork Chop. I'll do everything I can to cheer you up. (*She leers knowingly*)

CUT TO *handsome* STEVE *and voluptuous* VERNA, *who are looking out the window.*

STEVE (*nibbling on* VERNA*'s ear*): Verna . . . Verna . . . this night . . . these stars . . . those magnificent snow-capped mountains. It's like . . . some kind of winter wonderland.

VERNA (*admiring his Adam's apple*): You know, Steve, sometimes you sound like a poet.

STEVE: Yes, Verna, I'm a sensitive guy beneath this lean, sinewy exterior.

VERNA: Steve, may I ask you something?

STEVE: Certainly, precious one.

VERNA: You don't think of me as just a girl, do you?

STEVE: Why, of course not, dearest, you're more than just tits and ass to me. You're a person.

VERNA: Oh, Steve, how sweet of you! (*Kisses him fondly*) And you smell so good.

STEVE: Honey, you make me feel ten feet long.

They embrace. Then the vast silence of the wilderness is shattered by the staccato whine of snowmobile engines.

VERNA: Steve! What's that?

STEVE: Sounds like . . . snowmobiles.

They look at each other.

CUT TO *exterior of ski lodge. Five snowmobiles, customized with bizarre apparatus and painted garish colors, are roaring toward the lodge. The riders are archetypal greasers covered with leathers and furs. The leader,* BIG GRIZZLY, *wears a viking helmet with horns. They shout obscenities at passing skiers, forcing one into a snowbank and running over another. These are the Snowmobile Scum. They pull up to the lodge, striking terror into the hearts of the clean-cut singles, some of whom hastily stash their cocaine. The Scum burst into the lodge and create instant chaos—goosing, giggling, etc.*

BIG GRIZZLY: Well, what a *swell* party. Heh-heh. Sorry we're late. (*Looks around at the cowering group*) Don't bother about formalities, folks. I'll just help myself. (*He grabs* VERNA *and plants a cold, slimy kiss on her*)

STEVE (*his finely hewn jaw tense*): Wait a minute, bub, just who do you think you are?

BIG GRIZZLY (*laughing sardonically*): Hey, get this, you slobs! Pretty boy here thinks we're out of line. (*Grabs him by the cheeks with two huge hands and shakes his head*) What's the matter, pretty boy? Afraid of a little grease? Try this on for size. (*Wipes his greasy hands all over* STEVE*'s face*)

STEVE: Whugh . . . awrakk . . . sputl Why, you. . . .

BIG GRIZZLY: Finish 'm, Fang.

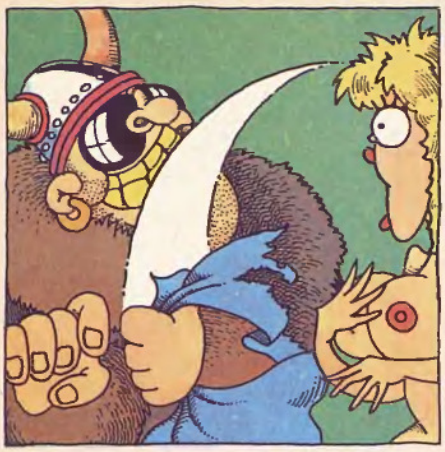
FANG, *the funkiest of the Scum, points his armpit in* STEVE*'s direction, dropping him in an unconscious heap on the floor. The other punks laugh.*

VERNA (*swinging at* BIG GRIZZLY): You fascist bully!

BIG GRIZZLY (*laughing*): Hey! This one's got some moxie! (*Tries to kiss* VERNA *again. She resists him as she would a crocodile*) Listen, sister, nobody—but I mean nobody—puts down Big Grizzly. (*Rips her tight-fitting sweater and even tighter-fitting ski pants off her body in one swipe of his huge greasy paws*) That's more like it.

VERNA (*attempting to conceal her*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SKIP WILLIAMSON



generous charms from the ogling of the Scum): You . . . you . . . you male-chauvinist pig. . . .

BIG GRIZZLY (*shutting her mouth with his fist*): No doubt you've heard of our notorious gang-bangs. You are now to learn from harsh experience what it means to reject Scum like us. (*He chuckles with lascivious menace*)

VERNA: Do you think I'm afraid of you? You puny closet queen! (*She thrusts her breasts forward defiantly*) Go ahead —rape me, you pathetic, overcompensating faggot.

BIG GRIZZLY (*puzzled but preoccupied with unbuckling the numerous belts and chains that adorn his befurred and beleathered person*): So, OK, give me a few minutes here. (*Chuckles and addresses himself to the other Scum, who are grinning appreciatively*) This bush must be some kind of a maz-a-kist! (*Winks*)

FANG (*laughing sycophantically*): Yeah, boss, an' you know how to handle that type.

MUCOUS: Hey, boss, be sure and leave some for the rest of us. (*He salivates*)

VERNA (*hands on hips*): How long is this going to take?

BIG GRIZZLY (*still preoccupied*): Hold yer water, sister.

VERNA: Am I supposed to be intimidated? You expect me to grovel and submit as women have done for ages in the face of male tyranny? (*She goes over to* BIG GRIZZLY *and starts to work unbuckling his complicated and foul-smelling costume*) Here, butterfingers.

BIG GRIZZLY: Hey! What the——

VERNA: Don't worry, I'm a New Woman.

BIG GRIZZLY: I can do that myself.

VERNA (*pulling down his leather pants to reveal a pair of leather shorts with a skull-and-crossbones monogram*): Very *macho*.

BIG GRIZZLY: My mother gave them to me.

FANG (*to* JUDY): His mother used to be a biker.

JUDY: Far out.

VERNA (*to the naked* BIG GRIZZLY): Well?

BIG GRIZZLY (*embarrassed by his lack of spontaneous virility*): Can't we try a little foreplay?

(*Note: Foreplay is strictly forbidden in Scum tradition.*)

VERNA: You know what you are? You're a scared little boy.

BIG GRIZZLY: Awright, lady, I've had enough of this intellectual shit. Fang! Mucous! Hold her whilst I prepare to mount. (*Takes out a copy of* Whips & Toddlers *to arouse himself*)

VERNA: You will not colonize my body.

FANG (*hesitantly*): I gotta do what he says. It's the code we live by.

VERNA (*looking deep into his eyes*): But . . . why, Fang, why?

FANG (*stunned*): Big Grizzly once saved my life in Khe Sanh.

VERNA (*knowingly*): But this is *now*, Fang.

FANG (*conscience-stricken*): Are you kiddin' me? Big Grizzly took me to my first roller derby. He was the guy who taught me how to roll queers. He was everything I always wanted to be. . . . He was . . . (*with great intensity*) somebody!

VERNA (*existentially—and breathing deeply*): Don't you think it's time to live for yourself?

FANG (*desperately*): Wait a minute. . . . You got me all confused. . . . Big Grizzly was like a mother to me.

VERNA: Fang, Fang, listen to me, Fang. You're different from all the rest. There's a great strong bird inside you that's aching to be free.

FANG: No shit?! . . . I . . . I . . . dunno . . . I . . . you're right! I wanna be me!

Music swells.

VERNA (*positively*): And you will, Fang.

FANG (*wavering*): Aw, I ain't got no smarts. I once had a thought, but it gave me a headache.

VERNA (*gently, sensing victory*): You don't want to be a chauvinist forever, do you?

FANG (*seriously*): It's the only life I know.

BIG GRIZZLY (*now tumescent and bellowing*): Goddamn it, spread that broad's thighs. I'm going to liberate her, yuk, yuk!

FANG (*cracking*): Spread 'em yourself, you big turd.

VERNA (*hand on* FANG*'s shoulder*): Right on!

BIG GRIZZLY: You're askin' for it, Fang.

FANG: You think you're tough because you beat up on chicks—excuse me, women—and forest rangers. Well, I'm free of that phony male mystique, which is based on hatred and oppression of women.

VERNA (*gushing*): Oh, Fang, you've expanded your consciousness!

FANG: Back off, Big Grizzly, 'cause me an' Verna are gonna work together as equals to build a new world based on revolutionary concepts of freedom, justice and sexual equality.

BIG GRIZZLY (*pulling up his leather pants with some difficulty*): That dame's turned you to Jell-O. Are the rest of you Scum still ridin' with me?

MUCOUS: Sure, boss. In a few years we'll all be eligible for pensions.

BIG GRIZZLY: Well, I'm glad to see there's still some respect for tradition aroun' heah. OK, Fang, here's a knuckle sandwich just for you. (*He throws a punch. His fist hits an invisible shield and shatters audibly. Everybody laughs and cheers. The other Scum are embarrassed for their leader*)

FANG: You'll notice I'm protected by an invisible shield of moral superiority. (*Hands* BIG GRIZZLY *a bottle of mouthwash*) It also protects my breath in those intimate moments. Try some. You could use it.

BIG GRIZZLY: You'll be sorry for this, Fang. Come on, Scum, let's go stomp a ski instructor.

The Scum shuffle out of the lodge despondently, get on their snowmobiles and roar off. BIG GRIZZLY, *turning in his seat to hurl a final imprecation, crashes into a grizzly bear and is ripped to shreds. The grizzly then bursts into flames. The other Scum, busy applauding the spectacle, plummet into a deep crevasse.*

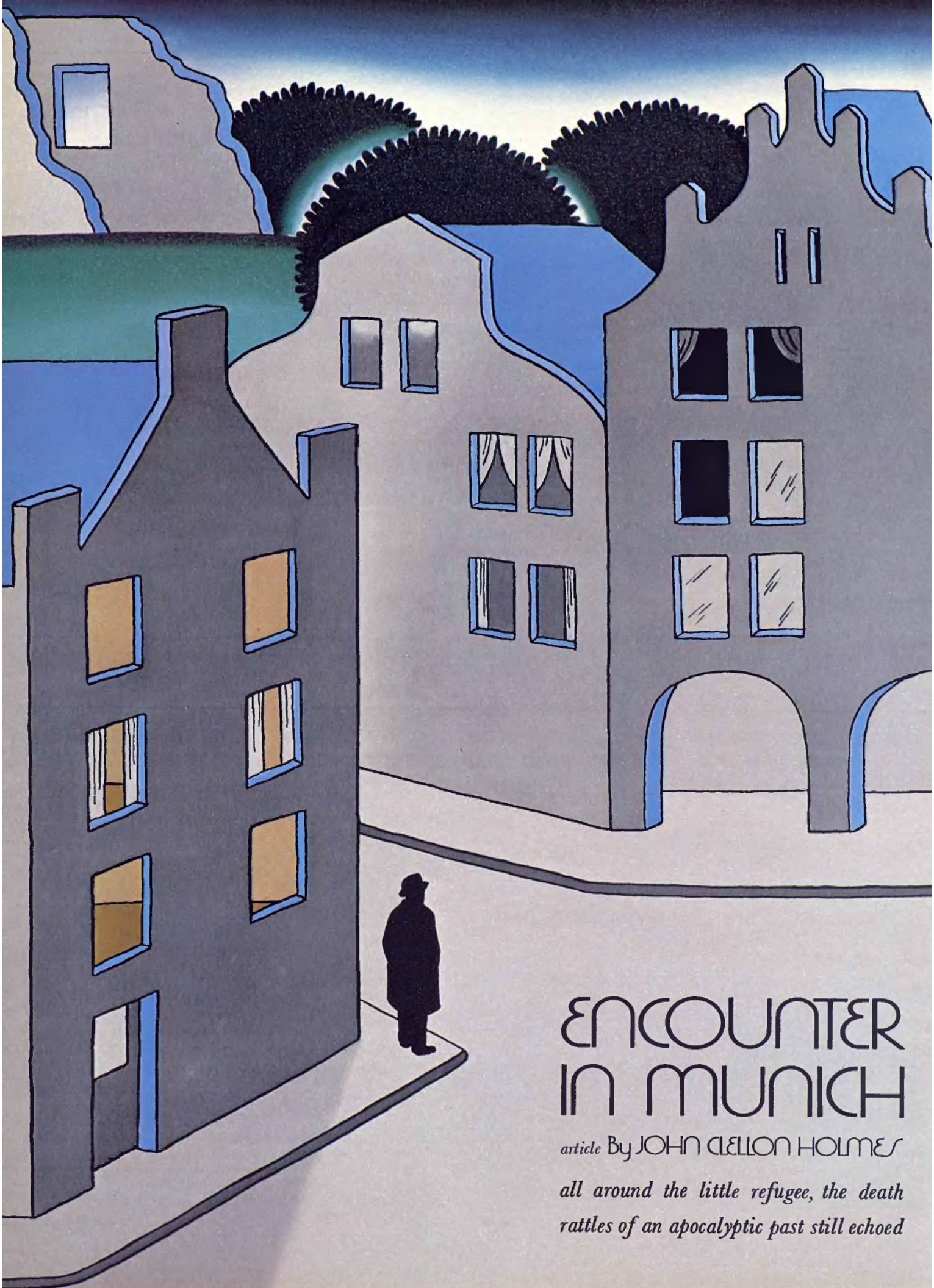
CUT TO *interior of lodge. All the singles, led by* FANG *and* VERNA, *are copulating senselessly.* JUDY *is satisfying* PORK CHOP *in an unnatural manner.*

VERNA (*into terminal euphoria*): Fang. . . . Oh, Fang! Unulululu! You must liberate yourself before you can liberate others! Unulululu.

FANG (*spent*): Up your revolution!

They kiss. VERNA *withdraws to cleanse herself of the scent of man.* FANG *wanders out to the porch. A large tractor trailer pulls up to the lodge. In the back there is a concert-grand piano.* FANG *climbs on and begins playing the piano variations by Webern. A tarpaulin rolls up, revealing the entire Tommy Dorsey band in grizzly-bear outfits. They accompany him. No one notices the 60-foot nuclear surf monster lurking on the beginners' ski run, staring hungrily through his radioactive eyes at the ski lodge. . . .*

"A man's home is his castle, and may I say you need a moat!"



ENCOUNTER IN MUNICH

article By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES

all around the little refugee, the death rattles of an apocalyptic past still echoed

"WE CAN'T *bear* America," my hostess was saying with the uneasy casualness of a Smith graduate dismissing her coming-out party. "My mother says in every other letter, 'You've been gone eight years. You're going to be one of those Americans who never come home.' " Her gesture with the glass of champagne punch was in shorthand. "But if you can't *stand* living in America, why feel you have to do it? Why apologize?"

What could I reply? It was her apartment and her party and her evening. Or, rather, it was her husband's. He was a professor of drama at the branch of an American university outside Munich and we, the 20-odd guests, had just attended the first performance of his psychedelic production of Pirandello's

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER BROWN

Henry IV, and then had blundered about through the Bavarian night (full of that piny, astringent odor, those fierce unblinking stars and that hint of hoarfrost in the autumn air that so powerfully suggest the presence of mountains nearby) to find this particular apartment in a rank of identical projectlike buildings, no different from their counterparts in Denver or Seattle.

My hostess was the tall, horsy type, glib and genial and assertive in a black-lace minidress and silver-mesh stockings —adroitly maintaining, at that moment, the balance between expatriate snobbery and native enthusiasm that seems to overcome the wives of American intellectuals abroad. A nice young woman blurred by chic.

The professor, in his solemn tuxedo, was indulging himself in criticisms of his own production that were so unreasonable as to elicit heated objections from his friends. His theatrical ideas were mostly derived from Antonin Artaud via Peter Weiss and he dropped them into his conversation with the offhand italics of a radio announcer in Topeka mentioning "Liz and Dick."

"Of course, I couldn't have done it *this* way in any university at home," he was saying with the tone of an orphan rejecting what has rejected him. "Can you imagine mounting this production in—in Iowa City?" looking to me as a recent escapee from America's bleak shores.

I gave him back a dim smile and kept my own counsel, because, though I had liked the play and the young actors, both had been so fatally encumbered by an overlay of psychedelic gimmickry that my mood at the final curtain was irritable. What in God's name had Pirandello failed to say about guilt and psychic identification with the past and the mysteries of human responsibility that all these masks and strobe lights and slide projections could better illuminate? My host's conception of the play involved such a misunderstanding of its content that it constituted the most urgent reason for his hying himself back to the artistic upheaval in the States on the next possible plane. But one does not carelessly mar another's moment of triumph, and I barely knew the man and was drinking his liquor. So I escaped to the punch bowl, refilled my glass and found a spot out of the conversational line of fire, to savor a not-unpleasant sense of dislocation.

Forty-eight hours before, we had been gaining altitude over the sparkling pattern of Paris boulevards below, laid out —like some incredibly intricate lavaliere on a piece of black velvet—in strings of tiny, pearl-hard lights radiating outward from the bright pendant of the Arc de Triomphe. Just that afternoon, I had had an encounter on chilly Ludwigstrasse, the meanings of which were still to be sorted out. And this very evening, while tooling along the autobahn out of Munich, on the way to see a modern Italian play performed in English by a group of "Army brats" on an American Armed Forces complex that had once been a Nazi military installation, I had found myself listening on the car radio to an Israeli folk song sung in German by a Frenchman. So I was full of the time-and-culture shock for which I had come to Europe, and I was in Germany —the one leg of our trip that I had undertaken as a duty rather than a relief to the state of my nerves.

Germany! To a man of my age (World War Two vet) and persuasion (radical without an ideology), Germany had the unhealthy fascination of De Sade's *Les 120 Journées de Sodome*. It was a dark part of all our nightmares and there hung over it that aura of the nadir, that faint stench of the pit to which only the morally unimaginative can feign indifference. I knew intelligent and talented men who, these 20-odd years after the war, still refused to go to Germany and said so with the complacent disinterest of people stating that they loathe *escargots* on the basis of having tried them once at 16. I knew others, like myself, for whom Germany —the very name, with its myriad associations, Nietzsche, Himmler—was an embodiment of a contemporary human problem of such huge and indistinct proportions as to be inexpressible in any terms less stark than Malraux's "Is man dead?" The source of my attraction to Germany was the testing of old aversions and new knowledges that it demanded, and I wanted to walk German streets in this time of Vietnam and see if any shred of America's fatuous sense of moral superiority remained in me.

Germany! Aside from the above, my relationship to it was especially ambivalent. My grandfather had studied medicine in Berlin in the Nineties, my grandmother had been raised there and German was often spoken in their home. Two relatives by marriage from Alsace, brothers, had fought through the brutal wallow of the First War, one for the French, one for the Germans. The bitter, romantic carnival nihilism of Berlin in the Twenties had always exerted a stronger pull on me than the bohemianism of Paris during the same decade, and on troublous summer evenings in 1937, a second cousin, just home, had described Nazi youth rallies in the mesmerized voice of Trilby trying to shake off an evil spell. Hitler's guttural, hypnotic rant, seeping through the static of the transatlantic radio, was as much a part of my adolescence on the Eastern Seaboard as the Lone Ranger. But I found that I had read Erich Maria Remarque too early and listened to Marlene Dietrich too closely and studied George Grosz too long to view the Second War, when it came, with the simple, two-dimensional ethics of a Western; and if most of my 19-year-old idealism failed to survive the unspeakable revelations of the concentration camps, a few of my emotions matured forever while listening to scratchy Kurt Weill records smuggled out of Amsterdam.

I suppose, at the last, Germany was modern history to me, a capsule history of my own era, encompassing both the human lamp shades of Ilse Koch and the human eyes of Bertolt Brecht that, to this day, stare at me from my wall, keeping me honest; a deeply thwarted land that found its true voice in the totalitarian sentimentality of music like the Horst Wessel song and Paul Dessau's incidental music for *Mother Courage*, by both of which it is impossible not to be stirred, despite your politics; a terrible laboratory of extremes in which Jack the Ripper and Wedekind's Lulu had murdered and copulated ceaselessly throughout my lifetime.

In Paris, James Jones had told me, "Go to Munich. Go to Dachau. It's an experience you owe yourself," and there I was, in an apartment full of expatriates, in a Germany that had been occupied by Americans for 25 years, in the Munich where Thomas Mann had written *The Magic Mountain* and Hitler had established National Socialism, where Jews had died by Nazi gas and Germans by American bombs and where, ironically, no one but I seemed to feel guilty. I swallowed the urge to spoil everyone's evening by swallowing champagne instead. If the truth be known, I felt silly, perplexed, cheated, morbid, square, and the reason was that afternoon's encounter on Ludwigstrasse, about which I hadn't told a soul.

• • •

The best way to absorb a foreign city in a short time is to map it with your feet, and my habit was to drift without specific aim toward the center of a town, turning down every street that looked intriguing. My wife and I were staying in a small hotel next to the Armed Forces Network on Kaulbachstrasse. Our room was up under the roof—large, alcoved, dark—with casemented windows looking out over those broad, blunt Munich rooftops that are so indefinably Gothic after Enlightenment Paris. A fountain riffled all night in the paved, leaf-strewn back court below (where Peter Lorre had crouched in the shadows with his pathetic fantasies), and the bed was smothering and womblike with goose down. Nevertheless, I was up early and impatient to be out. But my wife lingered under the quilts. I smoked a cigarette and studied maps. She kept dropping off.

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from the primitive to the worldly to the primitive, this allegorical film traces the birth and death of a civilization—perhaps our own

"SAVAGES"

THE THEME seems to focus on the bestial in man's nature, but the message is perhaps prescient—how civilizations historically move from savage to sophisticated and then fall into decadence, regressing to the cruder culture. The first American feature film by director James Ivory and producer Ismail Merchant, *Savages* concerns such a tribe of aborigines living in Stone Age conditions who discover an abandoned mansion in the forest. Soon after they've been civilized by the house, they begin to revert, their primitive personalities re-emerge and, inevitably, they return to the woods. Though the cast includes a group of established actors and actresses—Ultra Violet, Kathleen Widdoes, Paulita Sedgwick, Asha Puthli, Salome Jens, Margaret Brewster, Anne Francine, Neil Fitzgerald, Lewis J. Stadlen, Christopher Pennock, Russ Thacker and the fresh film face of model Susie Blakely—director Ivory contends that there is no one star. "All the

In primitive nonapparel (preceding page, from left) are Susie Blakely, one of the Young Lovers, Kathleen Widdoes, the womon of the Mon-Womon, ond Asho Puthli, the Forest Girl. Gothering for a tribol rituol (obove), the mud people eogerly watch the Consort (Lewis J. Stodlen) consort sexuolly with the Priestess (Anne Froncine).

characters have their moments; some may have a few more lines or scenes than others, but if there is a star as such, it's the house," he says. "It exerts a tremendous influence over all the characters, just as it did over me. The inspiration for the film actually came from the house. Last year I was up on the Hudson near Scarborough, looking at old houses for another film, and I was extremely impressed by this particular one. Time passed and I began speculating on how I could make use of it in a film. Finally I realized it could serve as the central civilizing element in *Savages*." Before this film, which Ivory considers an "allegory on the rise and fall of any civilization," the Merchant-Ivory team had worked primarily in India,

Without her other holf, Kathleen Widdoes (obove), whose credits include leoding roles in *The Group* ond *The Seo Gull*, foroges for edible roots, berries ond bugs in the forest. During the tribal rituol, Susie Blokely (right) observes o bright-red croquet boll (offscreen) roll into the cleoring ond strike the sacrificial stone.

Retracing the ball's path, the savages discover a mallet, a vintage car and, finally, a deserted mansian. In the house, they rummage through the living room (left); the Man-Woman (Christopher Pennock and Kathleen) crawls thraugh debris (above left); and the Unstable Girl (Paulita Sedgwick, above right), intrigued by a painting, likes and licks it.

turning out such critically acclaimed movies as *The Householder*, about a young man's coming of age in contemporary Indian society; *Shakespeare Wallah*, which tolled the death knell of English colonialism in India; *The Guru* and *Bombay Talkie*, both comments on the clichés with which the West views the East and vice versa. "Although I've developed a strong fondness for India and her people," says Ivory, "I was glad to return to America to shoot *Savages*, and I hope to do more work here soon." If his future American film efforts anywhere nearly match *Savages* (scheduled for release by DIA Films in early June), we predict moviegoers and critics alike will be even more pleased that Ivory and company have come home.

Roaming through the house, the tribe finds other remnants of civilization: a life-size statue of Minerva, before which the Priestess places the croquet ball to signal the birth of religion; an elegant dining room cluttered with the remains of a banquet; and a bathroom (abave), which the Decadent (Ultra Violet) investigates.

While civilization advances, the film moves from black and white to sepia (as in the shot at right of Susie experimenting with clothes), to color. For a banquet, the savages (center right) assume names befitting their refined personalities.

Asha Puthli, the sensuaus Indian actress portraying the Forest Girl (left), is a singer who recently completed a successful concert tour in Calcutta, Bombay and New Delhi. Early in the film, running through the woods, she is captured by the savages, who are entranced by her bright beaded loincloth. Later, in the house, where she's known by the name Asha, she is forced to become the ladies' maid.

Clothes begin to disappear and sex becomes freaky when the party moves from the dining room to the cellar. Out in the Pierce-Arrow (left and center), the Forest Girl–maid (Asha) ond the Decadent (Ultra Violet) losciviously explore each other.

In a touching scene (above right), Asha and Kathleen meet in the old car. The civilized relationships established earlier have now virtually disintegrated. While some congregate at the pool, others gather in the basement ta perform occult rites. Separated from her lover, Andrew (Russ Thacker), Susie (right), given the name Cecily in the house, forlornly awaits his return.

An unconventional woman both in life and in *Savages*, Ultra Violet (below) has starred in Andy Warhal's best films, including *I, a Man* and *24 Hour Movie*. She has alsa appeared in *Midnight Cowboy*, *Taking Off*, Norman Mailer's *Maidstone* and Nelsan Lyon's *Ultra Violet in Infrared*. As the Decadent, Ultra is among the first ta became civilized, leading the others in the discovery of clathes. But, later, she's also the first to break the banquet's decorum by squirting champagne and criticizing the others.

The sky lightens and the group is drawn to the lawn, some in dinner clothes, some in lingerie. As they begin to play croquet, a saft rain drizzles dawn and they kick aff their shoes and catch the drops on their tongues. Salome Jens, cast as the Courtesan, teases and entices one of the men (top center), while Kathleen (middle left) collapses in the car before joyously rejoining her partner and reforming the Man-Woman. Wandering acrass the lawn and into the woads, Salome (middle right) and Ultra (right) smear themselves with mud, atavistically transforming themselves back into their savage state.

Peering out a window (below), Susie spies her lover following Salome into the brush. Then she heads out to the lawn and back into the forest, returning to the tribe—and her primitive condition. Only the Consort (Lewis J. Stadlen) remains near the mansion, playing croquet with the special red ball. The trees rustle, the abandoned house looms behind him, whistles are heard from the woods. Apparently making the ultimate choice, he smocks the ball into the undergrowth and follows it, just as the sun rises.

"Sacrebleu! You aristocrats exploit the peasants to the very end, don't you?"

the rise and fall of a member of the faculty

from a 14th Century French university tale

Ribald Classic

IN PARIS long ago, there lived a charming countess whose husband was so busy mounting attacks against the enemies of France, leading his troops into the breach, thrusting his sword against the foe that he almost never did any mounting, breaching or thrusting at home. Thus, the lady took to recruiting lovers and carrying on pleasant skirmishes between the sheets. She had a liking for chance and she took a peculiar delight in finding these gentlemen at random.

The count's dwelling was an old tower, built many years ago on the very edge of the Seine. One high window in the lady's room looked out onto the street and there she would sit, her white breasts scarcely veiled, seeking among the passers-by for a likely young man. When she saw a handsome face, a good form and a tight codpiece combined, she would smile and beckon. Pierre, the man-at-arms, or Alain from Picardy could hardly resist pushing open the heavy door and hurrying up the staircase, such promise had he seen. Once in the lady's room, he would discover that another broad window on the other side of the tower gave a marvelous view of the river. But, what with a naked countess twining her arms around his neck, he was unlikely to pause to admire the scenery.

Into bed; heavy action. The lady bucked like an untamed mare. Sighs, relaxed bodies, a drifting off. Then suddenly there were three burly, bearded retainers in the room. One gave him a blow on the head; the others seized his arms and legs. Later, downstream, some boatman or other would come across a naked body in the shallows.

These matters, generally unknown in the city, were nevertheless whispered among the students at the university. One day, just before sunset, a group of students appeared in the street that passed under the tower. At their head was Jean Buridan, rector and lecturer at the university, a fine figure of a man. The students were eying the window out of curiosity about the scandalous countess. But Buridan's mind was preoccupied with the laws of mechanics and he was oblivious to anything else. He was holding a parcel and casting an eye at the tower with the thought that it would make an admirable spot to demonstrate the experiment lately said to have been conducted by Galileo Galilei, the savant, at Pisa. "Excellent!" he finally exclaimed to his students. "I shall conduct a conclusive experiment. Go to the riverside and observe the demonstration." At that, he pushed open the door and bounded up the stairs.

At the top, finding a chamber door open, he went in and began, "My apologies for this intrusion, but I am compelled to ask you to allow me the use of your tower to conduct an experiment in gravitation——" Then he stopped at the sight of a beautiful form clothed in a filmy something that scarcely hid the white limbs and the rosy tips of her breasts.

"Come, sit here by me and explain this strange notion. Gravi—what?" said the countess. When he had sat down, she began to caress him in a peculiar place, saying, "I love experiments, and magnetism is the property that has always fascinated me. Come, tell me if there is not a magnet within the female that always draws forth the iron bar of the male."

Buridan began to feel the empirical truth of her words. He forgot his experiment; he put his arms around her. Before very long, in her bed, he was conducting a vigorous proof of the bar-and-magnet theory. In fact, he repeated the demonstration several times, just to make sure.

So charmed was the lady with these lessons that she decided to take a full course in the science, with honors; but in her exhausted state, finally, she fell asleep without remembering to countermand her standing orders to the servants.

Meanwhile, the students had been waiting all night in their hired barge on the river, keeping a close watch on the window of the tower. At last, one of them gave a cry. They looked up to see not the expected pound of lead and pound of feathers dropping from above but the naked body of their learned professor. They pulled him from the water and laid him on some straw until he revived.

Some weeks later, the countess received a copy of Jean Buridan's treatise on the nature of falling bodies. It was written in excellent Latin and it was dedicated to her. The count, who had returned temporarily to Paris in order to have his armor and weapons polished, glanced at it but put it aside when he realized that he had forgotten most of his Latin.

The countess, however, read it with interest, learning with some astonishment what gravitation is actually all about. She particularly took to heart the final section, which warned against the great danger of conducting gravitational experiments with anything except inanimate bodies. Thereafter, her visitors were permitted to withdraw discreetly through a side door in the tower after their lessons in the physical laws.

—Retold by Kenneth Marcuse

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 78)*

that he and I were buddies, he stopped pickin' me up, which was too bad—I had another book in mind—but I'll always be grateful to him for giving me a place to digest my experiences. And I was able to turn his head around on the issues, too; pretty soon he did a hundred percent somersault and became prolabor right down the line. We eventually organized successfully and won our major demands in Kansas City, and his changed attitude was a big help to that victory.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go after Kansas City?

ALINSKY: I divided my time between a half-dozen slum communities we were organizing, but then we entered World War Two, and the menace of fascism was the overpowering issue at that point, so I felt Hitler's defeat took temporary precedence over domestic issues. I worked on special assignment for the Treasury and Labor Departments; my job was to increase industrial production in conjunction with the C.I.O. and also to organize mass war-bond drives across the country. It was relatively tame work for me, but I was consoled by the thought I was having some impact on the war effort, however small.

PLAYBOY: You didn't think of fighting Hitler with a gun?

ALINSKY: Join the Army? No, I'd have made a lousy soldier. I hate discipline too much. But before Pearl Harbor, I was offered a commission in the OSS. From what little I was told, it sounded right up my alley; none of the discipline and regimentation I loathed. Apparently General "Wild Bill" Donovan thought my experience in fighting domestic fascism could have an application to the resistance movements we were supporting behind enemy lines. I agreed. I was really excited; I pictured myself in a trench coat and beret, parachuting into occupied France and working with the maquis against the Nazis. But it wasn't meant to be. The Assistant Secretary of State blocked my commission because he felt I could make a better contribution in labor affairs, ensuring high production, resolving worker-management disputes, that sort of thing. Important, sure, but prosaic beside the cloak-and-dagger stuff. I've got to admit that one of the very, very few regrets I have in life was being blocked from joining the OSS.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after the war?

ALINSKY: I went back to community-organization work, crisscrossing the country, working in slums in New York and Detroit and Buffalo and in Mexican barrios in California and the Southwest. *Reveille for Radicals* became the number-one best seller, and that helped drum up more support for our work, but then the Cold War began to freeze and McCarthyism started sweeping the country, making any radical activity increasingly difficult. In those days everybody who challenged the establishment was branded a Communist, and the radical movement began to disintegrate under the pressure.

PLAYBOY: What was your own relationship with the Communist Party?

ALINSKY: I knew plenty of Communists in those days, and I worked with them on a number of projects. Back in the Thirties, the Communists did a hell of a lot of good work; they were in the vanguard of the labor movement and they played an important role in aiding blacks and Okies and Southern sharecroppers. Anybody who tells you he was active in progressive causes in those days and never worked with the Reds is a goddamn liar. Their platform stood for all the right things, and unlike many liberals, they were willing to put their bodies on the line. Without the Communists, for example, I doubt the C.I.O. could have won all the battles it did. I was also sympathetic to Russia in those days, not because I admired Stalin or the Soviet system but because it seemed to be the only country willing to stand up to Hitler. I was in charge of a big part of fund raising for the International Brigade and in that capacity I worked in close alliance with the Communist Party.

When the Nazi-Soviet Pact came, though, and I refused to toe the party line and urged support for England and for American intervention in the war, the party turned on me tooth and nail. Chicago Reds plastered the Back of the Yards with big posters featuring a caricature of me with a snarling, slavering fanged mouth and wild eyes, labeled, "This is the face of a warmonger." But there were too many Poles, Czechs, Lithuanians and Latvians in the area for that tactic to go over very well. Actually, the greatest weakness of the party was its slavish parroting of the Moscow line. It could have been much more effective if it had adopted a relatively independent stance, like the western European parties do today. But all in all, and despite my own fights with them, I think the Communists of the Thirties deserve a lot of credit for the struggles they led or participated in. Today the party is just a shadow of the past, but in the Depression it was a positive force for social change. A lot of its leaders and organizers were jerks, of course, but objectively the party in those days was on the right side and did considerable good.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider becoming a party member prior to the Nazi-Soviet Pact?

ALINSKY: Not at any time. I've never joined any organization—not even the ones I've organized myself. I prize my own independence too much. And philosophically, I could never accept any rigid dogma or ideology, whether it's Christianity or Marxism. One of the most important things in life is what Judge Learned Hand described as "that ever-gnawing inner doubt as to whether you're right." If you don't have that, if you think you've got an inside track to absolute truth, you become doctrinaire, humorless and intellectually constipated. The greatest crimes in history have been perpetrated by such religious and political and racial fanatics, from the persecutions of the Inquisition on down to Communist purges and Nazi genocide. The great atomic physicist Niels Bohr summed it up pretty well when he said, "Every sentence I utter must be understood not as an affirmation, but as a question." Nobody owns the truth, and dogma, whatever form it takes, is the ultimate enemy of human freedom.

Now, this doesn't mean that I'm rudderless; I think I have a much keener sense of direction and purpose than the true believer with his rigid ideology, because I'm free to be loose, resilient and independent, able to respond to any situation as it arises without getting trapped by articles of faith. My only fixed truth is a belief in people, a conviction that if people have the opportunity to act freely and the power to control their own destinies, they'll generally reach the right decisions. The only alternative to that belief is rule by an elite, whether it's a Communist bureaucracy or our own present-day corporate establishment. You should never have an ideology more specific than that of the founding fathers: "For the general welfare." That's where I parted company with the Communists in the Thirties, and that's where I stay parted from them today.

PLAYBOY: Did the McCarthy era affect you personally?

ALINSKY: No, not directly, but the general malaise made it much more difficult to organize for radical goals. And in the long run, McCarthy really did a terrible injury to the country. Before McCarthy, every generation had its radicals who were prepared to stand up and fight the system. But then McCarthy transformed the country into a graveyard of fear; liberals who had casually joined the party or its front groups broke and ran for cover in an orgy of opportunism, many of them betraying their friends and associates to save their own skins. The fire-breathing radicals of the Thirties turned tail and skulked away, leaving behind a pitiful legacy of cowardice. And there was no one left except a few battered holdouts to hand the torch on to

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competition was keen at a trio of ski resorts to see who could do the most with the least

IT ALL STARTED, in rather straightforward fashion, as a promotion gimmick based on a promotion gimmick. The K2 Corporation of Vashon Island, Washington, manufactures fiberglass skis, which it prides itself on advertising in offbeat style: G. Washington advises from a dollar bill, "Don't take any wooden skis." Another company brain storm is a T-shirt emblazoned with the K2 logo, available by mail for four dollars. When Sun Valley sponsored an Airline Interline Week last season, somebody dreamed up the idea of a contest wherein girls would dance, sing or generally gyrate for the title of "best-looking matched set in a K2 T-shirt." Trouble was, to the promoters' dismay and the spectators' delight, the first contestant chose to reveal her qualifications for best matched set *sans* a K2 T-shirt. From then on, through later contests at Aspen and Mammoth Mountain, things got even less inhibited—as is obvious on the next two pages. K2 is cooling it this winter—tooling up to make a new line of camping gear. We'll predict, however, there'll be no contest to uncover the best matched pair in a K2 sleeping bag.

At right, from top to bottom: Karen Westbrook offers a scenic rear view of the K2 Rider T-shirt (and an even more scenic front view of herself) at the competition staged in Aspen's popular Red Onion; also at Aspen, Donna Crane entered (with friend Margie Lockwood, partly visible in red outfit at left) as one of The Boobsy Twins. Victoria Smith, an airline stewardess, created a fringed halter from her T-shirt for the Mammoth Mountain contest.

Shirley Metz Boser (above) turned her honeymoon trip to Aspen into a profitable victory when (cheered, incidentally, by her bridegroom) she garnered the top prize, including cash donations. One of the judges, K2 ski-team member Charles McWilliams, auctions off Shirley's shirt. At right is Teri Polak, one of the unbuttoned entrants in the third and final event, at California's Mammoth Mountain ski complex.

Two ways to adorn a torso: with a huge sticker of the K2 logo, as demonstrated by Aspen's Dee Jones (middle left), or with an imaginative body-paint job in patriotic red, white and blue, as modeled by Lake Tahoe's amply-endowed Jan Miller (near left), who dropped in for the rivalry at Mammoth. In the three-picture sequence below, British snow bunny Barbara Webb is down to—and nearly out of—the barest of essentials.

The winner—at Mammoth—was Joanne Vargas (left), who finished minus all save a painted midriff. The legend reads simply "Chew," which refers to an advertising campaign wherein the message "Chew K2" is painted on weathered barn walls. Joanne's prizes, in addition to K2 skis, included boots and related ski gear. The rapt onlooker at lower right of photo is photographer Dick Barrymore, m.c. for all three contests.

BILL LEAR *(continued from page 130)*

they said, 'What problem?' He said, 'The problem of automobiles' producing all this pollution.' They said, 'Mr. President, that's already been solved.' So he looked at his advisors and said, 'Well, what are we meeting for?' Now, there's just one thing: Only the automotive manufacturers were there. I asked to be present to be the devil's advocate, but I wasn't allowed, because I would have said one thing—'Bullshit!'

"Nixon's been duped by his own advisors. They just get so damned impressed. Not only with General Motors but with all the companies. He surrounds himself with a bunch of college professors and, hell, they can't help but be impressed. These college professors make $18,000–$20,000 a year and they go down to see Eddie Cole [president of General Motors] making $500,000 and all the rest of the top guys making $300,000 a year who take them down and show them $100,000,000 worth of equipment they're using for testing purposes, and so forth. And they all say, well, gee, these guys are bound to come up with the answers. But bigness is not the answer. It's the old story; somebody has to *think*. And I don't think anyone has attacked the problem on an enthusiastic basis. For the simple reason that they knew, if they did, they'd have to write off some of this internal-combustion investment."

Lear has seldom been impressed with anything or anyone, at least anyone else. His whole life has been dedicated to disproving the phrase "It can't be done." Born in Hannibal, Missouri, he moved to Chicago as an infant with his divorced mother. "From the fifth grade on, I spent every waking hour in the Hiram Kelly library reading about Tom Swift and his dirigible, Tom Swift and his flying machine," he recalls. "I just haunted that place. I read every book they had on electronics and magnets." Lear has been described as a "high school dropout," but he didn't have to drop very far. "After the first ten days of high school, they told me to get out," he says, obviously relishing the memory. "You know why? I would prove them wrong. One day in geometry, the teacher did a problem and I said, 'There's another way to do that.' He got mad and said, 'Oh, yeah—show the class,' and unfortunately, I did. Then I said, 'Screw it,' and went away. I was a smartass. I should have stayed and learned something, but I was so far ahead of them. You couldn't teach me anything."

So at 15 he hit the road, hitchhiking through the Midwest. A year later, he lied about his age and joined the Navy and was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station near Chicago. There his entrepreneurial instincts blossomed. "I was a radio electrician second class, and as an instructor you were a top guy, you could get a pass," Lear recalled. "I used to go off the base and get ten-cent hamburgers and then sell them for fifteen cents." After his discharge, he indulged his youthful fascination with flying machines by hanging around an airfield on Lake Michigan. "Those early planes were wood and wire contraptions. You wouldn't believe those old crates would actually fly. I worked off and on doing dirty jobs around the field and once in a while I'd get a ride. I didn't get too many; flying in those days was pretty dangerous—and the greatest danger was my mother finding out. I was working for nothing and I didn't tell her, but when I started coming home with no pay, she began to get wise. On my first ride, the airplane landed and flipped onto its back. It was a DH-4, a mail plane, affectionately known as a 'flying coffin.'"

After leaving the airfield, he drifted to Quincy, Illinois, then to Tulsa, then back to Chicago. Along the way, he worked in radio laboratories, got married, had two kids, got divorced and made a reputation in the radio industry. When he was 26, a small Chicago company called him in to solve a problem with its home radio sets. He did; the company named the radio the Majestic, took that name itself, and rewarded Lear with a salary of $1000 a month. A few years later, he invented the first practical automobile radio for the Galvin Manufacturing Company. A friend tells the story that Lear and Galvin were riding home one day, discussing a name for the new invention. "In the Midwest around that time, we had a lot of drinks that ended in 'ola,' like Rock-Ola; everything was 'ola.' So Bill said, 'It's going in a car, why not call it Motorola?'" The company of that name, of course, has had a fair degree of success since.

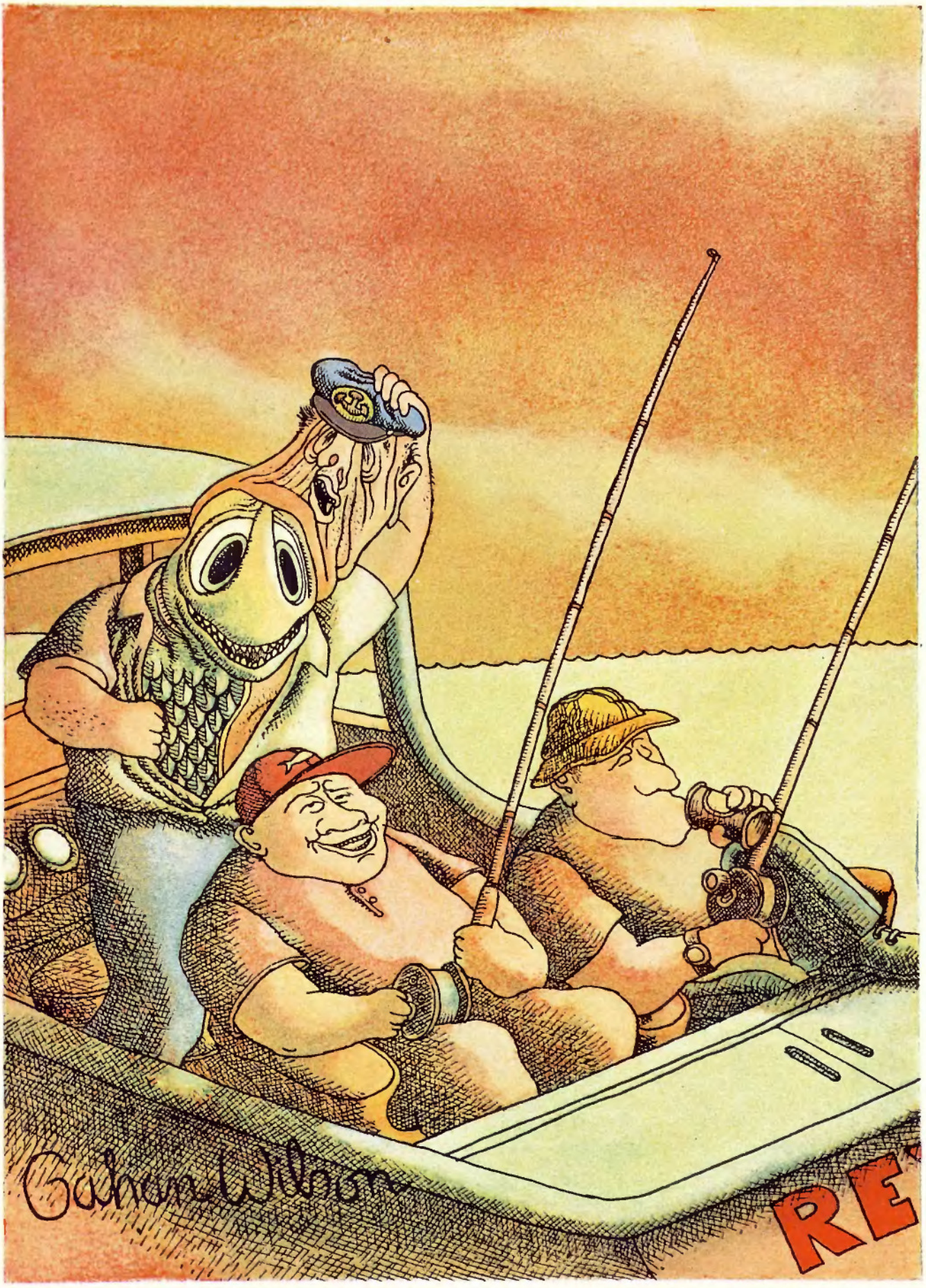
But Lear wasn't around for the growth of Motorola. He sold his stock in the early Thirties to form his own company, first known as Lear Developments and for most of its life as Lear, Inc. At that point, Lear began to combine his two great passions, radio and airplanes. He invented the first radio receiver for airplanes, but, as he was to do several times, he overextended himself and faced bankruptcy. It was only when he perfected a new radio set and sold it to RCA for $250,000 that he finally got his own company going. Over the next 15 years or so, he churned out a series of inventions. One of the most significant was the first direction finder for airplanes—the Learoscope—which he publicized with a spectacular cross-country flight in 1935. Five years later, he won the Frank M. Hawks Award for a new radio-navigation system, the Lear Navigator—of course. After World War Two, when military purchases suddenly slackened, Lear, Inc. was threatened with collapse. Against the advice of just about everyone, Lear pushed ahead with a new idea, an automatic pilot small enough to fit into jet aircraft. In 1950 the auto pilot brought him the Collier Trophy, aviation's highest award. It also resurrected Lear, Inc., which then proceeded to grow rapidly as a diversified radio and aerospace company.

By 1960, Lear was looking for a new challenge. "Hell, as soon as something works, I lose interest in it," he told me. "How long can you hang over a chess game that you've already won?" About this time, he decided to build his own airplane, a small jet for busy executives like himself. But the Learjet was more than just another project; it represented the ultimate achievement in an industry that had continued to consider him a maverick, a nut. "Bill always wanted to build his own plane," said Nils Eklund, long one of Lear's chief scientists. "It would put him in the same boat with the other big guys. He has a terrible desire for publicity, due to the fact that he was a nobody to start with. He had no high school training and built himself up to be a multimillionaire and he wanted the name Lear to be known all over the world."

The board of Lear, Inc., however, refused to finance the plane, so Lear sold out to the Siegler Corporation—the company became Lear Siegler—and went to Switzerland. After several frustrating years in Europe, he moved back to Wichita to build his plane and was greeted by almost universal skepticism. "The experts said that he couldn't design the plane, that if he could it wouldn't fly, and if it flew, it wouldn't sell," said Eklund. "But they all turned out to be wrong." The Learjet illustrates the real genius of Bill Lear: the ability to make something smaller, cheaper and more efficient than anyone else. After working on the plane all day, he played around at night with magnetic tapes. The result was another triumph of miniaturization, an eight-track stereo tape player small enough to fit into a car and simple enough to operate with one hand, without looking.

But when the jet became so successful, Lear was seized, as one friend put it, "with delusions of grandeur." He started making plans for bigger planes; money was spent as fast as it came in. Finally, Learjet was faced with a crisis. The banks wouldn't lend Lear any more money and, in order to save the company, he sold a portion of it to Gates Rubber. He was supposed to stay on as chairman of the board, but he fought continually with his new partners and finally resigned.

The sale of Learjet and other investments left him with a large income and



"How did you come to name your boat the Revenge, Captain?"

nothing to do. He soon found idleness intolerable. "If we don't find something for Bill to do," his wife, Moya, told a friend at the time, "we're going to have to take him out and shoot him." Similar thoughts had occurred to Lear and his restlessness had brought him to the brink of suicide. But then an old friend got him interested in steam as an answer to smog and he plunged in.

In one way, Lear's flying leap into the steam business was rather out of character. Throughout his career he has been concerned chiefly with the market potential of his inventions—what would sell. Most of his important inventions have been luxury items: radios, tape recorders, personal jets. A low-emission vehicle, however, is not only a technological challenge but an ecological necessity. As one friend observed, Lear may be reaching an age where he is starting to think about the "mark he will leave behind him."

As one might imagine, Bill Lear is not the easiest man to work for. "His fun is his work," said one associate, and since he's working all the time, he expects a similar commitment from his employees. "He just hates weekends and holidays, because he can't get a full crew down here," said Hugh Carson, currently his chief engineer. Just as he won't trust anyone else to cook his hamburgers, Lear has to poke his nose into everything. When the employees at Learjet once complained that he made all the decisions, he shot back: "You put up half the money and you can make half the decisions."

This is one of the central elements of Lear's character: the need to control. He dominates everything and everyone around him. Like some peripatetic magnetic pole, he attracts all the compass needles wherever he is. I remember the first time I met him. He was flying from Palm Springs to Reno one morning and agreed to pick me up in Los Angeles. I was late and he was furious, and we barely exchanged greetings as we boarded his Learjet and taxied out to the runway. The two other passengers in the sleek seven-seater were Phil Philibosian, a financial consultant he had met in Palm Springs, and H. B. ("Mac") McLaughlin, an old business chum from before the war. "Bill's so engaging," said Philibosian, somewhat surprised to be where he was, "that I canceled all my plans in order to be with him today. I told him I had some ideas about low-emission vehicles and he told me to come along."

Lear was the pilot, as he always is. He had on a yellow baseball cap with LEARJET stitched in red on the front. His fingers drummed impatiently on the instrument panel, which also said LEARJET. From the back he was a massive man, with a neck like a tree trunk bulging over his collar. We took off smoothly and swiftly and within moments he announced we had reached 14,000 feet. "This plane," he said, "can beat most fighters to this altitude." Lear touched a lever and the little plane jumped ahead. He was part of this machine he had built, part of it the way a good cowboy is part of his best pony. Later that day, Lear told me: "Airplanes are my first love. . . . If I had it to do over again, I would become a professional pilot and do nothing but fly aircraft for a living, and then I'd play and invent things on the side." An overstatement, perhaps, but when you fly with Lear, you understand why he loves it. Up there, he has all the responsibility and all the power. One is reminded of Lyndon Johnson driving his white Continental across his ranch, scaring cows with his horn, and ordering his men around by radio. The sky is Lear's turf the way the Pedernales is Johnson's.

After a while, Lear called me up to the front. He is a gruff but open person, a man of few airs, easy to talk to, or at least listen to. He told some stories about the early days of aviation and then got onto the Learjet. "I wanted to make the first test flight, but they talked me out of it," he said. "After that I made many of the test flights. After the first one my wife got mad at me for being so blasé. I said, 'Honey, I've flown that airplane thousands of times in my mind. It was just the first time I was *in* it.'"

We passed Mono Lake, high in the Sierras south of Tahoe, and Lear pointed to it. "There's an Air Force plane at the bottom of that lake someplace. It went down and they never found it." I asked Lear if he had ever been in danger and he smiled: "While I was test flying, I had a couple of close calls, but only the laundry knew how scared I was."

On the dashboard was a strange black-and-white dial that Lear said was a "synchrometer," a device to get the two engines to run at exactly the same rate. Did all Learjets have one? "Hell," he barked, "I only invented it last week." Soon we had cleared the Sierras and were landing at Reno. Lear set the little plane down so gently you could hardly feel it. He tried—and failed—to suppress the smile that twitched across his lips. "That," he said, "is what's called 'flying it into the ground.' I sure showed you how to do it."

Parked in the hangar were several automobiles, including a white Mercedes gullwing with white-leather interior that looked like some sort of crouching feline. Lear had rebuilt the car from scratch just for the hell of it, but he seldom drove it. "I've got too many goddamn cars," he growled as we left the hangar. "I've got to get rid of some of them. I don't even know how many I have." Outside he waved his arm at the future site of Learenо, barren land stretching off toward the distant hills. "Think I've got enough room up here, Mac?" he asked the old man. "I own 3200 acres and someday it will be worth an average price of $10,000 to $20,000 an acre. I just sold a quarter of an acre for $10,000 on the corner right over there."

After a few minutes in the office, he took us for a tour of the shop. He strode down the halls with authority, shoulders square, elbows out, chin—slightly marred by an old scar—set hard. In one room the crew was working on a synchrometer. His words lunged out, making the men flinch a bit: "What I'm trying to do is design something for production. . . . That's an expensive design, the thread is wrong for that kind of piece. . . . I'm not doing this for my edification, for Chrissake, I'm doing it to put it into production, and that's a lousy production design. . . . You can cut the cost of that exactly in half with no trouble at all." Then it was on to the auto shops—parts of steam and turbine engines scattered about, a car with a gaping hole under the hood, like a child who had lost his front teeth. Lear was even experimenting with an internal-combustion engine, on the odd chance that he could find a way to clean it up. "I never give up on anything," he explained as he guided us along. "I'd hate like hell to have someone else find out how to do it if I could have done it first."

Later a bunch of us went to lunch at a roadhouse a few miles away. The restaurant was one of those places with Formica tables, bobbed waitresses, pinball and slot machines and a loud jukebox. A country-and-western song was playing when Lear summoned our waitress. "Honey," he drawled, "that music is so sad I'm going to break out and cry. Is there any way to get rid of the goddamn thing—it's just like a bunch of bellering cows." Then he turned to the table: "Jesus Christ, it's hard to buy quiet at any price. Somehow or other, we've organized society so we have a continuing din in the background. Then we wonder why people blow their brains out and divorce their wives and don't get anything done—they're always listening to that moaning and groaning."

The talk turned to the auto companies' efforts—or lack of them—to control exhaust emissions. "Either they're not telling the truth or they don't know any better," thundered Lear. "It's hard for me to imagine they would be that untruthful or that stupid. I guess the word for them is fantastic." Then he laughed. "You know what a charm school is? That's where they teach you to say 'fantastic' instead of 'bullshit.'" Typical Lear: unrelenting, unequivocal and rather uncouth. His lunch came with some parsley on the side. "You know what the

Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

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difference between parsley and pussy is, don't you?" he asked no one in particular. "Very few people eat parsley."

Back at the office, I noticed the signed photographs on Lear's walls. Like his jokes, his friends are a bit outdated—Art Linkletter, Arthur Godfrey, Robert Cummings, a gallery of afternoon-TV stars. Of course, there was also Frank Sinatra ("I sold him a plane") and Buckminster Fuller, who called that afternoon and told Lear: "You're really such an extraordinarily courageous man and you've really plugged for humanity and it's all really very big bets. I just want you to make good."

Going through his mail, Lear found a pastel envelope and threw it at Buzz Nanney. "Will you get these girls to stop writing to me?" he asked, not meaning it a bit.

"You'll just have to stop being so nice to them," answered Nanney.

Lear said he wanted to go back to Palm Springs that night and someone suggested that he should relax. It was like calling him a dirty name. "I can't relax," he shouted, "you know that." After a staff meeting to discuss current projects ("I haven't heard any bright ideas yet—let's hear some!"), Lear wanted to drive out to his house and get some things to take back to Palm Springs. As we drove, I asked him how he got into the steam business.

After he was forced to sell Learjet, he was not only despondent but sick with a broken leg and painful nosebleeds. He picked up the story from there: "I had a nosebleed and I kept going to a specialist for nosebleeds and he kept packing my nose and packing my nose, but the goddamn packing wouldn't hold the blood. It's a goddamn good thing it didn't, because if it would have, I'd have been dead. Because the bleeding wasn't in my nose at all, it was way back underneath the brain. This doctor I had was highly recommended to me, but each time he would pack, they had to give me enormous doses of morphine just to stand the pain. Finally, he said, 'Now, if this doesn't hold it, next time it breaks loose, we're going to the hospital and give you a posterior pack.' That means they go in and pack back of your nose, you see. If I had done that, I would have been dead, because you last about an hour and a half in a case like that after a posterior pack.

"I was so despondent and the pain was so terrible that I went to my friend who I went around with, this fellow Ben Edwards, who was a plastic surgeon. I had great confidence in Ben and I said, 'Ben, I want you to go up in there and find out where I'm bleeding. I'm not bleeding where these bastards think I am. I want you to go up in there and cut it open and if you can see where I'm bleeding, why, clamp it off.' He said, 'Bill, I'm not that kind of surgeon. But I've got a good friend, I'll have him get in touch with you.' So I said, 'You'd better have him get in touch with me this afternoon or this evening early.'

"So about 10:30 I was in bed and this thing busted loose again. Well, the blood would just come spurting out with every heartbeat, it wouldn't just drip, drip, drip. So I said, 'Mommy, I don't give a shit what happens, get me a bowl, I'm going to pull the packing out and bleed to death. I can't stand the pain any longer and I'm going to do it.' So she got me the pan and she said, 'I wish you wouldn't do it,' and I said, 'I can't help it.' And I started to pull it out. There was about two or three yards of the stuff up there. I had pulled out about six inches of it and the phone rang.

"That shows you how close you can come, because if I had pulled it out, I would have been dead in about twenty minutes. So the phone rang and it was this new doctor and my wife said, 'Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you called, because Bill is hemorrhaging again and he's about to pull the packing out, he's pulled out about six inches now and he insists on pulling it out because the pain is so bad and he's bleeding so badly.' The doctor said, 'Don't let him do it, get him in the car and take him to St. John's hospital and I'll meet him over there.' So I got to St. John's and he arrived and pulled this packing out and the last words I heard him say were 'Oh, my God.'

"That was the last I knew for five hours. Poor Mommy is walking up and down the hall, she doesn't know what the hell is going on, and it was a damn good thing she didn't, because she would have collapsed if she had. It was just by the grace of God. Ten seconds later on that telephone call and I wouldn't have been alive. If I hadn't seen Dr. Edwards in the afternoon, I wouldn't have been alive. So I guess maybe I was destined to live.

"For a long time, I saw two of everything. I had to close my right eye and look with my left. Then I got over that. When finally I got busy in the steam department, I forgot about everything. As a matter of fact, I healed so damn fast after that I don't even remember being sick."

As he finished the story, we reached his home, a rustic stone-and-timber mansion about 5000 feet up in the Sierras, only a mile or two from the California line. The carefully tended lawn sloped down to the gurgling Truckee River, running cold and clear out of the mountains. It is a lovely spot. As Lear got out of the car, several dogs of various shapes and sizes came bounding over and he exploded with greetings. "Where are my doggies, where are my doggies?" he yelled as they crowded around. "Oh, my beautiful doggies; oh, my beautiful doggies. Where have you been? Daddy loves you so much. Do you love Daddy?" One has the feeling that is a question he asks a lot and is never quite sure of the answer.

Inside, the house is a curious mixture of wealth and hominess, class and corn. The walls are covered with Moya's needle

"I know this all must be quite a shock to you, Roger, but a recent study shows that transvestites make very good spouses."

point and the living room contains a large wooden frame with her masterwork. One side says, WELCOME HOME, but when flipped over, it reads, GET OUT OF TOWN. Then there are several large Rubens, a Courbet or two and other extremely valuable paintings. Lear gazed at the luscious Rubens nudes and cracked: "I have no interest in art and I certainly would not be interested in those fat women and fat babies. I like a woman built for speed, not comfort." Dominating the room are two huge stereo speakers, almost seven feet high. When he wanted to demonstrate the sound system, he played a piano version of *Tenderly*.

One table held a recent gift from Moya, three specially bound volumes called *William P. Lear vs. Inertia*, a record of the more than 150 patents he holds. On another was a silver cigarette box with the inscription CHARTER MEMBER, RN ASSOCIATES, 1968. RN stands for Richard Nixon. "I was the second-biggest backer he had," Lear said, "and all I want is for him to do something right. I want to see Nixon and talk to him and set him straight. But do you think I was ever invited to anything but a social occasion at the White House? Never."

You don't own those Rubens and 56 acres of choice river-front land and half a dozen houses around the world without having a lot of money, and Bill Lear is a very wealthy man. He estimates his net worth as "more than $25,000,000 and less than $50,000,000," and business associates generally agree. Most of it came from the sale of Lear, Inc. and Learjet, but he has also invested widely in real estate. When I asked about his finances, he answered readily. Many of his best investments came during the early days of the Florida land boom. "A guy once came to me and asked me to buy some land," he remembered. "He had paid $2500 for it and his wife was furious because the guy who sold it to him had paid only $1500. I told him I'd take it, sight unseen. The girl I was with said I was crazy, that the land might be under water. But the guy was in trouble. Today that land is worth about $450,000."

All that needle point on the walls tells another story—the days and weeks Lear's wife spent at home, alone. Moya Marie Olsen, the daughter of Ole Olsen, the vaudeville comic, knew he was "no angel," as he puts it. A devout Christian Scientist, Moya bore him four children and never tried to change him. (His official biography lists six children, but he admits to at least one more out of wedlock.) Lear pursued women with the same roughness and determination with which he pursued everything else, and with similar success. On his many travels, he would often be met at the airport by a pretty girl in a limousine. Famous

people became his friends. Heavy boozing, night-clubbing and gambling went with the life style. After Lear moved to Los Angeles, he was a regular at El Rancho Vegas, the first big casino on the Strip. "Lear was one of the highest rollers in town," recalled an acquaintance. "For years he was known as the 'hooker's delight.' He'd see a girl and say, 'Come over here, honey, you're good luck,' and hand her a fistful of chips. Those kind of guys have gone out of style." Lear has never been coy about his exploits; quite the opposite. Call it insecurity or egotism, he never tires of recounting his accomplishments.

We left the house, drove back to Reno and boarded the Learjet. We hadn't been airborne more than ten minutes when Lear noticed the synchrometer wasn't functioning right. With a string of choice expletives, he turned that little plane around so fast my stomach dropped away like a sky diver's. Back on the ground, he chewed out the crew and ordered them to stay late and fix the faulty part. As he stalked away, he muttered: "They've got four or five balls in the air and they're hoping to catch the right one. There's no chance of that—it's got to be done right in the shop; you don't experiment on the plane. This is the third time that engineer of mine has messed up and he knows he's in trouble."

There was nothing left to do but have dinner in town. Lear chose the Bundox, a candlelit spot overlooking the Truckee River where he is well known. The talk wandered over many subjects and his volubility increased with the number of Scotches consumed. There were at least half a dozen—balanced only by a Caesar salad—and he explained congenially: "I'm not an eater, I'm a drinker. I'm not a lover. I'm a fucker." I asked about the house in the mountains and his other real-estate ventures and he mentioned that he owned property all over Europe, including Switzerland,

where he built a California-style ranch house. Someone once called him "the original ugly American," and he sort of agrees. "I hate Europe, I hate Europe," he thundered. "My children all speak French fluently, my daughter married an Italian and my son married a Dutch girl, but I like it better here. I guess I'm just a dyed-in-the-wool American. It's strange in Europe. It's very difficult to be a democrat. Your workers take off their hats and click their heels and bow, but you can't say, 'Cut that out, for Chrissake,' because then they'll lose respect for you."

The talk drifted to girls and gambling. He remembered his younger days in New York, when he owned a huge bed he called the playground of America. He still keeps a girl in Los Angeles on sort of a retainer, but the years have begun to catch up with him. "It now takes me all night," he admitted, "to do what I used to do all night." His gambling, too, has slowed down, but he recalled his greatest moment in a long career at the crap tables. "I once made $17,000 in five minutes," he enthused. "I let 11 lay and it hit once and then hit again. I tried to spend all the money that night, but there was no way to do it, just no way."

By the time we got back to the car, it was 10:30, but Lear wasn't through yet. He picked up his portable telephone and called the hangar, hoping someone was still there. The light from the phone glowed against his cheek as he drove with one hand. When I think of Bill Lear, that picture comes to mind: 69 years old, late at night, the end of a taxing day, and he's still worrying about a tiny part of his airplane. All he could reach, however, was the night watchman. "Can I help you?" he asked, but the answer was apparently negative, and we drove back to the mountain house. Mac and I stayed there, as his friends always do. Lear is one of the most gracious hosts imaginable; just the week before, several dozen kids from the Up With People singing group had stayed at the house during a concert tour.

The next morning, Lear announced that he had been up all night, poring over his various engine designs. Before too long, his houseman mentioned that there was a message from his son John. "What did he want?" snarled Lear. "Well, if he calls again, you tell him that Mrs. Lear doesn't want to talk to him, and neither does Mr. Lear, because we've disowned him completely." I asked why and his anger came spilling out. The story tells a lot about this prodigious man:

"When John came back from Europe, I gave him a job and he couldn't do anything but undermine me in the plants every time he got the chance. That shows you there are some people who don't respond to kindness or reason. I think that was Hitler's secret: There are people who don't want to reason, who want you to think for them.

"He was with me one night and I was telling him something and he said something against his mother—I forget what it was. It was something that just irritated me beyond my ability to respond in a calm way. And I just said, 'John, I won't stand for that.' And he said, 'Oh, you won't, won't you? Well, fuck you.' That just triggered something in me and I grabbed him by the throat and I put him up against the brick wall, right up against the brick wall. He's pretty big, not much smaller than me, and I hauled off and hit him in the face so goddamn hard that I had a sore hand for about two weeks. He just slumped down for a moment and I thought I had probably killed him. Finally, he began to stir. And when he did, I picked him up again by the neck and I put him up against the wall. And I said, 'Can you understand what I'm saying now? The first thing I want you to know is that I never expect your love. I never expect you to be grateful. But the next time you're disrespectful, I'll kill you. Do you understand me?' He's never said 'Fuck you' to me since that day. He understood that perfectly. There are times when you've got to force respect."

At the same time, Lear can be a man of great warmth and generosity. "He can drive you hard for a couple of weeks and then turn around and say, 'Take your wife to Europe and bill the company.'" said Nils Eklund. Another time, Lear had some jewel merchants at his house. He bought his wife an $85,000 diamond necklace and earrings and a $72,000 ring, his daughter Patty a $14,000 ring and his daughter-in-law a $5000 choker. The gifts obviously conveyed Lear's vast and open affection for his family. But he remembered the exact prices he had paid—the kind of thing a man might do if he half believed money were the measure of love.

Despite his huge successes, Lear's life of struggle has left him despondent about his country. It's rather curious: A man who is so modern when it comes to technology borders on the reactionary when it comes to philosophy. He decries the "all-pervasive permissiveness" that he feels is rotting the moral fiber of the country. Earlier in the week, his youngest daughter, Tina, had been walking down the streets of Palm Springs and was jostled by some hippie types. "I told her mother not to let her on the street, because they could easily do something like push her with a needle when she's walking past," he said. Now that Tina is 16, Lear is worried about her virtue. As we left that morning to return to Palm Springs, he stuck a pistol in his belt. "These guys just push and push and push," he said, forgetting his own youth —or remembering it too well. "I said, 'You tell them your father's a member of the Mafia and he hires button men to handle guys like that. You tell them they call me The Don at home.'"

About the only thing that gets Lear more upset than the thought of pimply-faced adolescents assaulting his daughter is the thought of welfare recipients plundering the public till. His answer is to take away the vote from anyone on public assistance. "If you don't do it that way," he declared, "you finally have the welfare people telling you how much more money they need, because there will be more on welfare than are not on welfare.

"Our forefathers did everything in the world to keep this country from becoming a democracy," he went on. "But the politicians have hacked away at our republic so that finally they enfranchised everybody in the world except the cats and the dogs. As a result, we now have a democracy." Democracy, he feels, will lead to anarchy, and anarchy to dictatorship. The Communists are "building up this armament and they're surrounding us and within the next five years, they'll have five times as many nuclear subs as we have," he said. "And one morning they'll say: 'We have on target every city in the United States and we have our nuclear submarines in place and you know how accurate they are. You can avoid all this bloodshed by turning the government over to us.' And we're going to turn it over to them."

The whole speech sounded like it had been in moth balls since 1951; but when he finished, Lear smiled: "I tell my daughter to take up Russian, because if they're the boss, I want to know what they're telling me." That's a typical Lear remark. He keeps going, he never stops. "It's complete compulsion," said an old associate. "If he didn't have a challenge, he'd drop dead." Another friend feels he wants to leave "monuments to himself," and yet another traces it all back to his mother: "She always used to say, 'Your dad never amounted to anything and you won't either.' That made a pretty lasting impression, and he's tried to prove her wrong ever since."

Lear has been trying to prove a lot of things to a lot of people ever since, but maybe there is another element in his frenzy these days—the struggle against age. He is taking Dylan Thomas' advice: "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." "Bill still thinks he's 30 years old," said one friend. "He doesn't want to think there will ever come a day when he can't screw everything in sight, work around the clock, fly his airplane and accomplish anything he wants."

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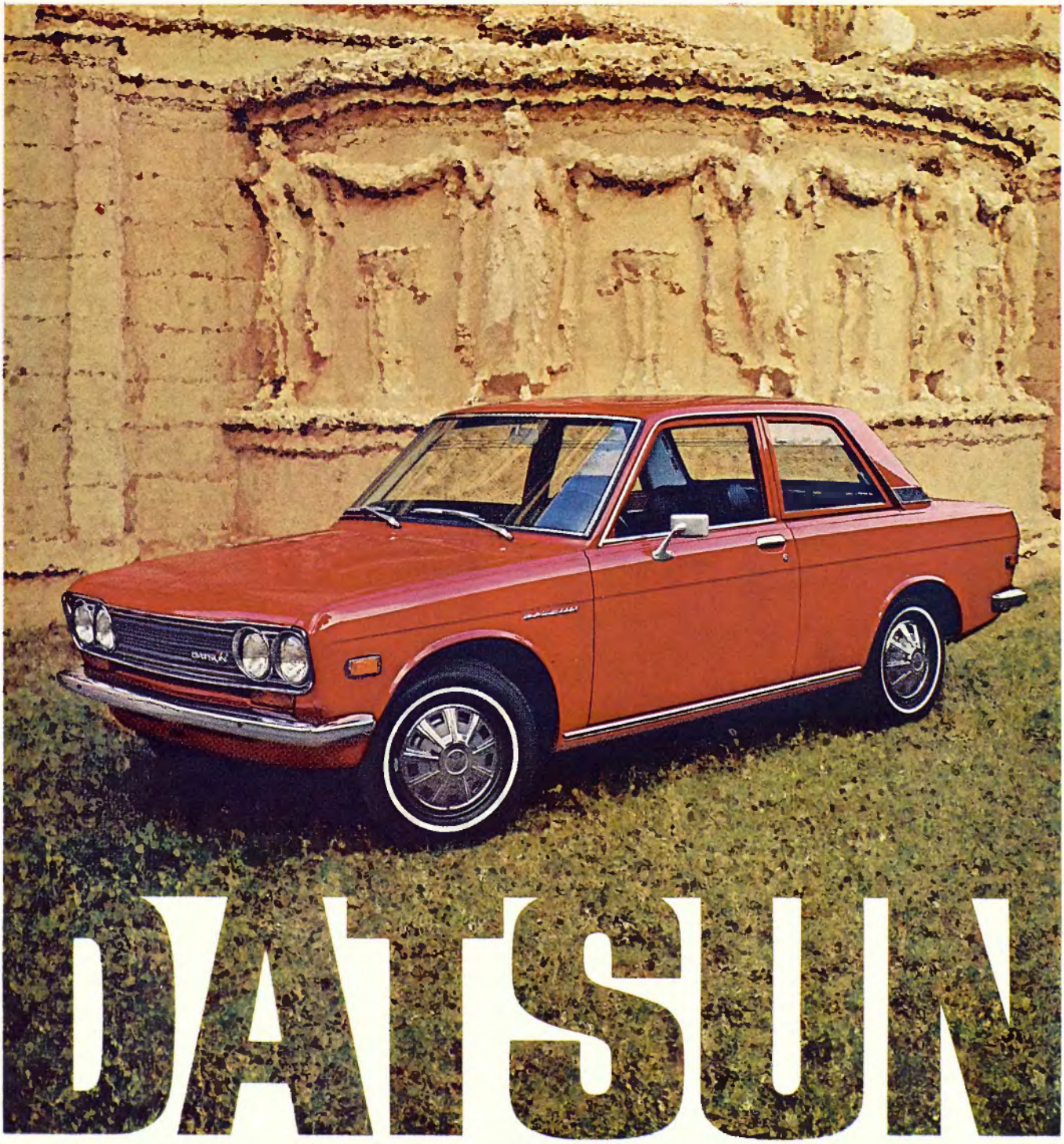


FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

AEROSPACED OUT

(continued from page 106)

are finished? The answer is uncertain. For one thing, the money for massive pollution-control systems isn't being made available either by Government or by industry.

For another, these men will be competing with younger, freshly turned out environmental engineers. Many prospective employers consider the 50-year-old engineer no match even for the undergraduate engineering student of 1972. "Our freshmen start right in on computers," says a department head of a university engineering school. "They deal with advanced concepts and are taught to think conceptually. The man who graduated 25 or 30 years ago doesn't know computers and if he hasn't been going back to school regularly, he no longer even knows the field in which he was trained."

Better job-information systems are being devised. The Department of Labor has created a national registry for engineers and other skilled workers, and there presently are job banks in more than 100 major cities, linked by teletype and computers, to list and match jobs and applicants. A few men are being placed. But with further cutbacks and phase-outs scheduled, unemployment in aerospace is mounting faster than jobs are opening up in other fields.

Some aerospace companies foresaw trouble coming and began diversifying years ago. A few companies merged. They and others acquired satellite firms. Some set up new companies to convert from space technology to the production of civilian goods. A number of these businesses began experimenting with programmed education, communications networks based on computers and new systems for environmental controls. They have had some success—though, clearly, a $250,000 contract for designing a sewage-disposal system for a small town in Ohio is hardly in the same league with a billion-dollar contract for a Saturn booster.

Nevertheless, some aerospace companies have proved that where a real need exists and money is available, either conversion or diversification can be effected.

Litton Industries is completing an experimental smog-monitoring system for the Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control District. Litton's environmental-systems division in Camarillo, California, which has been involved in pollution-monitoring systems since 1967, is building 12 automated, remote monitoring stations to keep constant tabs on the area's temperature, humidity, wind speed and direction, and concentrations of sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, oxides of nitrogen and other contaminants. Linked by telephone lines to a central computer, the stations serve as an instant-warning system for broadcasting smog alerts and will track new sources of pollution. Litton predicts a $250,000,000 market for pollution-monitoring systems in the United States alone. Judging by prospects and needs, Litton may be thinking small.

Another California aerospace company, the Electro Dynamics division of General Dynamics in San Diego, is working on the prototype of an ocean-monitoring system to provide basic data on the marine biosphere, which, many scientists agree, is seriously threatened by pollution and poisoning. Electro Dynamics is building six automated electronic ocean buoys for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency at a cost of about $3,000,000. If the pilot project is successful, Electro Dynamics foresees a system of up to 500 buoys, costing perhaps $500,000,000, in the next ten years.

The oceans are basic to man's life on this planet. They are the source of 70 percent of our oxygen and ten percent of the animal protein we consume each year. We could get much more life-sustaining protein out of the oceans if we tried. Two billion tons of fish are hatched each year, yet we catch just three percent—60,000,000 tons—by means of present techniques. Those two billion tons of fish, if caught, would quadruple the amount of fish protein now available. And if we were to distribute the catch more equitably throughout the world, it could provide the basic protein needs of a world population ten times the present 3.6 billion.

This is not to suggest that we ever could—or would want to—catch and consume that much fish. We probably couldn't change world dietary habits that radically and, in any case, we would want to be wary lest we upset the ecological balance of the seas. But we have a long way to go if we want to convert the oceans into the "breadbasket of the future." And there are many technological advances that could be made if we had a mind (and were willing to spend the money) to make them.

The oceans are also a vast source of mineral wealth. Massive concentrations of minerals lie on the ocean floors and huge oil deposits are under the continental shelves. Yet we have all but neglected oceanic exploration. The scientists and engineers who conquered space are only now moving into the deep waters of the ancient mysteries of the sea. North American–Rockwell's ocean-systems division developed a small research submarine that could become part of a futuristic underwater oil-development system. North American and Mobil Oil jointly produced a $5,200,000 prototype underwater oil-pumping station that can be serviced from a submarine. The underwater oil-pumping system, built under a cylindrical structure, will permit oil operations in the waters of the continental shelf. Had such a system been available in 1969, the blowout disaster in the Santa Barbara Channel might have been prevented.

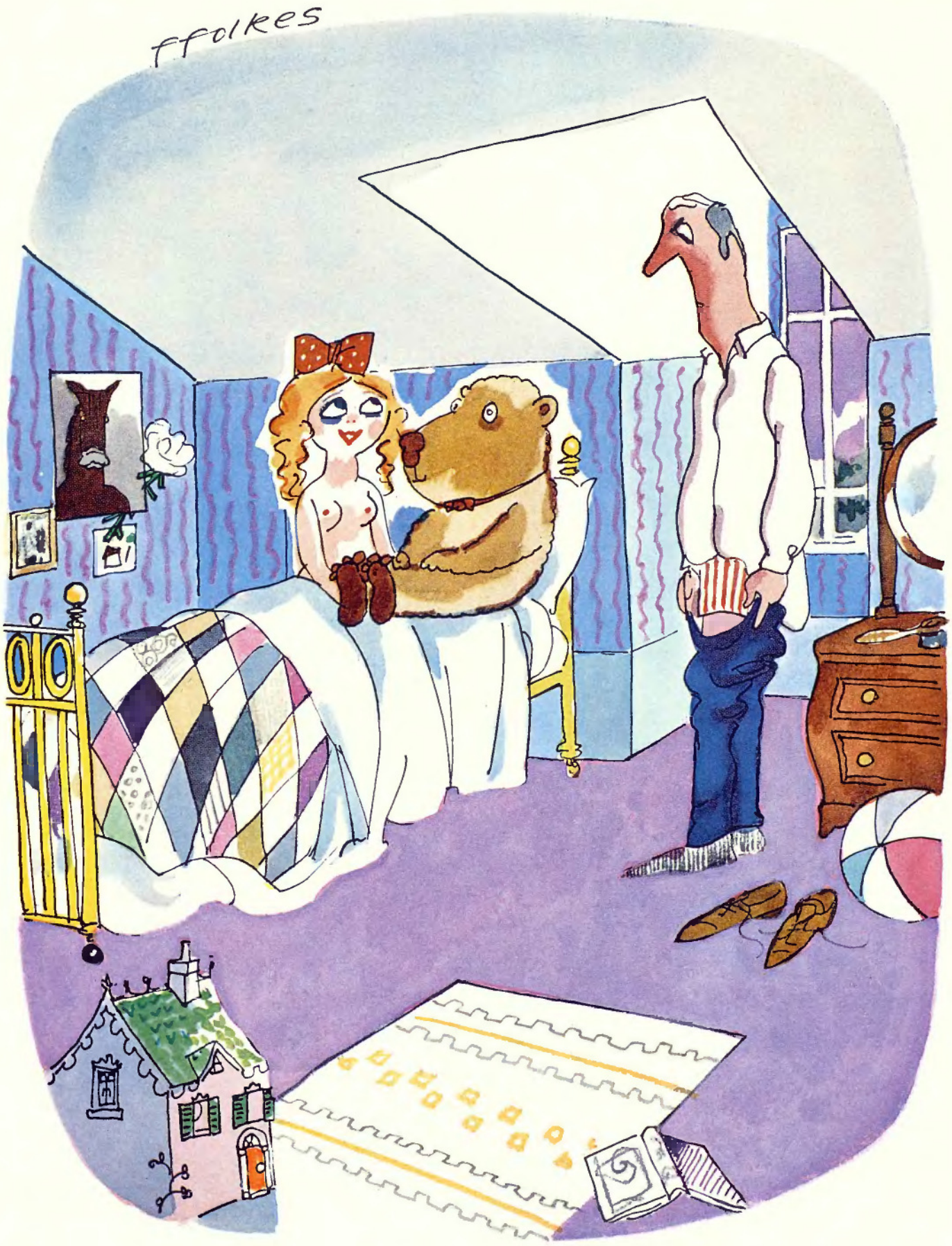
I contend, and I have introduced legislation in the Senate to back up my contention, that all oil drilling in Federal waters in the channel should be halted until we have perfected the technique of sea-bottom oil completions. We already have much of the know-how. We have the scientists and engineers. We lack only the incentive and the determination. By forbidding further oil exploitation of the outer continental shelf until it can be accomplished pollution-free, my bill would supply both the incentive (albeit a negative incentive of the loss of industrial profits and Governmental revenues) and the determination (to regain both profits and revenues).

Lockheed Missiles and Space Company, which got into oceanwork through its Polaris submarine and other underwater defense systems, has also been doing much marine experimentation. Its Deep Quest submarine has been conducting research and rescue operations. It salvaged, for example, the flight-log tape recorder from a commercial-airline jet that crashed in the deep ocean water off Los Angeles in January 1969, enabling investigators to determine the cause of the accident. Lockheed has also developed an ocean oil-pumping system and is investigating methods of mining the valuable manganese modules that cover huge expanses of the ocean floor.

Westinghouse Electric, General Electric and a host of other companies also are involved in ocean-systems work of one kind or another and to one degree or another. But most of the work is merely exploratory and almost all of it is vastly underfunded. Federal expenditures for oceanography in fiscal 1971 totaled $518,500,000. That's about the equivalent of seven days of warfare in Vietnam when we were spending 28 billion dollars a year there defoliating the countryside, destroying villages and crashing helicopters in the jungles as though they were dime-store toys with make-believe occupants.

Proponents of the SST argued that many George Floreas could have been employed if Congress had not voted to end Federal funding. I was among those who voted against it. I did so because I believe the SST is an unjustified aeronautic, environmental and economic gamble that neither the country nor the aviation industry really needs.

Our real aviation needs are easier to meet: faster access to and from airports; fewer delays in landings and take-offs; greater flying safety, both at airports and



"But first of all, we have to ask Teddy's permission, and that costs $40."

in mid-air; nonpolluting, quieter aircraft; and, most notably, short-take-off-and-landing planes (STOLs) capable of feeding smaller and more conveniently located airports.

STOL aircraft are capable of operating on 1500-foot runways. Such planes, already being experimentally flown by McDonnell-Douglas, could serve the 90 percent of our 11,261 airports that conventional jets, requiring 7500-to-10,000-foot runways, cannot use. They could relieve congestion at our major airports by making short hauls to places not served by the big jets. Short hauls, airline executives have pointed out, are the real meat and potatoes of the business—not flying a few affluent travelers across the ocean at supersonic speeds.

We need greatly improved ground-to-air traffic control and microwave landing-guidance systems, and we need high-speed, nonpolluting ground transportation between airports and adjoining cities. What air traveler hasn't had the frustration of being caught in car-bus jams on airport streets, spending as much time fighting traffic and fumes on the ground as he spends in the air?

Alternatives are available. A 200-mile-an-hour overhead monorail and air-cushion vehicles can be built. Systems have been proposed for both Dulles Airport near Washington, D. C., and between Los Angeles Airport and the San Fernando Valley. But, again, Federal financing has been hesitant, meager and late. Had President Johnson, for example, decided in 1965 to put $800,000,000 into designing and subsidizing an air-cushion train—instead of the ill-fated and inglorious SST—he would have promoted a largely pollution-free new industry that today would be employing tens of thousands of industrial and construction workers. And though President Nixon, shortly after he took office, announced that our cities would need at least ten billion dollars in Federal aid to meet their mass-transit needs over the next 12 years, the bill the Administration supported limited the amount that could be obligated during the first five years to just 3.1 billion dollars.

How far can that kind of money stretch on a two-to-one Federal/city matching basis (as the law proposes), in light of our needs? Not very far. San Francisco has already spent 1.4 billion dollars (93 percent of it in local funds) on its Bay Area Rapid Transit. Los Angeles estimates it will cost 2.5 billion dollars over the next eight years to meet the transportation needs of its inner city and New York puts its need at ten billion dollars over the next five years.

I proposed giving the Department of Transportation immediate authority to obligate the Federal Government up to the full ten billion dollars, so our cities would know for sure how much money they could expect from Washington in the next decade and could move rapidly ahead to meet their mass-transit needs. My proposal won 24 Senate votes—not enough to win. I also proposed a mass-transit trust fund, similar to the highway trust fund that has made freeway construction so prolific. But I lost on that, too. I intend to try again, however, on both counts.

With the right kind of Government help, the aerospace industry could tackle another air-travel problem—the monstrous noise that plagues millions of people who live and work under jet landing and take-off paths. And it could create more jobs in the process. Through retrofitting—soundproofing engine nacelles and enlarging the size of the engine's exhaust outlets—jet noise could be cut at least in half. I have introduced a bill that would require that the near-2000 jet planes now in use be retrofitted by January 1, 1976. Based on formulas prepared by the Aerospace Industries Association, I estimate that if my bill becomes law, 35,000 people will be employed for two years developing and installing the retrofits, and these jobs will generate another 57,000 jobs outside aerospace. Hundreds of these jobs would go to aerospace engineers presently collecting food stamps and reading want ads.

Health and education systems also are ready targets for new electronic, computerized systems. Medical-information specialists believe the crisis in medical care cannot be solved without quantum-jump improvements in information systems, using computer banks and video matrix terminals (two-way televisionlike communication devices). Lockheed Missiles and Space Company at Sunnyvale (Florea's old firm) designed and built a video-computer medical-information system for a hospital, utilizing space-age communication devices. The system involves computerized record keeping on all patients and television devices that flash diagnostic and treatment information to doctors and nurses.

Many education specialists believe similar systems are needed to modernize schools and improve individualized self-teaching through mass-media techniques—primarily television and computers.

The makers of the weapons of mass death have, ironically, considerable capacity to perfect and produce nonlethal weapons, ones that could help civilian police reduce the unpleasantness of some of their unpleasant work and, at the same time, vastly increase their ability to maintain law and order—justly. Because of the general unavailability of effective nonlethal devices, police often have difficulty dealing adequately with civil disorders in which the use of deadly force may be uncalled for or stopping a fugitive or responding to an attack for fear of shooting bystanders.

Police also need flexible, effective and quickly available protective equipment to shield them from bodily harm during the performance of their duty. In many instances of so-called overreaction, law-enforcement officers are, in fact, reacting to real or imagined threats to their lives. A policeman or a deputy who doesn't feel his life is in imminent jeopardy is better able to keep his cool and act in a restrained, professional manner.

The Ground Systems Group of Hughes Aircraft Company recently completed a detailed design for a $45,000,000 command-control communications system for

"My folks are atheists. I'm afraid to tell them I've become a Jesus freak."

the Los Angeles Police Department that may revolutionize policework. A digital radio transmitter in each patrol car is connected to computer terminals and enables the policeman to obtain immediate data on suspects, stolen cars and other missing property. By means of broadcast radio signals, every car is automatically tracked by computers. Dispatchers are able to spot car locations instantly on electronic maps and each policeman has an emergency-trigger device in his pocket to use if he is in trouble away from his car. The trigger, a tiny transmitter, broadcasts an SOS signal through the car radio. This centralized computer-automated dispatch center can cut down by an estimated 62 percent the time it takes to get a patrol car to the scene of a crime or an accident.

The scientists and engineers who designed and built the marvelously intricate systems for the Saturn rocket and the Apollo missions recognize that the same techniques can be applied to overcoming the problems of mass urban transit, health, education, crime and pollution. Many of us in the Government see the possibilities, too.

Why don't we get on with it? All of those systems and more could be built with the help of the 85,000 unemployed Floreas, whose precious time and talent are going to waste. We have the manpower, the technology, the plant equipment and the know-how. But diversification isn't easy in a depressed economy.

In a well-intentioned but sadly misdirected effort to combat inflation, the President deliberately set out to cool the economy (a rather dubious objective, by the way, for the millions who live on the edge of unemployment or underemployment, for whom the economy wasn't so hot to begin with). His fiscal and monetary policies all too obviously didn't deflate our continuing inflation. But he did succeed in raising unemployment to a ten-year high (the highest since 1959 in California), in driving homes out of the reach of most middle- and even upper-middle-income families and in throttling down the economy.

The Administration has consistently thwarted Congressional efforts to reverse this deplorable state of affairs. Perhaps the most egregious example is the freeze that the Office of Management and Budget placed on 12 billion dollars Congress had appropriated in 1970 for domestic needs ranging from health services, mental health, education and economic development to urban renewal, reclamation, housing and model cities. I estimate that at least 1.613 billion dollars of these job-stimulating funds would have gone into engineering and science-related fields.

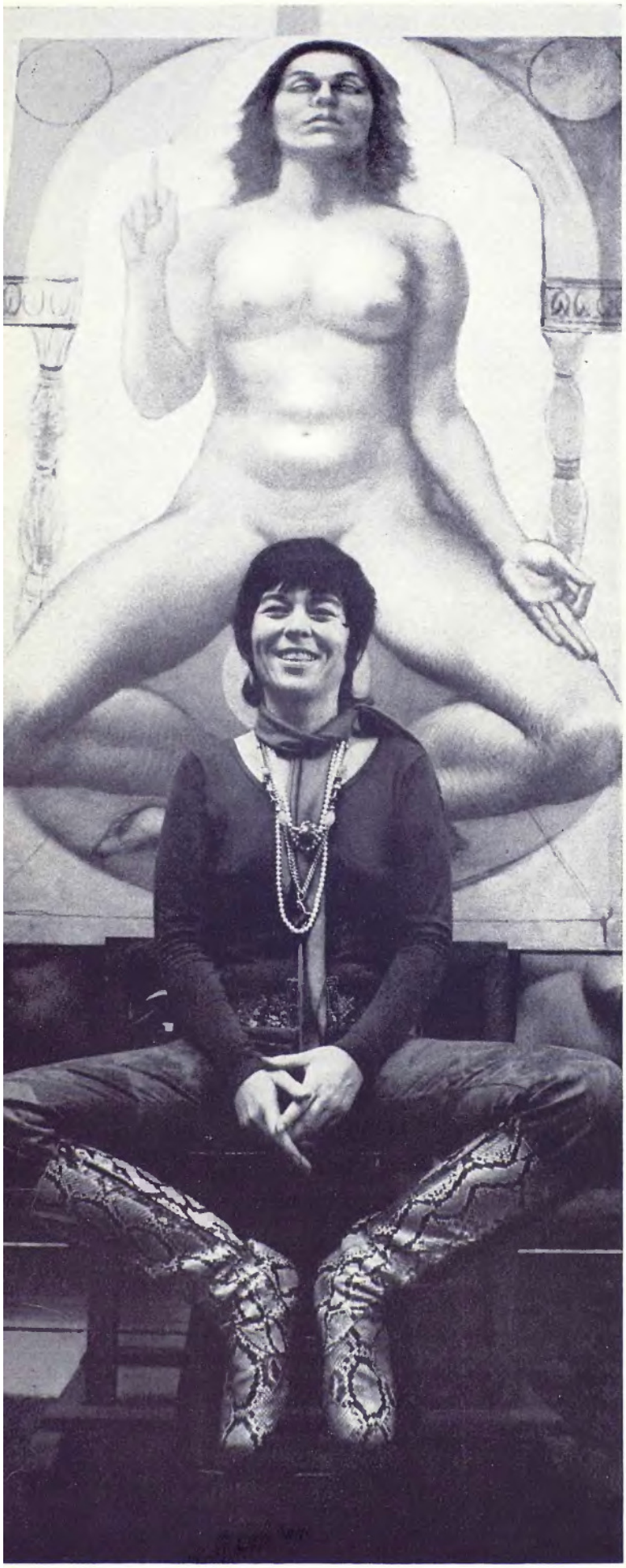
By the end of 1971, 12 billion dollars appropriated by Congress for various domestic programs still had not been spent by Mr. Nixon. In hopes of breaking some of this money loose—and to dramatize the paradox of our spending 2.6 billion dollars in military and economic aid overseas while retrenching here at home—the Senate amended the foreign-aid bill just before Christmas recess to require that the Administration spend 2.268 billion dollars of those impounded funds: 1.71 billion dollars for the Department of Housing and Urban Development; $429,000,000 for the Department of Agriculture, including $56,000,000 for water and sewer projects in communities of under 500,000; and $131,000,000 for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Thousands of jobs could be created for unemployed aerospace and defense workers with the release of frozen appropriations, such as $10,000,000 for the National Science Foundation, $20,000,000 for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, $43,000,000 for the Corps of Engineers and $170,000,000 for the Atomic Energy Commission. Government economists estimate that for every billion dollars spent by the Federal Government, 70,000 jobs are created. Thus, release of those 12 billion dollars would provide jobs for 840,000 unemployed Americans.

Our priorities must be to:

1. Restore economic growth and full employment, with expanding opportunities

(concluded on page 168)



ON THE SCENE

BETTY DODSON *the art of loving*

CRITICS OF WOMEN'S LIB customarily bemoan the hostility they encounter among movement women. Not enough of these critics know about Betty Dodson—erotic artist, feminist and sexual libertarian. There are those who see a contradiction in feminism and good sexual relationships with men: but to Dodson that's survival. Her outspoken embrace of heterosexuality has angered some of her sisters, causing Dodson to reply, "I'm not exactly going steady with feminism." She calls her life style—which now includes a 13-member "sexual family" —her exploration of "expanded intimacy." But it took time—in years and emotional changes—to put it all together: her feminism, her sexual attitudes and her vocation as artist. Born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1929, Dodson worked there as a newspaper artist until moving to New York in 1950. Scholarships took her through the Art Students League and the National Academy; afterward, she spent a year painting in Paris. Back in New York she married, and painting during those five years was subordinated to housekeeping. Not pleased with that life nor with monogamy, she gave up both, returned to her craft and had her first one-woman show in 1968 at New York's Wickersham Gallery. The paintings—which glorify sexuality, including masturbation—made some critics uptight, but not the public, which loved them. Though advertising was mainly by word of mouth, 8000 people attended the exhibition during its two-week run, and Dodson sold half of the pictures. She is now considering offers for shows in Amsterdam, London and Los Angeles. Recent projects include serving as a judge at the second Wet Dream Film Festival in Amsterdam, an international gathering of the porn underground, and working as a telephone volunteer for the Community Sex Information Service, a New York hot line for people seeking help with sex problems. "Relating to the world as a sex-positive person, as a sexually expressive woman and as a painter—that's where it's at for me. Dig it?" We do.

A. CECIL WILLIAMS *people's preacher*

SINCE THE FIFTIES, the Bay Area has generated enough styles of radical wave making to qualify as capital of the counterculture. If that culture had an archbishop, it would undoubtedly be the Reverend A. Cecil Williams of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church. Since becoming Glide's Minister of Involvement and Celebration in 1966, he has set that Tenderloin chapel on its ear, redesigning its entire format to include multimedia, jazz and jive-talking sermons on such subjects as "Quotations from Chairman Jesus" and "Ooo-eeee!—I Feel So Good!" The 42-year-old Williams is no stranger to controversy. By the time the Texan (from San Angelo) was 23, he was determined to study for the ministry at the all-white Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University in Dallas—and soon became one of the first blacks to be admitted there full time. After graduation, he and his wife, Evelyn, moved to San Francisco, where Williams fellowed at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, while Evelyn studied piano at San Francisco State. "While there I discovered the need for finding a new language," he says, "because what people want now is not salvation but liberation." Apparently his current congregation agrees. When Williams went to Glide in 1964, the Sunday services seldom drew more than 240; today nearly 4000 attend. "We've got every kind of group coming," he asserts. "Blacks, whites, browns, reds, yellows, pimps, prostitutes, gays, even Jesus freaks." Hip, flip and sassy, Williams exhorts his people to acts that incur the wrath of everyone from fellow clerics to Governor Reagan. "I believe in serious confrontation," he declares; and to practice his preachments, he has picketed with striking students at San Francisco State, holed up with Black Panthers when they feared an imminent raid and is now serving as spiritual advisor to conspiracy codefendants Angela Davis and Ruchell Magee. "I am as nonviolent as anyone will let me be," the reverend sighs, "but I'll risk acting on my instincts. If that's heresy, so be it." Amen.

CARLY SIMON *doing it her way*

THE LYRICS of her first hit single, *That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be*, tell the story of a girl who questions the way love always seems to shape itself into a weary progression of marriage, kids and split-levels. Then, at the end of the song, the girl sighs resignedly to her lover: "We'll marry." But the line hangs, dangling, and you don't really know if she'll submit to the conventional arrangement or finally assert herself. There is no similar uncertainty about the singer of the song, 26-year-old Carly Simon. She is emphatically her own person, so much so that her career as a solo performer—she had sung for a brief time with a sister as one of The Simon Sisters—was nearly shelved. "I had some experiences that made me think this business was all hype and full of people looking only to exploit you." So the New York City native stopped singing and, although she didn't need to worry about where to find a square meal (her father founded Simon & Schuster publishers), she tried a variety of jobs, from the letters department at *Newsweek* to writing commercial lead-ins for a TV producer. Then, in the late Sixties, she met writer-critic Jacob Brackman, who soon began urging her to try singing again. The result, a year ago, was the album from which *That's the Way* came, followed shortly by her club debut at the Troubadour in Los Angeles. Critics were both enthused and perplexed as they tried to define Carly's singing style, which roams from lilting to soulful and eludes simple labels. "I sing love songs," she explains. "Sometimes they're about physical love, sometimes they're more cerebral." (She writes most of them herself, with Brackman providing the lyrics.) Now she has a second album, *Anticipation*, and is planning a club schedule. "I enjoy performing live now, but at first I was frightened. When I sang with my sister, there was at least one other person to help me out. Now I'm on my own." But for Carly, that's the way it has to be.

AEROSPACED OUT

(continued from page 165)

for everybody and with full consideration for the protection and preservation of our environment.

2. End our debilitating inflation by ending its primary cause: the cruelly immoral Vietnam war that has bled our youth, split our country and cost us more than 120 billion dollars.

3. Halt the unspeakably dangerous, unbelievably expensive nuclear-arms race that will one day destroy us and the Soviet Union financially if we don't first destroy each other physically.

We both keep pouring millions upon millions of dollars into ever-more-monstrous systems of destruction, even though we already possess enough weapons to wipe each other out several times over. It doesn't make sense. And it doesn't make for national security. Quite the reverse. The danger of an intentional or accidental attack grows with each provocative deployment and counterdeployment. Fear, suspicion and a treacherous sense of insecurity are the self-defeating consequences of the nuclear-arms build-up, together with a staggering waste of the natural resources and human talents we so desperately need to put to better use.

The Administration's proposed defense budget for fiscal 1972 calls for 76 billion dollars, some one to two billion dollars more than was spent in fiscal 1971. Not an encouraging sign, but I hope to help see to it that the figure is substantially lower by the time Congress gets through working the budget over. I was pleased to note that the new budget calls for a $700,000,000 increase in military research and development, the first such big jump in several years. I look upon research and development as an insurance policy for national security. It cuts lead time on producing essential new weapons when production is legitimately called for and enables us to avoid producing weapons prematurely and deploying them out of fear.

I also believe that defense-research funds should not be limited to military purposes. I have urged the Armed Services Committee to allow defense contractors to use basic-research funds supplied by the Government to diversify their operations to meet the domestic needs they are particularly qualified to handle.

We are wasting precious time looking for ways to motivate aerospace and defense industries to diversify. There's no big secret in how to redirect American space and arms production into domestic channels. The Government, in partnership with private industry, must make the switch profitable; American capitalists and labor will do the rest.

First, the Government must put its priorities in proper order, so that pressing needs such as housing, education, health, mass transit and pollution control are placed ahead of fighting wars, piling up provocative missiles, financing dictatorial foreign governments and building unwanted supersonic gewgaws.

Next, the Government must back up those priorities with substantial sums of money, not token amounts that finance a few timid, tentative steps but money on the massive order of what we normally spend on ABMs and MIRVs and space shots without blinking an eye.

Finally, the Government should let contracts. We need to create a central source of Federal funding and contracting that can do for our domestic priorities the kind of job the Department of Defense has done for defense and NASA has done for space. There is a huge, unmet market demand for peacetime goods and services in our crowded schools and crime-infested cities, in our urban ghettos and rural slums and in our understaffed hospitals and on our polluted freeways. We need to infuse money into those markets, so that their needs will have behind them the ring of hard cash that private industry can hear.

Unhappily, we still have not defined our basic goals as a nation. As a result of not being sure of where we want to go, we have only the foggiest notions of how to get there, or anywhere. The American system is notorious for its lack of over-all planning, with the momentary demands of the market and of the electorate determining our economic and political directions. That method has its obvious drawbacks: waste, inefficiency, stumbling from crisis to crisis.

But it also has a great advantage: freedom. Human affairs are too diverse and unorganized to be directed tidily from the top. Governmental institutions should encourage diversity, not stifle it in regimentation.

But diversity and individuality need not mean social chaos. People can have common goals and universal needs as well as personal ambitions and individual desires. Indeed, man thrives best when he has a clear sense of direction, for both himself and his society.

"Well, Senator, at least we found out what American youth is thinking."

 (continued from page 150)

the next generation of radicals. That's why so many kids today sneer at their parents as cop-out artists, and they're right.

The saddest thing is that if liberals and radicals had just held a united front against McCarthy, they could have stopped him cold. I remember in the early Fifties his committee came to see me; they told me that if I didn't supply them with lists of names of people I'd known, they'd subpoena me and McCarthy would destroy my reputation. I just laughed in their faces, and before I threw 'em out I said, "Reputation? *What* reputation? You think I give a damn about my reputation? Call me as a witness; you won't get any Fifth Amendment from me. He can force me to answer yes and no, but once I get out into the corridor with the press, then he can't stop me from talking about the way he courted Communist support for his Senate fight against La Follette in '46. Tell McCarthy to go to hell." They had come in all arrogant, expecting me to crawl and beg, but when they left they were really white-faced and shook up. I continued organizing throughout the Fifties without any trouble from Washington, although I caught a lot of flak from local police in the communities where I was working.

PLAYBOY: What was your major organizational effort of this period?

ALINSKY: The Woodlawn district of Chicago, which was a black ghetto every bit as bad as Back of the Yards had been in the Thirties. In 1958, a group of black leaders came to me and explained how desperate conditions were in Woodlawn and asked our help in organizing the community. At first, I hesitated; we had our hands full at the time, and besides, I'd never organized a black slum before and I was afraid my white skin might prove an insurmountable handicap. Friends of mine in the civil rights movement who knew I was considering the idea told me to forget it; nobody could organize Woodlawn; the place made Harlem look like Grosse Pointe; it was impossible. But there was only one way to find out: Try it. So the decision was go.

At first, it did look as if my whiteness might be a major obstacle, but then, as always, the good old establishment came to my rescue. The University of Chicago, which controlled huge hunks of real estate in the area, was trying to push through an urban-renewal program that would have driven out thousands of Woodlawn residents and made their property available for highly profitable real-estate development, which naturally made the U. of C. a universally hated and feared institution in Woodlawn. The saying in the ghetto then was "Urban renewal means Negro removal."

Once I announced my intentions to organize Woodlawn, the man in the street looked on me as just another white do-gooder. All the university needed to do to knock me out of action effectively was to issue a statement welcoming me to the neighborhood and hailing me as an illustrious alumnus. Instead, their spokesmen blasted hell out of me as a dangerous and irresponsible outside agitator, and all the Chicago papers picked up the cue and denounced me as a kind of latter-day Attila the Hun. Off the record, the university was charging that I was funded by the Catholic Church and the Mafia! Crazy. Well, this was great; right away, people in Woodlawn began to say, "Christ, this guy must not only be OK, he must have something on them if he bugs those bastards so much," and they became receptive to our organizing pitch.

Anyway, we quickly gained the support of all the Catholic and Protestant churches in the area and within a few months we had the overwhelming majority of the community solidly behind us and actively participating in our programs. Incidentally, my leading organizer at the time was Nicholas von Hoffman, who has since become a writer and is now with *The Washington Post*. Nick's contribution was crucial. We picketed, protested, boycotted and applied political and economic pressure against local slumlords and exploitive merchants, the University of Chicago and the political machine of Mayor Daley—and we won. We stopped the urban-renewal program; we launched a massive voter-registration drive for political power; we forced the city to improve substandard housing and to build new low-cost public housing; we won representation on decision-making bodies like the school board and anti-poverty agencies; we got large-scale job-training programs going; we brought about major improvements in sanitation, public health and police procedures. The Woodlawn Organization became the first community group not only to plan its own urban renewal but, even more important, to control the letting of contracts to building contractors; this meant that unless the contractors provided jobs for blacks, they wouldn't get the contracts. It was touching to see how competing contractors suddenly discovered the principles of brotherhood and racial equality.

Once TWO had proved itself as a potent political and economic force, it was recognized even by Mayor Daley, although he tried to undercut it by channeling hundreds of thousands of Federal anti-poverty dollars to "safe" projects; Daley has always wanted—and gotten—all Federal money disbursed through City Hall to his own housebroken political hacks. But perhaps our most important accomplishment in Woodlawn was intangible; by building a mass power organization, we gave the people a sense of identity and pride. After living in squalor and despair for generations, they suddenly discovered the unity and resolve to score victories over their enemies, to take their lives back into their own hands and control

"Hello, there!"

their own destinies. We didn't solve all their problems overnight, but we showed them that those problems *could* be solved through their own dedication and their own indigenous black leadership. When we entered Woodlawn, it was a decaying, hopeless ghetto; when we left, it was a fighting, united community.

PLAYBOY: Were the tactics you employed in Woodlawn different from those you would have used in a white slum?

ALINSKY: Race doesn't really make that much difference. All tactics means is doing what you can with what you have. Just like in Back of the Yards, we had no money at our disposal in Woodlawn, but we had plenty of people ready and willing to put themselves on the line, and their bodies became our greatest asset. At one point in the Woodlawn fight, we were trying to get Chicago's big department stores to give jobs to blacks. A few complied, but one of the largest stores in the city—and one of the largest in the country—refused to alter its hiring practices and wouldn't even meet with us. We thought of mass picketing, but by now that had become a rather stale and familiar tactic, and we didn't think it would have much of an impact on this particular store. Now, one of my basic tactical principles is that the *threat* is often more effective than the tactic itself, as long as the power structure knows you have the power and the will to execute it; you can't get anywhere bluffing in this game, but you can psych out your opponent with the right strategy.

Anyway, we devised our tactic for this particular department store. Every Saturday, the busiest shopping day of the week, we decided to charter buses and bring approximately 3000 blacks from Woodlawn to this downtown store, all dressed up in their Sunday best. Now, you put 3000 blacks on the floor of a store, even a store this big, and the color of the entire store suddenly changes: Any white coming through the revolving doors will suddenly think he's in Africa. So they'd lose a lot of their white trade right then and there. But that was only the beginning. For poor people, shopping is a time-consuming business, because economy is paramount and they're constantly comparing and evaluating prices and quality. This would mean that at every counter you'd have groups of blacks closely scrutinizing the merchandise and asking the salesgirl interminable questions. And needless to say, none of our people would buy a single item of merchandise! You'd have a situation where one group would tie up the shirt counter and move on to the underwear counter, while the group previously occupying the underwear counter would take over the shirt department. And everybody would be very pleasant and polite, of course; after all, who was to say they weren't bona-fide potential customers? This procedure would be followed until one hour before closing time, when our people would begin buying everything in sight to be delivered C. O. D. This would tie up delivery service for a minimum of two days, with additional heavy costs and administrative problems, since all the merchandise would be refused upon delivery.

With the plan set, we leaked it to one of the stool pigeons every radical organization needs as a conduit of carefully selected information to the opposition, and the result was immediate. The day after we paid the deposit for the chartered buses, the department-store management called us and gave in to all our demands; overnight, they opened up nearly 200 jobs for blacks on both the sales and executive levels, and the remaining holdout stores quickly followed their lead. We'd won completely, and through a tactic that, if implemented, would be perfectly legal and irresistible. Thousands of people would have been "shopping" and the police would have been powerless to interfere. What's more, the whole thing would have been damned good fun, an exciting outing and a release from the drab monotony of ghetto life. So this simple tactic encompassed all the elements of good organization—imagination, legality, excitement and, above all, effectiveness.

PLAYBOY: And coercion.

ALINSKY: No, not coercion—popular pressure in the democratic tradition. People don't get opportunity or freedom or equality or dignity as an act of charity; they have to fight for it, force it out of the establishment. This liberal cliché about reconciliation of opposing forces is a load of crap. Reconciliation means just one thing: When one side gets enough power, then the other side gets reconciled to it. That's where you need organization—first to compel concessions and then to make sure the other side delivers. If you're too delicate to exert the necessary pressures on the power structure, then you might as well get out of the ball park. This was the fatal mistake the white liberals made, relying on altruism as an instrument of social change. That's just self-delusion. No issue can be negotiated unless you first have the clout to compel negotiation.

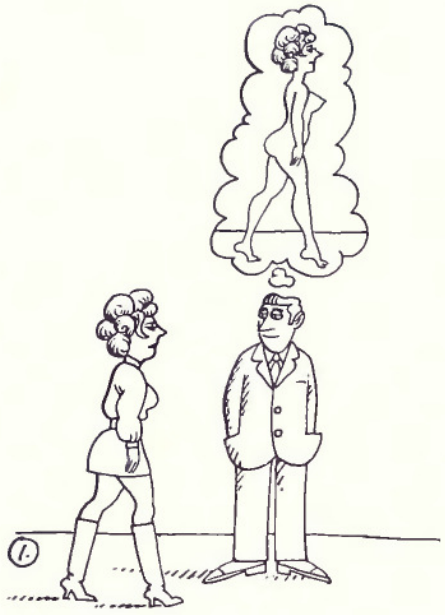
PLAYBOY: This emphasis on conflict and power led Philip M. Hauser, former chairman of the University of Chicago's Department of Sociology, to say at the time of your Woodlawn struggle that any black who follows you "may be the victim of a cruel, even if unintended, hoax . . . [because] the methods by which [Alinsky] organized TWO may actually have impeded the achievement of consensus and thus delayed the attaining of Woodlawn's objectives." How would you respond to him?

ALINSKY: I think the record of Woodlawn's evolution refutes it more convincingly than I could with words. In fact, I strongly doubt Hauser would say the same thing today; the university is now proud of TWO and fully reconciled to its goals. But apart from the specific criticism, this general fear of conflict and emphasis on consensus and accommodation is typical academic drivel. How do you ever arrive at consensus *before* you have conflict? In fact, of course, conflict is the vital core of an open society; if you were going to express democracy in a musical score, your major theme would be the harmony of dissonance. All change means movement, movement means friction and friction means heat. You'll find consensus only in a totalitarian state, Communist or fascist.

My opposition to consensus politics, however, doesn't mean I'm opposed to compromise; just the opposite. In the world as it is, no victory is ever absolute; but in the world as it is, the right things also invariably get done for the wrong reasons. We didn't win in Woodlawn because the establishment suddenly experienced a moral revelation and threw open its arms to blacks; we won because we backed them into a corner and kept them there until they decided it would be less expensive and less dangerous to surrender to our demands than to continue the fight. I remember that during the height of our Woodlawn effort, I attended a luncheon with a number of presidents of major corporations who wanted to "know their enemy." One of them said to me, "Saul, you seem like a nice guy personally, but why do you see everything only in terms of power and conflict rather than from the point of view of good will and reason and cooperation?" I told him, "Look, when you and your corporation approach competing corporations in terms of good will, reason and cooperation instead of going for the jugular, then I'll follow your lead." There was a long silence at the table, and the subject was dropped.

PLAYBOY: But can't your conflict tactics exacerbate a dispute to a point where it's no longer susceptible to a compromise solution?

ALINSKY: No, we gauge our tactics very carefully in that respect. Not only are all of our most effective tactics completely nonviolent but very often the mere threat of them is enough to bring the enemy to his knees. Let me give you another example. In 1964, an election year, the Daley machine was starting to back out of some of its earlier commitments to TWO in the belief that the steam had gone out of the movement and we no longer constituted a potent political threat. We had to prove Daley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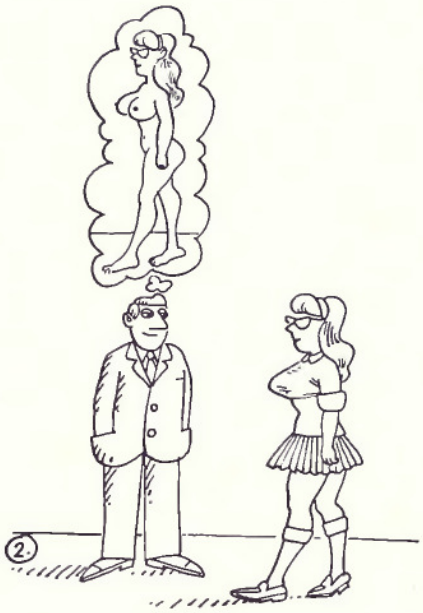
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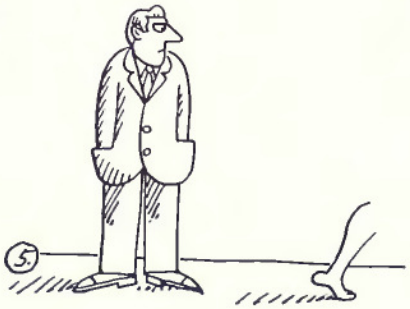
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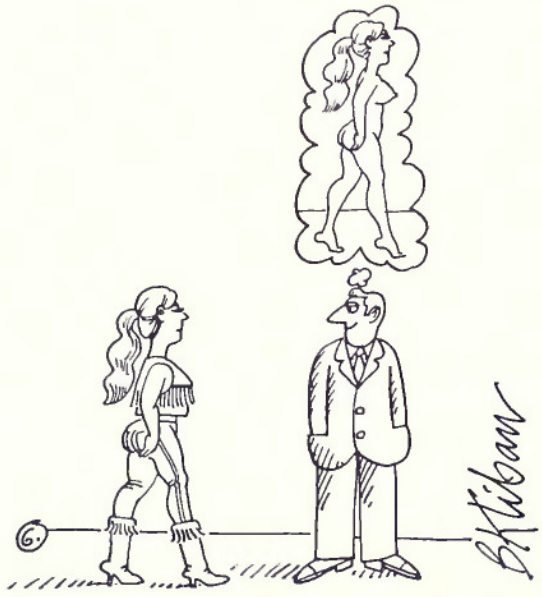
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was wrong, and fast, particularly since we couldn't support Goldwater, which boxed us in politically. So we decided to move away from the traditional political arena and strike at Daley personally. The most effective way to do this wasn't to publicly denounce or picket him, but to create a situation in which he would become a figure of nationwide ridicule.

Now, O'Hare Airport in Chicago, the busiest airport in the world, is Mayor Daley's pride and joy, both his personal toy and the visible symbol of his city's status and importance. If the least little thing went wrong at O'Hare and Daley heard about it, he was furious and would burn up the phone lines to his commissioners until the situation was corrected. So we knew that was the place to get at him. But how? Even if we massed huge numbers of pickets, they'd be virtually lost in the thousands of passengers swarming through O'Hare's terminals. So we devised a new tactic. Picture yourself for a moment on a typical jet flight. The stewardess has served you your drinks and lunch or dinner, and afterwards the odds are you'll feel like going to the john. But this is usually awkward because your seat and those of the people sitting next to you are blocked by trays, so you wait until they're removed. But by then the people closest to the lavatories have got up and the OCCUPIED signs are on. So you wait a few more minutes and, more often than not, by the time the johns are vacant, the FASTEN SEAT BELTS signs are on, so you decide to wait until landing and then use one of the terminal restrooms. You can see this process in action if you watch the passenger gate at any landing airplane. It looks like almost half the debarking passengers make a beeline for the lavatories.

Here's where we came in. Some of our people went out to the airport and made a comprehensive intelligence study of how many sit-down pay toilets and stand-up urinals there were in the whole O'Hare complex and how many men and women we'd need for the country's first "shit-in." It turned out we'd require about 2500 people, which was no problem for TWO. For the sit-down toilets, our people would just put in their dimes and prepare to wait it out; we arranged for them to bring box lunches and reading material along to help pass the time. What were desperate passengers going to do—knock the cubicle door down and demand evidence of legitimate occupancy? This meant that the ladies' lavatories could be completely occupied; in the men's, we'd take care of the pay toilets and then have floating groups moving from one urinal to another, positioning themselves four or five deep and standing there for five minutes before being relieved by a co-conspirator, at which time they would pass on to another rest room. Once again, what's some poor sap at the end of the line going to say: "Hey, pal, you're taking too long to piss"?

Now, imagine for a second the catastrophic consequences of this tactic. Constipated and bladder-bloated passengers would mill about the corridors in anguish and desperation, longing for a place to relieve themselves. O'Hare would become a shambles! You can imagine the national and international ridicule and laughter the story would create. It would probably make the front page of the London *Times*. And who would be more mortified than Mayor Daley?

PLAYBOY: Why did your shit-in never take place?

ALINSKY: What happened was that once again we leaked the news—excuse me, a Freudian slip—to an informer for the city administration, and the reaction was instantaneous. The next day, the leaders of TWO were called down to City Hall for a conference with Daley's aides, and informed that they certainly had every intention in the world of carrying out their commitments and they could never understand how anyone got the idea that Mayor Daley would ever break a promise. There were warm handshakes all around, the city lived up to its word, and that was the end of our shit-in. Most of Woodlawn's members don't know how close they came to making history.

PLAYBOY: No one could accuse you of orthodoxy in your tactics.

ALINSKY: Well, quite seriously, the essence of successful tactics is originality. For one thing, it keeps your people from getting bored; any tactic that drags on too long becomes a drag itself. No matter how burning the injustice and how militant your supporters, people will get turned off by repetitious and conventional tactics. Your opposition also learns what to expect and how to neutralize you unless you're constantly devising new strategies. I knew the day of the sit-in had ended when an executive of a major corporation with important military contracts showed me the

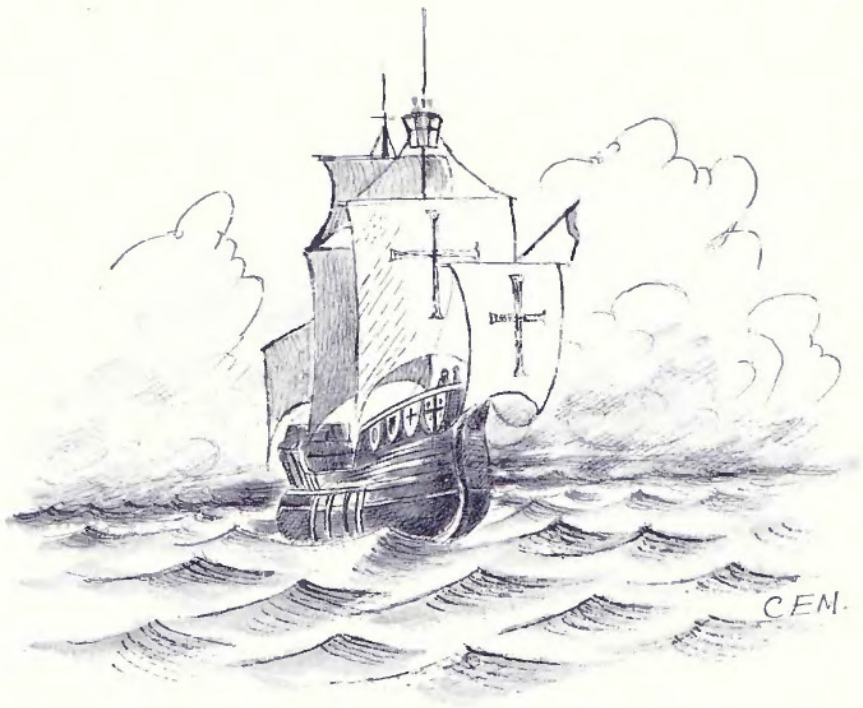
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, Randall, but as I remember it, a chicken on the head isn't worth a damn thing."

blueprints for its lavish new headquarters. "And here," he said, pointing out a spacious room, "is our sit-in hall. We've got plenty of comfortable chairs, two coffee machines and lots of magazines and newspapers. We'll just usher them in and let them stay as long as they want." No, if you're going to get anywhere, you've got to be constantly inventing new and better tactics. When we couldn't get adequate garbage collection in one black community—because the city said it didn't have the money—we *cooperated* with the city by collecting all our garbage into trucks and dumping it onto the lawn of the area's alderman. Regular garbage pickup started within 48 hours.

On another occasion, when Daley was dragging his heels on building violations and health procedures, we threatened to unload a thousand live rats on the steps of city hall. Sort of a share-the-rats program, a form of integration. Daley got the message, and we got what we wanted. Such tactics didn't win us any popularity contests, but they worked and, as a result, the living conditions of Woodlawn residents improved considerably. Woodlawn is the one black area of Chicago that has never exploded into racial violence, even during the widespread uprisings following Martin Luther King's assassination. The reason isn't that their lives are idyllic, but simply that the people finally have a sense of power and achievement, a feeling that this community is theirs and they're going somewhere with it, however slow and arduous the progress. People burn down their prisons, not their homes.

PLAYBOY: What was your next organizational target after Woodlawn?

ALINSKY: I kept my fingers in a number of pies throughout the Sixties, organizing community-action groups in the black slums of Kansas City and Buffalo, and sponsoring and funding the Community Service Organization of Mexican-Americans in California, which was led by our West Coast organizer at the time, Fred Ross. The staff we organized and trained then included Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta. But my next major battle occurred in Rochester, New York, the home of Eastman Kodak—or maybe I should say Eastman Kodak, the home of Rochester, New York. Rochester is a classic company town, owned lock, stock and barrel by Kodak; it's a Southern plantation transplanted to the North, and Kodak's self-righteous paternalism makes benevolent feudalism look like participatory democracy. I call it Smugtown, U. S. A. But in mid-1964 that smugness was jolted by a bloody race riot that resulted in widespread burnings, injuries and deaths. The city's black minority, casually exploited by Kodak, finally exploded in a way that almost destroyed the city, and the National Guard had to be called in to suppress the uprising.



"The first ones there grab all the goodies, right? I say to hell with the Niña and the Pinta."

In the aftermath of the riots, the Rochester Area Council of Churches, a predominantly white body of liberal clergymen, invited us in to organize the black community and agreed to pay all our expenses. We said they didn't speak for the blacks and we wouldn't come in unless we were invited in by the black community itself. At first, there seemed little interest in the ghetto, but once again the old reliable establishment came to the rescue and, by overreacting, cut its own throat. The minute the invitation was made public, the town's power structure exploded in paroxysms of rage. The mayor joined the city's two newspapers, both part of the conservative Gannett chain, in denouncing me as a subversive hatemonger; radio station WHAM delivered one-minute editorial tirades against me and told the ministers who'd invited me that from now on they'd have to pay for their previously free Sunday-morning air time. A settlement house that had pledged its support to us was promptly informed by the Community Chest that its funds would be cut off if it went ahead; the board retracted its support, with several members resigning. The establishment acted as if the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan was camped on its doorstep.

If you listened to the public comments, you'd have thought I spent my spare time feeding poisoned Milk-Bones to seeing-eye dogs. It was the nicest thing they could have done for me, of course. Overnight, the black community broke out of its apathy and started clamoring for us to come in; as one black told me later, "I just wanted to *see* somebody who could freak those mothers out like that." Black civil rights leaders, local block organizations and ministers plus 13,000 individuals signed petitions asking me to come in, and with that kind of support I knew we were rolling. I assigned my associate, Ed Chambers, as chief organizer in Rochester, and prepared to visit the city myself once his efforts were under way.

PLAYBOY: Was your reception as hostile as your advance publicity?

ALINSKY: Oh, yeah. I wasn't disappointed. I think they would have quarantined me at the airport if they could have. When I got off the plane, a bunch of local reporters were waiting for me, keeping the same distance as tourists in a leper colony. I remember one of them asking me what right I had to start "meddling" in the black community after everything Kodak had done for "them" and I replied: "Maybe I'm uninformed, but as far as I know the only thing Kodak has done on the race issue in America is to introduce color film." My relationship with Kodak was to remain on that plane.

PLAYBOY: How did you organize Rochester's black community?

ALINSKY: With the assistance of a dynamic local black leader, the Reverend Franklin

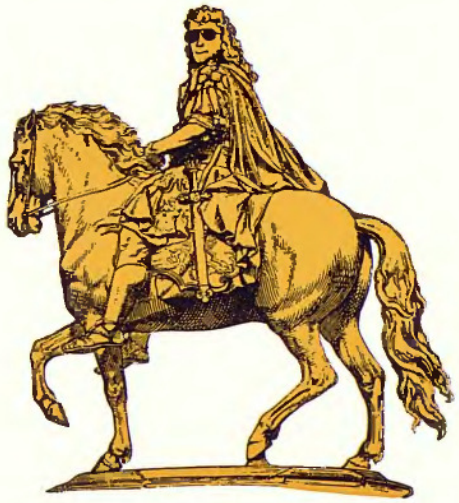
(continued on page 176)

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ROOM SERVICE, TWO BAGS OF BUTTERED POPCORN, PLEASE

Within the next few months, travelers checking into hotels and motels in a number of cities across the country will be able to turn on the tube, jump into bed and watch a recently released full-length color motion picture while a computer bills their room for two or three dollars, depending on show time. The system, which operates on closed-circuit video tapes, is currently being marketed by several companies, including Computer Cinema and Trans-World Productions, a division of Columbia Pictures. Now how about supplying a portable video-tape recorder that's all ready for instant replay?



KNIGHT CLUB

Want to know how to joust, construct chain mail or concoct medieval herbal remedies? Join The Society for Creative Anachronism. Started at Berkeley in 1966, it now boasts branches in 14 states and sponsors tourneys and other events designed to re-create the culture of pre–17th Century Europe.

SOMETHING TO HOWL ABOUT

So you're the *número uno* used-car dealer in Los Angeles. And there's this widow named Yvonne whom you're gone on, see. But she's got these spooky kids; the daughter has a thing for shoving geriatric dentists out open windows and the son's a bloody vampire. Now, the fact that your beloved seems to have been married to a werewolf doesn't faze you. But those kids, they're impossible; and Yvonne won't agree to marriage unless the two little weirdos are part of the bargain. Is this the plot of *Ralph Williams Meets the Munsters*? No, but it *is* the story line of *Sidney and the Werewolf's Widow*, a new play by Bill (*The Owl and the Pussycat*) Manhoff, which opens on Broadway later this year. Geraldine Page and Telly Savalas will play the leading roles, but be forewarned—all silver bullets will be checked at the door.

BLINK THOSE BONES

Con artists, tinhorns and crooked crap-shooters of the world, your loaded ivories have just become obsolete. Abercrombie & Fitch is selling for $39.95 a battery-powered device that simulates the roll of two dice. Once you've flicked the PLAY button, the unit randomly selects two lights and, presto! There is your cheat-free roll. OK, Hal, it's your turn to shoot.

DIVORCE, DOMINICAN STYLE

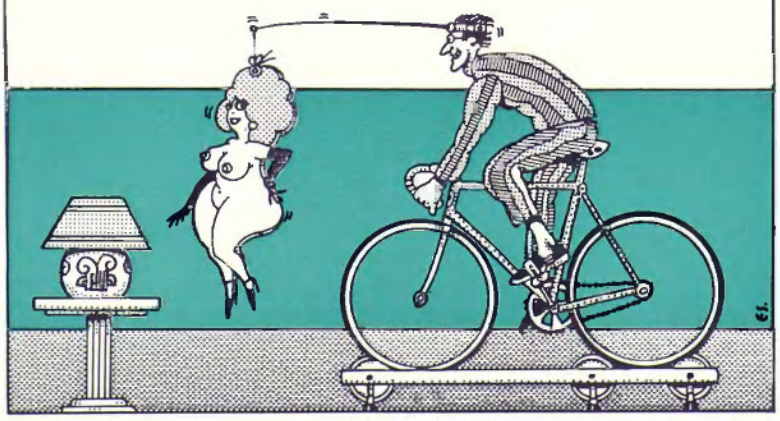
If you and your mate feel plain lousy, there's fast, fast, fast relief to be had by calling the Overnight Caribbean Divorce Company in Birmingham, Michigan. For just $555 (not including air fare nor property settlements), they'll arrange a legal quickie divorce in Santo Domingo, put you and your ex up in luxury accommodations, provide a chauffeur service and toss in a tour of the native quarters to boot.

THE DIRTY-BOOKPLATES BOOK

Those indefatigable sex researchers Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen have come up with a lavishly illustrated volume of erotic bookplates, *Erotische Ex Libris*, published by Gala Verlag in Hamburg, Germany. As might be expected, motifs run rather heavily toward Brobdingnagian phalli, but many exhibit a wildly raunchy sense of humor. The book is available at $18.75 from Rizzoli International Bookstore, German Dept., New York.

EASY RIDER

Cycling freaks, rejoice! You can get all the physical benefits of riding your favorite bike with none of the usual discomforts of winter: foul weather, slippery streets or muggers lurking in dimly lit parks. With a steel bicycle pedaling platform by Cinelli, $59.95, you simply place your wheels between the platform's rollers that keep you just above the carpet—and start pumping. You can read, meditate or catch some TV and not have to watch where you're going.



MAKING WAVES

Grab your boards, gang, the surf's about to roll in at Tempe, Arizona. Impossible? Not since the Clairol people opened Big Surf, a 20-acre complex that includes a two-and-one-half-acre lagoon with hydraulically produced five-foot-high waves rising every 50 seconds, a four-acre beach, plus shops and food service. Now, considering other landbound sites in Texas, the Atlanta area and California, the concept of Big Surf hardly seems headed for a wipe-out.

A LOAF OF BREAD, A VAULT OF WINE . . .

Watching with great interest the rapidly growing U. S. wine market (which increased by 60 percent in the past decade), the people at Viking Sauna decided that if their little redwood rooms could heat bodies, they could just as easily—and profitably—cool bottles. Hence, The Wine Vault, a new Viking division that brings optimum cellar conditions to the warmest of high-rise apartments. The electrically cooled vaults maintain a temperature between 53 and 57 degrees Fahrenheit and come in six sizes ranging from a Demi-Petit (6′8″ x 4′ x 2′), which holds 118 bottles and sells for $795, to the $3000 Cellar Master (6′8″ x 12′ x 6′3″), which can rack up to 1768 bottles. All the vaults are quiet, vibration-free and carry a year's warranty. Furthermore, they come equipped with a lock for security from unscrupulous bibbers.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 173)*

Florence, who'd been close to Malcolm X, we formed a community organization called FIGHT—an acronym for Freedom, Integration, God, Honor, Today. We also established the Friends of FIGHT, an associated group of some 400 dues-paying white liberals, which provided us with funds, moral support, legal advice and instructors for our community training projects. We had a wide range of demands, of which the key one was that Kodak recognize the representatives of the black community who were designated as such by the people and not insist on dealing through its own showcase "Negro" executive flunky with a Ph.D. Kodak naturally refused to discuss such outrageous demands with us, contending that FIGHT had no legitimacy as a community spokesman and that the company would never accept it as such.

Well, that meant war, and we dug in for the fight, which we knew wouldn't be an overnight one. We realized picketing or boycotts wouldn't work, so we began to consider some far-out tactics along the lines of our O'Hare shit-in. At one point we heard that Queen Elizabeth owned some Kodak stock, and we considered chartering an airplane for a hundred of our people and throwing a picket line around Buckingham Palace on the grounds that the changing of the guard was a conspiracy to encourage picture taking. This would have been a good, attention-getting device, outrageous enough to make people laugh, but with an undertone serious enough to make them think.

Another idea I had that almost came to fruition was directed at the Rochester Philharmonic, which was the establishment's—and Kodak's—cultural jewel. I suggested we pick a night when the music would be relatively quiet and buy 100 seats. The 100 blacks scheduled to attend the concert would then be treated to a preshow banquet in the community consisting of nothing but huge portions of baked beans. Can you imagine the inevitable consequences within the symphony hall? The concert would be over before the first movement—another Freudian slip—and Rochester would be immortalized as the site of the world's first fart-in

"I'd like you to consider it 'a tender offer for your services' rather than 'a sordid proposition.'"

PLAYBOY: Aren't such tactics a bit juvenile and frivolous?

ALINSKY: I'd call them absurd rather than juvenile. But isn't much of life kind of a theater of the absurd? As far as being frivolous is concerned, I say if a tactic works, it's not frivolous. Let's take a closer look at this particular tactic and see what purposes it serves—apart from being fun. First of all, the fart-in would be completely outside the city fathers' experience. Demonstrations, confrontations and picketings they'd learned to cope with, but never in their wildest dreams could they envision a flatulent blitzkrieg on their sacred symphony orchestra. It would throw them into complete disarray. Second, the action would make a mockery of the law, because although you could be arrested for throwing a stink bomb, there's no law on the books against natural bodily functions. Can you imagine a guy being tried in court on charges of first-degree farting? The cops would be paralyzed. Third, when the news got around, everybody who heard it would break out laughing, and the Rochester Philharmonic and the establishment it represents would be rendered totally ridiculous. A fourth benefit of the tactic is that it's psychically as well as physically satisfying to the participants. What oppressed person doesn't want, literally or figuratively, to shit on his oppressors? Here was the closest chance they'd have. Such tactics aren't just cute; they can be useful in driving your opponent up the wall. Very often the most ridiculous tactic can prove the most effective.

PLAYBOY: In any case, you never held your fart-in. So what finally broke Kodak's resistance?

ALINSKY: Simple self-interest—the knowledge that the price of continuing to fight us was greater than reaching a compromise. It was one of the longest and toughest battles I've been in, though. After endless months of frustration, we finally decided we'd try to embarrass Kodak outside its fortress of Rochester, and disrupt the annual stockholders' convention in Flemington, New Jersey. Though we didn't know it at the time—all we had in mind was a little troublemaking—this was the seed from which a vitally important tactic was to spring. I addressed the General Assembly of the Unitarian-Universalist Association and asked them for their proxies on whatever Kodak stock they held in order to gain entree to the stockholders' meeting. The Unitarians voted to use the proxies for their entire Kodak stock to support FIGHT—5620 shares valued at over $700,000.

The wire services carried the story and news of the incident rapidly spread across the country. Individuals began sending in their proxies, and other church

groups indicated they were prepared to follow the Unitarians' lead. By the purest accident, we'd stumbled onto a tactical gold mine. Politicians who saw major church denominations assigning us their proxies could envision them assigning us their votes as well; the church groups have vast constituencies in their congregations. Suddenly senators and representatives who hadn't returned our phone calls were ringing up and lending a sympathetic ear to my request for a senatorial investigation of Kodak's hiring practices.

As the proxies rolled in, the pressure began to build on Kodak—and on other corporations as well. Executives of the top companies began seeking me out and trying to learn my intentions. I'd never seen the establishment so uptight before, and this convinced me that we had happened onto the cord that might open the golden curtain shielding the private sector from its public responsibilities. It obviously also convinced Kodak, because they soon caved in and recognized FIGHT as the official representative of the Rochester black community. Kodak has since begun hiring more blacks and training unskilled black workers, as well as inducing the city administration to deliver major concessions on education, housing, municipal services and urban renewal. It was our proxy tactic that made all this possible. It scared Kodak, and it scared Wall Street. It's our job now to relieve their tensions by fulfilling their fears.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean? Surely you don't expect to gain enough proxies to take control of any major corporation.

ALINSKY: No, despite all the crap about "people's capitalism," the dominant controlling stock in all major corporations is vested in the hands of a few people we could never get to. We're not even concerned about electing four or five board members to a 25-member board, which in certain cases would be theoretically feasible. They'd only be outvoted by management right down the line. We want to use the proxies as a means of social and political pressure against the megacorporations, and as a vehicle for exposing their hypocrisy and deceit.

The proxy tactic is also an invaluable means of gaining middle-class participation in radical causes. Instead of chasing Dow Chemical recruiters off campus, for example, student activists could organize and demand that the university administration turn over the Dow proxies in its portfolio to them. They'd refuse, but it would be a solid organizational issue, and one or two might even be forced to give in. By assigning their proxies, liberals can also continue attending cocktail parties while assuaging their troubled social consciences.

Proxies can become a springboard to other issues in organizing the middle class. Proxy participation on a large scale could ultimately mean the democratization of corporate America, and could result in the changing of these corporations' overseas operations, which would precipitate important shifts in our foreign policy. There's really no limit to the proxy potential. Pat Moynihan told me in Washington when he was still Nixon's advisor that "proxies for people would mean revolution—they'll never let you get away with it." It *will* mean revolution, peaceful revolution, and we *will* get away with it in the years to come.

PLAYBOY: You seem optimistic. But most radicals and some liberals have expressed fear that we're heading into a new era of repression and privacy invasion. Are their fears exaggerated, or is there a real danger of America becoming a police state?

ALINSKY: Of course there's that danger, as this whole national fetish for law and order indicates. But the thing to do isn't to succumb to despair and just sit in a corner wailing, but to go out and fight those fascist trends and build a mass constituency that will support progressive causes. Otherwise all your moaning about a police state will just be a self-fulfilling prophecy. That's one of the reasons I'm directing all my efforts today to organizing the middle class, because that's the arena where the future of this country will be decided. And I'm convinced that once the middle class recognizes its real enemy—the megacorporations that control the country and pull the strings on puppets like Nixon and Connally—it will mobilize as one of the most effective instruments for social change this country has ever known. And once mobilized, it will be natural for it to seek out allies among the other disenfranchised—blacks, *chicanos*, poor whites.

It's to that cause I plan to devote the remaining years of my life. It won't be easy, but we can win. No matter how bad things may look at a given time, you can't ever give up. We're living in one of the most exciting periods of human history, when new hopes and dreams are crystallizing even as the old certainties and values are dissolving. It's a time of great danger, but also of tremendous potential. My own hopes and dreams still burn as brightly in 1972

as they did in 1942. A couple of years ago I sat down to write an introduction to *Reveille for Radicals*, which was first published in 1946, and I started to write: "As I look back upon my youth. . . ." But the words stuck, because I don't really feel a day older. I guess having been out in the front lines of conflict for most of my life, I just haven't had the time to grow older. Anyway, death usually comes suddenly and unexpectedly to people in my line of work, so I don't worry about it. I'm just starting my 60s now and I suppose one of these days I'll cop it—one way or another—but until then I'll keep on working and fighting and having myself a hell of a good time.

PLAYBOY: Do you think much about death?

ALINSKY: No, not anymore. There was a period when I did, but then suddenly it came to me, not as an intellectual abstraction but as a deep gut revelation, that someday I was going to die. That might sound silly, because it's so obvious, but there are very few people under 40 who realize that there is really a final cutoff point to their existence, that no matter what they do their light is someday going to be snuffed out. But once you accept your own mortality on the deepest level, your life can take on a whole new meaning. If you've learned anything about life, you won't care anymore about how much money you've got or what people think of you, or whether you're successful or unsuccessful, important or insignificant. You just care about living every day to the full, drinking in every new experience and sensation as eagerly as a child, and with the same sense of wonder.

PLAYBOY: Having accepted your own mortality, do you believe in any kind of afterlife?

ALINSKY: Sometimes it seems to me that the question people should ask is not "Is there life after death?" but "Is there life after birth?" I don't know whether there's anything after this or not. I haven't seen the evidence one way or the other and I don't think anybody else has either. But I do know that man's obsession with the question comes out of his stubborn refusal to face up to his own mortality. Let's say that if there *is* an afterlife, and I have anything to say about it, I will unreservedly choose to go to hell.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ALINSKY: Hell would be heaven for me. All my life I've been with the have-nots. Over here, if you're a have-not, you're short of dough. If you're a have-not in hell, you're short of virtue. Once I get into hell, I'll start organizing the have-nots over there.

PLAYBOY: Why them?

ALINSKY: They're my kind of people.

"And stop calling him 'Boy'!"

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 57)

nonexistence." If he does feel any animosity, it might be toward those who, like Dr. Greenberg, would have taken it upon themselves to deny our son his chance at life.

Verda S. Smailer
Glassboro, New Jersey

While you and your husband are to be commended for the love and understanding you are giving your son, you should realize that not all couples are able to make the sacrifices you have undertaken. And not necessarily because such couples are selfish; they may be immature or otherwise unready for the responsibilities of parenthood; they might have too large a family to be able to give a handicapped child all the attention he would need; they might be emotionally or financially incapable of dealing with the problems of rearing a handicapped child. Then too, there are fetuses so hopelessly deformed that no amount of love or understanding would enable them to live anything like a normal life after they were born.

We support those who want to make abortion a matter of free individual decision, and oppose those who would prohibit it or make it mandatory.

THE RIGHT TO LIFE

Millions of people have been killed in the past few years in Vietnam, Biafra and Bangla Desh. Meanwhile, I keep reading about the campaigns of humanitarians who oppose abortion because they believe the fetus has a right to life. What are the anti-abortion people doing to protect the lives of those already born and threatened with death through war or starvation? It is no great task to insist on the rights of the fetus, but what about doing something to stop the war or to pressure the Government to use its influence to save lives overseas? Let me read letters from anti-abortion people who show concern for *all* human beings in jeopardy everywhere, and then I'll believe they really care about the life of the fetus.

Christopher Gautschi
Hastings College of Law
San Francisco, California

RIGHTS OF THE FETUS

The conviction of Shirley Wheeler on a charge of manslaughter for having an abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971) raises the key questions: Is the fetus a human being and does it have as much right to life as any other human being? Those who favor abortion on demand argue that the law should let each individual decide these questions personally and act accordingly. Opponents of abortion say you can't let people commit murder just because they don't consider it murder; therefore, the

state must forbid the killing of fetuses just as it forbids the killing of people who have already been born.

The anti-abortion argument is based on two invalid assumptions: that human beings have a natural right to life that the state is obligated to protect, and that the fetus (since it is a human being) possesses this right at the moment of conception. There is no objective, scientific way to establish that these rights exist in nature. As the French biologist and Nobel Prize winner Jacques Monod said in a *New York Times* interview:

> We live in societies that have developed on the basis of strong and widely accepted systems of value, which are a more or less harmonious blend of the ideas of the philosophers of the Enlightenment, particularly Rousseau. Man is good and there is something called the natural rights of man that have to be sustained. It's an absolute law: since these are natural rights, we are therefore bound to defend them. Of course, if you analyze this idea of natural rights of man, it doesn't stand for a minute. There's no such thing as the natural rights of man.
>
> In what way are they natural? Nobody could answer that.

What applies to humanity in general certainly applies to the fetus. The right to life is a value springing from people's needs and desires, and is subject to people's decisions about where and when it applies. In India, the cow has an inalienable right to life. This is not something nature has built into the cow; it represents, rather, the feelings of Hindus about the cow. Similarly, the opposition of many Americans to the destruction of the fetus represents their feelings and has no objective, scientific, natural basis.

We can't expect God or science to answer this question for us. In my view, restrictive abortion laws treat women as slaves who must bear children whether or not they want to. These laws cause untold suffering to women and to unwanted children. If we want to minimize human pain, we should legalize abortion. This opinion is not based on any metaphysical standard of good and evil but on my simple, personal, subjective wish to live in a society in which people will be happier than they are now.

George Harris
San Francisco, California

RIGHTS OF WOMEN

I was thoroughly shocked to read in the December 1971 *Playboy Forum* about the treatment meted out to Shirley Wheeler. I've read of many cases of brutal injustice in the past, but to find a woman guilty of manslaughter because she had an abortion seems to me a new

and frightening low in judicial practice. I congratulate the Playboy Foundation for taking steps on behalf of Shirley Wheeler and urge you to continue your efforts in defense of human rights.

Edward R. Barricks, Jr.
Chester, Virginia

I am outraged at the persecution of Shirley Wheeler. Although I am a Catholic and personally against abortion, I applaud your decision to assist her.

Keep up the good work and maybe someday we can call this a truly free country.

Jim Scheid
Ferris State College
Big Rapids, Michigan

After Shirley Wheeler's conviction, the Playboy Foundation retained Professor Cyril C. Means, Jr., of New York Law School to serve as co-counsel with her public defender and to argue a motion for a new trial. The trial judge stated that in view of Professor Means's comprehensive brief on the unconstitutionality of the Florida abortion law and Mrs. Wheeler's good record, he would grant probation rather than to impose a prison sentence. The judge requested that extra copies of Means's brief be sent to the members of the Florida Legislature who will be responsible for initiating legislation to eliminate abortion as a criminal charge. The conviction is being appealed and Professor Means continues to be involved on the appellate level.

"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.

"I know you never want any of my corny fatherly advice, dear—but I still say an abortion would have been a lot simpler than this!"

TERMINAL MAN

(continued from page 94)

he never remembered what occurred during the blackout periods."

Heads in the audience nodded. They understood what she was telling them; it was a straightforward history of a temporal-lobe epileptic. The hard part was coming.

"The patient's friends," she continued, "told him that he was acting different, but he discounted their opinion. Gradually, he has lost contact with most of his former friends. Around this time—one year ago—he also made what he called a monumental discovery in his work. Benson is a computer scientist specializing in artificial life, or machine intelligence. In the course of this work, he says he discovered that machines were competing with human beings and that ultimately machines would take over the world."

Now there were whispers in the audience. This interested them, particularly the psychiatrists. Ross could see her old teacher, Manon, sitting in the top row, holding his head in his hands. Manon knew.

"Benson communicated his discovery to his remaining friends. They suggested that he see a psychiatrist, which angered him. In the past year, he has become increasingly certain that machines are conspiring to take over the world.

"Then, six months ago, the patient was arrested by police on suspicion of beating an airplane mechanic to a bloody pulp. Positive identification could not be made and charges were dropped. But the episode unnerved Benson and led him to seek psychiatric help. He had the vague suspicion that, somehow, he *had* been the man who had beaten the mechanic. That was unthinkable to him, but the nagging suspicion remained.

"He was referred to the University Hospital Neuropsychiatric Research Unit four months ago, in November 1970. On the basis of his history—head injury, episodic violence preceded by strange smells—he was considered a probable psychomotor epileptic. As you know, the NPS now accepts only patients with organically treatable behavioral disturbances.

"A neurological examination was fully normal. An electroencephalogram was fully normal; brain-wave activity showed no pathology. It was repeated after alcohol ingestion and an abnormal tracing was obtained. The EEG showed seizure wave-form activity in the right temporal lobe of the brain. Benson was therefore considered a stage-one patient—firm diagnosis of psychomotor epilepsy."

She paused to get her breath and let the audience absorb what she had told them. "The patient is an intelligent man," she said, "and his illness was

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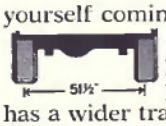

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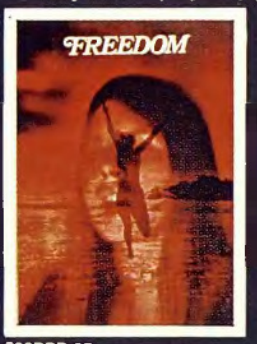

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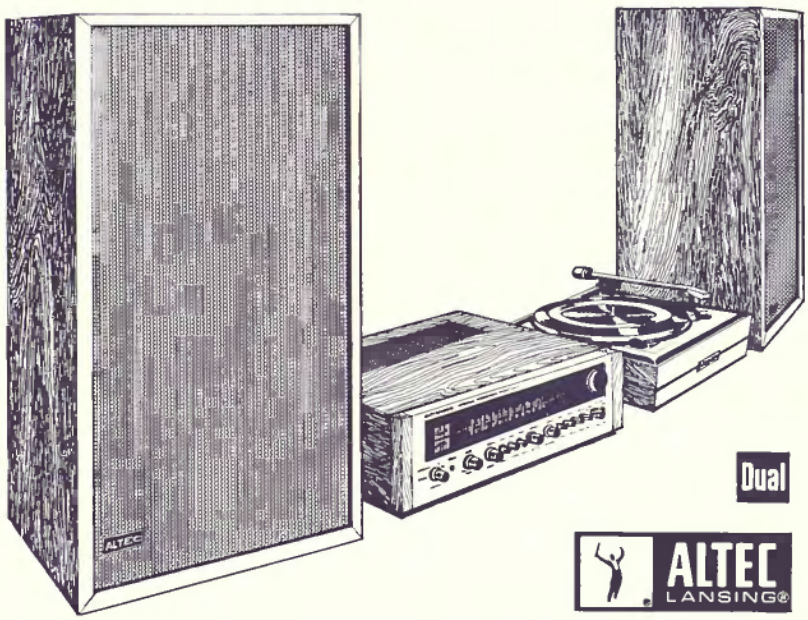

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explained to him. He was told he had injured his brain in the automobile accident and, as a result, had a form of epilepsy that produced thought seizures —seizures of the mind, not the body, leading frequently to violent acts. He was told that the disease was common and could be controlled. He was started on a series of drug trials.

"Three months ago, Benson was arrested on charges of assault and battery. The victim was a twenty-four-year-old topless dancer, who later dropped charges. The hospital intervened slightly on Benson's behalf.

"One month ago, drug trials of morladone, p-amino benzadone and triamiline were concluded. Benson showed no improvement on any drug or combination of drugs. He was therefore a stage two —drug-resistant psychomotor epileptic. And he was scheduled for a stage-three surgical procedure, which we will discuss today."

She paused. "Before I bring him in," she said, "I think I should add that yesterday afternoon, he attacked a gas-station attendant and beat the man rather badly. His operation is scheduled for tomorrow and we have persuaded the police to release him into our custody. But he is still technically awaiting arraignment on charges of assault and battery."

The amphitheater was silent. She went to the doors to bring Benson in.

• • •

Benson was just outside the amphitheater, sitting in his wheelchair, wearing the blue-and-white-striped bathrobe the hospital issued to its patients. When Janet Ross appeared, he smiled. "Hello, Dr. Ross."

"Hello, Harry." She smiled back. "How do you feel?"

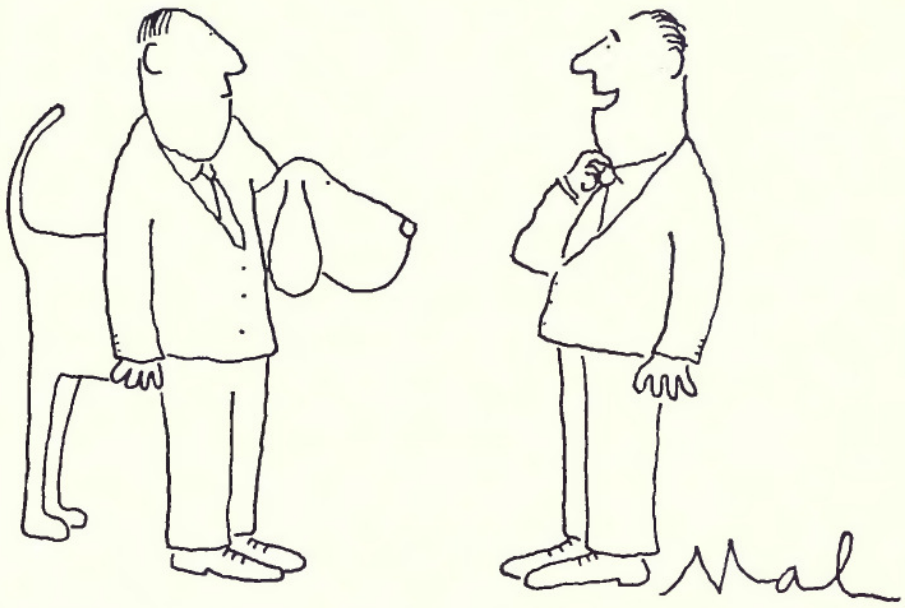
It was a polite question. After years of psychiatric training, she had learned to observe a patient's status and she could intuit how he felt. Benson was nervous and felt threatened; there was sweat on his upper lip, his shoulders were drawn in, his hands clenched in his lap.

"I feel fine," he said. "Just fine."

Behind Benson was Morris, pushing the wheelchair, and a cop. Ross said to Morris, "Does he come in with us?"

Before Morris could answer, Benson said lightly, "He goes everywhere I go." The cop nodded and looked embarrassed.

Ross opened the doors and Morris wheeled Benson into the amphitheater and left him in a position facing the audience. Ross took a seat to one side and glanced at the cop, who stood by a door, trying to look inconspicuous. Ellis stood next to Benson, who was looking at a wall of frosted glass against which a dozen X rays had been clipped.



"Gosh, Harvey . . . when you said you were dating a real dog, I thought. . . ."

He seemed to realize that they were his own skull films. Ellis noticed and turned off the light behind the frosted glass. The X rays became opaquely black.

"We've asked you to come here," Ellis said, "to answer some questions for these doctors." He gestured to the men sitting in the semicircular tiers. "They don't make you nervous, do they?"

Ellis asked it easily. Ross frowned. She'd attended hundreds of grand rounds in her life and the patients were invariably asked if the doctors peering down at them made them nervous. In answer to a direct question, the patients always denied nervousness.

"Sure they make me nervous," Benson said. "They'd make anybody nervous."

Ross suppressed a smile. Good for you, she thought.

Then Benson said, "What if you were a machine and I brought you in front of a bunch of computer experts who were trying to decide what was wrong with you and how to fix it? How would you feel?"

Ellis was plainly flustered. He ran his hands through his thinning hair and glanced at Ross, and she shook her head fractionally, *no*. This was the wrong place to explore Benson's psychopathology.

"I'd be nervous, too," Ellis said. "But of course," he added, "I'm not a machine. am I?"

"That depends," Benson said. "Certain of your functions are repetitive and mechanical. From that standpoint, they are easily programmed and relatively straightforward, if you——"

"I think," Ross said, standing up, "that we might take questions from those present now."

Ellis clearly didn't like that, but he was silent, and Benson, mercifully, was quiet. Ross looked up at the audience, and after a moment, a man in the back raised his hand and said, "Mr. Benson, can you tell us more about the smells you have before your blackouts?"

"Not really," Benson said. "They're strange, is all. They smell terrible, but they don't smell *like* anything, if you get what I mean. I mean, you can't identify the odor. Memory tapes cycle through blankly."

"Can you give us an approximation of the odor?"

Benson shrugged. "Maybe . . . pig shit in turpentine."

Another hand in the audience went up. "Mr. Benson, these blackouts have been getting more frequent. Have they also been getting longer?"

"Yes," Benson said. "They're several hours now."

"How do you feel when you recover from a blackout?"

"Sick to my stomach."

"Can you be more specific?"

"Sometimes I vomit. Is that specific enough?"

Ross frowned. She could see that Benson was becoming angry. "Are there other questions?" she asked, hoping there would not be. She looked up at the audience. There was a long silence.

"Well, then," Ellis said, "perhaps we can go on to discuss the details of stage-three surgery. Mr. Benson knows all

this, so he can stay or leave, whichever he prefers."

Ross didn't approve. Ellis was showing off, the surgeon's instinct for demonstrating to everyone that his patient didn't mind being cut and mutilated. It was unfair to ask—to dare—Benson to stay in the amphitheater.

"I'll stay," Benson said.

"Fine," Ellis said. He went to the blackboard and drew a brain schematically. "Now, our understanding of the disease process," he said, "is that a portion of the brain is damaged in epilepsy and a scar forms. It's like a scar on other body organs—lots of fibrous tissue, lots of contraction and distortion. And it becomes a focus for abnormal electrical discharges. We see spreading waves moving outward from the focus, like ripples from a rock thrown into a pond."

Ellis drew a point on the brain, then sketched in concentric circles.

"These electrical ripples produce a seizure. In some parts of the brain, the discharge focus produces a shaking fit, frothing at the mouth, and so on. In other parts, there are other effects. If the focus is in the temporal lobe, as in Mr. Benson's case, you get what is called psychomotor epilepsy—convulsions of thought, not of body. Strange thoughts and frequently violent behavior, preceded by a characteristic aura that is often an odor.

"Now, then," Ellis said, "we know from the work of many researchers that it is possible to abort a seizure by delivering an electrical shock to the correct portion of the brain substance. These seizures begin slowly. There are a few seconds—sometimes as much as half a minute—before the seizure takes effect. A shock at that moment prevents the seizure."

He drew a large X through the concentric circles. Then he drew a new brain and a head around it and a neck. "We face two problems," he said. "First, to what part of the brain should we deliver the shock? Well, we know roughly that it's in the amygdala, a posterior area of the so-called limbic system. We don't know *exactly* where, but we solve that problem by implanting several electrodes in the brain. Mr. Benson will have forty electrodes implanted tomorrow morning."

He drew two lines into the brain.

"Now, our second problem is, how do we know when an attack is starting? We must know when to deliver our aborting shock. Well, fortunately, the same electrodes that we use to deliver the shock can also be used to read the electrical activity of the brain. And there is a characteristic electrical pattern that precedes a seizure." Ellis paused, glanced at Benson, then up at the audience.

"So we have a feedback system—the same electrodes are used to detect an attack starting and to deliver the aborting shock. To control the feedback mechanism we have a computer." He drew a small square in the neck of his schematic figure.

"The NPS staff has developed a computer that will monitor electrical activity of the brain, and when it reads an attack starting, it will transmit a shock to the correct brain area. This computer is about the size of a postage stamp and weighs a tenth of an ounce. It will be implanted beneath the skin of the patient's neck." He then drew an oblong shape below the neck and drew lines from it to the computer square.

"We will power the computer with a Handler plutonium power pack, which will be implanted beneath the skin of the shoulder. This makes the patient completely self-sufficient. The power pack supplies energy continuously and reliably, for twenty years."

With his chalk, he tapped the different parts of his diagram. "That's the complete feedback loop—brain to electrodes to computer to power pack, back to brain. A total loop without any externalized portions."

Ellis turned to Benson, who had listened to the discussion with an expression of bland disinterest. "Any comments, Mr. Benson?"

Ross groaned inwardly. Ellis was really letting him have it. He was flagrantly sadistic—even for a surgeon.

"No," Benson said. "I have nothing to say." And he yawned.

• • •

Benson was wheeled out of the amphitheater. Ross walked alongside him toward the elevator. It wasn't really necessary for her to accompany him, but she felt concerned about his condition—and a little guilty about the way Ellis had treated him. She said, "How do you feel?"

"I thought it was interesting," he said.

"In what way?"

"Well, the discussion was entirely medical. I would have preferred a more philosophical approach."

"We're just practical people," she said lightly, "dealing with a practical problem."

Benson smiled. "So was Newton," he said. "What's more practical than the problem of why an apple falls to the ground?"

"Do you really see philosophical implications in all this?"

Benson nodded. His expression turned serious. "Yes," he said, "and so do you. You're just pretending that you don't."

She stopped and stood in the corridor, watching as he was wheeled to the elevator. Then she went back to the amphitheater.

• • •

". . . Has been under development for ten years," Ellis was saying. "It was started for cardiac pacemakers, in which changing batteries requires minor surgery every year or so. That's an annoyance to surgeon and patient. The atomic power pack is totally reliable and has a long life span. If Mr. Benson is still alive, we might have to change the pack around 1990, but not before then."

Janet Ross slipped back into the amphitheater just as another question was asked: "How will you determine which of the forty electrodes will prevent a seizure?"

"We will implant them all," Ellis said, "and wire up the computer. But we will not lock in any electrodes for twenty-four hours. One day after surgery, we'll stimulate each of the electrodes by radio control and determine which one is best. Then we will lock that one in by remote control."

High up in the amphitheater, there was a cough and a familiar voice said, "These technical details are interesting, but they seem to me to elude the point." Ross looked up and saw Manon again. It was a little surprising that her old teacher should be here; Manon was nearly 75, an emeritus professor of psychiatry who rarely came to the hospital any longer. When he did, he was usually regarded as a cranky old man, far past his prime, out of touch with modern thinking. "It seems to me," Manon continued, "that the patient is psychotic."

"That's putting it a little strongly," Ellis said.

"Perhaps," Manon said. "But at the very least, he has a severe personality disorder. All his confusion about men and machines is worrisome to me."

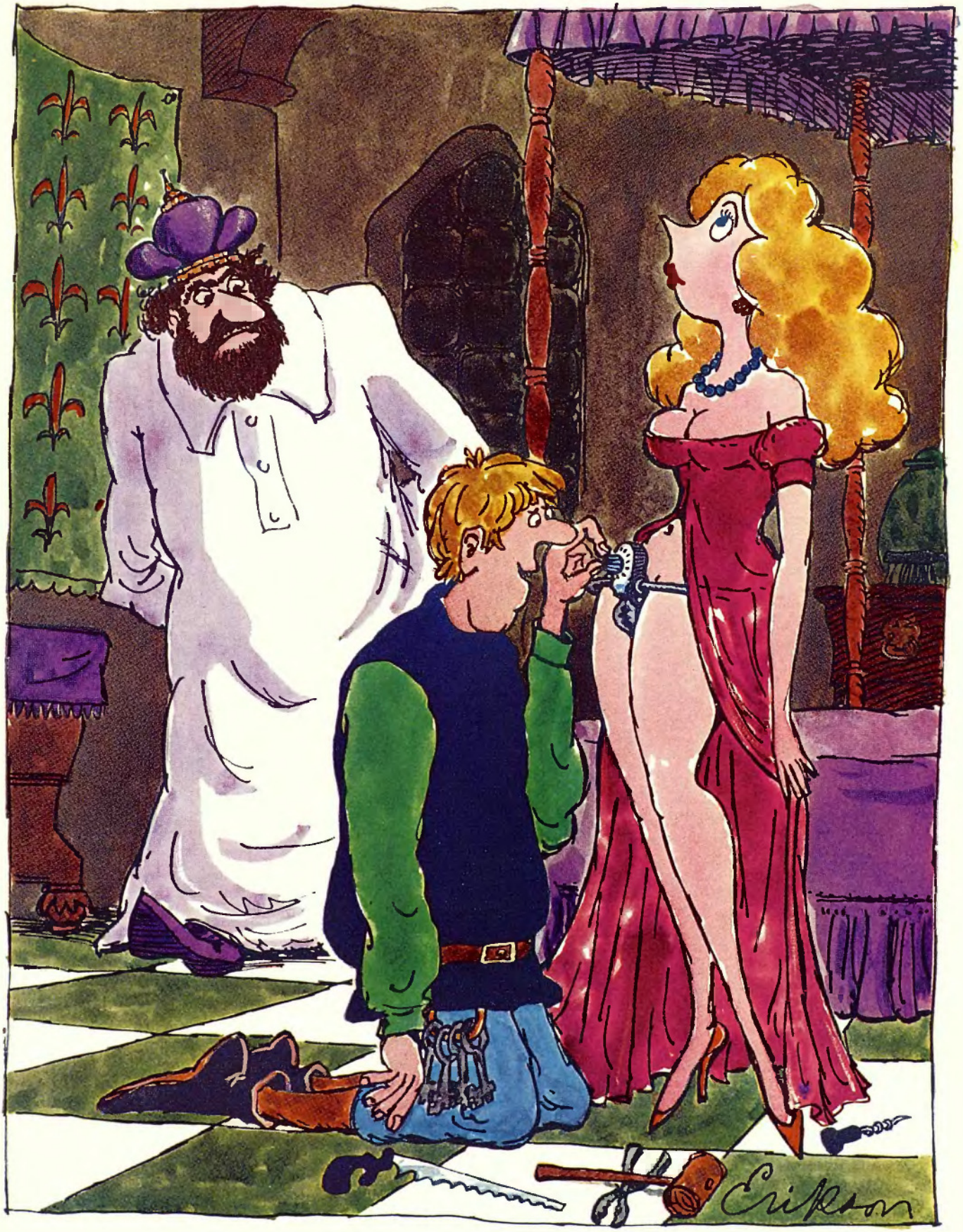
"The personality disorder is part of his disease," Ellis said. "In a recent review, Harley and co-workers at Yale reported that fifty percent of temporal-lobe epileptics had an accompanying personality disorder that was independent of seizure activity per se."

"Quite so," Manon said in a voice that had the slightest edge of impatience to it. "It is part of his disease, independent of seizures. But will your procedure cure it?"

Janet Ross found herself quietly pleased; Manon was reaching exactly her own conclusions. Manon said, "In other words, the operation will stop his seizures, but will it stop his delusions?"

"No," Ellis said, "probably not."

"If I may make a small speech," Manon said, frowning down from the top row, "this kind of thinking is what I fear most from the NPS. I don't mean to single you out particularly. It's a general problem of the medical profession. For



"Right 32, left 12, right 17—that's not it, either. Left 17, right 12, left 32—nope! OK, let's try. . . ."

example, if the emergency ward gets a case of attempted suicide or suicide gesture via drug overdose, our approach is to pump the patient's stomach, give him a lecture and send him home. That's a treatment—but it's hardly a cure. The patient will be back sooner or later. Stomach pumping doesn't treat depression. It only treats drug overdose."

"I understand what you're saying, but——"

"I'd also remind you of the hospital's experience with Mr. L. Do you recall that case?"

"I don't think Mr. L applies here," Ellis said. But his voice was stiff, irritable.

"I'm not so sure," Manon said. Since several puzzled faces in the amphitheater were turned toward him, he explained. "Mr. L was a famous case here a few years ago. He was a thirty-nine year-old man with bilateral end-stage kidney disease. Chronic glomerulonephritis. He was in good shape physically and was considered a candidate for renal transplant. Because our facilities for transplantation are limited, a hospital review board selects patients. The psychiatrists on that board strongly opposed Mr. L as a transplantation candidate, because he was psychotic. He believed that the sun ruled the earth and he refused to go outside during the daylight hours. We felt he was too unstable to benefit from kidney surgery, but he ultimately received the operation. Six months later, he committed suicide. That's a tragedy. But the real question is, couldn't someone else have benefited more from the thousands of dollars and many hours of specialized effort that went into the transplant?"

Ellis paced back and forth, his foot scraping along the floor slightly. "I understand your objection," he said, "but I'd like to consider the problem from a somewhat different viewpoint. It is perfectly true that Benson is disturbed and that our operation probably won't change that. But what happens if we *don't* operate on him? Are we doing him a favor? I don't think so. We know that his seizures are life-threatening to himself and to others and that they're getting worse. The operation will prevent seizures, and we think that is an important benefit to the patient."

High up, Manon gave a little shrug. Ross knew the gesture; it signaled irreconcilable differences, an impasse.

"Well, then," Ellis said, "are there other questions?"

There were no other questions.

III

Janet Ross walked with Ellis across the parking lot toward the Langer research building. It was late afternoon; the sunlight was yellowing, turning pale and weak.

"His point was valid," she said mildly.

Ellis sighed. "I keep forgetting you're on his side."

"Why do you keep forgetting?" she asked. She smiled as she said it. As the psychiatrist on the NPS staff, she'd opposed Benson's operation from the beginning.

"Look," Ellis said. "We do what we can. It'd be great to cure him totally. But we can't do that. We can only help him. So we'll help him."

There was nothing more to say. She had told Ellis her opinion many times before. The operation might not help—it might, in fact, make Benson much worse. She was sure Ellis understood that possibility, but he was stubbornly ignoring it. Or so it seemed to her.

Actually, she liked Ellis, as much as she liked any surgeon. She regarded surgeons as flagrantly action-oriented, men (they were almost always men, which fact she found significant) desperate to do something, to take some physical action. In that sense, Ellis was better than most of them. He had wisely turned down several stage-three candidates before Benson, and she knew that was difficult for him to do, because a part of him was terribly eager to perform the new operation.

"I hate all the politics. That's the nice thing about operating on monkeys. No politics at all," Ellis said.

"But you want to do Benson——"

"I'm ready," Ellis said. "We're all ready. We have to take that first big step and now is the time to take it." He glanced at her.

They came to the Langer building. Ellis went off to an early dinner with McPherson—a political dinner, he said irritably—and Ross took the elevator to the fourth floor.

After ten years of steady expansion, the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit encompassed the entire fourth floor of the Langer research building. The other floors were painted a dead, cold white, but the NPS was painted bright primary colors. The intention was to make patients feel optimistic and happy, but it always had the reverse effect on Ross. She found it falsely and artificially cheerful, like a nursery school for retarded children.

She got off the elevator and looked at the reception area, one wall a bright blue, the other red. Like almost everything else about the NPS, the colors had been McPherson's idea. It was strange, she thought, how much an organization reflected the personality of its leader. McPherson himself always seemed to have a bright kindergarten quality about him and a boundless optimism.

The unit was quiet now, most of the staff gone home for the day. She walked down the corridor past the colored doors with the stenciled labels: SONO ENCEPHALOGRAPHY, CORTICAL FUNCTION, EEG, RAS SCORING, PARIETAL T and, at the far end of the hall, TELECOMP. The work done behind those doors was as complex as the labels—and this was just the patient-care wing, what McPherson called "Applications."

Applications was ordinary compared with Development, the research wing with its chemitrodes and compsims and clad scenarios. To say nothing of the big projects, like George and Martha, or Form Q. Development was ten years ahead of Applications—and Applications was very, very advanced.

A year ago, McPherson had asked Ross to take a group of newspaper science reporters through the NPS. He chose her, he said, "because she was such a piece of ass." It was funny to hear him say that, but shocking in a way. He was usually so courtly and fatherly.

But her shock was minor compared with the shock the reporters felt. She had planned to show them both Applications and Development, but after they had seen Applications they were so agitated, so clearly overloaded, that she cut the tour short.

She worried a lot about it afterward. The reporters hadn't been naïve and they hadn't been inexperienced. They were people who shuttled from one scientific arena to another all their working lives. Yet they were rendered speechless by the implications of the work she had shown them. She herself had lost that insight, that perspective—she had been working in the NPS for three years and she had gradually become accustomed to the things done there. The conjunction of men and machines, human brains and electronic brains, was no longer bizarre and provocative. It was just a way to take steps forward and get things done.

On the other hand, she opposed the stage-three operation on Benson. She had opposed it from the start. She thought Benson was the wrong human subject and she had just one last chance to prove it.

At the end of the corridor, she paused at the door to Telecomp, listening to the quiet hiss of the print-out units. She heard voices inside and opened the door. Telecomp was really the heart of the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit; it was a large room, filled with electronic equipment. The walls and ceiling were soundproofed, a vestige of earlier days when the readout consoles were clattering teletypes. Now they used either silent CRTs—cathode-ray tubes—or a print-out machine that sprayed the letters on with a nozzle rather than typed them mechanically. The hiss of the sprayer was the loudest sound in the room. McPherson had insisted on the change to quieter units because he felt the

MEDALS FOR PEACE

Thousands of Viet Nam veterans marched in Washington last April—against the war. Hundreds turned in their hard-won medals. Because medals were meant to be worn proudly and these men could no longer feel proud. Could anything tell us more loudly and clearly that it's time not just to "wind down" the war, but to end it completely?

Strike one blow for peace. Write or wire your Congressman. Urge him to work for total withdrawal this year.

Help Unsell The War, Box 903, F.D.R. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

clattering disturbed patients who came to the NPS for treatment.

Gerhard was there with his assistant, Richards. The wizard twins, they were called: Gerhard was only 24 and Richards even younger. They were the least professional people attached to the NPS; both men regarded Telecomp as a kind of permanent playground filled with complex toys. They worked long but erratic hours, frequently beginning in the late afternoon, quitting at dawn.

Gerhard, who wore cowboy boots and dungarees and satiny shirts with pearl buttons, had gained some national attention at the age of 13, when he had built a 20-foot-high solid-fuel rocket behind his house in Phoenix. The rocket possessed a remarkably sophisticated electronic guidance system and Gerhard felt he could fire it into orbit. His neighbors, who could see the nose of the finished rocket sticking up above the garage in his back yard, were disturbed enough to call the police, and ultimately the Army was notified.

The Army examined Gerhard's rocket and shipped it to White Sands Proving Grounds for firing. As it happened, the second stage ignited before disengagement and the rocket exploded two miles up; but by that time, Gerhard had four patents on his guidance mechanism and a number of scholarship offers from colleges and industrial firms. He turned them all down, let his uncle invest the patent royalties and, when he was old enough to drive, bought a Maserati. He went to work for Lockheed in Palmdale, California, but quit after a year because he was blocked from advancement by a lack of formal engineering degrees. It was also true that his colleagues resented a 17-year-old with a Maserati Ghibli and a propensity for working in the middle of the night; it was felt he had no team spirit.

Then McPherson hired him to work at the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit, designing electronic components to be synergistic with the human brain. McPherson, as head of the NPS, had interviewed dozens of candidates who thought the job was "a challenge" or "an interesting systems-application context." Gerhard said he thought it would be fun and was hired immediately.

Richards' background was similar. He had finished high school and gone to college for six months before going into the Navy. He was about to be sent to Vietnam as a radar operator on a cruiser when he began to suggest improvements in the scanning devices. The improvements worked and Richards never got closer to combat than a laboratory in San Diego. When he was discharged, he also joined the NPS.

"Hi, Jan," Gerhard said.

"How's it going, Jan?" Richards said.

"OK," she said. "We've got our stage three through grand rounds. I'm going to see him now."

"We're just finishing a check on the computer," Gerhard said. "It looks fine." He pointed to a microscope surrounded by electronic equipment. Under the lens of the microscope was a clear-plastic packet the size of a postage stamp. Visible through the plastic was a dense jumble of microminiaturized electronic components. Forty contact points stuck out from the plastic. With the help of the microscope, the wizard twins were testing the points sequentially, with fine probes.

"The logic circuits are the last to be checked," Richards said. "And we have a backup unit, just in case."

Ross went over to the storage shelves and began looking through the file cards. After a moment, she said, "Haven't you got any more psychodex cards?"

"They're over here," Gerhard said. "You want five-space or *n*-space?"

"*N*-space," she said. Gerhard opened a drawer and took out a cardboard sheet. He also took out a flat plastic clipboard. Attached to the clipboard by a metal chain was a pointed metal probe, something like a pencil.

"I suppose this is for the stage three. Haven't you run enough psychodexes on him?"

"Just one more, for the records."

Gerhard shrugged and handed the card and clipboard to her. "Does your stage three know what's going on?"

"He knows most of it," she said.

Gerhard shook his head. "He must be out of his mind."

"He is," Ross said. "That's the problem."

• • •

On the seventh floor of the other building, she stopped at the nurses' station to ask for Benson's chart. A new nurse on duty there said, "I'm sorry, but relatives aren't allowed to look at medical records."

"I'm Dr. Ross."

The nurse was flustered. "I'm sorry, doctor. I didn't see a name tag. Your patient is in seven-oh-four, Little Jerry Peters."

Dr. Ross looked blank.

"Aren't you a pediatrician?" the nurse asked finally.

"No," she said. "I'm a psychiatrist at the NPS." She heard the stridency in her own voice and it upset her. But all those years, growing up with people who said, "You don't *really* want to be a doctor, you want to be a nurse," or "Well, for a woman, pediatrics is best, I mean, the most natural thing. . . ."

"Oh," the nurse said. "Then you want Mr. Benson in seven-ten. He's been prepped."

"Thank you," she said. She took the chart and walked down the hall to Benson's room. She nodded to the policeman on duty, knocked on Benson's door and heard gunshots. She opened the door and saw that the room lights were dimmed, except for a small bedside lamp, but the room was bathed in an electric-blue glow from a TV. On the screen, a man was saying, "Dead before he hit the ground. Two bullets right through the heart."

"Hello?" she said and swung the door wider.

Benson looked over. He smiled and pressed a button beside the bed, turning off the TV. His head was wrapped in a towel.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, coming into the room. She sat on a chair beside the bed.

"Naked," he said and touched the towel. "It's funny. You don't realize how much hair you have until somebody cuts it all off." He touched the towel again. "It must be worse for a woman." Then he looked at her and became embarrassed.

"It's not much fun for anybody," she said.

"I guess not." He lay back against the pillow. "After they did it, I looked in the wastebasket and I was amazed. So much hair. And my head was cold. It was the funniest thing, a cold head. They put a towel around it. I said I wanted to look at my head—see what I looked like bald—but they said it wasn't a good idea. So I waited until after they left, and then I got out of bed and went into the bathroom. But when I got in there. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I didn't take the towel off." He laughed. "I couldn't do it. What does that mean?"

"I don't know. What do you think it means?"

He laughed again. "Why is it that psychiatrists never give you a straight answer?" He lit a cigarette and looked at her defiantly. "They told me I shouldn't smoke, but I'm doing it anyway."

"I doubt that it matters," she said. She was watching him closely. He seemed in good spirits and she didn't want to dampen them. But, on the other hand, it wasn't entirely appropriate to be jovial on the eve of brain surgery.

"Ellis was here a few minutes ago," he said, puffing on the cigarette. "He put some marks on me. Can you see?" He lifted the right side of his towel slightly, exposing white, pale flesh over the skull. Two blue X marks were positioned behind the ear. "How do I look?" he asked, grinning.

"You look fine," she said. "Any worries?"

"No. I mean, what is there to worry about? Nothing I can do. For the next few hours, I'm in your hands and Ellis' hands."

"I think most people would be a little worried before an operation."

"There you go again, being a reasonable psychiatrist." He smiled and then frowned. He bit his lip. "Of course I'm worried."

"What worries you?"

"Everything," he said. He sucked on the cigarette. "Everything. I worry about how I'll sleep. How I'll feel tomorrow. How I'll be when it's all over. What if somebody makes a mistake? What if I get turned into a vegetable? What if it hurts? What if I. . . ."

"Die?"

"Sure. That, too."

"It's really a minor procedure. It's hardly more complicated than an appendectomy."

"I bet you tell that to all your brain-surgery patients," he said.

"No, really. It's a short, simple procedure. It'll take about an hour and a half."

He nodded vaguely. She couldn't tell if she had reassured him. "You know," he said, "I don't really think it will happen. I keep thinking, tomorrow morning at the last minute they'll come in and say, 'You're cured, Benson, you can go home now.' "

"We hope you'll be cured by the operation." She felt a twinge of guilt, saying that, but it came out smoothly enough.

He nodded again. "You're so goddamned reasonable," he said. "There are times when I can't stand it." He touched the towel on his head again. "I mean, for Christ's sake, they're going to drill holes in my head and stick wires in——"

"You've known about that for a long time."

"Sure," he said. "Sure. But this is the night before." He puffed on the cigarette.

"Do you feel angry now?"

"No. Just scared."

"It's all right to be scared; it's perfectly normal. But don't let it make you angry."

He stubbed out the cigarette and lit another immediately. Changing the subject, he pointed to the clipboard she carried under her arm. "What's that?"

"Another psychodex test. I want you to go through it."

He shrugged. She handed him the clipboard and he arranged the question card on the board, then began to answer the questions. He read them aloud: "'Would you rather be an elephant or a baboon?' Baboon. Elephants live too long."

With the metal probe, he punched out the chosen answer on the card.

"'If you were a color, would you rather be green or yellow?' Yellow. I'm feeling very yellow right now." He laughed and punched the answer.

She waited until he had done all 30 questions and punched his answers. He handed the clipboard back to her and his mood seemed to shift again. "Are you going to be there? Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"And when will I come out of it?"

"Tomorrow afternoon or evening."

She asked him if she could get him anything and he said some ginger ale and she replied that he was NPO, nothing *per os*, for 12 hours before the operation. She said he'd be getting shots to help him sleep and shots in the

morning before he went to surgery. She said she hoped he'd sleep well.

As she left, she heard a hum as the television went back on and a metallic voice said, "Look, lieutenant, I've got a murderer out there, somewhere in a city of three million people. . . ." She closed the door.

Before leaving the floor, she put a brief note on Benson's chart. She drew a red line around it, so that the nurses would be sure to see it, since it was important for everyone on the floor to read it:

ADMITTING PSYCHIATRIC SUMMARY

This 34-year-old man has documented psychomotor epilepsy of one and a half years' duration. The etiology is presumably traumatic, following an automobile accident. This patient has already tried to kill two people and has been involved in fights with many others. Any statement by him to hospital staff that he "feels funny" or "smells something bad" should be respected as indicating the start of a seizure. Under such circumstances, notify the NPS and Hospital Security at once.

The patient has an accompanying personality disorder that is part of his disease. He is convinced that machines are conspiring to take over the world. This belief is strongly held and attempts to dissuade him from it will only draw his enmity and suspicion. One should also remember that he is a highly intelligent and sensitive man. The patient can be quite demanding at times, but he should be treated with firmness and respect.

His intelligent and articulate manner may lead one to forget that his attitudes are not willful. Beneath it all, he is frightened and concerned about what is happening to him.

Janet Ross, M. D.
NPS

IV

Morris was sitting in the hospital cafeteria finishing some stale apple pie when his pagemaster went off. It produced a high electronic squeal, which persisted until he reached down to his belt and turned it off. He returned to his pie. After a few moments, the squeal came again. He swore, put down his fork and went to the phone to answer his page.

There had been a time when he regarded the little gray box clipped to his belt as a wonderful thing. He relished those moments when he would be having lunch or dinner with a girl and his pagemaster would go off, requiring him to call in. That sound demonstrated that he was a busy, responsible person involved in life-and-death matters. When the pagemaster went off, he would excuse himself abruptly and answer the call, radiating a sense of duty before pleasure. The girls loved it.

But after several years, it was no longer wonderful. The box was inhuman and implacable and it had come to symbolize for him the fact that he was not his own man. He was perpetually on call to some higher authority, however whimsical—a nurse who wanted to confirm a medication order at two A.M.; a relative who was acting up, making trouble about momma's postoperative treatment; a call to tell him a conference was being held when he was already there, attending the damned conference.

Now the finest moments in his life were those when he went home and put the box away for a few hours. He became unreachable and free. And he liked that very much.

He stared across the cafeteria at the remainder of his apple pie as he dialed the switchboard. "Dr. Morris."

"Dr. Morris, two-four-seven-one."

"Thank you." That was the extension for the nurses' station on the seventh floor. It was odd how he had learned all these extensions. The telephone system of University Hospital was more complicated than the human anatomy. But over the years, without any conscious attempt to learn it, he came to know it quite well. He dialed the number. "Dr. Morris."

"Oh, yes," a female voice said. "We have a woman with an overnight bag for patient Harold Benson. She says it contains personal things. Is it all right to give it to him?"

"I'll come up," he said.

"Thank you, doctor."

He went back to his tray, picked it up and carried it to the disposal area.

• • •

The seventh floor was quiet. Most of the other hospital floors were noisy, jammed with relatives and visitors at this hour, but the seventh floor was always quiet. It had a sedate, calm quality that the nurses were careful to preserve.

The nurse at the station said, "There she is, doctor," and nodded to a girl sitting on a couch. Morris went over to her. She was young and very pretty in a flashy, show-business sort of way. Her legs were long.

"I'm Dr. Morris."

"Angela Black." She stood up and shook hands very formally. "I brought this for Harry." She lifted a small blue overnight bag. "He asked me to bring it."

"All right." He took the bag from her. "I'll see that he gets it."

She hesitated, then said, "Can I see him?"

"I don't think it's a good idea." Benson would have been shaved by now; pre-op patients who had been shaved often didn't want to see people.

"Just for a few minutes?"

"He's heavily sedated," he said.

She was clearly disappointed. "Then would you give him a message? Tell him I'm back in my old apartment. He'll understand."

"I'll tell him."

"Thank you." She smiled. It was a rather nice smile, despite the long false eyelashes and the heavy make-up. Why did young girls do that to their faces? "I guess I'll be going now."

And she walked off, short skirt and very long legs, a briskly determined walk. He watched her go, then hefted the bag, which seemed a little heavy. He took it to 710.

The cop outside the door to the room was rolling a wooden matchstick around in his mouth. He took it out and said, "How's it going?"

"Fine," Morris said.

The cop glanced at the overnight bag, but said nothing as Morris took it into the room.

Benson was watching a Western on television. Morris turned down the sound and showed him the bag. "A very pretty girl showed up with this and wants you to know that she's now back in her old apartment."

"Angela?" Benson smiled. "Yes, she has a nice exterior. Not a very complicated internal mechanism, but a nice exterior." He extended his hand; Morris gave him the bag. He watched as Benson opened it, placing the contents on the bed. There were a pair of pajamas, an electric razor, some after-shave lotion, a paperback novel.

Then Benson brought out a black wig. "What's that for?" Morris asked.

Benson shrugged. "I knew I'd need it sooner or later," he said. Then he laughed. "You *are* letting me out of here, aren't you? Sooner or later?"

Morris laughed with him. Benson dropped the wig back into the bag and removed a plastic packet. With a metallic clink, he unfolded it and Morris saw that it was a set of screwdrivers of various sizes, stored in a plastic package with a pocket for each size.

"What're those for?" Morris asked.

Benson looked puzzled for a moment. Then he said, "I don't know if you'll understand. . . . I always have them with me. For protection."

Benson put the screwdrivers back into the overnighter. He handled them carefully, almost reverently. Morris knew that patients frequently brought odd things into the hospital, particularly if they were seriously ill. There was a kind of totemic feeling about these objects, as if they might have magical preservative powers. They were often connected with some hobby or favorite activity. He remembered a yachtsman with a metastatic brain tumor who had brought a kit to

repair sails, and a woman with advanced heart disease who had brought a can of tennis balls. That kind of thing.

"I understand," Morris said. Benson smiled.

V

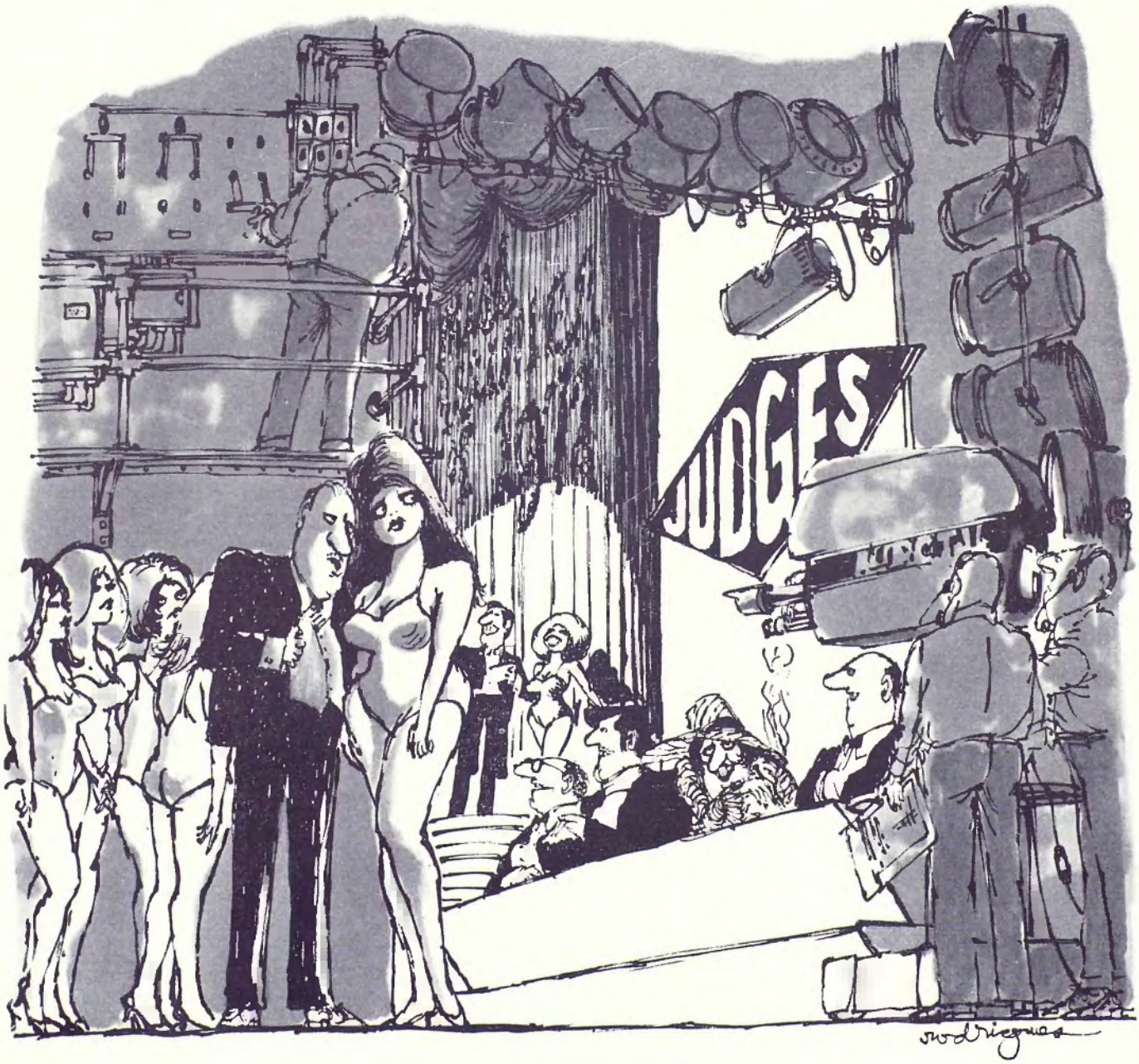
Telecomp was empty when Ross went into the room; the consoles and teleprinters stood silently by, the screens blinking up random sequences of numbers. She went to a corner of the room and poured herself a cup of coffee, then fed the test card from Benson's latest psychodex into the computer.

The NPS had developed the psychodex test, along with several other computer-analyzed psychological tests. It was all part of what McPherson called double-edged thinking. In this case, he meant that the idea of a brain being like a computer worked two ways, in two different directions. On the one hand, you could utilize the computer to probe the brain, to help you analyze its workings. At the same time, you could use your increased knowledge of the brain to help design better and more efficient computers. As McPherson said, "The brain is as much a model for the computer as the computer is a model for the brain."

At the NPS, computer scientists and neurobiologists had worked together for several years. From that association had come Form Q and programs like George and new psychosurgical techniques and psychodex.

Psychodex was relatively simple. It was a test that took straightforward answers to psychological questions and manipulated the answers according to complex mathematical formulations. As the data was fed into the computer, Ross watched the screen glow with row after row of calculations.

She ignored them: the numbers, she knew, were just the computer's scratch-pad,



"Now, just bear with me, Charlene. This judge I've got the deal with—well, let's be realistic, you want to win, right?"

the intermediate steps that it went through before arriving at an answer. She smiled, thinking of how Gerhard would explain it—rotation of 30 by 30 matrices in space, deriving factors, making them orthogonal, then weighting them. It all sounded complicated and scientific and she didn't really understand any of it. All you had to know was which buttons to push to call up programs.

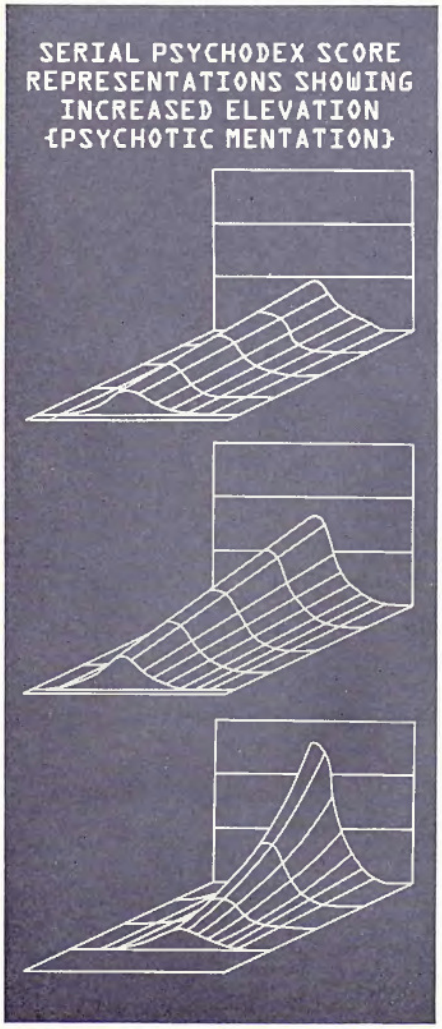
She had discovered long ago that you could use a computer without understanding how it worked. Just as you could drive an automobile, use a vacuum cleaner—or your own brain.

The screen flashed CALCULATIONS ENDED. CALL DISPLAY SEQUENCE.

She punched in the display sequence for three-space scoring. The computer informed her that three spaces accounted for 81 percent of variance. On the screen, she saw a three-dimensional image of a mountain with a sharp, jagged peak.

She stared at it a moment, then picked up the telephone and had McPherson paged.

• • •



McPherson stared at the screen. Ellis looked over his shoulder. Janet Ross asked, "Is it clear? It was done today."

McPherson sighed. "You're not going to quit without a battle, are you?"

Instead of answering, she punched buttons and called up a second mountain peak, much lower. "Here's the last one previously."

"On this scoring, the elevation is——"

"Psychotic mentation," she said.

"So he's much more pronounced now," McPherson said. "Much more than even a month ago."

"Yes," she said.

"You think he was screwing around with the test?" McPherson said.

She shook her head. She punched in the four previous tests in succession. The trend was clear: On each test, the mountain peak got higher and sharper.

"Well, then," McPherson said, "he's definitely getting worse. I gather you still think we shouldn't operate."

"More than ever," she said. "He's unquestionably psychotic, and if you start putting wires in his head——"

"I know," McPherson said. He said it gently but definitely. "I know what you're saying."

"He's going to feel that he's been turned into a machine," she said.

McPherson turned to Ellis. "Do you suppose we can knock this elevation down with Thorazine?" Thorazine was a major tranquilizer. With some psychotics, it helped them think more clearly.

"It's worth a try," Ellis said.

McPherson nodded. "I agree. Janet?"

She stared at the screen and didn't reply. It was odd how these tests worked. The mountain peaks were an abstraction, a mathematical representation of an emotional state. They weren't a real characteristic of a person, like fingers or toes, or height or weight.

"I think," she said, "that you're both committed to this operation."

"And you still disapprove?"

"I don't disapprove. I think it's unwise for Benson."

"How do you feel about using Thorazine?" McPherson persisted.

"Maybe it's worth it and maybe it's not. But it's a gamble."

McPherson nodded and turned to Ellis. "Do you still want to do him?"

"Yes," Ellis said, staring at the screen. "I still want to do him."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1971: IMPLANTATION

I

At six A.M., Janet Ross was on the third surgical floor, dressed in greens, having coffee and a doughnut. The surgeons' lounge was busy at this hour. Although operations were scheduled to begin at six, most didn't get going until 15 or 20 minutes after that. The surgeons sat around, reading the newspaper, discussing the stock market and their golf games. From time to time, one of them would leave, go to the overhead viewing galleries and look down on his OR to see how preparations were coming.

Ross was the only woman in the lounge and her presence changed the masculine atmosphere subtly. It annoyed her that she should be the only woman and it annoyed her that the men should become quieter, more polite, less jovial and raucous. She didn't give a damn if they were raucous and she resented being made to feel like an intruder. It seemed to her that she had been an intruder all her life.

• • •

Morris was in the elevator with a nurse and Benson, who lay on a stretcher, and one of the cops. As they rode down, Morris said to the cop, "You can't get off on the second floor."

"Why not?"

"We're going onto the sterile floor directly."

"What should I do?" The cop was intimidated. He'd been docile and hesitant all morning. The routine of surgery left him feeling as a helpless outsider.

"You can watch from the viewing gallery on the third floor. Tell the desk nurse I said it was all right."

The cop nodded. The elevator stopped at the second floor. The doors opened to reveal a hallway with people, all in surgical greens, walking back and forth. A large sign read STERILE AREA. NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION. The lettering was red.

Morris and the nurse wheeled Benson out of the elevator. The cop remained behind, looking nervous. He pushed the button and the doors closed.

Morris went with Benson down the corridor. After a moment, Benson said, "I'm still awake."

Morris nodded patiently. Benson had gotten pre-op medications half an hour earlier. They would be taking effect soon, making him drowsy. "How's your mouth?"

"Dry."

That was the atropine beginning to work. "You'll be OK." Benson just stared at him as he was wheeled down the corridor to OR 9.

• • •

OR 9 was the largest operating room in the hospital. It was nearly 30 feet square and packed with electronic equipment. When the full surgical team was in there—all 12 of them—things got pretty crowded. But now just two scrub nurses were working in the cavernous, gray-tiled space. They were setting out sterile tables and drapes around the chair.

OR 9 had no operating table. Instead, there was a softly cushioned upright chair, like a dentist's chair. Janet Ross watched the girls through the window in the door that separated the scrub room from the operating room. Alongside her, Ellis finished his scrub and muttered something about fucking Morris

"This perfume is so powerful we are not allowed to sell it without the pill."

being fucking late. Ellis got profane before operations. He also got very nervous, though he seemed to think nobody noticed that. Ross had scrubbed with him on several animal procedures and had seen the ritual—tension and profanity before the operation and utter bland calmness once things were under way.

Ellis turned off the faucets with his elbows and entered the OR, backing in so that his arms did not touch the door. A nurse handed him a towel. While he dried his hands, he looked back through the door at Ross and then up at the glass-walled viewing gallery overhead. Ross knew there would be a crowd in the gallery watching the operation.

Morris came in and began scrubbing. Ross said, "Ellis wondered where you were."

"Tour guide for the patient," he said.

One of the circulating nurses entered the scrub room and said, "Dr. Ross, there's somebody here from the radiation lab with a unit for Dr. Ellis. Does he want it now?"

"If it's loaded," she said.

"I'll ask," the nurse said. She disappeared and stuck her head in a moment later. "He says it's loaded and ready to go, but unless your equipment is shielded, it could give you trouble."

Ross knew that all the OR equipment had been shielded the week before. The plutonium exchanger didn't put out much radiation—not enough to fog an X-ray plate—but it could confuse more delicate scientific equipment. There was, of course, no danger to people.

"We're shielded," she said. "Have him take it into the OR."

She shook her hands free of excess water and backed into the OR. The first thing she saw was the rad-lab man wheeling in the tray with the charging unit on it. It was contained in a small lead box. On the sides were stenciled: DANGER RADIATION and the triple-blade magenta symbol for radiation. It was all faintly ridiculous; the charging unit was quite safe.

Ellis stood across the room, being helped into his gown. He plunged his hands into his rubber gloves and flexed his fingers. To the rad-lab man he said, "Has the unit been sterilized?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Then give it to one of the girls and have her autoclave it. It's got to be sterile."

Ross dried her hands and shivered in the cold of the operating room. Like most surgeons, Ellis preferred a cold room—too cold, really, for the patient. But, as Ellis often said, "If I'm happy, the patient's happy."

Ellis was now across the room, standing by the viewing box, while the circulating nurse, who was not scrubbed, put up the patient's X rays. Ellis peered closely at them, though he had seen them a dozen times before. They were perfectly normal skull films. Air had been injected into the ventricles, so that the horns stood out in dark gray.

One by one, the rest of the team began to filter into the room. All together, there were two scrub nurses, two circulating nurses, one orderly, Ellis, two assistant surgeons, including Morris, two electronics technicians and a computer programmer. The anesthetist was outside with Benson.

Without looking up from his console, one of the electronics men said, "Any time you want to begin, doctor."

"We'll wait for the patient," Ellis said dryly, and there were some chuckles from the Nine Group team.

Ross looked around the room at the seven TV screens. They were of different sizes and stationed in different places, depending on how important they were to the surgeon. The smallest screen monitored the closed-circuit taping of the operation. At the moment, it showed an overhead view of the empty chair.

Another screen, nearer the surgeon, monitored the electroencephalogram, or EEG. It was turned off now, the 16 pens tracing straight white lines across the screen. There was also a large TV screen for basic operative parameters: electrocardiogram, blood pressure, respirations, cardiac output, CVP, rectal temperature. Like the EEG screen, it was also tracing a series of straight lines.

Another pair of screens was completely blank. They would display black-and-white image-intensified X-ray views during the operation.

Finally, two color screens displayed the limbic-program output. That program was cycling now, without punched-in coordinates. On the screens, a picture of the brain rotated while random coordinates, generated by computer, flashed below. As always, Ross felt that the computer was an almost-human presence in the room—an impression that was always heightened as the operation proceeded.

Ellis finished looking at the X rays and glanced up at the clock. It was 6:19. Benson was still outside being checked by the anesthetist. Ellis walked around the room, talking briefly to everyone. He was being unusually friendly and Ross wondered why. She looked up at the viewing gallery and saw the director of the hospital, the chief of surgery, the chief of medicine, the chief of research, all looking down through the glass. Then she understood.

It was 6:21 when Benson was wheeled in. He was now heavily premedicated, relaxed, his body limp, his eyelids heavy. His head was wrapped in a green towel.

Ellis supervised Benson's transfer from the stretcher to the chair. As the leather straps were placed across his arms and legs, Benson seemed to wake up, his eyes going wide.

"That's just so you don't fall off," Ellis said easily. "We don't want you to hurt yourself."

"Uh-huh," Benson said softly and closed his eyes again.

Ellis nodded to the nurses, who removed the sterile towel. Benson's shaved head seemed very small and white. The skin was smooth, except for a razor nick on the left frontal. Ellis' blue-ink X marks were clearly visible on the right side.

One of the technicians began to fix the monitor leads to Benson's body, strapping them on with little dabs of electrolyte paste. They were attached quickly; soon his body was a tangle of multicolored wires, running off to the equipment.

Ellis looked at the TV monitor screens. The EEG was now tracing 16 jagged lines; heartbeat was recorded; respirations were gently rising and falling; temperature was steady. The technicians began to punch pre-op parameters into the computer.

Normal lab values had already been fed in. During the operation, the computer would monitor all vital signs at five-second intervals and would signal if anything went wrong.

"Let's have music, please," Ellis said, and one of the nurses slipped a tape cartridge into the portable cassette recorder in a corner of the room. A Bach violin concerto began to play softly. Ellis always operated to Bach; he said he hoped that the precision, if not the genius, might be contagious.

They were approaching the start of the operation. The digital wall clock read 06:29:14. Next to it, an elapsed-time digital clock still read 00:00:00.

With the help of a scrub nurse, Ross put on her sterile gown and gloves. The gloves were always difficult for her. She didn't scrub frequently, and when she plunged her fingers into the gloves, she caught her hand, missing one of the finger slots, putting two fingers in another. It was impossible to read the scrub nurse's reaction; only her eyes were visible above the mask. But Ross was glad that Ellis and the other surgeons were turned away, attending to the patient.

She stepped to the back of the room, being careful not to trip over the thick black power cables that snaked across the floor in all directions. Ross did not participate in the initial stages of the operation. She waited until the stereotactic mechanism was in place and the coordinates determined. She had time to stand to one side and pluck at her glove until all her fingers were in the right slots.

There was no real purpose for her to attend the operation at all, but McPherson was insistent that one member of the nonsurgical staff scrub in each day that they operated. He felt it kept the unit more cohesive. At least that was what he said.

Ross watched Ellis and his assistants across the room as they draped the patient; then she looked over to the draping as seen on the closed-circuit monitor. The entire operation would be recorded on video tape, for later review.

"I think we can start now," Ellis said easily. "Go ahead with the needle."

The anesthetist, working behind the chair, placed the needle between the second and third lumbar spaces of Benson's spine. Benson moved once and made a slight sound, and then the anesthetist said, "I'm through the dura. How much do you want?"

The computer console flashed OPERATION BEGUN. The computer automatically started the elapsed-time clock, which ticked off the seconds.

"Give me thirty c.c.s to begin," Ellis said. "Let's have X ray, please."

The X-ray machines were swung into position at the front and side of the patient's head. Film plates were set on, locking in with a click. Ellis stepped on the floor button and the TV screens glowed suddenly, showing black-and-white images of the skull. He watched in two views as air slowly filled the ventricles, outlining the horns in black.

The programmer sat at the computer console, his hands fluttering over the buttons. On his TV display screen, the letters PNEUMOGRAPH INITIATED appeared.

"All right, let's fix his hat," Ellis said. The tubular boxlike stereotactic frame was placed over the patient's head. Burhole locations were fixed and checked. When Ellis was satisfied, he injected local anesthetic into the scalp points. Then he cut the skin and reflected it back, exposing the white surface of the skull.

"Drill, please." With the two-millimeter drill, he made the first of the two holes on the right side of the skull. He placed the stereotactic frame—the "hat"—over the head and screwed it down securely.

Ross looked over at the computer display. Values for heart rate and blood pressure flashed on the screen and faded; everything was normal. Soon the computer, like the surgeons, would begin to deal with more complex matters.

"Let's have a position check," Ellis said, stepping away from the patient, frowning critically at Benson's shaved head and the metal frame screwed on top of it. The X-ray technician came forward and snapped the pictures.

In the old days, Ross remembered, they actually took X-ray plates and determined the position by visual inspection of the plates. It was a slow process. Using a compass, protractor and ruler, lines were drawn across the X ray, measured, rechecked. Now the data was fed directly to the computer, which did the analysis more rapidly and more accurately.

All of the team turned to look at the computer print-out screen. The X-ray views appeared briefly and were replaced by schematic drawings. The ideal location of the stereotactic apparatus was calculated; the actual location was then merged with it. A set of coordinates flashed up, followed by the notation PLACEMENT CORRECT. Ellis nodded. "Thank you for your consultation," he said humorlessly and went over to the tray that held the electrodes.

The team was now using Briggs stainless-steel Teflon-coated electrode arrays. In the past, they had tried almost everything else: gold, platinum alloy and even flexible steel strands, in the days when the electrodes were placed by inspection.

The old inspection operations were bloody, messy affairs. It was necessary to remove a large portion of the skull and expose the surface of the brain. The surgeon found his landmark points on the surface itself and then placed his

electrodes in the substance of the brain. If he had to place them in deep structures, he would occasionally cut through the brain to the ventricles with a knife and then place them. There were serious complications; the operations were lengthy; the patients never did very well.

The computer had changed all that. It allowed you to fix a point precisely in three-dimensional space. Initially, along with other researchers in the field, the NPS group had tried to relate deep brain points to skull architecture. They measured their landmark points from the orbit of the eye, from the meatus of the ear, from the sagittal suture. That, of course, didn't work—people's brains did not fit inside their skulls with any consistency. The only way to determine deep brain points was in relation to other brain points—and the logical landmarks were the ventricles, the fluid-filled spaces within the brain. According to the new system, everything was determined in relation to the ventricles.

With the help of the computer, it was no longer necessary to expose the brain surface. Instead, a few small holes were drilled in the skull and the electrodes inserted, while the computer watched by X ray to make sure they were being placed correctly.

Ellis picked up the first electrode array. From where Ross stood, it looked like a single slender wire. Actually, it was a bundle of 20 wires, with staggered contact points. Each wire was coated with Teflon except for the last millimeter, which was exposed. Each wire was a different length, so that under a magnifying glass, the staggered electrode tips looked like a miniature staircase.

Ellis checked the array under a large glass. He called for more light and turned the array, peering at all contact points. Then he had a scrub nurse plug it into a testing unit and test every contact. This had been done dozens of times before, but Ellis always checked again before insertion. And he always had four arrays sterilized, though he would need only two. Ellis was careful.

At length he was satisfied. "Are we ready to wire?" he asked the team. They nodded. He stepped up to the patient and said, "Let's go through the dura."

Up to this point in the operation, they had drilled through the skull but had left intact the right membrane of dura mater that covered the brain and held in the spinal fluid. Ellis' assistant used a probe to puncture the dura.

"I have fluid," he said, and a thin trickle of clear liquid slid down the side of the shaved skull from the hole. A nurse sponged it away.

Ross always found it a source of wonder, the way the brain was protected. The entire central nervous system was encased in thick bone, but inside the bone there were sacklike membranes that held cerebrospinal fluid. The fluid was under pressure, so that the brain sat in the middle of a pressurized liquid system that afforded it superb protection.

McPherson always compared it to a fetus in a water-filled womb. "The baby comes out of the womb," McPherson said, "but the brain never comes out of its own special womb."

"We will place now," Ellis said.

Ross moved forward, joining the surgical team gathered around the head. She watched as Ellis slid the tip of the electrode into the bur hole and then pressed slightly, entering the substance of the brain. The technician punched buttons on the computer console. The display screen read ENTRY POINT LOCALIZED.

The patient did not move, made no sound. The brain could not feel pain; it lacked pain sensors. It was one of the freaks of evolution that the organ that sensed pain throughout the body could feel nothing itself.

Ross looked away from Ellis toward the X-ray screens. There, in harsh black and white, she saw the crisply outlined white electrode begin its slow, steady movement into the brain. She looked from the anterior view to the lateral and then to the computer-generated images.

The computer was interpreting the X-ray images by drawing a simplified brain, with the temporal-lobe target area in red and a flickering blue track showing the line the electrode must traverse from entry point to the target area. So far, Ellis was following the track perfectly.

"Very pretty," Ross said.

The computer flashed up triple coordinates in rapid succession, as the electrode went deeper.

"Practice makes perfect," Ellis said sourly. He was now using the scale-down apparatus attached to the stereotactic hat. The scaler reduced his crude finger movements to very small changes in electrode movements. If he moved his finger half an inch, the scaler converted that to half a millimeter. Very slowly the electrode penetrated deeper into the brain.

From the screens, Ross could lift her eyes and watch the closed-circuit TV monitor, showing Ellis at work. It was easier to watch on TV than to turn around and see the real thing. She glanced back at the computer screen.

The computer had now presented an inverted view of the brain, as seen from below, near the neck. The electrode track was visible end on, as a single blue point surrounded by concentric circles. Ellis was supposed to keep within one millimeter, one 25th of an inch, of the assigned track. He deviated half a millimeter.

50 TRACK ERROR, warned the computer. Ross said, "You're slipping off."

The electrode stopped in its path. Ellis glanced up at the screens. "Too high on beta plane?"

"Wide on gamma."

"OK."

After a moment, the electrode continued along the path. 40 TRACK ERROR, the computer flashed. It rotated its brain image slowly, bringing up an anterolateral view. 20 TRACK ERROR, it read.

"You're correcting nicely," Ross said.

Ellis hummed along with the Bach and nodded.

ZERO TRACK ERROR, the computer indicated and swung the brain view around to a full lateral. The second screen showed a full frontal view. A few seconds later, the screen blinked APPROACHING TARGET. Ross conveyed the message.

Seconds later, the flashing word STRIKE.

"You're on," Ross said.

Ellis stepped back and folded his hands across his chest.

"Let's have a coordinate check," he said. The elapsed-time clock showed that 27 minutes had passed in the operation.

The programmer flicked the console buttons rapidly. On the TV screens, the placement of the electrode was simulated by the computer. The simulation ended, like the actual placement, with the word STRIKE.

"Now match it," Ellis said.

The computer held its simulation on one screen and matched it to the X-ray image of the patient. The overlap was perfect; the computer reported MATCHED WITHIN ESTABLISHED LIMITS.

"That's it," Ellis said. He screwed on the little plastic button cap that held the electrode tightly against the skull. Then he applied dental cement to fix it. He untangled the 20 fine wire leads that came off the electrode and pushed them to one side.

"We can do the next one now," he said.

• • •

At the end of the second placement, a thin, arcing cut was made with a knife along the scalp. To avoid important superficial vessels and nerves, the cut ran from the electrode entry points down the side of the ear to the base of the neck. There it deviated to the right shoulder. Using blunt dissection, Ellis opened a small pocket beneath the skin of the right chest.

"Have we got the charging unit?" he asked.

The charger was brought to him. It was smaller than a pack of cigarettes and contained 37 grams of the radioactive isotope plutonium-238 oxide. The radiation produced heat, which was converted directly by a thermionic unit to electrical power. A Kenbeck solid-state D.C./D.C. circuit transformed the output to the necessary voltage.

Ellis plugged the charger into the test pack and did a last-minute check of its

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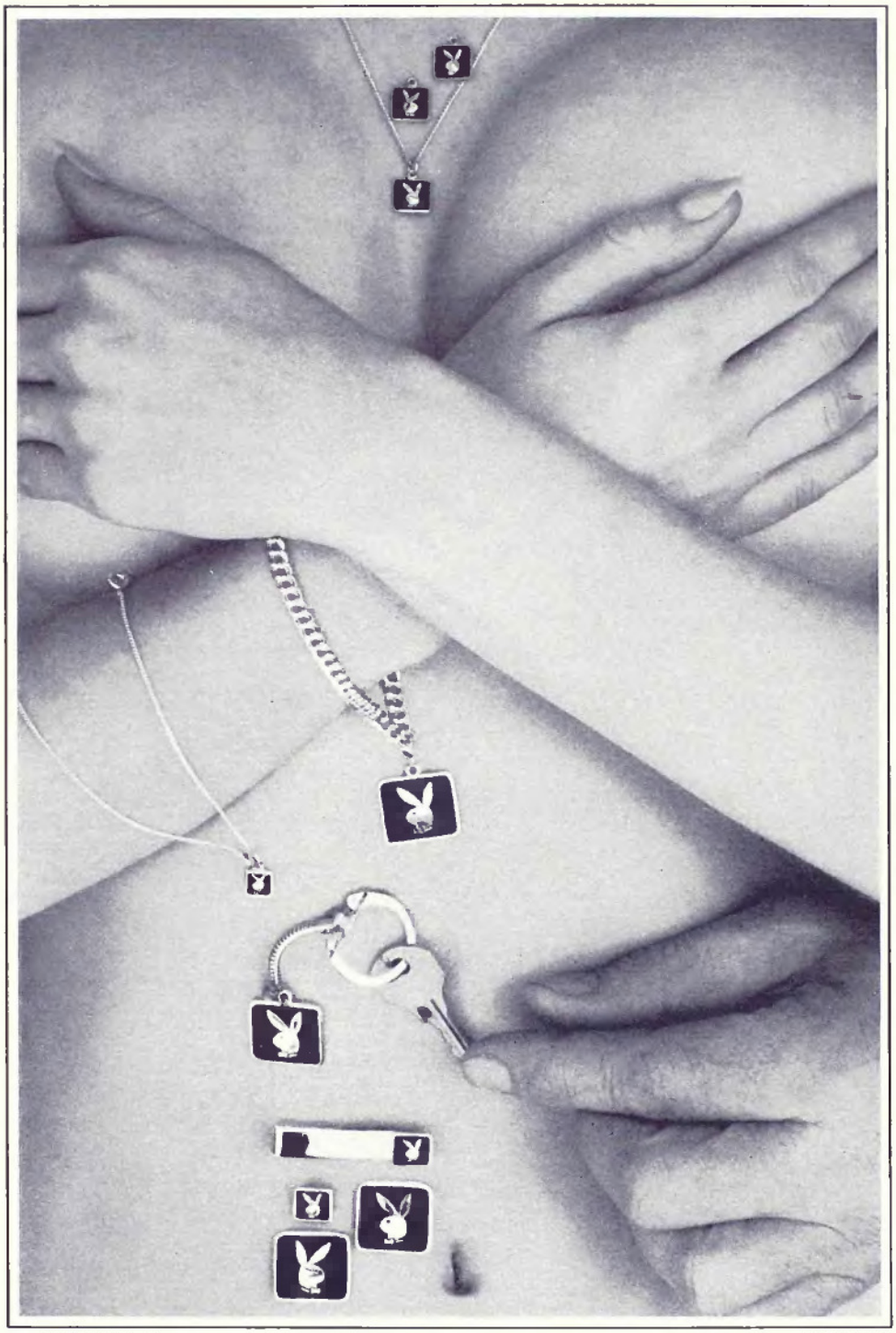

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power before implantation. As he held it in his hand, he said, "It's cold. I can't get used to that." Ross knew layers of vacuum-foil insulation kept the exterior cool and that inside the packet the radiation capsule was producing heat at 500 degrees Fahrenheit—more than enough to cook a roast.

Ellis checked radiation, to be sure there would be no real leakage. The meters all read in the low-normal range. There was a certain amount of leakage, naturally, but it was no more than that produced by a commercial color-television set.

Ellis inserted the charging unit into the small subdermal pocket he had made in the chest wall. He sewed tissue layers around it to fix it in place. Then he turned his attention to the postage-stamp-sized electronic computer.

Ross looked up at the viewing gallery and saw the wizard twins, Gerhard and Richards, watching intently. Ellis checked the packet under the magnifying glass, then gave it to a scrubbed technician, who hooked the little computer into the main hospital computer.

To Ross, the computer was the most remarkable part of the entire system. Since she had joined the NPS three years before, she had seen the computer size shrink from a prototype as large as a briefcase to the present tiny model, which looked small in the palm of a hand yet contained all the elements of the original bulky unit.

This tiny size made subdermal implantation possible. The patient was free to move about, take showers, do anything he wanted. Much better than the old units where the charger was clipped to a patient's belt and wires dangled.

She looked at the computer screens, which flashed OPERATIVE MONITORS INTERRUPTED FOR ELECTRONICS CHECK. On the screen, a blown-up circuit diagram appeared. The computer checked each pathway and component independently. It took four millionths of a second for each check; the entire process was completed in two seconds. The computer flashed ELECTRONICS CHECK NEGATIVE. A moment later, brain views reappeared. The computer had gone back to monitoring the operation.

"Well," Ellis said, "let's hook him up." He painstakingly attached the 40 fine wire leads from the two electrode arrays to the plastic unit. Then he fitted the wires down along the neck, tucked the plastic under the skin and called for sutures. The elapsed-time clock read one hour, 12 minutes.

Finally, he called for the dog tag. Benson would have to wear this dog tag as long as he had the atomic charging unit in his body. The dog tag warned that the person had an atomic pacemaker and gave a telephone number. Ross knew that the number was a listing that played a recorded message 24 hours a day. The recording gave detailed technical information about the charging unit and warned that bullet wounds, automobile accidents, fires and other damage could release the plutonium, which was a powerful alpha-particle emitter. The recording also gave special instructions to physicians, coroners and morticians and warned particularly against cremation of the body, unless the charger were first removed.

II

Morris wheeled Benson into the recovery room, a long, low-ceilinged room where patients were brought immediately after operation. The NPS had a special section of the rec room, as did cardiac patients and burn patients. But the NPS section, with its cluster of electronic equipment, had never been used before. Benson was the first case.

Benson looked pale but otherwise fine: his head, neck, right shoulder and chest were heavily bandaged. Morris supervised his transfer from the rolling stretcher to the permanent bed. Across the room, Ellis was telephoning in his operative note. If you dialed extension 1104, you got a transcribing machine. The dictated message would later be typed up by a secretary and inserted in Benson's record.

Ellis' voice droned on in the background. "Centimeter incisions were made over the right temporal region and two two-millimeter bur holes drilled with a K-seven drill. Implantation of Briggs electrodes carried out with computer assistance on the limbic program. X-ray placement of electrodes determined with computer matching within established limits. Electrodes sealed with Tyler fixation caps and seven-oh-grade dental sealer. Transmission wires——"

"What do you want on him?" the rec-room nurse asked.

"Vital signs Q five minutes for the first hour, Q fifteen for the second, Q thirty for the third, hourly thereafter. If he's stable, you can move him up to his room in six hours."

The nurse nodded, making notes. Morris sat down at the bedside to write the short operative note:

Short operative note on Harold F. Benson
Pre-op dx: psychomotor (temporal lobe) epilepsy
Post-op dx: same
Procedure: implantation of twin Briggs electrode arrays into right temporal lobe with subdermal placing of computer and plutonium charging unit.
Pre-op meds: phenobarbital 500 mg atropine 60 mg one hr prior to procedure
Anesthesia: lidocaine (1/1000) epinephrine locally
Estimated blood loss: 250 cc
Fluid replacement: 200 cc D5/W
Operative duration: 1 hr 12 min
Post-op condition: good

As he finished the note, he heard Ross say to the nurse, "Start him on phenobarb as soon as he's awake." She sounded angry.

He looked up at her and said, "Something the matter?"

"No," she said.

"You seem angry."

"Are you picking a fight with me?"

"No," he said, "of course——"

"Just make sure he gets his phenobarb. We want to keep him sedated until we can interface him."

And she stormed out of the room. Morris watched her go, then glanced over at Ellis, who was still dictating but had been watching. Ellis shrugged.

"What's the matter with her?" the nurse asked.

"Probably just tired," Morris said. He adjusted the monitoring equipment on the shelf above Benson's head. He turned it on and waited until it warmed up. Then he placed the temporary induction unit around Benson's taped shoulder.

During the operation, all the wires had been hooked up, but they were not working now. Before that happened, Benson had to be "interfaced." This meant determining which of the 40 electrodes would stop an epileptic seizure and locking in the appropriate switches on the subdermal computer. Because the computer was under the skin, the locking in would be accomplished by an induction unit, which worked through the skin. But the interfacing couldn't be done until tomorrow.

Meanwhile, the equipment monitored Benson's brain-wave activity. The screens above the bed glowed a bright green and showed the white tracing of his EEG. The pattern was normal for alpha rhythms slowing from sedation.

Benson opened his eyes and looked at Morris.

"How do you feel?" Morris asked.

"Sleepy," he said. "Is it beginning soon?"

"It's over," Morris said.

Benson looked, not at all surprised, and closed his eyes. A rad-lab technician came in and checked for leakage from the plutonium with a Geiger counter. There was none. Morris made sure that the dog tag was still around Benson's neck. The nurse picked it up curiously, read it and frowned.

Ellis came over. "Time for breakfast?"

"Yes," Morris said. "Time for breakfast."

They left the room together.

III

The trouble was he didn't really like the sound of his voice. His voice was rough and grating and his enunciation

"You can be a great ballerina, but you must be prepared for a life of sacrifice. You must practice every day, diet rigorously and go to bed with no one but me."

was poor. McPherson preferred to see the words in his mind, as if they had been written. He pressed the microphone button on the dictation machine. "Roman numeral three period philosophical implications period."

He paused and looked around his office. A large model of the brain sat at the corner of his desk. Shelves of journals along one wall. And the TV monitor. On the screen now, he was watching the playback of the morning's operation. The sound was turned off. He looked at the silent, milky images. Ellis was drilling holes in Benson's head. McPherson began to dictate.

This procedure represents the first direct link between a human brain and a computer. The link is permanent. . . .

Too stuffy, he thought. He ran the tape back and made changes. *Now, a man sitting at a computer console and interacting with the computer by pressing buttons is linked to the computer. But that link is not direct. And the link is not permanent.*

This operative procedure represents something rather different. How is one to think about it?

A good question, he thought. He stared at the TV image of the operation, then continued to dictate.

One might think of the computer in this case as a prosthetic device. Just as a man who has his arm amputated can receive a mechanical equivalent of the lost arm, so a brain-damaged man can receive a mechanical aid to overcome the effects of brain damage. This is a comfortable way to think about the operation. It makes the computer into a high-class wooden leg. Yet the implications go much further than that.

He paused to look at the screen. Somebody at the main tape station had changed reels. He was no longer seeing the operation but a psychiatric interview with Benson before surgery. Benson was excited, smoking a cigarette, making stabbing gestures with the lighted tip as he spoke.

Curious, McPherson turned the sound up slightly. "Know what they're doing. The machines are everywhere. They used to be the servants of man, but now they're taking over. Subtly, subtly taking over."

Benson continued, "Know I'm a traitor to the human race, because I'm helping to make machines more intelligent. That's my job, programming artificial intelligence, and——"

McPherson turned the sound down until it was almost inaudible. Then he went back to his dictation.

In thinking about computer hardware, we distinguish between central and peripheral equipment. That is, the main computer is central but, in human terms, located in some out-of-the-way place—like the basement of a building, for example. The computer's readout equipment, display consoles and so on, are peripheral. They are located at the edges of the computer system, on different floors of the building.

He looked at the TV screen. Benson seemed particularly excited. McPherson turned up the sound and heard ". . . Getting more intelligent. First steam engines, then automobiles and airplanes, then adding machines. Now computers, feedback loops——"

He turned the sound off.

For the human brain, the analogy is a central brain and peripheral terminals, such as mouth, arms and legs. They carry out the instructions—the output—of the brain. By and large, we judge the workings of the brain by the activity of these peripheral functions. We notice what a person says and how he acts and from that deduce how his brain works. This idea is familiar to everyone.

He looked at Benson on the TV screen. What would Benson say about this? Would he agree or disagree? But then, did it matter?

Now, however, in this operation we have created a man with not one brain but two. He has his biological brain, which is damaged, and he has a new computer brain, which is designed to correct the damage. This new brain is intended to control the biological brain. Therefore, a new situation arises. The patient's biological brain is the peripheral terminal—the only peripheral terminal—for the new computer. In one area, the new computer brain has total control. And therefore, the patient's biological brain and, indeed, his whole body, has become a terminal for the new computer. We have created a man who is one single, large, complex computer terminal. The patient is a readout device for the new computer and he is as helpless to control the readout as a TV screen is helpless to control the information presented on it.

Perhaps that was a bit strong, he thought. He pressed the button again. "Harriet, type that last paragraph, but I want to look at it, OK? Roman numeral four period summary and conclusions period."

He paused again and turned on the sound. Benson was saying ". . . Hate them, particularly the prostitutes. Airplane mechanics, dancers, translators, gas-station attendants, the people who are machines or who service machines. The prostitutes. I hate them all."

As he spoke, Benson continued to stab with his cigarette.

This is the first of three installments of a condensed version of "The Terminal Man." The second installment of the novel will appear in the April issue.

"I, too, could have opted for the counterculture, Miss Hanley, but I felt it was my mission to humanize the wholesale-plumbing-supplies game."

POISE AS A TIE BREAKER *(continued from page 126)*

sure and inevitable move, glided past the two leaders to win, the way Jim Ryun was supposed to glide past Marty Liquori but didn't. I got all my money back and $18 in winnings.

• • •

Great buzz of excitement in the dining room next morning. Nat Kanter told me that John Raitt had swept in and sung all through breakfast, snatches of tunes from every show he'd ever been in. "There was no stopping him," said Kanter, who then informed me that Tom Mackell was a great singer of barroom-style Irish tunes and that maybe we could get Raitt and Mackell to sing a duet. I said I'd vote for that and then cornered Raitt, a chesty stalwart type who walked about as though he were constantly marveling at the quality of the air. "It's *Kismet* for me in the summer with Anna Maria Alberghetti," he began rather brightly, but his mood swiftly darkened and he said, "There's really nothing for me. A few conventions—that's a tough dollar. I talked to Hal Prince about *Follies*, but it really wasn't right. Terrific for Alexis, though." I felt sorry for the man who'd once thrilled me as Billy Bigelow in *Carousel*, as if it were my fault that he was doing conventions, and found myself making a silent vow to see if I could drum something up for him.

At breakfast, I met a newly arrived fellow judge named S. Rodgers Benjamin, the furrier, who told me, "We're the second-largest retailer in the country," and said he had sent 46 units worth $110,000 to Kutsher's to be worn on the TV show by the pageant girls but that Kutsher's security system was zilch, so he'd had to ship two of his own men down to guard the garments. "Each one of my men takes twenty-three furs to his room at night and sleeps with them," said Benjamin. Mrs. Benjamin, a stylish and quite dazzling brunette, sidled up to the table and said, "OK, if you're so big in the fur business, how come I wear a trench coat from Klein's?" A bell rang and a spry oldster introduced a dozen contestants who strolled into the dining room to mild applause. As was later explained, the mealtime salutes were designed to buoy up their confidence before the contest. Miss Lynbrook marched in wearing no bra and it was difficult to avoid doing a little premature judging. "If I were a judge," said Mrs. Benjamin, "I'd pick the one I'd like to bang."

"Negative," said her husband. "You'd pick the one you think *I'd* like to bang."

I excused myself to hustle off and corral John Russell Lowell, whose agency had screened the girls for Kutsher's pageant and handles 92 other competitions a year. "I'm no relation to the poet," said Lowell, a zesty gray-haired senior citizen, "though I can quote liberally from his works. I've been in this business for twenty-three years and got started doing the promotion of the world premiere of *The Girl from Jones Beach*, starring Virginia Mayo and Ronald Reagan. We held a Miss Rheingold–type competition and when I saw all that pulchritude, I said this is for me. What have I learned about girls in all this time? They are natural-born liars, unbelievably enchanting and devious at the same time. Take what they tell you with a grain of salt. You'll get an ulcer anyway. One will go along pure and honest for six years then suddenly show her teeth, like she's swallowed a Mr. Hyde solution. Neither God nor man should dwell in the same house with more than one woman. If such is your lot, get a chair and a whip and settle in for peevishness and pettiness, with fair play an unheard-of dream." More specifically, Lowell said that the most dangerous of beauty contestants was the one who was getting on in age and was suddenly confronted with "a frothy young number" some eight or nine years her junior. "Suddenly, Miss Oldster turns into a spitting thing. I remember one such girl who waited till the final moment of the contest and then just happened to spill four scoops of raspberry ice cream on a sure winner's yellow gown. Another girl kept threatening to jump off a building if she didn't win, driving her roommate into a nervous breakdown. She wouldn't have jumped five feet."

In Lowell's estimate, despite the seemingly apathetic style of many of the girls, there wasn't one among them who wouldn't kill to walk away with first prize. And there was one creature even more treacherous than a contestant. "Your Bengal tiger, Kodiak bear, wounded African buffalo, they're all timid, indeed, compared with the mother of a loser in a beauty pageant." Despite his innate suspicion of young girls and their moms and his reputation as a fierce taskmaster, Lowell made it clear that he was quite protective of his young ladies and a foe of those who would try to compromise or insult them. "I'm a testy bastard," he said, "and won't tolerate anyone fooling with my kids. Anyone refers to them as 'fresh meat,' I don't care if he's thirty years younger, I'll invite the man outside and break his glasses. I once took twenty-six girls to a Queen of Queens

"You funnin' me, bub?"

beauty pageant. The convention man asked, 'Which broad would you like to win?' and before it was out of his mouth, I said, 'Let's go, girls,' and we all got back on the bus."

As far as Lowell was concerned, the girls were the name of the game and each TV pageant was a 90-minute flow-through story with a single punch line —the winner—and it was a shame to let it get spoiled by an m.c. with a buck and wing. "Then there are the judges," said Lowell, not bothering to spare my feelings, "your weakest link. They'll vote for Elsie, the girl they used to go with, or Bessie, the girl who turned them down, all the while failing to notice a perfect swanlike neck and dignity of movement." Silently pledging to be on the lookout for classic necks, I asked Lowell if pageant entries were allowed to beef up their natural wonderfulness with artificial aids. "Falls and supplementary hairpieces, yes," said Lowell. "Wigs, no. Contouring the bustline is in bounds, too, but of course you're risking a pop-out situation, so the girls tend to take it easy in this department. A single ejected sponge can destroy a girl with embarrassment."

Lowell dashed off to prep his girls for their TV runway strolls, his place immediately taken by Peggy Molitor, who said, "I can see now you're looking for dirt. I won't give you any, but long after you've finished your story, make sure to ask me about a certain dirty old man who wound up in my hotel room last night." Before I could give further thought to the mystery, Blake turned up and said that both Boozer and Barnett had passed the contest by, but there was no need to worry, since he was confident that by hardly moving a muscle, he could induce either Monte Irvin or Jesse Owens to speed up to Kutsher's and fill the empty judge slot. "Just for fun, though, do you know any colored athletes?" I mentioned a friend of mine, an ex-athlete now in public relations, and Blake said, "Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go. Let's get him up." I said I wasn't sure my buddy would be interested and Blake said, "Look, it's no problem. Forget it. One thing you can always get is a colored judge."

• • •

At seven the next morning, Blake woke me up with a phone call, his voice a trifle anxious this time. "I understand you know Artie Shaw." I said yes, I'd met the great clarinetist at a party, and Blake said, "Well, what about him?"

"For a black judge?" I said.

"Well, you know . . . he's a wild guy . . . all those wives. . . ."

"But he's not black," I said. "There's no way it'll work."

"You're probably right," said Blake. "Well, look, go back to sleep. There's absolutely no problem. Walt Frazier's personal manager is on the highway now and nine chances out of ten, we can get Clyde himself up here. What's the big deal?"

• • •

Later I got caught up in the Day Before the Finals tempo. Kanter told me that the girls were nervous as fillies and that later in the evening there would be a preliminary shakedown, the judges knocking out 19 girls but not daring to tell them, for fear they would check out on the next bus and not be on hand for the TV taping of the finals. In other words, 19 of the girls would go to bed that night thinking they were in the running when actually they'd been wiped out hours before and didn't stand a chance. Kanter informed me of another development—that Milton Kutsher, president of the family corporation that owns the hotel, who'd been slated to be one of the judges, had stepped aside in favor of his wife, who wanted to be seen on television.

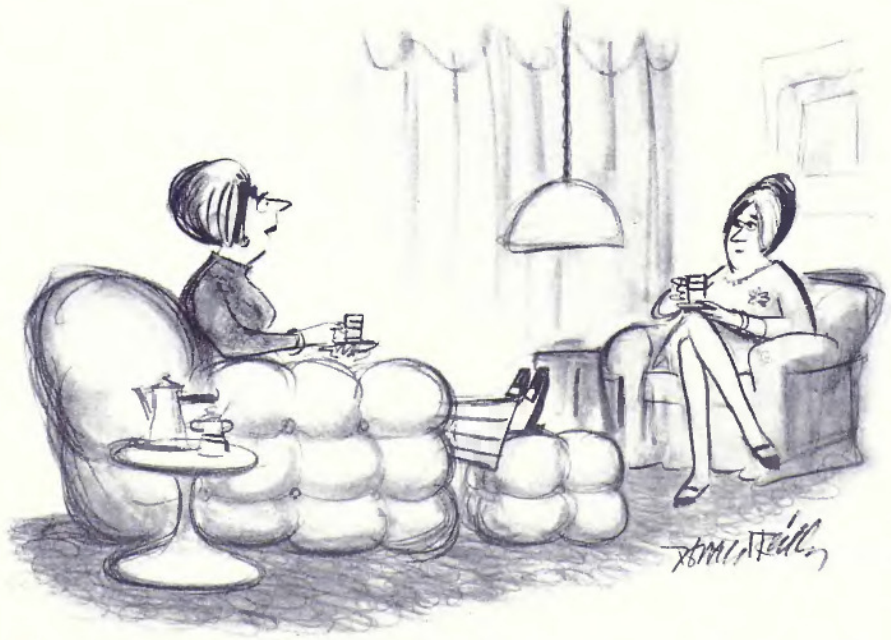
Soon, other judges began to turn up, among them a genial ex-pilot named Bob Dobbin, vice-president and marketing director for Best Foods, a $300,000,000 subsidiary of CPC International. No stranger to beauty contests, Dobbin told me over cocktails that his company had once sponsored the National College Queen Pageant, a contest designed to show the world that not all of our youths are hippies and activists.

At dinner, Dobbin and I were introduced to another fellow judge, Thomas J. Mackell, the celebrated Queens D. A. A huge, good-natured, crime-busting Santa Claus type, Mackell stuck one hand over his face and when the girls made their dining-room entrance, coyly peered through his fingers and said, "I guess we're not supposed to start judging yet, are we?" Nimbly ducking all feelers for Crimmins anecdotes, Mackell dug into the delicious Kutsher's food, patting his girth after each course and saying, "Well, I could just inhale five pounds around here. And those waistercizers don't do me any good, either."

When the girls paraded by again, I said, "Wow, it's a lucky thing I don't like girls."

"That has got to be one of the funniest lines I've heard around a beauty contest," said Kanter. "Mind if I use it in my story?"

Then Lowell told the judges' table it was time for our first eliminations. I suddenly felt some tension and responsibility and had a fantasy in which I lost a contact lens and wound up voting for a stagehand. We were short a few judges, the most conspicuous absentee being the black one Blake had promised to supply. Anticipating my concern, Blake said he had the matter in hand; no, it was not to be the great Knick guard Walt Frazier but a chap named John Kress, who would be rolling in the following night for the finals. What if all three black girls were eliminated before Kress arrived? Wouldn't that seem fishy?



"Tuition has soared again this year, but we're lucky in that our Greg gets a little something from the FBI to sort of keep an eye on his dorm floor."

Blake didn't think so, as long as Kress was on hand for the finals on TV. Lowell got us all together in the Palestra Room and informed us that on this first elimination, we would get three shots at the girls, who would first walk through so that we could familiarize ourselves with them and then glide by for scoring in swimsuits and gowns. Each girl was to be awarded from one to 36 points in each category, according to Lowell, who gave us this rough scoring guide to follow: 1–6 fair, 7–14 good, 15–24 excellent and 25–36 through the roof. In Lowell's experience, some judges were liberal in scoring, while others doled out points in a miserly fashion, but the two tendencies canceled each other out. Lowell warned us that we might tend to be niggardly in our scoring of the first girls and then give out great panicky showers of points as the supply of girls ran out. If this were true, it occurred to me that Miss Albany, first out of the paddock, would be in big trouble.

Kanter leaned across and told me that one girl had won several contests by tossing long sucking kisses at each judge as she paraded by. One by one, the girls came out, while Lowell hollered their names, favorite actors and hobbies. By and large, I'd liked them more collectively; they were about on the level of St. Luke's Hospital student nurses —not bad—but I had an idea I could round up a handsomer batch any afternoon outside Bloomingdale's. I got very self-conscious about my scoring and found I tended to tack on an extra five points or so for contestants who winked at me, whispered "Hi" and tossed off a kiss, even if it wasn't of the long sucking variety. At one point, I peeked over at Benjamin's score sheet—as though we were taking a biology quiz—and learned that he was a much more generous point-giver than I was. One girl caused a stir by turning up with an unmistakably distended stomach, giving rise to speculations about whether it was the result of a recent pregnancy. Another quickly picked up the nickname Miss Tiny Tim, showing a remarkable resemblance to the famed showbiz personality. As the three black girls strolled by, I wondered about the current notion in publishing that white critics lack the sensibility for judging black literature. Did this apply to beauty pageants? There was little time to sink my teeth into this, so I took no chances and gave them each terrific scores, although down deep, I didn't think any one of them was standing room only.

Midway through the parade, I felt confident I'd spotted the winner: a sultry, budding Ava Gardner type; but she failed to cast so much as a glance at the judges' table and, to my disappointment, I heard one of my colleagues let out a disgusted snort as another said, "What a zombi." As it turned out, my candidate was quickly eliminated and told me later that she had been on "heavy downs." After the last contestant, an overbrimming girl representing Troy, had glided by in her gown, a tiny man named Sol Shields, of the accounting firm of Rosenfeld, Hauptman and Shields, scooped up our scoring sheets and we all retired to the bar with the knowledge that we had clipped the wings of 19 of the aspiring lovelies. Tom Mackell ordered a round of drinks, saying he had opened up Queens to Cutty Sark, getting the brand into 100 bars in the borough. A guest tapped me on the shoulder and wanted to know if I judged the girls constantly, every second, for every move they made throughout the day. I told him no, just when they were on the stage—and he seemed surprised.

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I was amazed the following day when a slender sandy-haired young fellow turned to me in Kutsher's steam room and said he was John Kress, assistant coach and head scout for the New York Nets. Blake had failed to come up with a black judge, after all, unless he felt that Kress's association with black ballplayers

qualified him for the role. As it turned out, with my dark beard, Bronx-Jewish heritage and work in the theater, I was the closest to being a black judge on the panel. In any case, my conscience was clear: I'd given each of the black girls massive scores.

The taping of the finals was set for nine o'clock in the evening and would be shown late at night the following Saturday. According to the Dancer-Fitzgerald man, Ave Butensky, the show was good for a 10 percent or 11 percent Neilsen, which meant that roughly 1,250,000 folks in the New York area would have their dials turned to it. It was Butensky's view that people watched beauty pageants not so much to see gorgeous girls in their skivvies as to root for their favorites, much in the same way they cheered on entries in a horse race. At the appointed time, we each took a seat at the judges' table, the ladies in gowns, the men decked out in tuxedos. In my view, Bob Dobbin, the Best Foods man, took top honors in the tuxedo competition with a wild ruffled ensemble that might have come out of the court of Louis XIV.

John Raitt loosened us up a bit with a story about a friend, working in *Desert Song*, who'd mixed up his lines and said, "Shoot one step further and I'll come." I got to meet Kathleen Levin, the "terrifically classy" girl from Prince Matchabelli, who said, "I understand you're to write an account of this evening. My hope is that it will avoid the straight approach and concentrate on the various satirical aspects of such events as these. To do otherwise would be trite." The last of the judges was a tall, rakish fellow named Eddie Schaffer, who described himself as the country's top roastmaster, the term making reference to the type of m.c. who insults rather than praises the honored guest at charity benefits. "I rip and tear, cut the fellow to pieces," said Schaffer. "When I go out onstage, this mild-mannered fellow before you turns into worse than twenty Don Rickles rolled into one. Slash, chop, cut and rip." Schaffer said that his home base was Florida, where, as a top-ranking officer in one of the local hospitals, he got to roast for many diseases, such as leukemia and muscular dystrophy. As the girls assembled nervously, Schaffer hollered, "You're all winners; I'm in room fourteen," drawing a titter from the hitherto imperious Prince Matchabelli woman, who said, "I'd invite all you men judges to my island in the Hudson, except that who knows what you'd look like in the morning?"

The show began with songs and patter from Raitt and Kaye Stevens and a stroll-through of the contestants in the choicest of S. Rodgers Benjamin's fur units. My Ava Gardner–style favorite, evidently off downs, came to brilliant life, with sly winks and secretive smiles at the judges; but, of course, without knowing it, she'd already been wiped out in the preliminaries. Raitt sang *(I Did It) My Way*, and when he came to the phrase "And now the end is near," Schaffer cracked up the Prince Matchabelli rep again by whispering, "It's the newest fag song." The girls were whittled down to 15 semifinalists (the rejects taking a forlorn position beneath set designer Newton White's irises) and were then cut down to a group of seven, from which there would be chosen one winner and four runners-up. Pointing to one of them, Schaffer said, "I never could go for a girl with a trick knee," practically knocking the Prince Matchabelli woman off her chair.

The crowd favorite was clearly Miss Setauket, whose favorite actor was Paul Newman, but the winner turned out to be Miss Rochester, a somewhat sweet though vacant-eyed blonde whose favorite food was *Wiener Schnitzel* and whose ambition was to be "a good human being." She'd been among my top three selections, so I didn't really feel the fix was in, but I couldn't find a judge who had picked her as the winner. A contest official told me that if she was "close" on all the judges' cards and a single judge went bananas over her, it was possible for her to go over the top.

I felt a little sad about the losers, remembering my freshman year at college, when my essay *Hemingway's Lost Generation* placed sixth in a school competition. The losers all flocked around Miss Rochester, a cool customer who failed to break out in the traditional crying jag, and then moms began to pour out of the stands to take pictures of their also-ran daughters. One such mother told me she was proud of her daughter, though she had known she didn't have a prayer. "She's Jewish . . . and, well . . . you know. . . ." Minutes later, a second mom, snapping away with a Polaroid, told me her daughter had entered just for the fun of it. "She's the only Jewish girl in the contest and knew she was out of business. . . ." At the bar, I cornered my Ava Gardner look-alike, who told me she had been gobbling up downs because she was sure they were going to pick a blonde, blue-eyed type. "I'm Jewish, of course, and you know where that is."

I asked Miss Manhasset how things were in that trim little suburban community and she looked at me as if I were crazy. Having been led to believe that each of the girls was the fairest flower of the town denoted on her bosom sign, I said, "You mean you're not from Manhasset?"

"Are you kidding?" she said. She turned out to be from Bayside; Miss Lynbrook, from Atlantic Beach; and Miss Setauket, from Bayport. The winner, Miss Rochester, hailing from Oceanside, had never set foot in the city whose colors she bore. The only explanation I could get was that Lowell, acting as talent scout, found them and then the names of various cities had more or less arbitrarily been tacked onto them, the contest rules specifying that the girls can enter any area competition where they think they have a chance of winning. Oh, well, it wasn't much of a scandal—and there was still that wild party to look forward to, the one I'd been told about in which the girls, spilling over with accumulated tension, would finally cut loose and fill Kutsher's with orgiastic frenzy. All I could find were a couple of contestants doing an antique twist in the lounge and several befuddled Upstaters, wandering about in search of the john, announcing they were going to die if they didn't get to "tinkle."

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The next morning, in Kutsher's dining room, I was awarded an interview with the winner, Susan Dishaw, who said her mother was a librarian, her father a sales rep and that she was always in a good mood. Her previous laurels were runner-up honors in the Miss American Teenager, Miss Palisades and Miss Times Square competitions, but this was the first time she had ever landed a number-one slot. Right in the middle of the baked herring and Nova Scotia salmon and trays of sweet rolls and bagels, I had a furious temptation to ask her what she thought of Germaine Greer's contention that the fem-libbers' obsession with clitoral stimulation and orgasm, with its attendant substitution of genital sexuality for spiritual satisfaction, was a cop-out and a ruse foisted upon women by male chauvinists. I held off, however, and made my way to the lobby, where I quickly learned that three pageant girls had broken their curfew the night before and that Lowell, true to his reputation of being a no-nonsense enforcer of the rules, was now refusing to take them back to New York in his beauty bus. "I really would sort of like them out of my lobby," said Mrs. Kutsher, nodding toward the forlorn trio of curfew breakers. Visibly upset, Seymour Seitz raced into the lobby and said he'd been in touch with Lowell, who was waiting outside in his bus and, indeed, was not about to budge an inch. Was I driving to New York City and, if so, was there the slightest chance I might find room in my car for the three wayward lovelies? I looked them over: one was a hefty blonde gumchewer, the second a south-of-the-border-style

nifty and the third a slender yellow-haired rascal I recalled as having the neatest body in the group. She was decked out in tiny hotpants for the long ride back to the city.

"What the hell," I said to Seitz, "I'll find room for them." Seitz threw his arms around me in gratitude and promised to find work for me in future pageants.

The girls piled into my car, a bellhop loading their airline-hostess luggage and saying, "It's all right to be bad." We made three stops in the first ten miles, so that the still-jittery girls could "tinkle," and then hit the highway, the blonde saying she would serve as a lookout for "bubbletops" while I floored the accelerator. I told her I had two tickets already and one more would put me out of business, whereupon she spotted a fellow on a motorbike and said she sure wished she could be heading for the city on a scrambler. The girl with the tiny shorts said she was still upset about being locked out by Lowell. "I had to call a security guard and finally spent the night sleeping in a strange bed next to two girls' feet." Still, she had only good things to say about the beauty king. "At least he's straight," she said. "Not like other directors, who insist on getting into your pants before they'll put you in a contest." The Latin-style girl delivered a lecture on the merits of various ups and downs, putting in a big plug for "beanies" and telling me to think twice before getting involved with "angel dust," since it had embalming fluid in it. The girl in the hotpants said there certainly were some weirdos in the contest, particularly one quartet of girls who were always parading through the halls naked, scrubbing one another down with sponges and insisting that she join in and get scrubbed, too. As we approached the city, the girls got into a laughing jag over one contestant who'd had a "corroded navel." By the time we reached Penn Station, they were on the floor of the car, in stitches.

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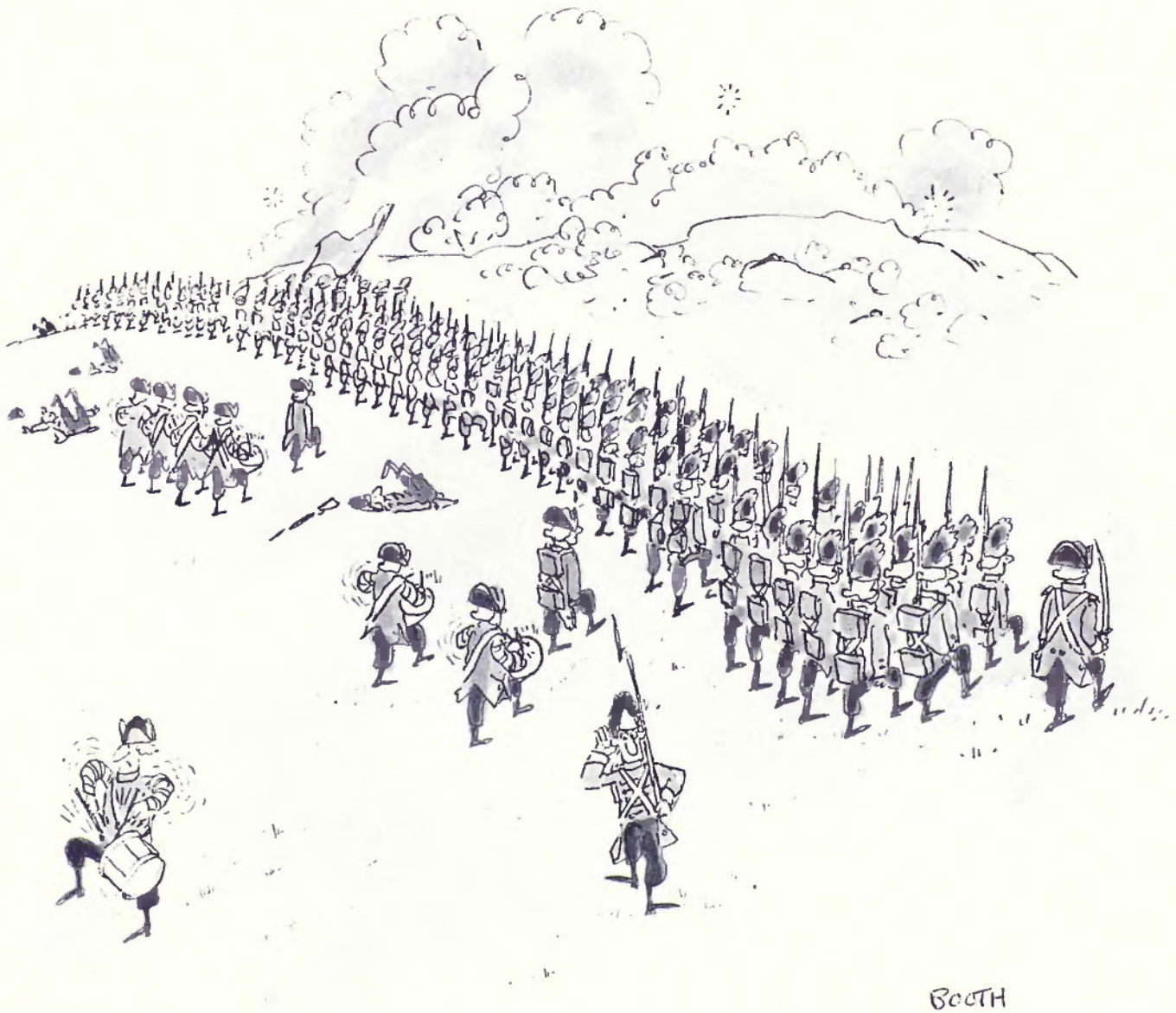
After I said goodbye, I wondered about pageants in general. Was it true that the beauty contest is a Neanderthal custom, a sad relic of the Forties and Fifties that has to go? A corrupt ritual that demeans woman, ignoring her real worth and concentrating instead on the neatness of her profile and the swell of her bosom? Wasn't it all just a cynical money-making device for the sponsors, an apparatus for selling useless products to women who have been slyly led to believe they need them but really don't? And would not Miss Utica, for example, be miles ahead of the game if, at some early age, she'd been encouraged in a natural bent for biochemical research rather than pushed along the road that took her to the reviewing stand at Kutsher's? Maybe so. But I certainly wish my favorite hadn't been on downs.



LIGHT WHISKEYS

(continued from page 91)

words, the present will be dipping into the traditional liquor arsenal for a small but significant amount of hefty flavor reinforcement. Drinkers who want a bourbon on the rocks, a mint julep or a sazerac will do best to steer themselves to the same straight stuff they now have in their liquor cabinet. A vodka martini will still be made with vodka, and a planter's punch with rum. But the new whiskeys *will* be distinctly versatile. For those interested in roaming through new drink paths with cocktail shaker and blender, we offer the following trio of recipes.

BLOODY MARY

1½ ozs. light whiskey
3 ozs. tomato juice
½ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon catsup
Dash Worcestershire sauce
Dash Tabasco sauce
Dash celery salt

Shake all ingredients well with ice. Strain over rocks into 8-oz. tall glass.

BANANA FROZEN DAIQUIRI

1½ ozs. light whiskey
½ oz. lime juice
¼ cup (firmly packed) thinly sliced ripe banana
1 teaspoon sugar or more to taste
⅓ cup finely crushed ice

Put all ingredients in blender. Blend at low speed 15 seconds. Pour into deep saucer champagne glass.

In time, the new light whiskeys will have their own conglomerate of mixed drinks. We offer this double-sized cocktail as a first step in liquid research and development.

DOUBLE CHAMBERY

2 ozs. light whiskey
¾ oz. vermouth de chambéry (strawberry-flavored light vermouth)
½ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon maraschino liqueur
Iced ginger ale
1 slice lemon
1 fresh strawberry (optional)

Shake whiskey, vermouth, lemon juice, sugar and maraschino liqueur well with ice. Strain into 14-oz. double old fashioned glass half filled with rocks. Add a splash of ginger ale. Stir. Place lemon slice on rocks. Place strawberry on lemon slice. A double lift for guests and obviously half the work for the host.

Let there be light whiskeys!

"Well then, Gladys, if you won't believe I'm in a motel with a sexy broad, would you believe I'm working late at the office?"

THE CHEF'S STORY

(continued from page 134)

"I do not wish him to be pleased with it!" *le patron* said. "I would like this man out of my restaurant for all time!"

"You have not yet heard my second suggestion."

"Which is what?" the chef asked.

"Let me create for Maugron the most terrible sauce ever made. He will——"

"No!" the chef shouted. "I will not allow such a sauce out of my kitchen!"

"Oh, be silent!" *le patron* shouted. Of me, he asked, "He will . . . what?"

"He will be so repelled by Sauce Maugron that he will fly into a rage and scream that he has been deliberately insulted, and he will say that he'll never come here to eat again and you will be rid of him forever."

"No!" the chef cried. "I won't allow this! It will demean us as chefs!"

"Be quiet!" *le patron* said to the chef. "I am in charge of this restaurant. This is purely the business of this young man and myself! Go away!"

The chef stalked off and *le patron* said confidentially to me, "Yes. Do it! Make this sauce! I will take full responsibility! I will stand behind you! Do it! However, put nothing in this sauce that is foul or rotten. I don't wish the man in a hospital, filing a lawsuit against me. Now—what kind of sauce do you intend to make?"

"I don't know yet, sir," I said. "How much time do I have?"

"Maugron has ordered soup and then *escargots* and then the steaks. Fifteen minutes."

Le patron walked off, leaving me alone with my problem. For five years, I'd been learning how to make my sauces better and better. Now I'd given myself the task of concocting a sauce so terrible that it would disgust anyone who tasted it. How to begin? I didn't know at first. However, during my learning years, I had made many mistakes. Now I decided to capitalize on them.

I took some good olive oil and poured far too much of it into a saucepan on my fire and then I took four cloves of garlic and cut them up coarsely and threw the bits into the smoking oil and let them burn. There is nothing that will ruin any sauce more than the flavor of burnt garlic—unless it is the bitter taste of scorched onion. So I tossed in a sliced onion, too, and when these had turned black, I threw in a chopped tomato. I realized that my sauce needed some body, so I added a cup of ordinary brown sauce and a few tablespoons of flour, which I let cook into lumps. While this mess was bubbling away, I looked about for other ingredients and found

and added quite a bit of curry powder and some cinnamon and just a touch of ginger. I then poured in half a cup of port and added three egg yolks beaten into a cup of heavy cream. I turned up my flame and the whole began to curdle terribly.

While this obnoxious mixture was boiling and reducing itself, my chef wandered over and looked and sniffed and held his nose and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear God! Oh, how low can a chef sink?"

"I am merely carrying out the orders of *le patron*."

"Well," the chef said, "I hope you will at least have the decency to *strain* this mess."

"Oh, certainly," I said. "I intend to strain out the tomato skins and some of the larger curds and lumps of flour."

"Oh, my dear Lord, but this is terrible!" The chef covered his face as he walked away. "Terrible!"

Le patron walked in and up to me and asked, "How is the Sauce Maugron coming?"

"Well," I said, "I feel that it still *needs* something." I walked over to the dessert center and got a half cup of caramel sauce and, while coming back with it, I passed the salad counter and got a quarter cup of pickle relish, and these went into the sauce.

Watching and smelling, *le patron* looked a trifle sick. "Had you thought of maraschino cherries?"

"Oh, of course," I said. "But they go in last, as a kind of garniture, along with the anchovies and the chives."

"I just had a thought," *le patron* said. "What if Maugron becomes so drunk that he doesn't notice?"

"Trust me," I said. "Not a chance. This sauce would disgust a man three days dead."

"When will it be ready? The steaks are under the broiler."

"In one minute." I stirred my sauce once or twice and let the olive oil rise to the top, and then strained the sauce through a coarse sieve into a large silver sauceboat and garnished it with chopped maraschinos and anchovy fillets and finely minced chives. Putting the sauceboat onto a silver platter, I walked over and presented it to my chef. "Here you are. Sauce Maugron. The most terrible sauce ever created by the hand of man."

"I refuse even to look at it!" the chef said, turning away.

"I will take it," said *le patron*. "And I congratulate you, young man. Any good chef can make a good sauce. It takes a genius to make one as obnoxious as this. I will serve it myself. And remember—I will stand behind you, no matter what."

A waiter took the steaks into the dining room. *Le patron* followed, proudly bearing the sauce. I hurried to peer through the door. Being just as curious as I, the chef came and joined me. We saw the waiter cross to the far side of the dining room, where Maugron sat with his women, and we watched as the waiter put the steaks onto dinner plates. Now *le patron* advanced and bowed, and while we were too far away to hear, we knew what *le patron* must be saying as he ladled generous spoonfuls of Sauce Maugron over the steaks and served the women and then Maugron. The chef and I held our breath as he cut into his *filet* and took a bite of the sauce-drenched meat. He frowned, puzzled, and then reached for a spoon and took a taste of the sauce alone. Slowly, his taste buds began to react in repulsion and he rose to his feet and threw down his napkin. His face turned red as he shouted at *le patron*. He pointed to the kitchen and made gestures indicating the whole establishment, and then, after shaking his fist at *le patron*, he stalked out. His three women followed, snatching their wraps from my sister as they marched out the door.

"Boo!"

"The Sauce Maugron did its work," I said to the chef. "We will never see the man again."

"Just the same," the chef said, "to think that such a monstrosity could come out of *my* kitchen! Oh, terrible! Terrible!"

The chef and I went back to our ranges. In a moment, *le patron* came into the kitchen and up to me. He was not smiling. "You are discharged," he said. "You must leave the premises at once! I also suggest you leave town."

My mouth fell open. "Discharged?! Leave town?! I don't understand! But . . . *why?*"

"Because," *le patron* said, "I have just learned that the business deal Maugron

was celebrating was the purchase, this very afternoon, of every building in our town square, which, of course, includes this one. So he is now my new landlord and he has threatened to quintuple my rent if the person responsible for this outrage to mankind called Sauce Maugron is not fired on the spot."

"But"—I protested—"but you said you would stand behind me!"

"I will," said *le patron*. "I will stand behind you until you are off my premises. You have disgraced your profession and should be ashamed of yourself. Go! Out! Go!"

"And good riddance!" I heard the chef say as I slunk out the rear door, never to return.

• • •

When the old man in the wheelchair didn't continue, the girl said, "And that's the end of your story? Oh, how sad! Oh, what a heartbreaking story!"

The old man smiled. "Well, no, it's not quite the end. And it's really not a sad story. You see, if I had not been fired, I would have spent my life as merely a good chef in a small restaurant. As it was, I had to leave town and I went to Nice and got a post in the kitchen of a fine hotel, and later I went to Paris and worked under the great Escoffier himself, and as I learned more and more, I rose higher and higher in rank and finally became a master chef, in charge of some of the world's greatest kitchens. But none of that would have happened if I had not made the Sauce Maugron and been fired. *That* is why it is really not a sad story."

"I think it's a wonderful story!" the girl said, laughing. "With a marvelously happy ending! I'll write it just as well as I can. I've a feeling it'll make all the difference between my success or failure as a beginning food writer! Oh, thank you!" She came and took the old man's hand and kissed it. "Thank you so much! And goodbye!"

After she had shown the girl to the garden gate, the sister came back to the old man and began to wheel him up the path toward his house and his nap.

"Never in my life have I heard such a packet of lies," she said.

The old man looked bewildered. "Lies? What lies?"

"To begin with, Maugron was too drunk even to taste the sauce. But he was delighted and overwhelmed by having a new sauce named in his honor and he sent his compliments to the chef, tossed around a small fortune in tips and staggered out, supported by his women."

"Dear me," the old man said. "Was that what really happened?"

"Of course that was what happened! And then, you surely remember, catastrophe struck! Maugron was so proud of being immortalized by a sauce that he kept boasting of it to his low-class drinking companions. And these wine swillers, these odious gluttons, began flocking to the restaurant and banging on the tables and demanding steaks with Sauce Maugron at the top of their voices."

"They did? How unfortunate."

"Certainly you recall how these frightful louts drove away the discriminating clients! How *le patron* took to drink in utter despair? How the chef achieved almost a total breakdown and would burst into tears at the thought of poaching an egg?"

"Goodness me!" the old man exclaimed. "What a terrible, unhappy, unsatisfactory tale. I much prefer *my* memory of the events."

The sister continued relentlessly. "And the real reason *le patron* fired you was so he could pretend to everyone that with *you*, the secret of Sauce Maugron had departed his restaurant forever. It was not—as was generally believed—merely because you had seduced *le patron*'s daughter."

"How wicked of me," the old man said with an innocent smile. "Ah, well—at my age, the memory begins to tell one the most fascinating lies. Perhaps even at your age."

"Nonsense. Your memory has not failed one bit. But neither has mine. The story you told the girl was almost a complete invention, and you know it."

"Well," the great chef admitted grudgingly, "perhaps I *did* change a few of the ingredients and add a little garniture here and there and rectify the seasoning, so to speak. But . . . *my* story is far more *usable* for this young lady. And . . . so? I spent most of my life creating dishes for beautiful women. Can I not end it by creating a greatly needed little story for the most beautiful one of them all?"

"You mean, that's it? That's our date?"

ENCOUNTER IN MUNICH

"Come on," I said. "We've only got today and tomorrow. We'll change traveler's checks and book a flight to Venice on Saturday, and then find a restaurant around Marienplatz somewhere."

She stirred and blinked and turned over again.

"Listen," I said, "let's get going. It's already after nine. What's wrong, anyway?"

I looked down into her face and realized that she was wide awake and had been for half an hour. And I knew the shifty, distracted expression in her eyes. She was frightened.

The last days in Paris had been difficult, demanding, not gay. She had come down with a bug and had had to call a doctor, which had taxed her convent French to its limits. And now, for the first time in her life, she was in a city where she couldn't understand a single word that was spoken. She hadn't much wanted to come to Germany. There was something ponderous and gloomy about it that was antithetical to her Mediterranean soul. Its air of logic baffled her intuitions. Its streets were without nuance, its people strangely shrouded, its language lugubrious with abstraction.

The afternoon before, as we walked through the dense, still woods and open meadows of the *Englischer Garten* under a dreary, somehow stricken sky, she had seemed depressed, and bewildered by her depression. It was cold there, the paths wound on and on, the sad rustle of leaves only accentuating the melancholy silence of Bavarian autumn. The hunting-lodge restaurant in the center of the *Garten* was shuttered for the winter, the huge mastiff chained by the service entrance—strings of slaver hanging from his savagely barking jaws—explaining the ACHTUNG! signs that were posted on the trees.

There was a forlorn hint of early snow, and twilight fatalism and muffled Beethoven in the air. She was shivering and wanted coffee and it was all deeply alien to her. That night, when I attempted to thank the hotel's *Frau* Müller for calling us a cab, only to be told with humorless rectitude, "But no. Do not thank me. It is my *duty*," my wife had visibly winced, something in her recoiling, as if from a glimpse into the heaviness, the narrowness at the nation's heart. And now, vulnerable with sleep, she simply couldn't bring herself to get out of the bed.

"I can't. I just *can't*. Not this morning. I feel like the woman in Bergman's *Silence*. If anyone looked at me and said something, just anything, I'd break into tears." She was furious with herself, but she was even more frightened. "But you go on. Don't wait for me. I just can't make it."

(continued from page 110)

If I was a little miffed at this, I suppose it was because, since I spoke no language other than English, I had long ago got used to functioning with my hands and eyes and didn't clearly remember any longer the stifling sense of absolute estrangement that can overcome you when you can't even ask the way to the john, much less understand the directions if they're offered. So I went off by myself.

I walked. The teller at the Deutsche Bank in Schwabing spoke English, and so did the girl at Alitalia. They conducted my business with dispatch, without small talk, correctly. But they weren't cold, they were *shy*. Their reliance on form was the result of an inhibition, rather than an absence of emotion. They eyed me distantly, but there was hunger in their eyes—the hunger of the socially unpoised, the oversensitive adolescent who is excruciatingly polite. It is why so many Germans love music. They are as full of chaotic, unclear feelings as so many 17-year-olds, and music expresses the inexpressible.

I walked. Munich was in the midst of completing a subway that had been begun by the Nazis, and making one's way along Leopoldstrasse was like navigating in a modern city after a devastating air raid. Huge craters yawned in the middle of the sidewalk and you had to detour at least once in every block; at one point, I could see all the way *under* the street to the other side. Drills stuttered, dust rose in a weird unfocusing haze, men crawled about below the pavements in hard hats, traffic snarled around temporary excavation fences plastered with posters, rubble was heaped in neatly numbered piles.

In the vicinity of the university, throngs of easy-hipped, long-haired students milled about among the wan-faced hippies, who, with their knapsacks and scarred boots, looking as blank-eyed and passive as DPs, crouched against signs asking MARX-MAO-MARCUSE? in that attitude of eternal waiting for Godot that is now characteristic of certain streets all over the world. Munich was an important way station on the caravan route across Europe along which Dutch Provos, American hippies, English Mods, French dropouts and Scandinavian acidheads moved toward some remote mecca in the desert of their psyches. A kind of walking madness seemed to have afflicted youth everywhere, a lemminglike migration of the young with their grass

"Trotsky wrist watch?"

and guitars and copies of Hermann Hesse, as if some crucial taproot had been pulled in everyone under 25. They were the first flotsam of an as-yet-undeclared war, refugees from an impossible past and an inhuman future, LSD trippers on the chemical thumb, gypsies who had kidnaped themselves out of the straight world. And they looked at the strafed arches, the dreary institutionalized buildings, the disemboweled streets and the impersonal crowds right out of a G. W. Pabst film and did not see them. But then they had never seen anything else.

I walked. There was an idealistic green Volks with the sticker MAKE LOVE NOT WAR and, a block away, a Citroën that countered Gallicly, MAKE LOVE NOT BABIES. There were the amputated stumps of Bismarckian linden trees and the brightly lit windows of aluminized stores, where everything was dirt-cheap, and the steamy, jammed *Gaststätten*, where all speculations could be numbed by wurst and dumplings and strudel and lager. There was a street corner in the canyony, Wall Street bustle of Marienplatz where I paused to watch the 11-o'clock glockenspiel up in the Rathaus tower, the two opposing files of life-size knights and peasants moving with the precise, automated jerks of figures in a silent movie; the crisp, thin air of mountain-girt Munich on that cold morning pierced by the pealing of silvery bells and the strong sense beneath everything of some Black Forest in the German soul, stranded at last in reality but unreconciled.

All was hurry, commotion, chill. Early Beckmann faces were everywhere—thick, secretly sensual, metallic. *Platzl* struck me with a sharp pang of *déjà vu*, which, upon investigation, proved to be grounded in Fritz Lang. An old infatuation with expressionism hallucinated me with the feeling that I understood everything I saw—the heavy overcoats muffling the body but not the will, the gluttonous menus stupefying both, the mood of public propriety and private quirk, of unexamined urges and a damning sense of social distance. All this framed itself into an unhappy question as I walked. Why did I seem to know, instinctively, how to function in a German city? It was everything about myself from which I was trying to escape.

I started back up Ludwigstrasse, pondering again the awful mystery that had obsessed my generation 20 years before and, in another context, had set the hippies wandering: the eruption of barbarism at the very core of Christian civilization, the mass slaughter of real human beings so that a few abstract ideas might live. Dachau. My Lai. Concentration-camp commandant Hoess, with his love of dogs and Brahms. The American captain who said of the Vietnamese village he had just burned, "We had to destroy it in order to save it." If these people passing me in the street were "good Germans," who hadn't known what was going on just ten miles away, what did that make of me, who knew too well the horrors that were being committed halfway around the world in my name? Would anyone see the conscience under *my* overcoat?

I looked into the faces around me with an unpleasant understanding—new to Americans—of how terribly difficult it is to hate one's own country, to force it to live up to its dream or judge the dream inadequate, to isolate in all the welter of policy, ego, blunder and avarice that make up a nation's acts the germ of future evil, and to stand against it, no matter what. Some of us had been standing against America's current "evil" since 1965 with a growing feeling of impotence and outrage, and a few of us were tired and hopeless and had escaped to Europe. I thought, with a pinch of guilt, of friends back home, still there, refusing to relinquish stewardship of the dream to its debauchers, and I felt again the old dull pulse of that resentment of America's leaders that had driven me away. But no matter how uncompromisingly one opposed the sickness in one's own land, one could not avoid a feeling of complicity in it. It was as if one had discovered a murderer in one's immediate family but remembered the carefree, winning youth he had once been. Dachau? My Lai? Though different, both posed an identical moral problem, and one's anguish was not lessened for knowing the answer. The awful mystery was within.

"Is colder than New York?" a voice said.

A small, disheveled man had fallen into step beside me. He had the eager, worried, paunchy face of a bank clerk proving his trustworthiness with every overfriendly "Good morning, sir." At that moment, the face had a high flush from the cold and it hadn't been shaved in a day. His watery, agitated eyes begged my patience with his skeletal English and his wan smile revealed a mouthful of neglected teeth. He wore a thin black raincoat in need of reproofing, a baggy-trousered summer suit with that junkie rumple at the crotch, a frayed white summer-weave shirt buttoned to the throat, no tie and a shapeless felt hat that had been handled by greasy fingers. He talked steadily, stubbornly, falling over his words, picking

"My dissenting opinion will be brief: 'You're all full of crap!'"

himself up, falling again, laughing at his mistakes, encouraging me to laugh, too. Though there was a certain charm about his comic self-deprecations, I had been accosted in half a dozen foreign cities by then and I was on guard. Nevertheless, he seemed to be interested only in talk, and since the talk was in English, I went along with him.

He was, he said, a Polish refugee, a teacher, who had been in Dachau during the war and worked as a laborer in Munich just afterward, and now, after years back in Poland, had managed to get out and was waiting in a relocation camp to go to America.

"Student?" he said and, at my "No," "Teacher, then, too?" concluding this, I suppose, from my glasses and loden coat and rugged walking shoes—a lucky guess, as it happened, in that I did teach now and then.

He had thought so, yes; and, of course, he realized that *he* could not expect to teach in America, but just last week the refugee committee had gotten him a job in a library on Long Island. Perhaps not as a librarian in the beginning, perhaps only as a janitor, but he didn't mind.

"I don't know even where *is* Long Island," he said with an expressive shrug. "But it pays two tousand. Can live in America, with family, for two tousand?" To which, at my faint "Perhaps," he added hastily, "Well, I want roof, and to be in blessed America, it is enough. . . . But can live on two tousand there?"

Somehow I got the impression that he knew you couldn't and that there was a question within the question that his rudimentary English could not quite frame, but then he said, "You like *München*? Have seen the sights? . . . No? Must show you something, then. You have a few minutes? One more time before I leave *München*, *I* must see, too. I show you, and then show you bus to Schwabing. Just over here."

We turned off Ludwigstrasse and he talked on and on, asking the same questions over again, opening the raincoat to show me his suit. "They give me suit. Committee. Worn before," fingering a fraying lapel, "but what do I care? Only to get to America. Sail in fifteen days now. I tell my wife soon we be all right. . . . But tell me, you think I need scarf —you say it, *scarf*?—in America? Is cold there, too?"

He laughed, but he *was* cold, his teeth actually chattering as he blew on his raw, chapped hands, the tears standing in the corners of his weary little eyes, his ears as red and numb as a rooster's comb.

He hurried me along through the empty, formal *Hofgarten*, with its austere pavilion, withered flower beds and pebbled walks. The sky was aching with snow and the city seemed bleak and unfriendly. Winter there would be bitter if you were poor: slush, cold doorways, leaky shoes; all that heavy, spiced food behind the steamy windows, all those accordions and violins. Then, over a high privet hedge, clipped with a precision that seemed fanatical, I caught sight of a large official building at the back of the garden, once a palace of the Bavarian kings and now a modern ruin: that is, bombed out 20-odd years ago and left as a monument to—what? The disasters of Nazism? The barbarity of the Americans? Grass grew out of the wide, smashed steps, the ornate stonework was fire-blackened, a dead sky showed through gaping windows where direct hits had been made on the walls beyond. There was about it that echo of rats scuttling over littered parquet that haunts ruined buildings of some magnificence. A rusty chain link fence had been erected around it and just in front, at the bottom of what appeared to be an empty reflecting pool, there was a mausoleum made of blunt, modernistic slabs of concrete, and it was to this that my friend, who had identified himself as Adam and who was now calling me John several times in every sentence, was leading me.

We walked down into it, and there, in

a damp, chilly, oppressive crypt, a massive bronze figure lay almost buried beneath wreaths of dead flowers. The walls were carved with casualty figures—18,000, 30,000—but I couldn't read the epitaphs accompanying them and learn who these people were or in what manner they had died or why they were memorialized there. Germans or Jews? Victims of the bombers or the ovens? An old habit of mind made it seem to matter.

My friend's English could get no closer than "innocent dead," somehow leaving the suggestion that they were workers from Dachau (why else would he want to have a last look?) but not excluding the possibility that they might have been *Münchener* killed in the raids. I stood there, sobered by the grim arithmetic.

But all at once, he seized my hand, his eyes watered and averted themselves from mine and he was saying in a stumbling little speech: "America must aid the Polish people, John. They would do the same. I bless you forever. Americans—such good people, so generous. See, they send me this suit. Help the Polish people, John——"

I was moved and a little shamed by my recent thoughts, because, yes, I believed we were generous; I still believed that, at bottom, we were good; and the old tarnished dream of haven in America lived on in him, despite what we had made of it. I felt a reflex of pride in my country, in its instinctive decency, now so bafflingly obscured; its honesty, now so appallingly compromised; its idealism, now buried in a file somewhere in the antiseptic warrens of the Pentagon—but there, still *there*, in the hopes of Europe's displaced and uprooted. I was moved enough to grasp his shoulder and say, just as solemnly, that I would tell people in America, that they would help, that I wished him a good life there, a happy life, only to hear him say with redoubled urgency, "I kiss your hand, John. I never forget you. We have to live. Do not forget the Polish refugee . . . a few marks——"

It had been a con, a pitch, all along. I suppose I was afraid that he might actually kiss my hand. I suppose I was embarrassed by the tears—were they real?—that started out of his beseeching eyes and by my own chagrin at having failed to realize that he was asking me for money and had brought me there for no other reason, there to that evil spot, from which no memorial could immunize me against the knowledge that thousands had died nearby, senselessly, in terror and despair, aflame (whether at their hands or ours no matter), our century forever indicted by such butchery, none of us ever to be quite whole again because it had happened. I registered the suffocating pall it had laid over my own life and the fierce hunger for human solidarity that human viciousness always arouses.

In the midst of these lofty thoughts, I saw him realize that I had misunderstood him and abruptly change his tack.

"One more thing you should see," he said insistently, "and then I put you on bus to Schwabing," hurrying me up the steps out of the crypt and along a path, almost babbling now, toward nothing more than some gloomy bushes along a wall bordering the garden.

Suddenly I stopped in my tracks. All musing ceased. I re-entered the moment. The suspicious vigilance of an old Central Park walker came back to me. He wasn't a refugee at all. He might not even be Polish. He was a thief. He was desperate, he was probably half cracked. What did I know of the Munich underworld? He intended to rob me in those bushes, by force if necessary. Or was it only some further reminder of the obscene past that waited there—some plaque, some grave, some bullet-riddled statue—with which he hoped to finally shame my pockets open? I still don't know. But I stopped dead and he knew I wouldn't go any farther. He could feel me bridling, so he talked on, stubborn pridelessness replacing the charm, wet eyes searching the pebbles at our feet.

"No food. . . . I tell my wife about the kind American professor. . . . Could you think to yourself about the Polish teacher who only wanted to get his family to America? . . . And my little girl—what does she know of the bitterness of life?" A sad and desperate ramble. Was it true? Did it matter?

"Look," I said, interrupting him as you interrupt someone who is embarrassing you by humiliating himself. "Would it insult you if I gave you money? I don't want to insult you, but if it would help——"

If he was a con man, working the oldest dodge in postwar Germany—evoking guilt or horror in feckless American tourists—this must have amused him mightily when he recounted it later to his cronies ("Ah, the Americans; always so naïve, so childlike, so trusting. To wonder whether it would *insult* me! How can you respect such conquerors?"). But dare you treat a man as if he is not a man, as if he *cannot* be insulted? Dared I assume that conning was not demeaning, even to a con man? Somehow I couldn't call him on the truth, whatever the truth might have been, so I kept up the fiction, if it was a fiction.

I thumbed out 50 marks—worth about $12 then—which he pocketed without even looking at the bills, thanking me effusively but with embarrassment now, and, that being over, his agitation eased a little, and he walked me back through the *Hofgarten* to Ludwigstrasse. A certain formality, a certain chatty reserve entered our conversation. One could not keep the image of the posttransaction whore and client out of one's mind, for we had trafficked with each other, we had reduced whatever emotions we shared to a crude exchange of money and it was necessary for both of us to act as if it hadn't happened. Each of us felt that sudden

"How many bottles of duty-free booze are we allowed to take back?"

recoil from the other that results from some kinds of intimacy.

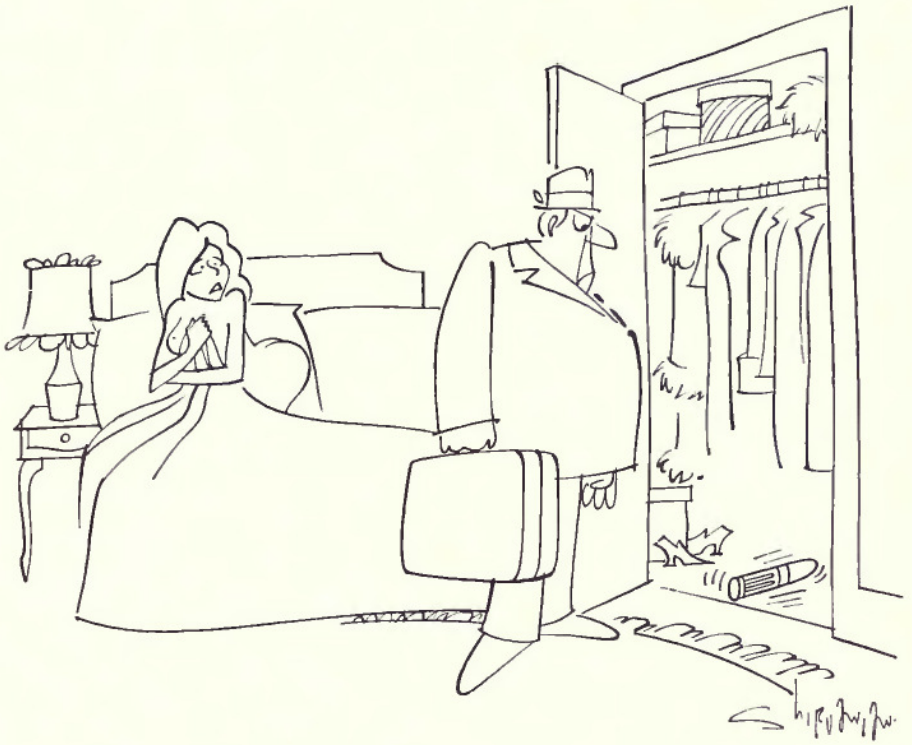
We reached the bus stop, eager to part, and, though it seemed painful for him to have to mention the money again, he said, "I never forget you. And do not worry. This go for food, only for food. . . . Who needs a scarf—you say *scarf* in American?" gesturing at his throat in such a way that I realized it was probably a necktie about which he was so concerned. "But now," he said with a curious, sly, almost comradely hint of humor in his voice, "now *you* broke." That was the very word he used.

I assured him that I wasn't and we said a quick goodbye. He turned on his heel and went off into the crowd streaming in and out of a haberdashery, and the last glimpse I had of him was when he paused to inspect a window display. Something had caught his eye. Perhaps, after all, a necktie.

I turned off Ludwigstrasse and walked toward the river, searching emptier streets. I felt foolish, like the all-American sucker, the goodhearted boob so ignorant of the modern world that any reminder of the years of suffering and death there in Europe would automatically evoke the corniest sort of pity—and the money with which to buy it off. I had fallen for one of the oldest European cons, no less callow than a Jamesian heroine from Duxbury, and allowed myself to be bilked out of the cost of a full day of our trip, a day I had worked, schemed and, yes, *conned for* myself during most of the preceding year. Did every European think every American was rich? As an American writer, a little honored but without profit in his own land, I seethed with resentment, only to realize that I was mostly furious with myself for proving such an easy mark.

The nightmare of modern history had always been my secret albatross. But did it show on my face? Had these last years of anguish and dissent put lines there that anyone could see? Was it so clear that I had come to Germany, as to some heart of contemporary darkness, hoping to ease one guilt in the presence of a greater? Was it even *true*? I didn't hate the Germans, I never had. It was likenesses I looked for, not differences. I was not at odds with my conscience; I was at odds with my century.

But how could Adam have known the burden of human complicity that some of us feel, even in crimes for which we bear no responsibility? How could he have known that, at the last, I would rather *stay* human than act hip? I hadn't known it myself. I hadn't known it until the moment when it no longer mattered to me whether he was telling the truth or not. For he was a man, too, and even the shabbiest of sob stories is an appeal to a common condition, a common consciousness. It assumes that we are all indissolubly involved with one another.



I walked along the Isar escarpment, where delicate, pale-yellow leaves fluttered down into the fast, cold, murmuring rush of light-blue water over rocks. The few old men on benches seemed distracted by smoky, half-obliterated memories of pre-Sarajevo days. A black-coated woman, with that look of a stern governess that is typical of some German women over 40, waited patiently by a tree for her dachshund to finish. Across the river from me, rising stolid as a headstone out of the feathery trees, there was an official-looking building, cold and somehow spirit-withering, as official buildings in Germany often are. A vague air of sadness without cause, of exhaustion in the hopes, of some perpetual autumn in human affairs, hung over everything. It was, I must confess, not unpleasant to me. It was one reason I had come to Germany: to experience as keenly as possible my own relation to the strengths and weaknesses of my species in my time.

I thought of Adam and I decided to believe in him, realizing with delight that I had the choice. I had conned to get away from America in order to save a part of my Americanness that seemed in jeopardy, and Adam was conning to get there before something of himself was finally lost. Our spur was the same: to survive, to avoid hating life, to remain human. I settled it that way in my mind and relinquished the 50 marks with some relief. They had bought something, after all.

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Standing with my glass of champagne amid the brittle, literate talk of American expatriates, living the privileged lives of Romans in Gaul, it seemed a trivial incident. Undoubtedly, something similar had happened to everyone in that room. But what had *they* felt?

The professor was talking to me about Tuscany, where he and his wife had a small country house, and scribbling down the names of friends for us to look up when we got to Florence.

"Italy," he said, a warm, surprisingly boyish smile coming over his face. "What can one say? You'll know the minute you get there. You'll *rest*. . . . Germany is a strain for Americans now. It's too much like home." He eyed me, wondering what I would make of this. "Of course, that's why some of us like it."

"*I* rather like it," I said. "I think it's been valuable to me."

"Yes, that's the word," he replied immediately. "It's *valuable*. Americans should have the experience of Germany. If they can receive it. And if they can go to Italy afterward. . . . By the way," he added, "did you get out to Dachau?"

"No," I said. "Well, not *exactly*."

A look of recognition flickered across his eyes, which he understood I understood, and, liking each other immensely at that moment, we turned to the punch bowl.

DOMINIQUE

(continued from page 90)

she says, "because he suffered so much." Their relationship is "beautiful but difficult," since both were born under the sign of Pisces. "We always feel the same. When one of us is depressed, the other is, too." For the moment, they share a flat in Paris and rent a ramshackle old manor they are hoping to buy in the mountains of Haute-Provence, a half-day's drive from St.-Tropez. "It is not quite what we wanted; we were looking for a place with religious and mystical vibrations," says Dominique, though the gleam in her Mediterranean-blue eyes suggests that she will supply plentiful vibrations of her own.

Lunchtime the next day brings Vadim, barefoot, to a noisy table on the terrace set with rare roast beef, green salad and red Provençal wine. "This morning I was brooding about Dominique," he says lightly, "and I know her secret: She doesn't exist at all. It's a façade. She is entirely her own façade."

Dominique laughs and replies to the jest in French. She learned to speak English after three weeks of coaching for her role in *First Love*. "Later on, I was three months with an American boy," she explains, as if to recommend this method of improving language skills. Her accent is delightfully unobtrusive.

Off on afternoon errands in St.-Tropez, Dominique drives one of two Volkswagens she shares with Christian. The spare is parked at the airport in Nice, to facilitate their frequent arrivals and departures. She takes the wrong turn at a crossroads marked PLAGE DE GRANIERS and LA CITADELLE. "Ooohh, *shit*!" she groans and backs into a one-way street to ask a startled workman for directions.

Strolling along the quay lined with sidewalk cafés and souvenir shops, Dominique wears red boots, bells and a blue-cotton Chinese jacket. She adores loose "fluid" dresses, make-up, *démodée* shoes and anything made for her by Christian's mother, who used to sew for Chanel. But clothes matter little right here and now. She finds the village agreeable out of season. "In summer," she says, "St.-Tropez is a bordello. Look at those *men*. . . ." Her scorn zeroes in on two cruising male tourists, sporting tight pocketless hip-huggers and shoulder bags. Unisex is not her style.

The nearly deserted bar of the Hôtel Byblos, a luxurious cloister even by Riviera standards, encourages a more relaxed exchange. Dominique orders orange juice, having sworn off drinking ("I used to drink quite a lot") and smoking until after the baby comes. "I don't smoke *at all*," she remarks with meaningful emphasis, "and I won't take LSD, though I've been on trips five or six times. Fantastic. I will probably trip again, but it has to be only *my* risk. One cannot choose for a child. We each choose our own risks. You have to go as far as you can go, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Dominique removes her purply-tinted shades, apologizes for leaving the top two buttons of her slacks undone to accommodate a mostly imaginary bulge. She looks down into the hotel's semicircular swimming pool just outside and talks about water. Water as life. As symbolism. Though she shrugs off marriage ("Suppose in seven years I were with someone else or Christian were with someone else—what would it matter? We are together now."), except as a vague future, perhaps, some sort of incomprehensible legal convenience, the ritual of baptism stirs her soul. "Life begins in water, doesn't it? There is a doctor in Paris—I mean a real doctor, not a charlatan—who delivers your baby by candlelight in a quiet room, then washes it in a basin of water kept at body temperature, the same temperature as inside the womb. All very peaceful and natural, as it should be. I think I'm going to have a talk with that doctor. . . ." Combing her hands through her hair, she shakes off any hint of seriousness and observes that she hasn't been to the Byblos since Mick Jagger's wedding. Another good friend of hers and Christian's. She giggles suddenly, begins to illustrate with gestures: "Jagger's wife was pregnant, *so*. Since he married, he has settled down, stopped smoking pot. I think he's become extremely *bourgeois*." There's that dirty word again.

Hours pass. The sun is setting as Dominique returns to a table at the portside Café Senequier, juggling several small paper bags full of hot roasted chestnuts. To accompany her on a shopping excursion is a remarkably painless chore. An elegant bauble in a boutique window may catch her eye, but she seldom wastes more than 30 seconds deciding between *très bon* and *trop cher*. She is entranced by a pipe-and-tobacco shop, unequivocally the finest in St.-Tropez, and spies a stack of miniature wooden pipes, "marvelous for smoking hashish." The pipes cost only a few francs each and the gift of a pair—one for Christian—briefly transforms the dazzling sometime lotus-eater into a grateful child.

Evening finds Dominique back at the Villa Lou Solailles, where Vadim's weekend guests—evidently unaware that they

"Ella, I am leaving you."

are occupants of jet-set territory—seek post-prandial diversion in TV and Scrabble. A girl named Deborah from Houston is building a fire. Manitas de Plato is strumming on the stereo. Dominique, having changed into something topped by a deep-burgundy blouse that casually opens to her waist, presides over this mixed assemblage as if by God-given decree. Better yet, as if a fastidious film director had chosen her to star and had shrewdly prearranged the lights, dialog and camera angles in her favor.

Dominique moves across the room and brings a new group of supporting players into focus.

Dominique laughs, or trills a scrap of music, and the buxom brown-eyed gypsy at the far end of the table might as well be Apple Mary.

Dominique glides to the French windows, retrieves her kitten from the darkness outside and gently shakes him, scolding: "He slept all day? What does he know, hmm? He doesn't give a damn, Ether . . . do you? Do you?"

Ether may, in fact, know as much as anyone about the inner mysteries of Dominique, who calls her self-assurance a necessity, "because I don't believe in God or Christ or resurrection. I believe in the moment, not in what's going to be. One has to have it *now*."

She longs to play Desdemona on the screen to Christian's Othello, and Christian is convinced she could easily handle the part. "She has youth, classic beauty," he says. "Everything she feels is expressed instantly, the same in life as in front of the camera, so she appears to be a thoroughly trained actress. Then, of course, there are her eyes. When she is photographed, there's a kind of madness in her that's larger than life. That is very important."

Vadim, justly famous as a connoisseur of women in both private and professional spheres, sees other phenomena at work in Dominique: "She has the kind of total ego that creates monsters. I was only teasing about her façade. But by monsters I mean those who shut off everything outside themselves except precisely what they need—and still they seem to remain warm and vulnerable. Dominique, ah! She is just impossible enough to become one of the greatest French stars."

Not surprisingly, it is Dominique herself who has the last word. "My sensibility is not normal for my age," says she. "I have to change, grow up . . . I can easily be wounded. At heart I am a tragedienne. My God, if I were really to let myself go, it would be dangerous. . . ."

Fade out on Dominique in close-up, whittling away the odds that Destiny will dare to contradict her.

HIMSELF

(continued from page 98)

Subsection colleagues that Herself was to be taken to dinner that evening—for so had he already dubbed the new secretary who had made such an impressive impact earlier in the day. 10047 had picked up this latest intelligence from another surreptitious chat with his B. C. friend.

By 9:30 P.M., Fuel Refinery and Processing's disgruntled chief was aware that it was likely to be something of a gala night in his division. What was clearly going to be a long and steady consignment of a wide variety had begun. The wines-and-spirits range was already impressive. In addition to the familiar Scotch spirit, early on there had been an aperitif, and two kinds of wine had just been sent down. Chiefy had already predicted publicly to his subordinates that they would see champagne arrive as well before the night was out. There had been a wide selection of hors d'oeuvres, a very good and useful turtle soup with sherry that had clearly been set afire in a thimble-sized ladle immediately before the union. Now there was smoked salmon and daintily sliced brown bread. The division was settling down, under the chief's eye, to a long spell of overtime again tonight.

The chief took a call from Central Executive. It was the same B. C. he had spoken to earlier.

"Well, Chief, trust you're happy with what we're doing for you tonight," he said very jovially.

"Aye, sir. There's some good-quality raw material arriving, right enough," replied the chief in his taciturn way.

"There'll be plenty more yet, Chief, plenty more, before the night's out. Roast pheasant, cranberry sauce, game chips"—he reeled off a string of commodities, half of which the chief couldn't catch. There was something a little odd about the B. C., he thought—"crepes suzette or possibly strawberries and cream" —he was still going on—"and champagne to finish with!" he concluded breathlessly.

"Aye, I thought that would be it, sir," said the chief, "Very good, then, sir, if there's nothing else, I'll be getting back to my work."

"No, that's all. Oh, about that other thing earlier today. I've written a memo. Can't do more, can we?" The B. C. laughed loudly. "Well, keep up the good work, Chief," he added flippantly and went off.

The chief puzzled over the B. C.'s unusually erratic behavior as he went back to work. If he hadn't known it was too early to be possible, he would have said it was a case of inebriation. At last he gave it up. Of course, the chief had no way of knowing that the first heady moments of love and infatuation with a beautiful girl can sometimes produce an effect that is very similar to intoxication. All the B. C.s tonight found themselves unaccountably bright and frivolous, found themselves being terribly clever and in form—and sometimes even a bit silly, too!

Much later, L. C. 10047, fresh from a call upstairs, gave a progress report to his gossip-hungry colleagues. "Seems our dinner was a roaring success. We seem to be making a big impression with Herself. We were right at the top of our wits tonight. Oh, my word, we were funny and amusing and charming and everything rolled into one." 10047 struck a few exaggerated cellular attitudes to illustrate his report in what he imagined was a satirical vein.

"We are at present at Herself's apartment for a nightcap, having gallantly escorted her home, and we are now, if you please"—he rolled his eyes heavenward—"playing with Herself's pet kitten. Or should I say trying to, since the creature apparently has contrived to get itself out the window and is crouching on a narrow ledge, refusing to budge. The apartment, I might add, is twelve stories up in a fashionable part of London. At the time of my call upstairs, Himself, to the considerable amusement of a lot of B. C.s, was leaning out the window, endeavoring to entice the creature in, watched by the anxious but adoring Herself."

Further ironic comment from 10047 was suddenly stifled by an abrupt step-up in the tempo of activity in the surrounding pipelines. The lights brightened to a new intensity and the L. C.s of Parathyroid Subsection waited expectantly to see what the development meant. The level of activity held at about that noticed earlier in the day, perhaps slightly higher.

"Well," said 10047 reflectively after a

"I suppose all the talk about your money is only half true, too!"

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pause, "I should think there could be two explanations. Either we have already rescued the kitten and are being suitably rewarded by Herself or we are attempting something heroically risky and impressive in order to do same."

The supervisor, his voice very serious, broke in. "I think you can forget about your first guess, 10047. Experience has taught me to distinguish roughly among different stimuli for accelerated employment of all capacities. I think we are committed to a possibly dangerous situation."

There was a tense silence. Slowly but unmistakably, the tempo was increasing. Pipelines were constricting, pressure gauges showed increased readings.

It seemed certain to the waiting L. C.s that they were out on the narrow ledge 12 stories up over London, crawling along it to reach the kitten. All eyes were fixed on the automatic warning board, to see if the situation would develop into an ultimate state of emergency.

"I suppose," breathed 10047, his cellular face set in unusually grim lines, "the only way Himself could possibly know how we L. C.s feel in such situations would be for him to be in a submarine in some kind of difficulty." Nobody replied. Tension was rising with the tempo of what was now clearly danger mobilization of resources.

Although they had been aware of the possibility of its sounding, the raucous and repeated rasp of the action-stations hooter startled them when it came. The red EMERGENCY sign blazed on. Lighting reached full intensity. With hardly a sign from the supervisor, the subsection's staff slipped smoothly into its assigned role. The subsection shut down its supply intake to an absolute minimum, since it had no active part to play in the emergency.

Its role, like many of the units in the organization, was one of minimum interference. But Adrenals Division was working flat-out. It was feeding in large quantities of its rich fuel. Pressure gauges showed that maximum pressure was now obtaining. Pipeline constriction was also maximum and the pumping rate had doubled. The pounding throb of maximum mobilization gripped the entire organization.

The L. C.s of Parathyroid Subsection waited, keyed up and on edge—most of them had never experienced anything as serious as this before. Then the sixth-sense wall announcer, rarely ever used, crackled to life. The L. C.s held their breath. It was "I" making a direct announcement to all points.

"The situation is extremely serious," the authoritative voice said. It was not difficult to detect the edge of high tension in it, either. But "I" did not gabble the announcement, despite the extreme nature of the emergency.

"At present, we are hanging by our finger tips from a ledge twelve stories up with solid-concrete pavement far below. We almost fell while crawling onto the ledge but managed to make a grab to assume the present very difficult position. I want all to make the greatest possible effort to contribute to the attempt to hang on until help arrives.

"I need hardly say what the consequences of failure to do so will be. I know most of you run yourselves, in effect, most of the time, quite independently of anything I might do, but this is one occasion when a supreme effort is required or there will be no question of running yourselves in the future. You know what I mean. . . . Thank you, everybody."

The wall announcer crackled and went silent. The tension had become almost unbearable. The moments ticked by. The L. C.s, knowing their fate hung in the balance quite literally, were silent, motionless. All energy and power were concentrated on the vital extremity areas involved in the survival task of holding on.

The supervisor did, however, whisper briefly to 10047. "See, now, the importance of your work. The strength of some of your well-maintained two hundred and six bones is now contributing an essential part to our endurance."

10047 nodded respectfully, looking drawn and serious.

Moments stretched into minutes. The EMERGENCY indicator still blazed out. The pounding tempo did not slacken. Surely this mighty effort could not be sustained much longer in such adverse conditions. Suddenly there was a great lurch and an entirely new and terrifying sensation was felt. Plunging, falling, the subsection seemed to turn end over end. The lights seemed to whirl and swim above, then below. Down, down, plummeting down, long and slowly and awfully.

Then another, more terrifying, lurching, shuddering impact. Now it seemed there was a sensation of rising, shooting upward, but faster than in any lift. Then down once again, much shorter this time, and another bone-shaking, breath-taking impact. A tumbling sensation—and they were at rest. The L. C.s who had endured this gripped with terror looked uncomprehendingly about them. The lights were still on at full brightness. That seemed to be favorable. The emergency rhythm continued. But just as they began to breathe sighs of relief, the lights flickered and dimmed abruptly to an eerie blue glow. They all looked anxiously to the supervisor in the strange gloom for an explanation.

"I think I'm right in saying," he said almost in a whisper, "that we've fainted." He peered through the strange light. "This is not the deep indigo that one remembers experiencing on sudden devastating departures from consciousness on the rugger field. At the risk of being unduly optimistic, I would say—following that terrible and quite unprecedented falling sensation—that some kind of soft impact was achieved. We must await patiently full details of its outcome and damage, if any."

At that moment, lights flickered up again to a dim working level. Along the parasympathetic lines of communication, messages were buzzing, bringing the racing machinery back to its normal, even, subdued rhythm.

10047 itched to talk with his pal upstairs but knew that in this postcrisis period, it was quite impossible. He would have to wait patiently until the morning. He didn't know it now, but then he would discover and announce to the eagerly receptive L. C.s of his department that they were in hospital. Just for observation, you know. No serious damage. A few bruises, that was all. Be out in a few days at the most. Himself had suffered a bit of shock. Had clung to the ledge by his finger tips for nearly ten minutes. By then, the fire brigade had rushed to the scene and got one of its jumping things ready down below—you know, the things suitable for plunging into from great heights of burning buildings. It had been a rather good effort all round, actually, 10047 would find himself saying. Good, solid, dependable bone construction had played a big part. A lot of important work to be done in these subsections. Of course, L. C. 10047 wouldn't realize it, but he himself would be suffering a bit from shock for a few days, too.

The chief engineer of the Fuel Refinery and Processing Division didn't yet know, either, that he would be pleased with the coming few days. Quiet, very regular consignments of supplies. No trouble with richness ratios, since all that was nicely balanced and worked out by experts in that sort of thing. And in the near future, the chief would become even more pleased when he learned of the merger of the entire organization with another—dubbed Herself by 10047. One result of this merger would be that the part of the business with which the chief was concerned would benefit greatly under the new management and good regular consignments of supplies would become an everyday occurrence. When he finally learned of this, the chief would grin that slow grin of satisfaction—the one that cells do so engagingly.

"We play a rather novel kind of cushion billiards here, Carruthers."

GRATEFUL DEAD

(continued from page 108)

and precise and he can be devastatingly articulate, his dancing hands playing perfect accompaniment to his words."

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"The thing about us, I guess, is that we're not really layin' anything on anybody. I mean if you're tellin' people directly how to 'be right,' how to act, how to do, if you're talkin' to people on that level, then the kind of feedback you get is gonna be more of, like, 'You promised me this, man, now where is it?' It's the I-demand-to-speak-to-John-Lennon-personally syndrome. Like, one time this guy came into our office, this fucked-up guy, just walked right up and started staring at me in this intense way, man, and he was so heavy, it was as if he was about to say something really important, you know, really urgent, he looked like he was on the verge of exploding or something, and finally he says, 'Listen, when are you guys gonna get it on, man? Because you know scientology's got a good head start!' But it's just the price you pay for standin' up in public, you get stuff comin' back at you, and if you're a little fucked up yourself, you get fucked-up feedback, that's all."

• • •

Another summer Sunday afternoon, and I'm driving up to Marin County to see a softball game between—get this—the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane, and just before I get on the Golden Gate Bridge I pick up this most remarkably scroungy, stringy-haired, snaggle-toothed hippie hitchhiker—"Wheat Germ," he called himself, I swear he did—who says he is bound for Sausalito, and in the slow Sunday bridge traffic I light up a number and rather grandly offer him a hit, all the while coming on (I admit it, I'm freakdom's own Major Hoople) absolutely shamelessly about the Great Moment in Sports that the editors of a certain Nationally Known Publication have prevailed upon me to cover for them this afternoon, and Wheat Germ coolly takes his toke and lays a fat smoke ring against the windshield, and then goes for the inside pocket of his ragtag old Goodwill Bargain Basement tweed hacking jacket and outs with . . . gasp! . . . a badge? a *gun?* No, just a saddle-soap tin, the kind that's about twice as big around as a Kiwi can, which he extends to me the way one might proffer a tin of lozenges, and I see that it's full of these little purple tablets, *thousands* of them, tiny lavender pastilles that slither around inside the can like collar buttons when Wheat Germ shakes them gently, saying, through a sudden spray of spittle so dense that, as his excitement rises, I can sometimes almost make out a rainbow in it, "Serve yourself, dad, go on, take some, shit yeah, all you want, me and my brother Yogurt's got a factory up in Sausalito puts out seven hunnert of these tabs an hour, it's good acid, man, I mean I've moved over six million dollars' worth of dope in the last three years and nobody's got burnt yet!"

Yogurt? Six million?

"Shit yeah, over that. And that don't even *count* the shipload of hash the Interpol narcs shot out from under us down at Yucatán last month! Them Interpol pigs, man, they're all a bunch of Commies or somethin', fifteen hunnert keys, man, straight to the bottom of the Pacific!" (The Pacific? Uh, say there, Wheat Germ, Yucatán is. . . .) "Shit yeah, I mean they tar-*petered* the mother, man! But I don't give a shit, I got me a crew down there right now, divin' for it, I mean I'll get the bastid back, fucking-A dig it, dad, I deal for all the *big* people, see, the really *heavy* dudes, I mean Janis and me was just like *that*, dig, and whenever I need anything done, I just. . . . I mean I got people all over the fuckin' country workin' for me, man, in my organization. The Syndicate, me and Yogurt call it, hee-hee-hee. Listen, man, are you *sure* you can't use a hit of this acid? Because I was just thinkin', you know, I wouldn't too much mind doin' a little dealin' to them guys, the Dead and the Airplane." He pauses long enough to glance down at the array of Official Accuracy Reporter's Notebooks spread between us on the engine housing, and adds, "Reporter, huh? I can dig it. What are you, dad, a sportswriter or somethin'?"

• • •

"I don't have too much trouble with that kinda stuff, dealers and guys like that. Because I think there's a thing to it, like bein' able to say, No, man, I don't feel like goin' on that kinda trip today. And when you learn how to do it, you just don't find yourself in those

"This witches' coven you've joined—is it here in Samford? I don't want to worry about you down in the city at all hours."

situations very often. And it's not necessarily to be putting somebody down, or even to be turning down some kind of energy exchange or whatever, it's just learning to assume that everybody can understand everything, and just tryin' to communicate with that principle always in mind. So I don't have too much trouble with those guys, actually. . . ."

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Anyhow, I didn't go to the San Jose Acid Test. But a few Saturday nights later I did make it over to a ratty old night club called Ben's Big Beat, in the mud flats beside the Bayshore Freeway, for the Palo Alto Acid Test; and the what's-their-names, the Grateful Dead, they were there, too, Jerry Garcia plucking strange sonic atonalities out of his Magic Twanger, backed up by a pair of cherubic-looking boys named Phil Lesh, on bass guitar, and Bobby Weir, on rhythm guitar, and a drummer—Bill Kreutzmann—who looked so young and innocent and fresh-faced that one's first impulse was to wonder how he got his momma to let him stay out so late, and, mainly, this incredibly gross person who played electric organ and harmonica and sang occasional blues vocals—Pigpen, someone said his name was—beyond a doubt the most marvelously ill-favored figure to grace a public platform since King Kong came down with stage fright and copped out on the Bruce Cabot show. He was bearded and burly and barrel chested, jowly and scowly and growly, and he had long, Medusalike hair so greasy it might have been groomed with Valvoline, and his angry countenance glowered out through it like a wolf at bay in a hummock of some strange, rank foliage. He wore, as I recall, a motorcyclist's cap, crimped and crumpled Hell's Angel style, and heavy iron-black boots, and the gap between the top of his oily Levis and the bottom of his tattletale-gray T-shirt exposed a half-moon of distended beer belly as pale and befurred as a wedge of moldy jack cheese. Sitting up there at that little spindly-legged organ, he looked enormous, bigger than life, like a gorilla at a harpsichord. But the ugly mother sure could *play*! To one as dull *of* ears as I, who'd always pretty much assumed that the only fit place for organ music outside of church was the roller rink, those ham-fisted whorehouse chords he was hammering out seemed in and of themselves to constitute the most satisfying sort of blasphemy. And sing? The way this coarse-voiced ogre snarled his unintelligible yet unfathomably indecent talkin'-blues phrases would curl the very Devil's codpiece; fathers of teenage daughters must have shuddered in their sleep as far away as Burlingame that night. Verily, he was wondrous gross, was this Pigpen; yet such was the subtle alchemy of his art that the more he profaned love and beauty, the more his grossness rendered him beautiful. "Far *out*!" the teeny-boppers and their boyfriends in Ben's Beat kept exclaiming while Pig worked. "Isn't he far fuckin' *out*!" It was an expression I'd not run into before, but even at first hearing it seemed destined, if only for its commodious inexactness, to be with us for a good long while. In any case, it accommodated Pigpen very nicely; he was indeed one far-out gentleman, no doubt about it, none at all.

• • •

Summertime, midmorning, and I'm sitting in the living room of what was then Jerry Garcia and Bob Hunter's house, under the redwoods up a canyon in Larkspur, 15 or 20 miles north of San Francisco, sitting there in an old easy chair reworking my notes on last night's three sets at the Fillmore ("An Evening with the Grateful Dead," the show is titled, and Jerry played all three sets, straight through from 8:30 until nearly two A.M., two sets with the Dead and one with their country-cousin stablemates the New Riders of the Purple Sage, and will do the same tonight and again tomorrow night, yet while he's playing he looks as if he could happily go on forever). While I'm sitting there, Jerry, yawning and stretching and scratching like a freshly dehibernated bear, is puttering around the stereo in search of a record by a vocalist he's so far identified only as "my favorite girl singer," and Jerry's lady, Mountain Girl (a great, gorgeous creature, an Amazon's Amazon, a Valkyrie with raven tresses, the sort of awesome, Venus-of-Willendorf beauty who inspires me to pure press-agent flackery, the "one-hundred-sixty-pounds-of-eye-poppin'-pulchritude" school of prose) . . . ahem . . . and as I was saying, Mountain Girl is banging around in the kitchen fixing breakfast for me and Jerry and Hunter (who is right now standing in the doorway blinking myopically behind his enormous, sleep-frazzled Pecos Pete mustache), and Hunter's lady, Christy, is out back playing with Jerry and Mountain's two kids, and Jerry, dark eyes suddenly aglint behind his dandelion-yellow-tinted glasses, hollers "Eureka!" or "Aha!" or whatever and plunges his hand wrist-deep into a disordered stack of albums and comes up with . . . no, no, not Joplin, not Grace Slick, not Joni Mitchell or Joan Baez or Laura Nyro, not even Tina Turner or Big Mama Thornton, but . . . Dolly *Parton*?

Who'da thought it? Who'd ever have supposed that the favorite girl singer of the spiritual leader of the Heaviest Rock-'n'-Roll Band in the Known World would turn out to be *my* favorite girl singer. . . . Dolly Parton, the fairest wildflower that ever bloomed in Tennessee, the best female country vocalist

since the prime of Kitty Wells? Far—how you say?—*flung*! Far fuckin' flung!

Jerry's at the turntable now, flipping switches and adjusting dials, blowing invisible dust off the record with French-maid fastidiousness, delicately plucking up the tonearm, catching it the way one might pick up a small but outraged serpent, with two fingers just at the base of the skull, gingerly almost to the point of reverence, and a moment later the room is filled with the exquisitely melancholic strains of Dolly Parton's mourning-dove-with-a-broken-wing voice, keening,

In this mental insti-too-shun,
Looking out through these arn bars. . . .

It's her beautiful *Daddy, Come and Get Me*, about a girl whose husband has had her committed ("to get me out of his way"), and when Dolly comes to the lines "It's not my mind that's broken / It's my heart," Jerry Garcia, standing limned in soft morning sunlight before the arched front window, turns to me and . . . remember now, this is *the* Jerry Garcia, Captain Trips himself, the same Jerry Garcia who only 12 hours earlier utterly blew out 3000 of the most jaded, dope-devastated heads ever assembled even at the Fillmore (Dead fans are notorious in that regard) . . . *that* Jerry Garcia turns to me and clasps his hands to his breast and rolls his eyes after the goofy, ga-ga fashion of a lovesick swain and utters an ecstatic little moan and swoons into the nearest chair . . . and for the next half hour, while our breakfast turns cold in the kitchen, he and Hunter and I sit there in the living room tokin' on a taste of Captain Trips's morning pipe and groovin' on Sweet Dolly's bucolic threnodies about lost loves and dying lovers and stillborn babes, and by the time her last words ("O Robert! O Robert!") fade into silence, I swear to God there's not a dry eye in the room. . . .

• • •

It is, I suppose, my unhappy destiny to be eternally numbered among the Last of the First; 'twas ever thus, even in 1966. For by the time I arrived, stoned to the eyeballs, at the Longshoremen's Hall in San Francisco for the final night of the Trips Festival, it had somehow got to be one or two or three o'clock in the morning, and the Dead were packing up their gear and nearly everybody had gone home. Some late-lingering hanger-on was fiddling with a slide projector, running through old slides that one of Kesey's Pranksters had shot in the La Honda woods, and even as I walked into the vast, almost empty hall there flashed, purely by cosmic coincidence—the *synch*, Tom Wolfe named it—on a giant screen above the bandstand, a gargantuan medium-close-up image of . . . right . . . of *me*, slapped up there on the wall behind the stage like some kind of weird wallpaper, head and shoulders in monumental proportions, my eyes masked behind a 12-foot span of impenetrably black wrap-around shades and my nostrils as big as manholes and my tightly pursed mouth, a furrow the length of the grave of a good-sized dog, fixed in what I must have intended to resemble a pensive attitude but that now seemed fraught with nameless apprehensions (to tell the truth, for all the time I put in hanging around the edges of the La Honda scene, I never did quite manage to shake off that vague, stranger-in-a-strange-land uneasiness that is the special affliction of us day-trippers); and, dwarfed by my looming monolithic visage, the Grateful Dead and their equipment crews slouched about at their assorted chores, a shadowy platoon of climbers grouping to scale a one-man, two-dimensional Mount Rushmore. All in all, it seemed as appropriate an image as any to remember the Trips Festival by, so I turned on my heel and split as quickly as I'd come.

And that was the very last time I sought out the company of any Rock-'n'-roll Stars whatsoever, the very last time until. . . .

• • •

"Looks like you fell in with a bad crowd, man."

Huh? Hoodat said dat?

Jerry Garcia, that's who; Jerry Garcia wading through the jack-strewn corpses carpeting the floor wall to wall, Jerry Garcia grinning down at me, his face swimming slowly into focus, his hairy aspect droll, almost elfin, Jerry Garcia reaching for the guitar case he stashed behind my chair about seven centuries ago when this night was young and so was I. All of which means, lemme see now, all of which means. . . .

Sonofabitch, it's *over*! Three sets, three whole sets of the Sweetest Sound This Side of Pandemonium, five solid hours I've been cuddled up back here in icy congress with a cold tank while out front the Dead were raising a rumpus loud enough to wake the living and set a multitude to boogalooing, and I've scarcely heard a sound all evening long, save the nitrous oxide whistling through the empty chambers of my mind. . . . I mean, great *Scott*, Front Page, you've got a *story* to write, fella, you can't be loafin' around back here on your dead ass when. . . .

Prodded at last by my long-dormant conscience, goosed by good intentions, eyeballs bulging maniacally with the effort to Pull Myself Together, I am halfway to my feet when Jerry, who by now has retrieved his guitar case and made his way back to the doors, turns and halts me with an upraised hand.

"What's your hurry?" he says, still grinning. "The tank's not empty yet, is it?"

I blink as this highly relevant bit of intelligence illuminates my socked-in consciousness, and when I look again Jerry is gone, vanished like the Cheshire cat, leaving just the memory of his grin hanging in mid-air to mark his passing. And the next thing I know I'm back in my chair once more, and somehow the hose is rising magically, like a fakir's cobra, from the writhing turmoil on the floor to meet my outstretched hand, and I am thinking Yeah, right, just another li'l toke or two for the road, and then I'll get a good night's sleep so I can come back tomorrow night all primed and cocked to. . . .

• • •

"An Evening with the Grateful Dead," Fillmore West, first set, raw Official Accuracy Reporter notes considerably refined and amplified after the fact: The Acoustic Dead lead off, Bill the Drummer and the three guitars (all acoustic, no electronic augmentation) and Pig, his electric organ temporarily supplanted by an old upright piano—they open w. *Cumberland Blues*, much fine bluegrassy gittar pickin', good downhome lyrix like "a lotta po' man got de cumberlan' bloooze, / he cain't win for looo-zin' "—sounds like it came straight out of Appalachia (didn't tho—Hunter wrote it)—Jerry sings it *just* rite, his husky tenor a power-thru-gentleness sort of trip, almost unnaturally soft but with a kind of lilting gulp that makes me think of Lefty Frizzell or the way Hank Williams sings *Honky Tonk Blues*—JG's voice's sweetness belies its tuffness, and is in perfect counterpoint to the uncompromising pessimism of Hunter's lyrix—seems to me the Dead are carrying their years in this meat-grinder racket really well, aging gracefully—Bobby Weir *still* has the face of a debauched Renaissance choirboy, beautifully modeled features, there are moments when he looks like a dissolute 12-yr-old—when he does backup vocals for JG (or solo, as on *Truckin'* and several others) he sings in a voice not quite his own, the kind of voice that skims across the top of the glottis and comes out sounding like it never plumbed the depths of the throat at all—Pig's piano has that fine country-honkie-Gospel kind of plinking barrelhouse gait that's perfect for the back-to-the-roots thing the Dead are into these days—Pig has somehow shed 50, maybe 75 pounds in the five years since that night at Ben's Big Beat, and now stands revealed as what he was all the time beneath that S. Clay Wilson–ogreish exterior, a fierce-looking *little* guy in cowboy funk, boots and low-slung Levis and oily leather sheepherder's coat, a battered Stetson with its rolled brim cocked so low over his eyes that his tough, pinched little face is barely visible above his scraggly goatee, Gabby Hayes with teeth—Phil Lesh almost never surfaces in the group, but is always working behind

*"But Carol, honey, I don't just think of you as a sex object—
you've always been a fun thing for me."*

everybody else, providing substance on bass, fleshing out vocals, clowning, goofing around with little hippy-dippy mouth-breather mugging trips, he looks to be the loosest of them all onstage—Bill Kreutzmann is darkly handsome, dour, brooding, solemn, looks "deep" and plays the same way, hunches possessively over his traps and seems almost to lose himself in his own rumbling-hoofbeats-in-the-middle-distance rhythms—he is *never* flashy; his drumming is as steady as the drone of a tamboura, a fixed point around which the guitars work their airy filigrees: tonight's the first time the Dead have tried a strictly acoustic set on the Fillmore audience, and when *Cumberland Blues* is over, a scattering of old-line Dead fans, missing the electronically amplified bedlam of yesteryear, holler "Play louder! Play louder!"—but Jerry, smiling beatifically, steps to the mike and cools them out by explaining, very gently, "No, no, man, you don't understand, this is the part where we play *soft*, and you *listen* loud!"—then they do *New Speedway Boogie*, *Dire Wolf (Don't Murder Me)*, *Candyman* and two or three others, mostly from the *Workingman's Dead* album, then finish off the set with a reverently beautiful and altogether decorous rendition of that All-Time Number-One Sike-O-Deelik Space-Music Golden Oldie *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, everybody *loves* it, crowd really gets off behind it—a fine, rousing set, looks like a *good* night. . . .

• • •

"I just play the way I play, I play what I like to hear. I don't really think about guitar players anymore, I think about music, I like music, you know what I mean? When I buy records I don't buy guitar players, I buy . . . music. Because all those guys, they're just learning to play the guitar, just like I am, and I don't listen to them much, because that'd be like learning from me. You know? They've derived all their shit from the same shit I've derived all my shit from. No, I listen to the real shit if I'm lookin' for ideas musically, guitarwise and so forth, I go to the masters, not to the other students. Like Django Reinhardt, or B. B. King, you know, guys who really play. But the main thing is that I play music because I love music, you know, and all my life I've loved music, and as I've gotten more and more into lookin' at the whole, over-all thing. And that's where I am now, doin' that. . . ."

• • •

Among the habitués of the performers' lounge backstage at the Fillmore is this tall, rangy, loose-limbed, spacy-looking young freak—the Sunnyvale Express, they call him—who, during the breaks, is never far from Jerry Garcia's circle of friends and admirers, usually toying idly with a guitar, just noodling, picking out disconnected phrases and fragments to underscore whatever conversation is going on around him, nothing special, here a bit of bluegrass, there a snippet of flamenco or a rock riff or what-have-you, anything at all, apparently, that comes to mind. It's obvious he's a Garcia fan, but there is about him none of that earnest innocence and humility that can do so much toward making even us hero worshipers a tolerable lot; rather, the Sunnyvale Express' whole bearing and manner bespeak the languid arrogance of a coxcomb, and a couple of times I've spotted him eying Jerry with a look of ill-disguised envy.

He is here again tonight with his old lady, an impossibly beautiful but otherworldly looking redhead named (brace yourself) The Burning Bush, who paints her eyelids dead black like Theda Bara and wears antique crushed-velvet vamp costumes, the two of them lounging in an old threadbare armchair near the couch where Jerry sits talking animatedly to a rock-magazine interviewer. As I cross the big room toward them, the Sunnyvale Express disentangles himself from the several pale, entwining limbs of The Burning Bush, rises slowly from his chair, takes up his guitar, props one foot on the arm of Jerry's couch and announces, in a voice as somnolent with dope as a sleepwalker's, "Now I'm 'onna play jus' like ole G'cia, here."

And with that he launches into what has to be accounted, at least on the face of it, one of the most dazzling virtuoso performances I've ever heard, clawing great fistfuls of sound off the bass strings even as he picks the high notes off with blinding music-box precision and delicacy. playing, as far as I can determine, no particular song but rather a kind of collage, a mosaic—all right, a *medley*, then—of those staccato riffs that are almost a Garcia signature, not chords but swift, rushing runs of single bass notes in which each note is resonantly, sonorously deep yet somehow clear, sharp, *bright*, never murky or muddy. Closing my eyes, I can at first almost make myself believe it is Jerry himself who is swathing my mind like a swami's turbaned head in layer upon layer of silken sound; but after a minute or so I begin to sense that for all its resonant vibrancy, the Sunnyvale Express' playing desperately wants the very quality that Jerry's is richest in, call it density or warmth or even, if you must, soul, and that the only ingredient the Express can replace it with is a sour mix of envy and insolence and sullen mockery. His playing is technically perfect but as devoid of human feeling for the music as a player piano tinkling away on an empty stage; one whose first interest was in listening to the real thing had as well attend a concert featuring an oyster playing *One Meatball* on the piccolo.

So it is no surprise to discover, when I look again, that the same old Sunnyvale Express is playing still. Just behind him, leaning forward in her chair, sits the Burning Bush, her dark-ringed eyes glazed with rapture, her right hand lost to the wrist between her lover's parted thighs, cupping and fondling his crotch in the upturned palm. And around them, on the couch and in the other chairs, Jerry and his friends sit listening and watching, their faces stonily impassive. When, after he's played for maybe five minutes or so, the Express senses at last the chilly indifference with which his efforts are being received, he abruptly stops playing, favors his implacable audience with an elaborately phlegmatic shrug and turns and drifts off toward the far end of the room, the Burning Bush floating along beside him, her busy hand now wandering aimlessly, crablike, across his narrow rump.

"Whew, that guy," says Jerry wearily, rising to go out front for his set with the New Riders. "He's, like, my own personal psychic bedbug." Then, brightening, he adds, "But you know, I *need* guys like him around, *everybody* does. I mean, they keep us *honest*, you know what I mean?"

• • •

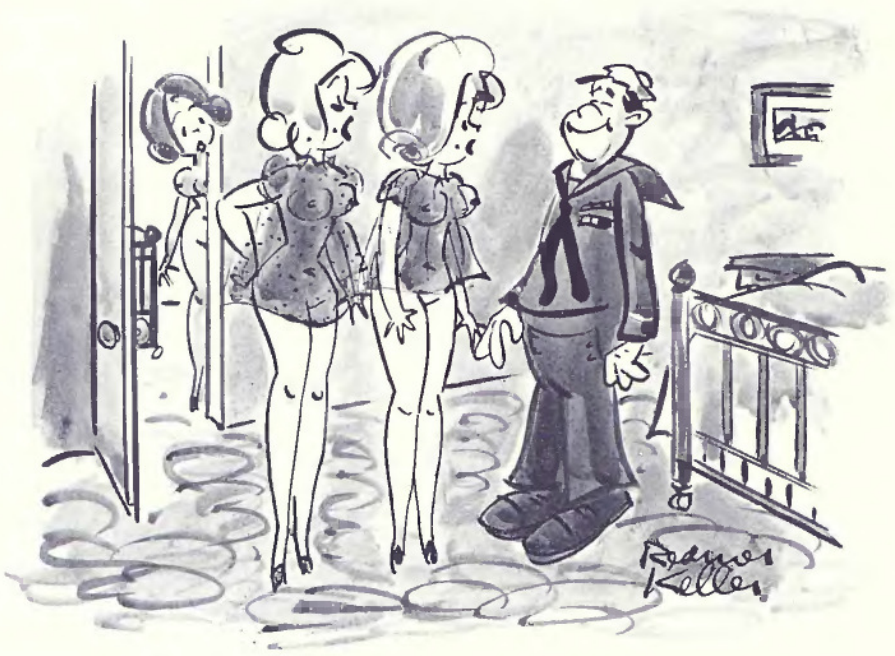
PHIL LESH: The Grateful Dead are trying to save the world.

• • •

"I don't think of music as a craft, see. Like when I'm writing songs, I don't sit down and assemble stuff. Because music to me is more of a flash than a craft, so that somethin' comes to me and that's the thing I'll bother to isolate, you know, the stuff that nudges its way out of the subconscious and you sorta go Oh! and suddenly there's a whole melody in your head. And it happens just often enough to seem like a, you know, like a flow, I mean I recognize the mechanism, I know what it is as opposed to everything else. And that ends up to be the stuff I can live with a long time, and that's a thing I think about a lot, too. . . ."

• • •

So here we are, me and ole Wheat Germ, smack in the middle of your typical sunny Sunday afternoon in a small, semirural suburb in upper Marin County, and well under way is your typical softball game in your typical small-town municipal ball park: chicken-wire backstop, rickety wooden bleachers along both base lines, scrofulously barren infield, shaggy outfield—in short your regulation government-issue I-see-Amurrica-playing scene as it is enacted every summer Sunday not just here in Marin County but from sea to shining sea, lots of good cold beer and good fellowship and good-natured umpire baiting . . . and, here today among these particular devotees of the national pastime, an abundance of good vibes and good karma and the world's own amount of gooooood dope.



"You take him. I'm on a salt-free diet."

Because the curiously coiffed 50 or 60 fans in the stands here today are not your common ordinary garden-variety bleacherites, those dulcet-toned, undershirted cigar chompers and their frumpy Cowbell Annies who customarily attend to the umpire baiting on these occasions. Such undershirts as are in evidence this afternoon are brilliantly tie-dyed, and the ladies in the crowd, for all their electrified *Bride of Frankenstein* hairdos, are almost unanimously pretty, not a frump in sight. No more do those improbably befurred gents manning their posts upon the field of combat bear more than a passing resemblance to the Mudville Nine's anonymous opponents, nor is that the Mighty Casey at the bat.

No, sports fans, the awful truth (may J. G. Taylor Spink, up there in the Great Press Box in the Sky, be spared it!) is that the freaks afield are Jefferson Airplanes to a man; and the big-wigged fellow who just struck out, the one who looks like John the Baptist, that's Jerry Garcia, guitarist extraordinaire but a banjo hitter if ever there was one. And the umpire just now being baited, that scowly little dude with the scraggly chin whiskers and the red-white-and-blue backwards baseball cap, is either Augie Donatelli or Pigpen McKernan, choose one.

So far, seen as I am seeing it through the sickly-sweet blue smaze of the dread devil drug, it's been a genuine pisscutter of a ball game—which appraisal has, as the Great Scorer is reputed to have written, nought to do with who's winning (the Airplane, by about 11 to about six, nobody seems to know exactly) or losing, but solely with How They're Playing the Game. For if the Great Scorer ever looked in on this contest, He'd probably take His ball and go home; because these weirdos are simply having much more fun than this moldy old sport was ever intended to provide. Most of them play like the guys who always made the second string in high school but never actually got in a game: lotsa hustle, lotsa chatter on the benches and base paths, no end of hot-pepper razzle-dazzle when they're chucking the old pill around the infield, but complete and utter panic when they somehow get themselves involved in an actual honest-to-god *play*. The Airplane, for instance, has a beautiful, big-bearded guy wearing bib overalls in the outfield who circles frantically under pop flies like a man with one leg shorter than the other, hollering "Me! Me! Me! Me!" and waving his arms as though besieged by a swarm of bees, but who, to my admittedly none-too-reliable recollection, has yet to lay a glove on the ball. And Jerry Garcia cavorts very impressively around the Dead's hot corner until he sees the ball headed in his direction, at which point he instantly goes into such gleeful paroxysms of excitement that he can't possibly execute the play.

What they lack in skill, though, they more than make up for in *élan*, jawing at Pig and guzzling beer in the on-deck circle and squawking "Whaddya waitin'

for, *Christmas*?" at batters who don't choose to swing at every pitch within bat's length of the plate. So that when, along about the fifth, Mickey Hart, sometime second drummer for the Dead, bounces one out of the park over the low fence in deep left field, and a furious hassle ensues along the third-base line over whether or not Pig should have ruled it a ground-rule double instead of a homer—both teams storming up and down the base paths and gesticulating wildly and turning the air yet another shade of blue with good old-fashioned cussing plain and fancy—one understands immediately that behind all their histrionics the players are taking enormous delight in burlesquing these hoary old rituals, and at the same time one senses too that behind *that* is a profound and abiding respect—*reverence*, even—for the very traditions they are pretending to make light of. Which in turn goes a long way toward explaining how it is that the Dead, who not long ago were plunging ever deeper into the howling wilderness of electronic exoticism, are now working almost exclusively within the relatively strict, fundamental forms of stay-at-home country music and blues. It may even help explain why Mickey Hart, after he has negotiated the knot of wrangling dialecticians around Pigpen and tagged the plate, trots directly over to where I'm sitting with my ubiquitous notebook spread upon my knee, and says, grinning proudly, "Listen, man, I don't give a shit what you write about my drummin', but you be *sure* and put that fuckin' homer in, OK?"

Anyhow, all those heady speculations aside, there remains one more disconcerting little distinction between today's contest and your run-of-the-mill Sunday softball game: to wit: That unwashed young chap over there, furtively but eagerly proffering first this freak, then that, something or other from the small round tin he's palming, is no peanut vendor. As a matter of embarrassing fact, he's none other than the noted Wheat Germ, my very own millionaire millstone; and judging from the withering scowls his attempts to peddle his wares have been drawing all afternoon, business is bad, exceeding bad. Evidently, the Dead's and the Airplane's respective rooting sections prefer their tradesmen to come on—if at all—considerably cooler than Wheat Germ, who, his self-advertised $6,000,000 worth of experience in these affairs notwithstanding, has already forgotten the cardinal precept of his chosen profession: *Nobody* loves a pushy pusher. Poor old Wheat Germ; even from where I sit, in the bleachers down near third, it's apparent that he's trying way too hard, buttonholing fans while they're trying to watch Paul Kantner strike out Jerry Garcia, spraying them with the humid spindrift of his enthusiasm, generally conducting himself in a manner likely to get him a reprimand from the Dealers Association's Ethical Practices Committee if the word gets around.

Which is all the same to me, actually, except that as I ponder the obdurate sales resistance his cheap-Jack wheedling seems to be eliciting in the market place, it begins to occur to me that it just might not be in my best interest to associate myself too closely with this pariah in the present company. After all, despite the unarguable fact that it was my vainglorious boasting of Connections in High Places that brought him here in the first place—thereby making Wheat Germ in a sense the corporeal embodiment of my vanity, my alter ego incarnate—I am nonetheless a Responsible Card-Carrying Member of the Fourth Estate and, as such, it behooves me . . . oh Christ, here he comes now, heading straight for me, wearing the rueful hang-dog look of a man who's just suffered put-down upon put-down, everybody'll see that he's with me and suppose I got no more cool than he does and I'll never get within hollerin' distance of the Dead again and . . . it positively *behooves* me to maintain at all costs my credibility in the eyes of these the subjects of my report to my vast readership, one might almost say I *owe* it to my public to cook this albatross' goose somehow, to sneak away from him or pretend I don't know him or offer to drive him to the bus station or. . . .

We need guys like him, they keep us honest. Jerry Garcia's own true words echoing up from some lost recess of my memory, and even as I hear them I hear too my own voice saying, aloud and straining to convey the heartiness I'm trying hard to feel, yet in a kind of secret harmony with Jerry's words, "Hey listen, Wheat Germ, the New Riders are playin' at the Family Dog tonight, and I've got an extra ticket. You want to come along?"

And as his snaggle-toothed grin chases the despair from Wheat Germ's unlovely countenance, I am smote by yet another Cosmic Axiom, this one more or less of my own making: One man's pain in the ass is the next man's psychic bedbug. Dig it, dad, you never know when you might need one.

• • •

PIGPEN: Hey, Magazine, y' wanna know the secret of m' success?

ME (*eagerly*): Yeah, sure, hell yes!

PIG (growling *sotto voce* behind his hand, mock furtive as a Disneyland Foxy Loxy): Take thirty-five percent off the top and *split*!

• • •

"Well I think the Grateful Dead is basically, like, a good, snappy rock-'n'-roll band. I mean that's its basic character. So when we do country stuff, for instance, people sometimes tend to think we've suddenly gotten very pure, very direct. But we don't actually do it very purely or directly at all, compared to, like, Roy Acuff, say. And if we're talking about country music, we have to compare it to those kind of guys. I mean, when we play it, it's still us. . . ."

• • •

"An Evening with the GD": fillmore west, second set, new riders of the purple sage: garcia on pedal steel, dave torbert on bass, david nelson on electric guitar, mickey hart on drums, and most of all, marmaduke, nee john dawson, vocalist-lyricist-acoustic-guitarist, lovely little guy all decked out (unlike other deads and new riders in their shitkicker roughrider cowboy funk) in high-style western sartorial splendor, dude duds, hand-embroidered cowboy shirt, hand-tooled high-heel boots, trimly blocked stetson atop incongruously long pale blond locks, a psychedelic roy rogers—they open w. the great dave dudley truck-driver song *six days on the road*, leap blithely from that to the stones' dope-disease-and-dark-night-of-the-soul song *connection*, then to *henry*, a *very* funny rock-'n'-rollicker by marmaduke, about the travails of a dope runner (". . . went to Acapulco / to turn the golden key. . . .") who gets himself involved in a wild keystone kops car chase after sampling his own wares ("henry tasted, he got wasted / couldn't even see. . . .")—crowd *loves* it, fillmore is jammed to the rafters with dead fans by now and they're unanimous in their enthusiasm for the new riders—marmaduke onstage is really something to watch, he's so fresh, so ingenuous, so enthralled by the whole rock-'n'-roll-star trip, even backstage he can hardly keep his hands off his guitar, and out front when the crowd shows it digs him he blushes and grins all over his face and practically wags his tail with delight—new riders do 2 more marmaduke songs, *dirty business* and *the last lonely eagle* (which yr. reporter, ripped again, keeps hearing as *the last lonely ego*, but fortunately does not fail to note that garcia plays brilliantly on it despite the fact that he's only taken up the pedal steel seriously in the last year or so, none of that mawkish, whiny, hawaiian-warchant rebop; his pedal steel, like his guitar, is crisp and intense, it *weeps*, of course—it wouldn't be a pedal steel if it didn't—but it's properly *melancholy*, never merely sentimental)—then marmaduke does a yodeler that I don't recognize (*yodeling*? in the *fillmore*?), then they finish off the set by bringing the whole house to its feet with the stones' *honky tonk woman*—as marmaduke, beaming happily, basks in the warm applause, it occurs to me that these guys rank right up there near the top of the lower order of eternal verities: rock-'n'-roll stars may come and go,

"You have completely changed, Mr. Begby, since we entered French territorial waters."

but there'll *always* be the sons of the pioneers. . . .

• • •

Backstage again, and I've retreated to the remotest corner of the lounge to work for a few minutes on my notes on the New Riders' set. I'm just getting fairly deep into it when I begin to feel that creeping uneasiness that signals another presence, close at hand and watching me intently. I lift my eyes reluctantly from my notebook and find myself face to face with a small child, just a toddler, a little boy about a year old, standing there right next to the arm of my chair, his wide blue eyes fixed on my moving ballpoint. He has rust-red hair, brushed neatly flat, and a round, fair face upon which has settled an expression as solemn as a judge's. And he very definitely does *not*, let it be said here and now for reasons that will momentarily become apparent, resemble Jerry Garcia in any way, shape or form.

"Hi sport," I greet the boy, offering him the pen. "You wanta write something?"

"Oh lord, baby, don't go bothering people that way, sweetheart. Is he bothering you?"

The mother, presumably: a tall, slender blonde, very pretty in a sort of pale, bloodless way, oddly brittle-looking somehow, a china figurine off some Victorian parlor's whatnot shelf, or perhaps, with her plaid wool skirt and cardigan sweater and plastic barrettes and silk stockings and penny loafers, a portrait by Andrew Wyeth. Here amid this tribe of weird Aquarian savages, she seems, in *every* sense that the phrase can conjure, out of time.

"No, he's fine," I reassured her, flipping a page in my notebook for the boy to leave his mark on. "Let him write; he probably understands it all better than I do anyhow."

"Are you writing something about the band?" she asks. I own up to it and name the magazine I'm doing it for. "Oh," she says, "that's very interesting. Because Jerry Garcia, well, he's, you know," she rolls her eyes significantly toward the kid, who by now is assiduously inscribing his hieroglyphic autograph in my notebook, "he's Little Jerry's father."

Uh, beg pardon, ma'am, but, heh-heh, I could've *sworn* you said. . . .

"His true father, I mean. He's his true father."

My first flash is to those two lines from Jerry's song *Friend of the Devil*, the ones that go "Got a wife in Chino, babe / And one in Cherokee. . . ." But then I cop another quick peek at the weanling at my knee, with his sober delft-blue eyes and that red hair, and instantly the next lines of the song come to mind: "First one say she got my child, / But it don't look like me." Which is to say either that the girl is some kind of shakedown artist, or that she is, as the quaint old phrase so delicately had it, bereft of reason. Because if this kid is Jerry Garcia's offspring, then I am Walter Winchell.

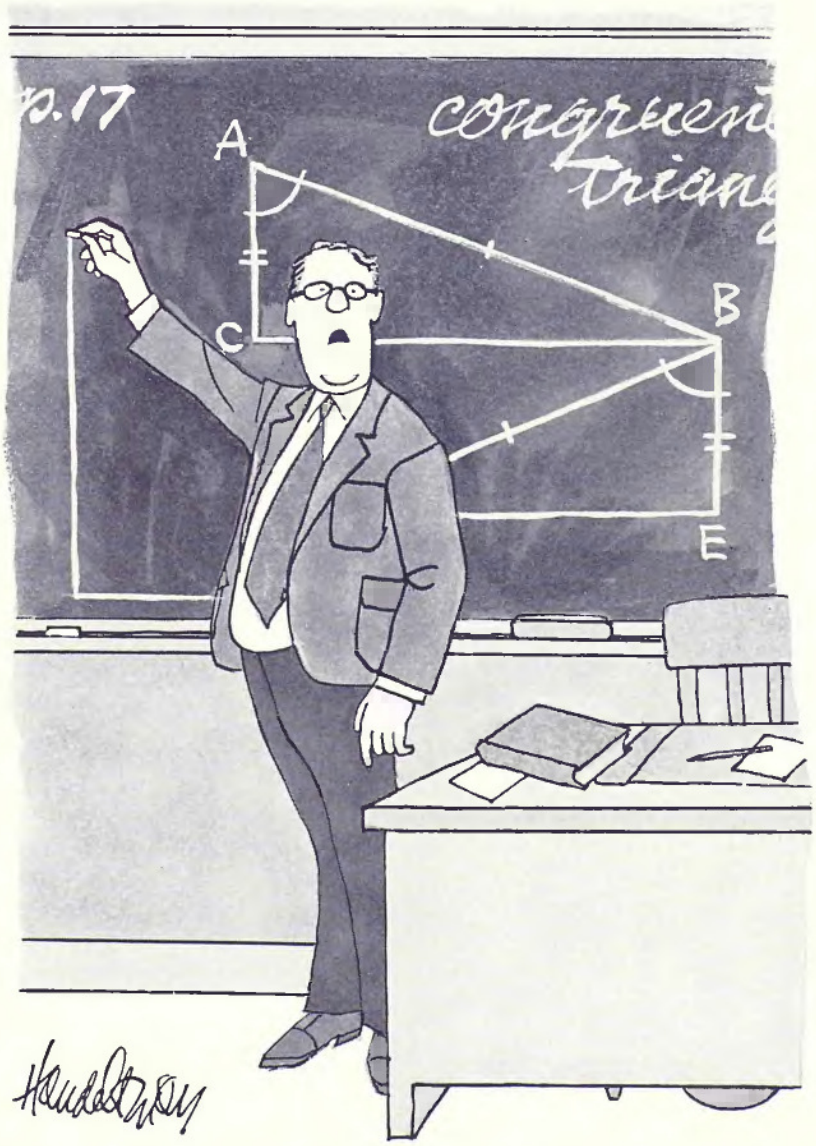
"And you know what?" she hurries on. "I came all the way out here from Stockton on the Greyhound, just so he could see Little Jerry, and I paid my way in tonight just like everybody else, and I talked the door guy into letting me come backstage and *everything*, and then when I said Hi to Jerry and held up the baby to him and all, he acted like, you know, like he didn't even *know* us. Which I just don't understand what's *wrong*, I mean, I sure hope it's not because of something I've, you know, *done* or anything. . . ."

True father indeed. But this time I can plainly hear, through the rush of words, the faint rattle of hysteria that bespeaks a screw loose somewhere.

"I just hope he's not, you know, *mad* at me or something," she adds, bending to scoop up Little Jerry and clutch him defensively to her breast, as if to demonstrate that nothing in the living world terrifies her quite as much as the thought of Jerry Garcia in a snit. "Because I certainly don't know what I could've, you know, *done*. . . ."

My pen slips from Little Jerry's moist grasp and clatters to the floor. Rising to retrieve it, I offer her what meager reassurance I can muster. "I wouldn't worry too much if I were you," I tell her lamely. "Jerry's pretty busy these days, he probably just didn't. . . ."

"I mean, we're *very close*, me and Jerry are. Like, you take the last time I saw him, last April I think it was, why, I just walked right up to him, right on



"Some of you may be wondering what application any of this could possibly have to the real world of drugs."

the street outside this building, and said, you know, Hi! And he said Hi back, and *smiled*, and sort of patted the baby on the *head* and *everything*. And that's why I'm afraid he must be mad about something. Because this time he just, you know, walked right on by like he didn't even *see* us!"

The girl is beginning now to look as distraught as she sounds; her cheeks are flushed and several strands of hair have pulled loose from the barrettes to dangle limply at her temples, and her pale eyes well with tears. She is, as they say, Going All to Pieces, and as her fragile composure shatters I can read in the crazed web of striations a case history of her delusion that, if not altogether accurate in every detail, will answer almost as well as if it were:

Two years ago she was a carhop in a Stockton A&W root-beer stand, and that night summer before last when she got herself knocked up, the redheaded Stockton College dairy-and-animal-husbandry major who took her and two six-packs out on the levee in his Mustang played the Grateful Dead on his eight-track stereo while he pumped drunkenly atop her in the back seat, and she heard, in midzygote as it were, not the redhead's sodden grunting but a true dream lover's voice, his honeyed lips just at her ear whispering what somehow seemed—even though she didn't exactly, you know, *understand* it, quite—the sweetest, tenderest, loveliest thing anybody had ever said to her, ever in her life:

Lady finger, dipped in moonlight,
Writing "What for?" across the
morning sky. . . .

Jerry Garcia of course, ready, as always, with the right word at the right moment. And since from that night forward she never once saw or heard from the redheaded dairy-and-animal-husbandry major ever again, whereas she could hear from Jerry Garcia any time she wanted to, merely by playing a Grateful Dead album on the $29.95 Victor portable stereo she'd bought on sale at the discount store with her first week's wages from the root-beer stand, we-e-e-lll. . . .

"I mean," she whimpers wretchedly, "we don't *want* nothing from him, not one thing. But you'd think he could've at least *reckanized* his own flesh and, you know, *blood*. . . ."

Well, it occurs to me to observe, there are an awful lot of people around here tonight, most likely he really *didn't* see you. But then it also occurs to me that she is already quite clear on that technicality, and that as far as she is concerned it's altogether beside the point; according to her lights, a man is *obliged* to see and recognize the fruit of his own loins in *any* crowd, he *is*.

And anyhow, before I can utter the first word, the girl suddenly squeaks, "Oooo! There he *is*!" and takes off for the other end of the room, leaving me standing there dumfounded in a leftover cloud of her tooty-frooty dime-store perfume, still biting the air and trying to think of something to say. She is headed, as you might expect, for Jerry Garcia himself, who stands at the far end of the lounge talking to Pigpen and Phil Lesh and Zonk the Gasman's handsome wife Candace and Bob Weir's beautiful, Garboesque girlfriend Frankie; and as she makes for them I see, over her shoulder, those great blue eyes of Little Jerry's gazing back at me, grave as a lemur's stare.

The girl marches resolutely up to Jerry and thrusts the baby at him and announces herself—I can't hear what she says, but it's doubtless some such commonplace pleasantry as "Allow me to present your own flesh and, you know, *blood*——" And Jerry looks at her with an expression so blankly devoid of recognition that for an instant I'm afraid some hideous little slice-of-life drama is about to happen, that any second now she's going to whip out a .44 and start blazing away at Jerry or herself or Candace and Frankie or whomever a lady in her frame of mind might settle on as a fit target for her ire.

But when at last Jerry's countenance lights up with that fabled beatific smile, and he says Hello or whatever and bends to peer closely at the baby, then at her, and, still smiling, shakes his head, there is even in his denial of them such a palpable quantity of gentleness and generosity that she is utterly disarmed and undone. She blushes and shies and smiles back at him, and after a moment she shoulders the baby once more and goes on out, restored, into the main ballroom. As the door closes after her, Jerry turns back to the others and delivers himself of one of those exaggerated, palms-upturned, beats-the-hell-out-of-*me* shrugs, and that's it, it's over, Good karma has triumphed once more over Bad, and playing lead guitar for the Grateful Dead is still quite as safe a calling as, say, playing first base for the Philadelphia Phils in 1949. . . .

• • •

"Guys in other bands have that kind of stuff a lot, there'll be five or six chicks runnin' around all the time sayin' they're somebody's old lady, that kind of trip. But we don't get too much of that sort of thing, actually, we're all kind of ugly for that. Ugly but honest, that's us. Hey, there's a good title for you, 'Ugly But Honest.' A'course, we ain't all that honest, either. Maybe just 'Ugly' is good enough. . . ."

• • •

"an evening with the gd," fillmore, third set, full complement dead (garcia, weir, lesh, pig, kreutzmann, hart), full electronic amplification—they open w. *dancing in the streets*, a motown-style

rocker, follow that w. merle haggard's tender honky tearjerker *mama tried*, then *it's a man's world* with pig doing a very creditable james-brown-in-whiteface, then buddy holly's *not fade away*, working through their repertory the way a painter might put together a retrospective, displaying their influences, putting the audience through the same changes the dead themselves have been subject to—it is eclecticism in its very best and highest sense, and the audience, already thoroughly jacked up by the first two sets, is flashing strongly to it—the upturned faces near the stage, awash with the splashover of swirling colors from the light show, seem almost to glow with enthusiasm and delight, and each time the band takes up a different song there arises from out there in the dark a wild chorus of voices, *dozens* of them from even the farthest corners of the hall, whooping and howling and yipping like coyotes baying at the moon, aa-ooo-aa-ooo-aaaa-ooooo, a savage, animal, tribal thing one knows instinctively they do *only* for the dead, in *honor* of the dead—a christian missionary would get gobbled up in seconds in such a scene as this—now bob weir, looking like a full-color, slick-paper idealization of billy the kid on a dime-mag cover, sings *truckin'*, hunter's leisurely, laid-back ramble about the vicissitudes of life on the road with the dead ("busted / down on bourbon street / set up / like a bowlin' pin. . . ."), puts me in mind of those old-timy toddlin' tunes like *side by side*, only with more substance, gene kelly and donald o'connor with soul—they follow that with two more hunter songs, *uncle john's band* and *casey jones*, and by the time casey ("drivin' that train / high on cocaine. . . .") is highballing down the track toward that fateful encounter with train 102, the crowd is on its feet and chugging up and down, it *is* the train, a great joyous surging mass of energy hurtling headlong into the uncharted darkness of the future—and it doesn't stop when the song ends but charges right on into *love light* with just the scantest pause to catch its breath, pig taking the throttle now, strutting around onstage with his tambourine whirring in his hand and his hat cocked low and mean, *dangerous*, snarling and fierce ("i don' want it all! / i jes wanna leetle bit!"), his exhortations as raw and lewd and laden with insinuation as a carnival kootch-show pitchman's hype ("git yo' hands outta yo' pockets and turn on yo' *love* light!"), and every now and then i seem to hear a line of such brazen, unbounded lickerishness ("dew *yew* lak ta fu-u-u-uckkkk?") that i start and blink and wonder did he really *say* that?—and the whole thing builds and builds, 10 minutes, 15, 20, and now the audience is clapping to keep time, they have joined the dead en masse as one enormous synchronized syncopated single-minded rhythm section, taking up the beat from bill the drummer's tom-tom and making it their own, *insisting* on it, *demanding* it, and the dead are delightedly handing it over to them, one by one laying down guitars and drumsticks and leaving the center of the stage to pig and jerry, first weir, then hart and lesh, then even bill the drummer, leaving their posts to join the crew of groupies and quippies and buddies and wives and old ladies at the rear of the stage back against the light-show screen among the throbbing blobs, greeting friends and accepting tokes on whatever gets passed their way, beer or joints or cokes or ripple, and just jerry and pig and the audience are left to mind the music, jerry's guitar weaving incredible intricacies in front of the rhythmic whipcrack of applause, pig chanting his unholy litany (". . . so come awn bay-beh, baby please, / i'm beggin' ya bay-beh, and i'm on my knees. . . .") like a man possessed by a whole mob of randy, rampant demons, and now jerry too puts down his guitar and leaves, and it's just pig up there alone with his tambourine and his snarl (". . . turn on yo' *light*, all i *need*. . . .") and his 3000-man rhythm section keeping time, *keeping* time, i've never before considered (". . . huh! . . .") what that expression really means, the crowd has undertaken to tend and cherish the beat until the band comes back (". . . i jus' got ta *git* sum, it's all i *need*. . . .") and resumes its stewardship, the whole arrangement amounts to a very special kind of trust, we are (". . . huh! . . .") not just audience but keepers of the flame, we are *of* the grateful dead, *with* them (". . . got ta keep pooshin', all i *need*. . . .") and *for* them and *of* them. . . .

BLAM!

It's the crack of doom or the first shot of the revolution or anyhow a cherry bomb that Pig has somehow set off just at his feet, a cloud of dense gray smoke still boils up around him, no longer any doubt about it, he is plainly a satanic manifestation, and without my noticing them the other Dead have stolen back to their places and taken up their instruments, and at the signal of the cherry bomb the song blasts into life again, the decibel count is astronomical, the crowd is shrieking in one hysterically ecstatic voice and the volume of the music is so great it swallows up the very shriek itself; by a single diabolic stroke a multitude 3000 strong has suddenly been struck dumb, the din is enough to wake even the moldering spirits of those moribund old poets who once set myriad toes atapping in the hallowed hall, I can almost see them now, Vaughn Monroe and Wayne King the Waltz King and Clyde McCoy and Ginny Sims and the Ink Spots and Frankie Yankovic and Ralph Flanagan and the Hilltoppers and Kay Kyser and His Kollege of Musical Knowledge and Horace Heidt and His Musical Knights . . . a whole host of phantoms, troupers to the last, crawling out of this old wormy woodwork and rising up from the rankest, dankest depths of the memory of man to join the living Dead for one last encore, just *listen* to the racket, Bill the Drummer's heavy artillery is pounding at my temples and Mickey Hart is laying into his four great shimmering gongs until the pandemonium itself is all atremble with their clangor and my back teeth taste of brass, and Lesh and Weir are ripping furiously at the faces of their guitars and the crowd is screaming as if that enormous palpitating blood-red blob of light behind the band were the flaming dawn of doomsday, and Jerry's guitar is winding out a shrill silvery coil of sound that spirals up and up and up until, whining like a brain surgeon's drill, it bores straight through the skull and sinks its spinning shaft into the very quick of my mind, and Pig, a rag doll buffeted by hot blasts of ecstasy gusting up from 3000 burning throats, flings himself into a demented little St. Vitus's dance of demonic glee and howls the kamikaze cry of one who is plunging headlong into the void, the last word beyond which *all* sound is rendered meaningless as silence. . . .

YEEEEEEEE-
O-O-O-O-OOWWWWWWWWW!

• • •

"When I talk about musicians, I'm talkin' about people who make music, not just people who are technically perfect. Music bein' That Thing Which Gets You Off. I mean that's just my definition of that word. And when you're playin', and really Gettin' Off that way, it's like when you're drivin' down a road past an orchard, you know, and you look out and at first all you can see is just another woods, a bunch of trees all jumbled up together, like there's no form to it, it's chaos. But then you come to a certain point and suddenly—zing! zing! zing!—there it is, the order, the trees all lined up perfectly no matter which way you look, so you can see the real shape of the orchard! I mean you know what I mean? And as you move along, it gets away from you, it turns back into chaos again, but now it doesn't matter, because now you understand, I mean now you know the secret. . . ."

• • •

Want ad in the *Berkeley Barb*:

GRATEFUL DEAD FREAK, 16, wants to write same, long-hair only, guy in Bay Area. No gay. Need love, warmth. Titus Canby, Box 700, Milpitas, Calif. 95035. Any age.

Hmmm, lemme see now. . . . *Dear Titus: I am a 38-going-on-39-year-old long-hair Grateful Dead Freak, no gay, and. . . .*

Buck Brown

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