ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

THE POEMS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

DONN ("COOL HAND LUKE") PEARCE ON DOPE SMUGGLING

A PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC ART

CALVIN TRILLIN AND ROY ANDRIES DE GROOT ON THE WORLD'S GREATEST RESTAURANT

JACK NICHOLSON INTERVIEWED

FICTION BY HERBERT GOLD AND MICHAEL CRICHTON

The Peppermint Martini.

(An interim idea.)

Somebody once said, "If the perfect martini is ever created, it won't be a martini."

Until now, two things stood between the martini and perfection. Gin and vermouth. Substitute Smirnoff for gin and you're halfway there. But what can you substitute for vermouth? We haven't found it yet, but we've come close with peppermint schnapps. (Honest!) It gives a martini a chilly freshness so brisk it's almost startling.

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Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®

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Because we've troubled ourselves no end to hide it from you.

Our quest for the invisible Volkswagen took us all the way to Turin, Italy.

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They did.

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"Make it beautiful." (Or else.)

They did.

They welded. And burnished. And sculpted. And sanded. And painted.

Until they had shaped in steel what Ghia had shaped in pencil.

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By concealing our air-cooled engine in back. (For better traction.)

And making it go about 24 miles on just one gallon.

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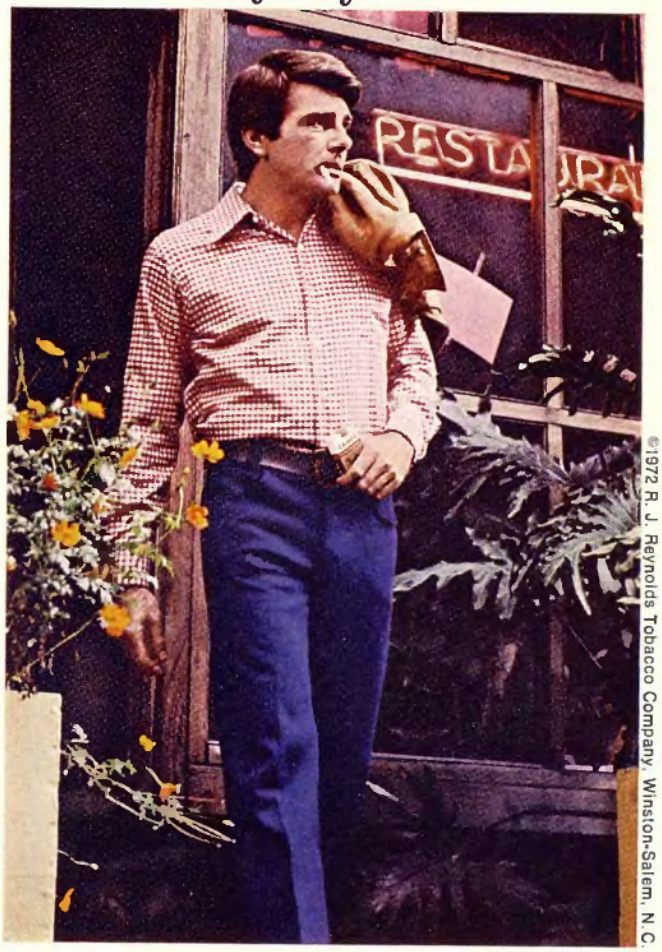
...almost everybody.



Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

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

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '71.

PLAYBILL WITH the exception of Eugene McCarthy, who remains quixotic to most Americans, our politicians are not poets. In the Orient, things are different. Such major revolutionary leaders as Mao Tse-tung and the late Ho Chi Minh may be minor poets in their moments of tranquillity. While still a student, Mao began to set down his ideas and experiences in verse, and he continued to write even after he became a leader of the Communist forces in the civil war against the Kuomintang. A chronicle of the revolution, Mao's poetry blends in classical form a lyric sense of the landscape and the personalities of the man and his army. *Seven Poems by Mao Tse-tung* is extracted from a book of translations by Paul Engle in collaboration with his wife, Hua-ling. Engle himself is a respected poet, lecturer and editor.

China's neighbor and traditional rival, Japan, has always been obsessed with being *ichiban*, or number one. Rather than military, its principal strategy is economic—a vast development of industry and trade. Unsettling as the Japanese surge is to American businessmen, it also has its comic side—an element of near-feudal behavior with some Orwellian controls thrown in to keep the workers in check and the assembly lines running. In *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Bring You . . .*, Neil Martin explores the tactics that have heightened the status of MADE IN JAPAN.

If there is one genuine free market left in the world, it is in dope. But dealers not only get left out when the subsidies are passed around, they are also actively harassed by the Government—a situation that results in the kind of bizarre episodes Donn Pearce details in *The Thirty-Caliber Roach Clip*. Pearce—the author of *Cool Hand Luke*—has a new novel, *Pier Head Jump*, due for publication by Bobbs-Merrill in May.

"Jamestown Seventy," a treatise by James F. Blumstein and James Phelan, which appeared in the *Yale Review of Law and Social Action*, advocates that disillusioned youth electorally usurp both the land and the legislature in some sparsely populated state. This revolutionary manifesto was required reading for Richard Pollak when he sat down to write *Taking Over Vermont*, in which he projects a less-than-utopian seizure.

Heading this month's fiction are two fantasies. In *The Adventures of Chauncey Alcock*, by Lawrence Sanders—author of *The Anderson Tapes*—the joke is on innocent Chauncey, who is seduced but certainly not abandoned. Herbert Gold was inspired by the snakelike road leading to Stinson Beach in Northern California to write a "daymare." In his *One Way to Bolinas*, a middle-aged traveler picks up a female hitchhiker and takes a bad turn. Rounding out our fiction is the second installment of *The Terminal Man*, by Michael Crichton, the book version of which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., in May. Illustrations for *The Terminal Man* are by Ron Bradford.

Like many others, novelist Anthony Burgess has experienced *Precognition*, the kind of knowledge that comes mysteriously through dreams and intuition. No doubt he wishes that his instincts had been a little better when he parted—for a nominal price—with the film rights to his novel *A Clockwork Orange*, which became Stanley Kubrick's widely acclaimed and hugely successful movie.

Currently feuding: Baron Roy Andries de Groot and Calvin Trillin, both men who like a good dinner. De Groot, author of *Feasts for All Seasons* and the soon-to-be-published *The Auberge of the Flowering Hearth*, went off in search of the world's very best meal. Trillin, who explores America for *The New Yorker*'s "U.S. Journal," decided long ago that nothing could top the fare served in his native Kansas City. After a splendid feast of fresh-caught Loire pike, De Groot asks, *Have I Found the Greatest Restaurant in the World?* Trillin's answer is, simply, *No!* "Barbecue was invented in Kansas City," he adds.

Everyone, but everyone, plays games—even God and Saint Peter, who argue over a Scrabble match in *Kephas and Elohenu*, a mock play by cartoonist-author J. B. Handelsman. The illustrator is Fred Berger, who did the drawing for Harvey Cox's controversial *For Christ's Sake*, which appeared in our January 1970 issue. For game players who like wrestling with mind stumpers, James F. Fixx presents 22 puzzlers from his forthcoming book, *Games for the Superintelligent*, to be published by Doubleday. Fixx is an editor of the new hardcover bimonthly, *Audience*, which focuses on contemporary American taste. Further fare: an exclusive interview with Jack Nicholson: *Playboy's Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*, by Robert L. Green; and *Orgy*, a cartoon feature by Alden Erikson. Plus: *Turned-On Tubs*, lovely Tiffany Bolling and Playmate Vicki Peters, all photographed by Mario Casilli. No April fool he.


GOLD


TRILLIN


MARTIN


DE GROOT

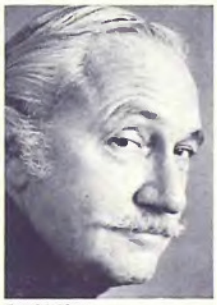

GREEN


BRADFORD


CASILLI


ERIKSON


PEARCE


SANDERS


BERGER


POLLAK


BURGESS


HANDELSMAN

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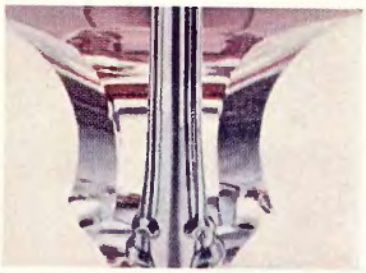

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DEAR PLAYBOOK

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WILDERNESS RHODES

Richard Rhodes's *The Killing of the Everglades* (PLAYBOY, January) exposes the twisted roots of our environmental crisis and celebrates the joyful victory of being—I have never been so moved by another's vision. Incidentally, President Nixon has asked Congress to buy the Big Cypress Swamp. The President's action goes far beyond the boundaries of the Everglades and environmental politics: It means that we are all a little closer to being at peace among ourselves and with the earth.

Joe Browder
Washington Representative
Environmental Policy Center
Washington, D. C.

Browder is the "friend of the earth" mentioned in Rhodes's account of his journey to the Everglades. More information on the battle to save the Everglades is available from Environmental Policy Center, 123 Fourth St., S.E., Washington, D. C. 20003.

I compliment PLAYBOY for publishing Richard Rhodes's thoughtful and balanced analysis of the crisis in the Everglades. This area is one of the world's most unique and specialized ecological packages. Whether or not change would make it more "useful" to man, if it is changed, it is destroyed, and if it is destroyed, it cannot be re-created until we have another heaven and another earth.

Walter J. Hickel
Anchorage, Alaska

Former Secretary of the Interior in the Nixon Administration, Hickel has maintained a vigilant interest in bettering the environment. His most recent book is "Who Owns America?"

Rhodes repeatedly uses the term preservationist to describe an unthinking individual whose policy of hanging a KEEP OFF sign on everything has no good reason. The word use can mean irreversible depletion of a resource by a single generation of men or, on the other hand, utilization of that same, unique resource by a thousand generations of men. Conservation was defined about 1907 by Gifford Pinchot and his colleagues in the newly established Forest Service, when they said it would be a new Government policy providing for "use of the natural resources for the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time." The big problem in getting this idea accepted is that it requires people of today to assume some responsibility for the interests of future generations. In short, "preservation" of the things humanity will continue to need in the future should be our first order of business. Implications that deride the preservationist as some kind of nut can harm an important part of our resource-management job.

Durward L. Allen
Department of Forestry and Conservation
Purdue University
Lafayette, Indiana

I read the *Everglades* piece and touted it to the skies on my daily CBS Radio Network program.

Arthur Godfrey
New York, New York

In our serious destruction of the Everglades, we have witnessed a serious tragedy. Yet some measure of redemption has begun under the leadership of Governor Askew of Florida, who has shown a new concern about things that sustain our lives. We must wish him well in the battle to save the Everglades. As Richard Rhodes points out in *The Killing of the Everglades*, "When we damage the world, we damage ourselves. If we destroy it, we destroy ourselves."

Senator George McGovern
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Richard Rhodes does an excellent job of summarizing the history of the Everglades and tracing its slow deterioration. I do think he could have included more information on the difficulty of maintaining the entire southern portion of Florida as a wildlife preserve, and he might have suggested some reasonable solutions. One obvious problem is that the population of Florida is growing very rapidly. What alternatives are available to using the swampland for living space, agriculture and industry? If the population distribution is to be controlled in order to preserve the wilderness, what regulations will be needed? Rhodes's essay mentions that present political institutions do not respect natural boundaries and they should be reorganized to make it possible to control man's use of the environment; but I would like to hear suggestions about how such

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control might be accomplished. We must go beyond mere description of the Everglades tragedy and get down to the difficult task of making a persuasive, dollars-and-cents case for preserving that beautiful wilderness.

Representative Seymour Halpern
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

KUBRICK'S CLOCK

Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* (PLAYBOY, January) is one more example of a literary intellectual attempting to force the psychedelic religion into his own nasty conception of what the human mind is all about. It is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost (the spirit of truth) and there is no forgiveness for it.

Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo
The Neo-American Church
San Cristobal, New Mexico

***NEWS* VIEWS**

I'm in total agreement with John Chancellor's assessment in *The News Media: Is That All There Is?* (PLAYBOY, January). Electronic journalism has been an institution in this country since the Twenties, and it's to the credit of the people who have served in the profession since that time that we can say some good things about the field now. I hope journalists of all media will continue in an attitude of professionalism with no holds barred.

Steve Braun
News Department, KLWW
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

As a 20-year-old rookie radio announcer, I was greatly impressed by John Chancellor's honest appraisal of broadcast journalism. The media are currently under attack by both the extreme right and the extreme left, and that leads me to believe that the industry must be reporting the facts honestly, with a minimum of pro or con commentary. The press—and it's about time we decided that broadcast journalism is part of the press—must be protected from control or influence by any person or group. It should be up to the reporters themselves to regulate the press and then to discredit anyone using his position as a pulpit from which to influence millions of people. It was best said by Edward R. Murrow: "Just because your voice carries halfway around the world you are no wiser than when it carried only to the end of the bar."

Mark Gibbons
Walker, Minnesota

In Harrison Salisbury's remarkable article *Print Journalism*, one can easily understand the lack of public support for the Vietnam war in spite of increased troop withdrawals. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, one read only of "our" commitment through SEATO for liberty, increased body counts, pacification of rural areas, increased hamlet control and bombing raids into North Vietnam to "bring them to the negotiating table." All these statements of grandiose fiction and out-and-out lies were fed from the Defense Department to an eager institution representing the status quo—the American press. Not until men like Salisbury began to investigate and reveal what was really happening were Americans able to decide for themselves if 55,000 dead young men were worth the price for a distant land few of us would ever see.

Don McGaugh
Vietnam Veterans Against the War
Warren, Michigan

***PARROT* TROOPERS**

Ray Bradbury's January story, *The Parrot Who Met Papa*, was excellent—and a fine departure for him into literary satire. The conceit of people squabbling over possession of an ancient parrot that's the repository for Hemingway's last great unwritten novel is perfect: It shows exactly the sort of literary grave robbing that Hemingway has been subjected to repeatedly—and pokes good fun at the large clan of Papa worshipers in the process. Good fun.

Fran Scott
Great Neck, New York

It's good to know that the parrot, El Córdoba, is in safe hands—but it's unfortunate that Bradbury didn't also know about the talking myna bird, El Kenya. When Hemingway was on safari in 1953, there was a myna that was always at his side. During the nights, when Hemingway talked a lot in his sleep, the myna listened to everything. To this day, El Kenya is a storehouse of Hemingway's nocturnal mutterings. It's too bad Bradbury didn't get to him in time; but, alas, it's too late. Someone has got to El Kenya and made him talk, and *Sports Illustrated* is running the whole thing. Let this be a warning to Bradbury: Keep El Córdoba heavily smeared with shoe polish. "Nevermore" is quite enough.

A. E. Hotchner
New York, New York

Hotchner is the author of "Papa Hemingway: A Personal Memoir."

SUN, SURF AND SECRET SERVICE

Although the title, *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place of White Houses* (PLAYBOY, January), suggested just another cute report on San Clemente, further reading provided a pleasant surprise; F. P. Tullius' piece is an accurate, concise depiction of the town's special *ambiance*. As one who grew up in San Clemente, I found this article evocative and thoroughly enjoyable.

Roger Lauer, M. D.
Silver Spring, Maryland

GERMANE GERMAINE

Your interview with Germaine Greer (PLAYBOY, January) gives good insight into the sexual feelings, tastes and thoughts of a woman—and no raving, no fist pounding, no crucifying—just some much-needed perceptive good sense. She advocates, I think, an honest sexual relationship between people, with each one treating the other as a human being rather than as an object or a conquest; and I fail to see how this should be inconsistent with or in any way detrimental to PLAYBOY's philosophy.

Robert Madel
Chicago, Illinois

I haven't seen an interview like this, either from man or from woman, in ages. How refreshing to find that a woman can think as Greer does, talk as she does, write as she does—and, to quote Céline, "piss on it all from a considerable height." What's even more refreshing is that she is out to liberate not just woman but also man—and how he needs it! She is so honest, so altogether defenseless that it makes one blush. I'll never forget what she said about falling in love and about writing.

I had to admire her way of parrying the feeble thrusts of PLAYBOY's interviewer. PLAYBOY ought to make her an editor, or at least let her have a column to cavort in monthly. This woman is dynamite—and I'm sure she is far better looking than PLAYBOY's photographer made her out to be.

Henry Miller
Pacific Palisades, California

The interview with Germaine Greer was one of the most stimulating conversations in recent years. It was also a courageous publishing venture, since most of her criticisms of your magazine are deeply insightful—especially her comments about how your magazine encourages sexual consumerism. It is ironic, however, that PLAYBOY itself may help raise male and female relationships above the object level, especially if such compassionate and humane people as Greer continue to receive the forum they deserve. Based on past reading of your magazine, I think they will.

Dan Stern
Instructor of Sociology
Ohio University
Saint Clairsville, Ohio

In concentrating on sexism and female sexuality in your recent interview with her, Germaine Greer has undercut the women's movement. Women's liberation is an aspect of human liberation; it is a movement toward political and legal awareness of the rights of all people.

Because of its emphasis on sexual exploitation, the women's movement has been toothless to a large extent. To be effective at a political level, a coalition

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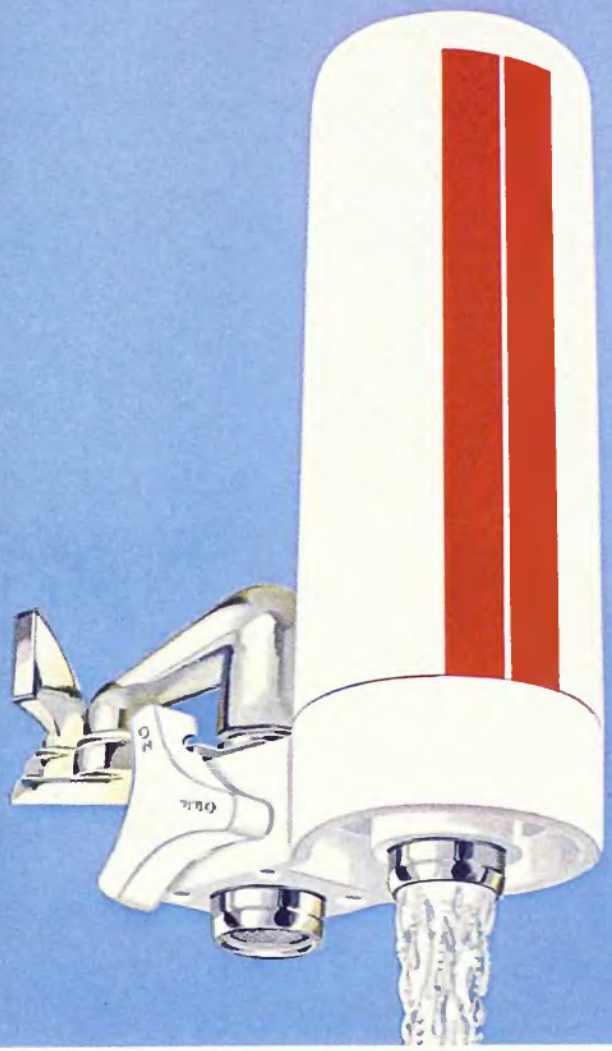

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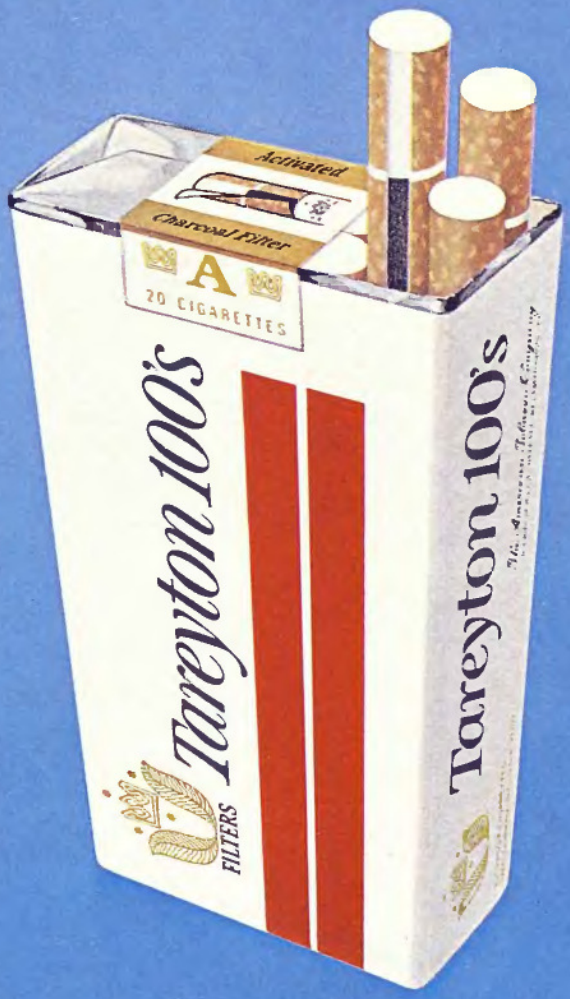

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is needed of *all* oppressed people: blacks, *chicanos*, migrant workers, welfare recipients, women—and men. Reform is needed in education, in medical and dental care, in poverty control, in practical urban renewal, in job training, in abortion legislation and in all legislation that puts constraints on human rights. Miss Greer seems to have overlooked this and, in condemning the "subliminal message" of PLAYBOY, has also overlooked the many positive steps PLAYBOY and the Playboy Foundation have taken toward a re-evaluation of American society and mores.

S. de Jongh-Kearl, Convener
Buffalo Feminist Party
Buffalo, New York

PLAYBOY is to be commended for its sporting interview with the illustrious Germaine Greer. But comparison of Greer, a feminist who *actually likes men*, to a Nazi leader who likes Jews is strange: If a certain segment of your readership can grasp the subtlety, it might find comfort in the fact that there are countless women resisting the domination and definition of their lives by the white patriarchy who still welcome their associations with men. You must know that even among liberation spokeswomen, separatism is rarely advocated—although the terms of togetherness may have been altered somewhat.

As a cynical but not totally discouraged member of the very sex whose exploitation made the Playboy empire what it is today, I would venture to say that the end of sexism does not mean the end of sex. In fact, if men and women begin to like and respect each other exclusive of their natural attraction, it could mean a new and rather inspirational beginning.

Judith Pringle
Tempe, Arizona

Greer's stating that men are equally enslaved by the inequality of the sexes indicates a remarkable degree of perspective. A man who controls a woman is controlled by that control no less than the woman is. His imprisonment is more subtle than hers but just as destructive and pervasive. Women can be free only to the degree that men are free, and vice versa. Ultimately, of course, we are only as free as our neighbor. No one is really freer than the least of us. The perspective Miss Greer has developed is something we all need a great deal more of.

William Pensinger
Washington, D. C.

Because of her foul mouth, my husband immediately classified Germaine Greer as another he-woman and refused to read your excellent interview. Hopefully, his negative reaction was not typical, but I have the feeling it may have been. Miss Greer's philosophy was pragmatic and her ideals were certainly feasible, but because of her unabridged vocabulary, I probably won't be the only one trying to convince a stubborn male that she's not out to castrate him. And I've got a long way to go, baby!

Keasha Moore
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I think Germaine Greer is a beautiful person—whether she likes my cartoons or not.

John Dempsey
Del Mar, California

The Germaine Greer interview is exciting proof that a woman can be brilliant, profound, witty and damn sexy all in one beautiful six-foot package—and proof that PLAYBOY is the only magazine around with enough guts to tell it like it is. Too bad so many of us had to wade through so many bobbed-hair bandits, painted puppets and frigid fillies to know so late in life just how much a truly liberated female could really turn us on. Greer proves conclusively to me that relations between human beings can and should be something other than the usual antiseptic kinds depicted in a Rock Hudson–Doris Day grade-B movie. Through it all, I could smell, taste and feel—if only on paper—a really broad broad for once in my life, right down to her deliciously hairy armpits. Thanks for the best bang ever.

Daniel L. Dever
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Your Germaine Greer interview was filled with obscenities and I am outraged. How dare you corrupt the American public? For shame: Repent and stop using four-letter words before God's wrath strikes you in the groin.

Al Goldstein, Executive Editor
Screw
New York, New York

ABOUT THE *INTERFACE*

At the Interface: Technology and Mysticism (PLAYBOY, January), with Arthur C. Clarke and Alan Watts, was outstanding. I hope I live to see our society free of the religious idiocy that continues to cause our environmental and social problems. We would all be far better off without it.

Richard Wagner
Nashville, Tennessee

DREAM MACHINES

As a regular reader of PLAYBOY, I was glad to see that Ken W. Purdy, your most prolific writer, had once again come up with a really interesting article about half a dozen desirable cars. I do not know that I would have made the same choices for *The Playboy Car Stable* (PLAYBOY, January), but I do know that whatever cars I had chosen, I could not have written more entertainingly about them. Apart from that, Ken has the happy knack of being able to impart a lot of interesting, educational information without ever sounding like a salesman.

Stirling Moss
London, England

Moss, a frequent competitor in world-wide sports-car racing, is one of the winningest drivers of our time.

SOUL ON ICE

It's been some time since E. Franklin Frazier wrote *Black Bourgeoisie*, which depicted the cruel tensions the middle-class black must contend with, but not until now have I read such a moving and convincing illustration of Frazier's observations as in Joyce Carol Oates's *The Loves of Franklin Ambrose* (PLAYBOY, January).

Joseph Williams
Toledo, Ohio

2000 YEARS TALKING

I would like to congratulate Gene Siskel for his hilarious piece in the January issue, *An Interview with the Censor*. I laughed out loud and I haven't done that since I read the first draft of *The Producers*. Siskel has the exceptional ability to do comic variations on the truth. I must say I was also haunted by the prophetic aura that surrounded the dialog. I have a strong feeling that Siskel's comic vapor will coalesce into reality long before January 20, 1999.

Mel Brooks
New York, New York

TRUE GRIT

The Moment of Truth (PLAYBOY, January) is one of the most intriguing sports articles ever published in any magazine. Having been a sportswriter for daily newspapers for some ten years, I delighted in reading of the inner feelings of these great athletes. I am now totally involved in rodeo, and I know I speak for the entire 3000-plus membership of The Rodeo Cowboys Association in thanking you for recognizing and including Larry Mahan as a respected professional athlete. It's a slow process to convince crusty old sports editors that rodeo belongs on their pages (it isn't played with a ball); but Larry was Oregon's Pro Athlete of the Year in 1969, and Olin Young, New Mexico's in 1971, so we feel we're gaining. When such a prestigious publication as PLAYBOY tips its hat our way, we are—in the Western vernacular—much obliged.

Arland Calvert, Editor
Rodeo Sports News
Denver, Colorado

One thing that stands out in your article *The Moment of Truth* is the competitive nature in each and every one of the athletes. It is obvious that a champion needs to be more competitive than the next man, but there are also other attributes that are required to

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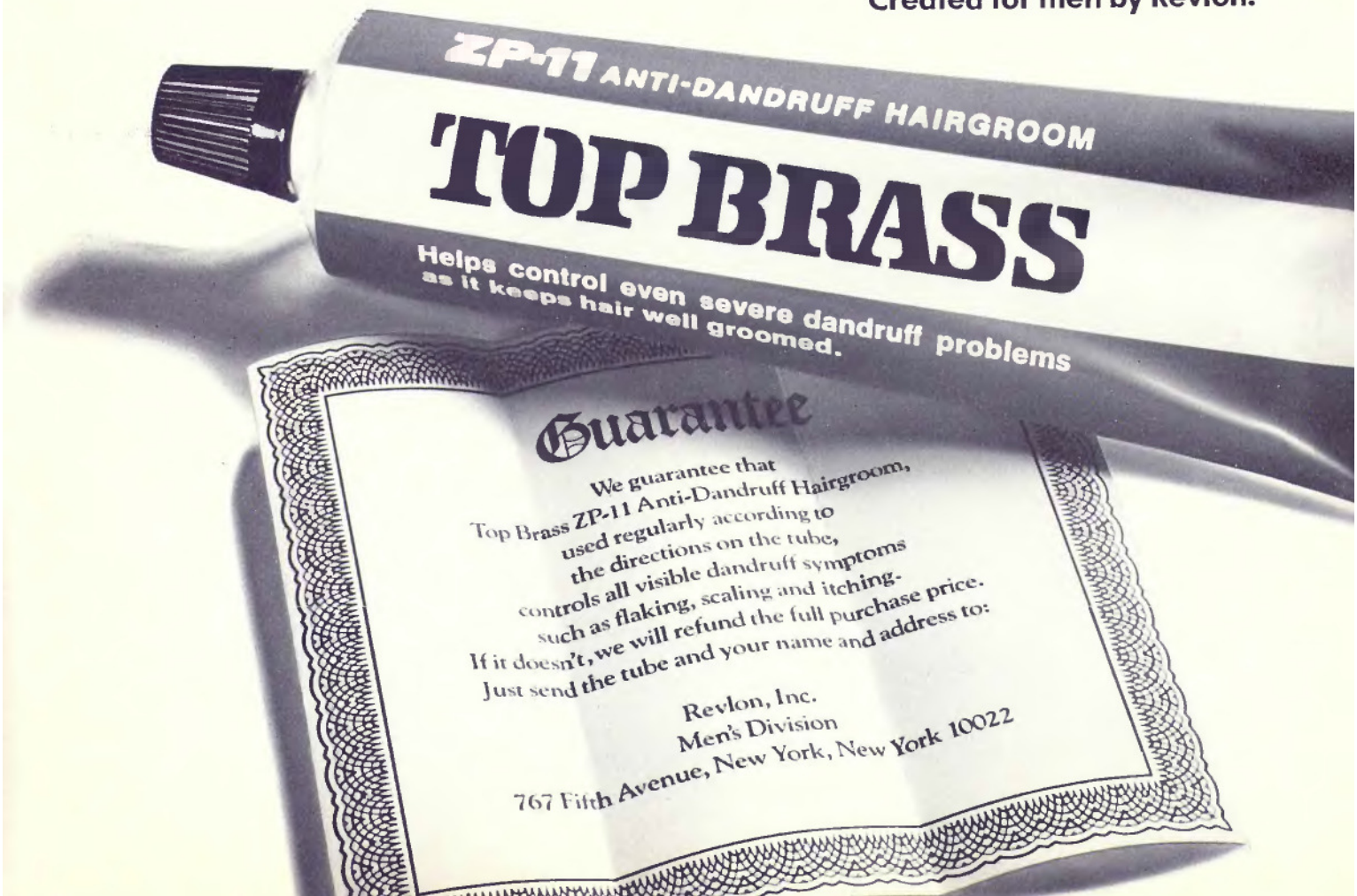

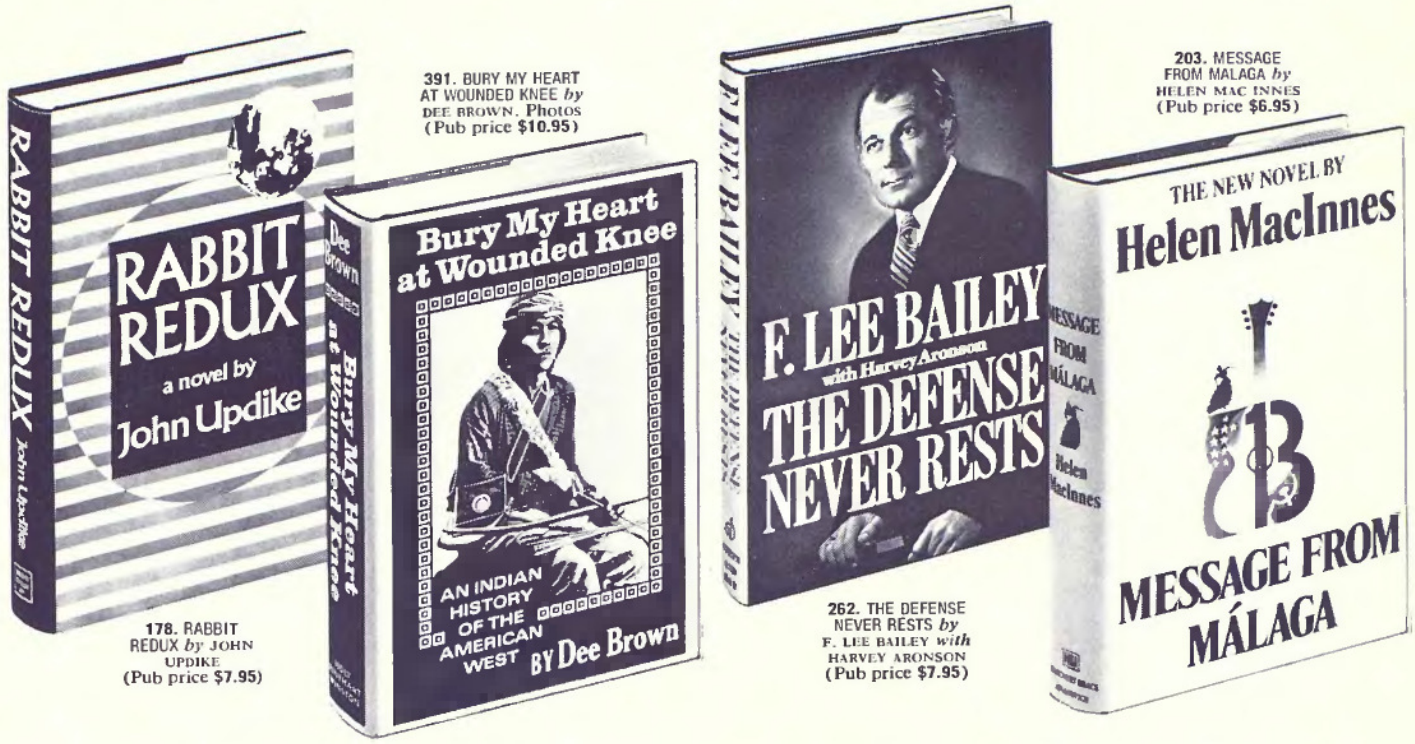

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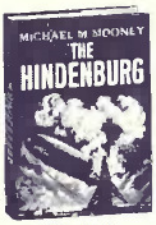

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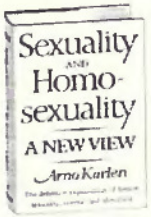

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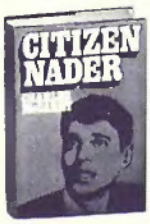

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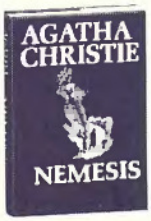

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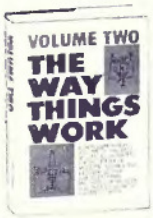

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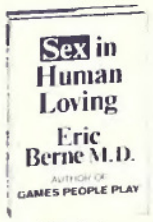

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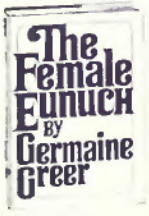

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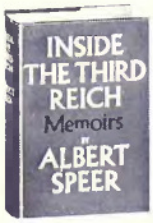

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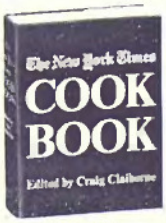

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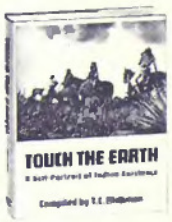

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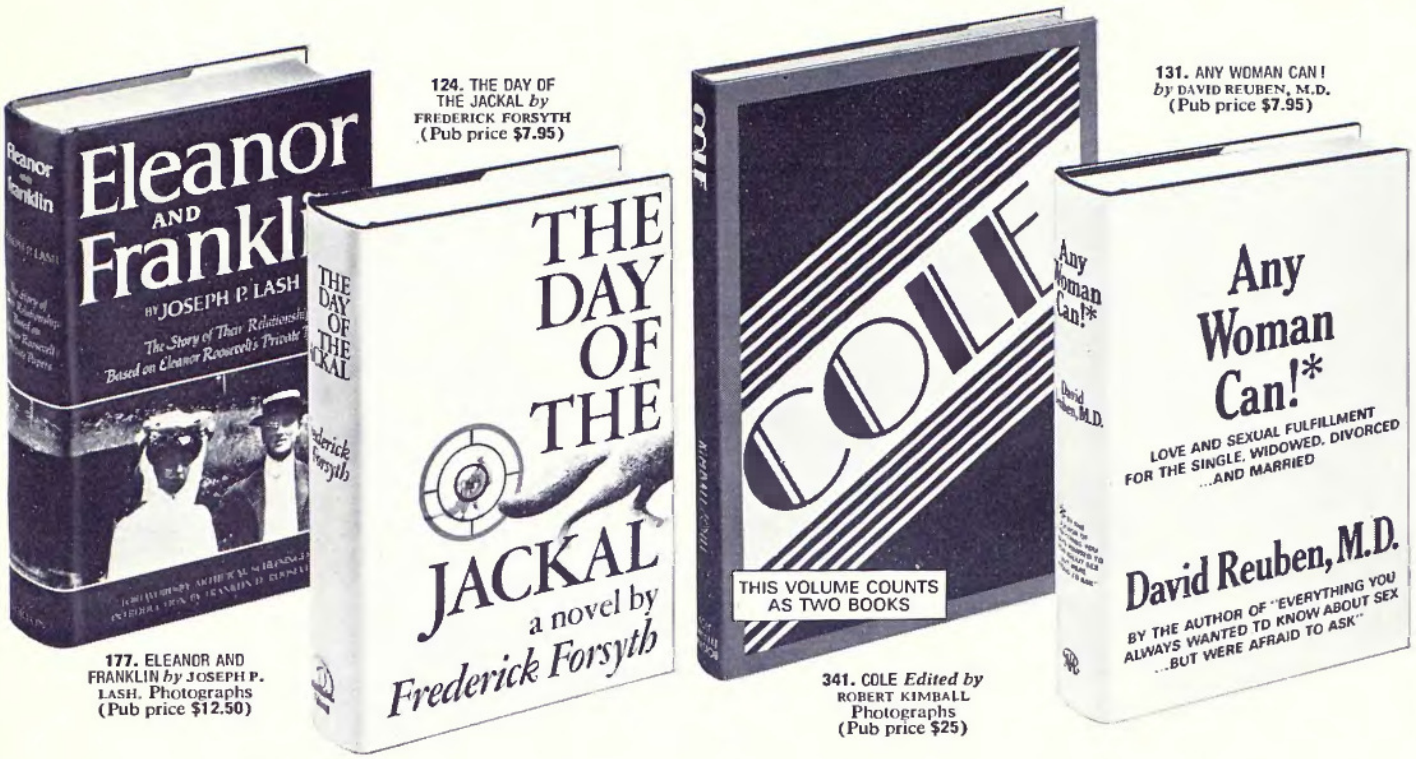

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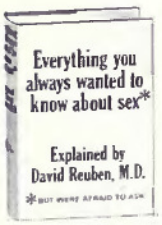

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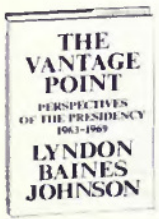

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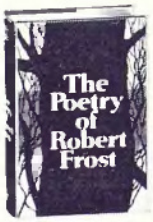

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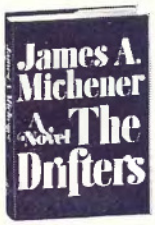

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make him the athlete that he is. I would like to have seen a more detailed interview with each one of these gentlemen to find out what makes them so competitive and to compare their ideas with my feelings about my own sport.

Graham Hill
Mill Hill, England

Hill, a famous race-car driver, won the Indianapolis 500 in 1966 and has been a consistent winner of the Monaco Grand Prix.

THE GRIM REEFER

The situation that Garry Wills recounts in *I'm Busted!* (PLAYBOY, January) is the result of a failure in thinking on the part of legislators who have created a situation in which the cure for the disease is worse than the disease. Everything would become clear and simple if they would go back to the starting point—the year 1914, when the Harrison Narcotic Act was passed to curb the indiscriminate sale of opiates. Until the act was passed, anyone could buy opium or morphine in any drugstore. So the purpose of the Harrison Act was humanitarian: It kept potentially dangerous substances out of the hands of the uninformed. Then a change occurred in the climate of opinion. The concept of the "drug fiend" became current. People who took opiates were no longer regarded as weak, misguided individuals. They were enemies of society. Then, by a truly fantastic feat of defective thinking, the fiend idea became attached to marijuana, which is not a narcotic and does not produce addiction.

By continuing to throw teenagers into jail for experimenting with marijuana, our judges are showing themselves almost as unenlightened as their 15th Century counterparts who would condemn a woman to be burned alive for practicing witchcraft. Our witch-burning ancestors finally learned the error of their ways after millions of innocent people had perished in agony. Our contemporary persecutors will presumably one day learn the error of theirs. But before they can do so, the fog of hypocrisy and muddled thinking that surrounds the subject of drug abuse has to be cleared. Factual articles such as *I'm Busted!* will certainly help toward the achievement of this end.

Robert S. de Ropp
Santa Rosa, California

Author of the classic "Drugs and the Mind," De Ropp has more recently written "The Master Game: Beyond the Drug Experience."

Far too often, debate over changes in the legal status of marijuana has centered on the possible harmful effects of the drug, rather than on the definite harmful effects of the drug laws. While legislators stutter and stammer about legalizing a substance that "we don't yet know enough about," literally hundreds of thousands of families each year suffer the painful experiences of arrest and conviction of one of their members. Indeed, a sensible alternative to the present situation is a moratorium on marijuana arrests while the seemingly endless parade of committees, commissions and studies of marijuana continues.

Lawrence M. Axelrod
Society for the Legalization of Marijuana
Stony Brook, New York

Unfortunately, many politicians who have publicly declared a war on drugs also support our current destructive and counterproductive national policy toward marijuana. We could take a major step toward controlling our country's drug-abuse epidemic by legalizing marijuana, redirecting our law-enforcement effort toward controlling international heroin traffic and using the new tax revenues from the billion-dollar marijuana market to support drug-abuse treatment centers, particularly in inner-city ghetto areas. In this way, we could launch a much more effective attack on the problem without any additional cost and without alienating or destroying a sizable portion of our country's next generation—something our current marijuana policies seem determined to do.

David E. Smith, M. D.
San Francisco, California

Founder and medical director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, Smith also edits the Journal of Psychedelic Drugs.

EDITORS' CHOICE

I am extremely pleased and gratified to have won PLAYBOY's best-essay award for *Thanksgiving in Florence* (November 1971). Most writers could be described as dour people who know other writers who have won awards. PLAYBOY is probably responsible for sweetening the sour grapes of more contemporary writers than any magazine in history. This contributor couldn't feel more happy.

John Clellon Holmes
Old Saybrook, Connecticut

Thank you for the best-article award. I guess it was somewhat unfair of me to send in a piece far longer than what was expected, but it was handsome of you to give *Centre Court* (June 1971) an open-minded reading and to use it in its entirety.

John McPhee
New York, New York

I've spent the past 20 years rehearsing acceptance speeches for everything from the Academy Award to the now-defunct *New York Daily Mirror*'s Beautiful Child Contest (I'd cheated and sent them one of my baby pictures—God, I was a cute little kid!). Now, at last, when someone has been kind enough actually to award me something, I find I am speechless. I guess when someone does something nice, what you do is say: Thank you. So—thank you for honoring as best major work *Where Am I Now When I Need Me?* (March 1971). I'm really deeply grateful.

George Axelrod
London, England

The wonderful news that I had placed first as a new fiction contributor with *Gray Matters* (June 1971) was surely the brightest moment in a week of blizzards, sub-zero temperatures and 105-mile-an-hour winds. Perhaps you will understand my appreciation more when I say that *Señor* Gabriel Garcia Márquez (who placed second) is a writer I admire greatly. I am, indeed, in distinguished company.

William Hjortsberg
Pray, Montana

Many, many thanks for your handsome and unexpected gift in the form of the nonfiction award as best writer new to PLAYBOY. I can assure you I enjoyed being in PLAYBOY as much as you appear to have liked having me there. I got a nice note from a friend in Vietnam the other day saying that battered copies of *Goodbye to the Blind Slash Dead Kid's Hooch* (August 1971) were still being passed around among the grunts to ease them in their loneliness with a feeling that someone who understood had been there and remembered. Again, my thanks.

Arthur Hadley
West Tisbury, Massachusetts

Allow me to denounce my collaborator, Brock Yates, on the occasion of our winning your first-place 1971 satire award for *Major Howdy Bixby's Album of Forgotten Warbirds* (January 1971). Yates, who professed vast expertise on the subject of arcane and obsolete World War Two aircraft and so weaseled his way into my trust in this sensitive undertaking, later exposed the shabbiness of his credentials during an autographing session at the Moose Lodge in Lamont, New York. As so often happens, the two of us were drawn into an impromptu game of "Name that plane." One pimply-faced schoolboy, armed with nothing more than a 1941 edition of *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, was enough to humiliate Yates, mortify me and lose us the contest. Yates mistook a Short Sea Mew for a DeHavilland Puss Moth; he confused a Blackburn Skua with a Supermarine Walrus; he stumbled over a simple Westland Lysander; and he booted even that most ubiquitous of aircraft, the Bristol Bolingbroke. A mere poseur. A man like that isn't fit to wear Major Howdy Bixby's goggles.

Bruce McCall
New York, New York

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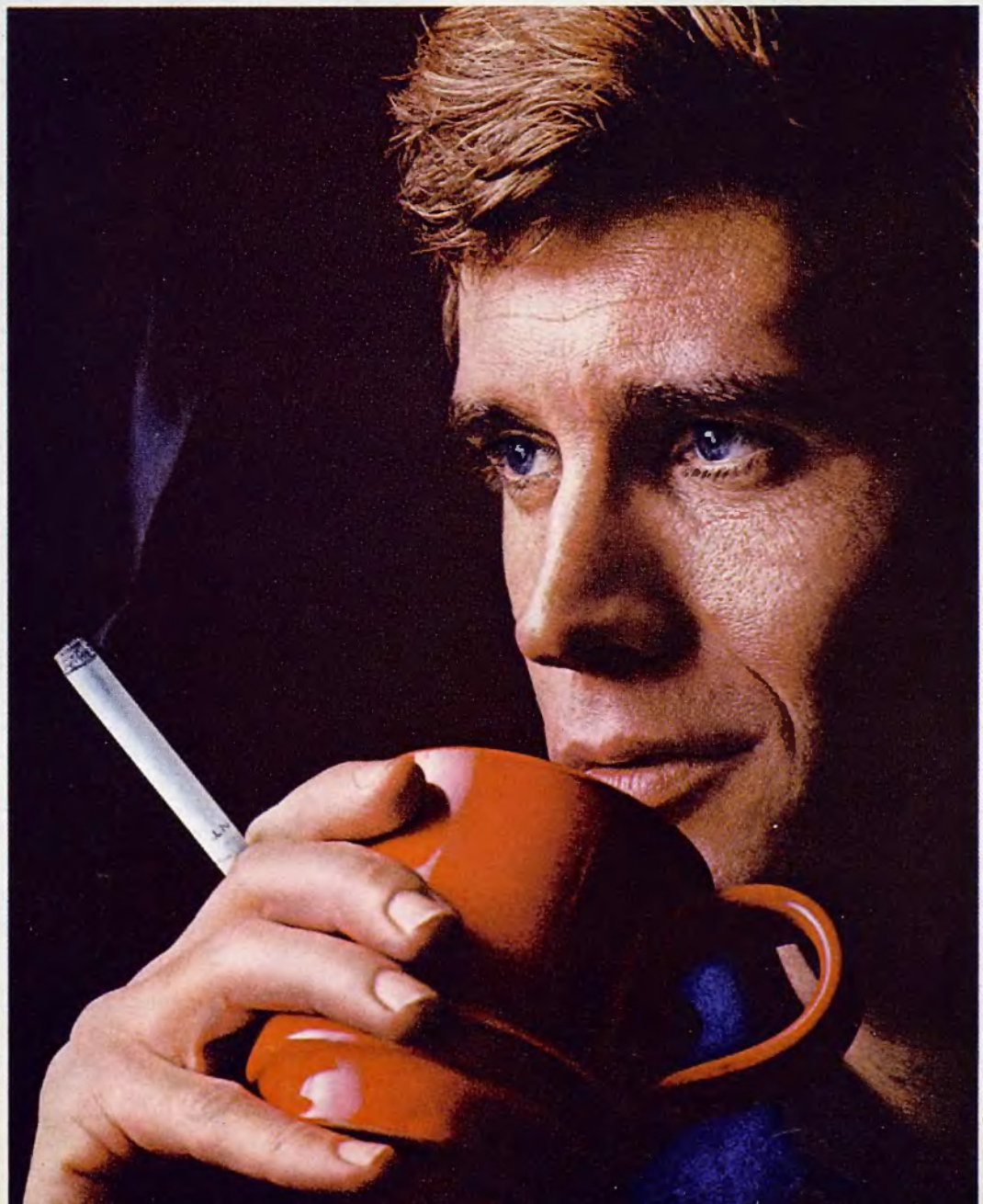
King size or Deluxe 100's.

Coffee 'n Kent!



Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

With the season for weekend outings rapidly approaching, we think it's time we apprised you of the latest way to fill those Saturdays—and your lungs: a water-pollution cruise. Not that all major cities have them yet. In fact, some flatly deny there's a reason for them, since they haven't got any pollution. A top official of New Orleans' chamber of commerce, for example, informs us that he doubts if "any of our waterways hold any interest from the standpoint of pollution, although driftwood is common and an occasional beer can is sighted." In many other port cities, the cruising business simply has never been successful, unless it's the kind of cruising done by ladies of the evening. But if the packed boats—at $13 a head—on Chicago Travel Club's all-day 65-mile trips are any indication of interest, we predict that such cruises may be plying the waterways of most major U. S. ports in the near future.

We took the Chicago trip one recent Saturday morning, boarding the Skyline Queen at her dock under the State Street bridge just north of Chicago's Loop. (As a matter of ecological interest, this is also the spot where Mayor Richard J. Daley dumps green dye into the Chicago River for Saint Patrick's Day and where the fireboats spray water dyed red, white and blue when astronauts and Presidents come to town.) Ambling down the gangplank, we were greeted by the gregarious tour director, nattily turned out in a red-and-white-striped shirt, matching tie and plastic name tag. He looked just like a carnival side-show barker; but when he began his spiel, after we'd chugged out into the dark-green waters of Lake Michigan, we realized that first impressions can be deceiving.

"Lake Michigan, as moody and stormy as the city," he said over the loud-speaker, "is everything to us. But we take the lake for granted, as if it were always here and always will be. What came out of the ice age may not survive the pollution age. As Carl Sandburg, the great poet who wrote about our city, said, 'I may never tire of the lake, but the lake may tire of man.' "

Continuing in this vein as the Skyline Queen plowed south and approached the sulphur-colored U. S. Steel works near Hammond, Indiana, he finally broke off and bellowed, "Wanna make some money?"

"Yeah!" yelled his eager audience. He proceeded to describe the ways a citizen who spots effluents can identify the polluter and be rewarded for helping bring the company to court.

Nearly three hours later, after passing through the black waters of the Calumet River, its banks lined with mills and loading docks, we finally turned into the Calumet-Sag Channel. And there, where the water was only dark brown instead of black, everyone—on cue from our group leader—rushed to one side of the boat to see a strange object floating near the bank.

"Wow!" he cheered. "Look, everybody. It's a real, *live* duck!!"

Ten minutes later, he picked up the mike again. "OK, folks. Guess what time it is? It's lunchtime!" And the two-man crew began handing out the box lunches to those who could stomach food. After dining on the delicacies—roast beef on white, ham on rye, potato chips, plastic-wrapped brownies and tissue-covered apples—several guests, anxious to keep the boat clean, dutifully tossed their boxes and wrappers into the water.

"Hope you enjoyed the meal, folks," the director barked. "Now, why don't we all just settle back, relax and pretend we're cruising on the beautiful canals of Venice, or down the Rhine or the Loire."

We've got a pretty good imagination, but not that good. By the time we disembarked some 30 miles later, however, we had decided that pollution cruises are, indeed, the wave of the future. True, in Cleveland not long ago, where a cruise line that operates on the Cuyahoga River had had the effrontery to call its passengers' attention to the water pollution—which is so total that the river occasionally catches fire—industry shortsightedly elected to keep its record, if not the water, clean by silencing the commentators. But we feel sure that, as the polluted water of other cities becomes unfit for drinking, swimming, fishing and almost everything else, big business will decide to go into the cruise line itself, having perceived not merely the savings involved in refusing to clean up its own mess but the rewards of making people pay to look at it.

•

Among our many correspondents is a gentleman—signing himself Dr. Horace Naismith—who frequently demonstrates an uncanny ability to propose simplistic solutions to complex problems. We aren't certain that he possesses, as he claims, "a mind so keenly honed as to slice through traditionalist, intellectual and bureaucratic thinking straight to the core of things," but our staff psychologist and our chief of building security advise us to humor him. Naismith's latest dispatch outlines his typically novel approach to reducing street crime in America.

The good doctor's solution to this national problem is to license municipally owned television stations to broadcast hard-core pornographic movies on weekend evenings between nine P.M. and three A.M.—the hours when most muggings and robberies occur. Given the innate depravity of criminals and the prurient interests of most citizens, Dr. Naismith asserts, televised stag films would keep just about everyone off the streets and out of trouble during the high-crime periods. Not only would this scheme make the streets safer but it would stimulate the saloon economy, generate color-television sales and perhaps even induce sex criminals to spend more time at home with their families. Not to mention the enormous amount of advertising revenue an enlightened municipal government could realize from program sponsors—money that could be earmarked for either raising police salaries or investigating police corruption. There is even the possibility that a plummeting national crime rate would give Congress the courage to slash

FBI appropriations and thereby provoke the resignation of J. Edgar Hoover. Dr. Naismith assures us that he will soon iron out the two remaining problems: how to circumvent FCC policies on television stag films and how to induce state legislatures to put pornography on a local-option basis.

•

Discussing his studies of sexual relations in Thailand, Dr. Opas Thamvanich concludes that the best temperature for lovemaking in that steamy sector of the Orient is 77 degrees Fahrenheit. And where did Dr. Thamvanich conduct his research? In Bangkok, of course.

•

Best wishes for a speedy recovery to the gentleman who ran this "Personal" in the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "I, MEL BARRON, am now recovering from a heart attack at Kaiser Hospital in Oakland. To all the beautiful ladies who I failed to keep dates with, my deep apologies. In my temporary (I hope) absence let not your deep sense of loyalty and love force you to abstain. Indulge, indulge, I say. You will appreciate me more upon my return."

•

Moneysworth, Ralph Ginzburg's self-styled "Consumer Newsletter," reports that a paint-by-numbers Studio Nudes Kit contains "a nude you can bring to fulfillment, digitally, in the privacy of your garret."

•

To prevent corporate confusion, this insightful memo was passed resourcefully down the line within California's Human Resources Development Department: "Due to a shortage of paper, the pink DE4456 will be coming out to the local office in green. These are to be treated the same as a pink DE4456. One method of identifying these 4456s would be to write 'PINK' in large letters."

•

A long hit to left field: The American Indian Movement has filed a class-action suit against the Cleveland Indians in an effort to have the Indian logo removed as that club's symbol. Next hits: the Atlanta Braves and the Washington Redskins.

•

Perhaps it's a result of Phase Two, but the Pennsylvania manufacturer of Happy Face and Sad Face novelty products says Happy Face sales have leveled off, while Sad Face sales are picking up.

•

Having now elected its first woman member, Britain's Preparatory Schools' Association has had to revise its constitution. Retiring chairman James Hornby explained the difficulty thusly: "We went through adding 'and headmistresses' whenever the word 'headmaster' appeared. But we were stumped when we came to the final paragraph, which read, 'Members should try to promote intercourse among headmasters.' "

•

The latest and by far the most attractive method we've heard of for giving up cigarettes is to have a few drinks. In an experiment conducted by Dr. C. L. Anand of Glasgow, five of 13 heavy smokers quit after sipping an alcoholic extract of oats for nearly a month. The other eight were down to fewer than six cigarettes a day. No statistics on how many of the 13 are carousing with undesirables or singing under lampposts, and Alcoholics Anonymous hasn't been heard from yet.

•

The Detroit Sunday *News* carried this thought for remodelers in an article on saunas: "Many designers prefer western cedar as it does not stain as readily as some other species, does not shrink, retains its attractive appearance and aroma and is cooler to sin on as it doesn't absorb as much heat."

•

Neat trick: An issue of *Show* magazine included an article titled "What Have They Done to Christ in Films?" And up front, where they give the credits, was writ, "Photograph of Jesus Christ from Culver Pictures, Inc."

•

This comforting news comes to us from a U.P.I. report on General Motors' test of its new Experimental Safety Vehicle: "ESV program manager William B. Larson reviewed the testing of the car in 50-mph crashes and said the results of a full complement of dummies placed in the car showed that 'all of them were killed, but some only slightly.' "

•

San Francisco columnist Herb Caen reports this sign spotted in the Drop Inn bar: FRIDAY NIGHT IS MOTHER'S NIGHT. ALL LADIES DESIRING TO BECOME MOTHERS ARE INVITED TO DROP IN.

•

One of New York's finest sent us this tidbit about Manhattan's police crackdown on prostitution, which assignment is appropriately referred to as the "pussy posse." In addition to the routine paperwork, there is now a personal questionnaire for the girls to fill out after their arrest, including the question, "Why did you become a prostitute?" Our informant reports answers ranging from "Why did *you* become a pig?" to "The Devil made me do it."

•

Washington, a state whose agricultural products include hops, found itself suddenly swamped with requests for seeds and roots and information on the cultivation of hop plants. Since hops are a principal constituent of beer, the first suspicion was that home brewing had become an overnight fad. But state officials soon traced the interest to an underground pamphlet called "A Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana," which claims that a "superior grass" can be developed by grafting Cannabis to hop vines.

•

What a way to fly: A Tokyo travel agency has offered a "porno tour of Europe." The 15-day, $1300 package includes the major pornographic attractions of Copenhagen, Hamburg and other European cities.

ART

Those familiar with the grim, repressive record of the Soviet Ministry of Culture will be mildly surprised by ***Soviet Union: Arts and Crafts in Ancient Times and Today***, the 1500-item exhibition of decorative arts now touring the U. S. It's neither gray nor preachy; it's almost frivolously bourgeois. Lenin said that art belongs to the people, and this is a people's show, full of *kitsch*. The hundreds of modern objects here—flowered rugs, painted plates, tall glass vases—prove that the Russian masses are just about as tasteful as the American masses. The entire exhibition, the largest ever sent abroad by the Russians, seems cunningly designed to please those of our countrymen who, while they hate the Commies, just love Lawrence Welk. There are also many treasures here, but only the 15th Century icons, those fiercely holy paintings shimmering with gold, seem to have been chosen exclusively for their beauty. A bejeweled saddle is here simply because Ivan the Terrible sat on it. Some bits of Scythian gold, produced 2500 years ago by expatriate Greek craftsmen, were probably included just because they're old. A red-velvet, pearl-encrusted boot in the exhibition seems to have been included because it might once have graced the thickish ankle of Catherine the Great. But most of the objects are modern, and they're here because they sell—and not just in Russia. If there are any tough, experimental artisans working now in Russia, they have been excluded from this show, with all the fear of dangerous individuality that that term implies. Russia's politicians seem to think that they have a winner. For past cultural exchanges, they hid behind such middlemen as impresario Sol Hurok, but a welcoming address by Premier Kosygin is posted in this exhibition and Madam Yekaterina A. Furtseva, minister of cultural affairs and an important Soviet personage since the days of Stalin, visited the show. While it's being seen in Washington, Los Angeles, Minneapolis–St. Paul, Chicago, Boston and New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art (the Met is

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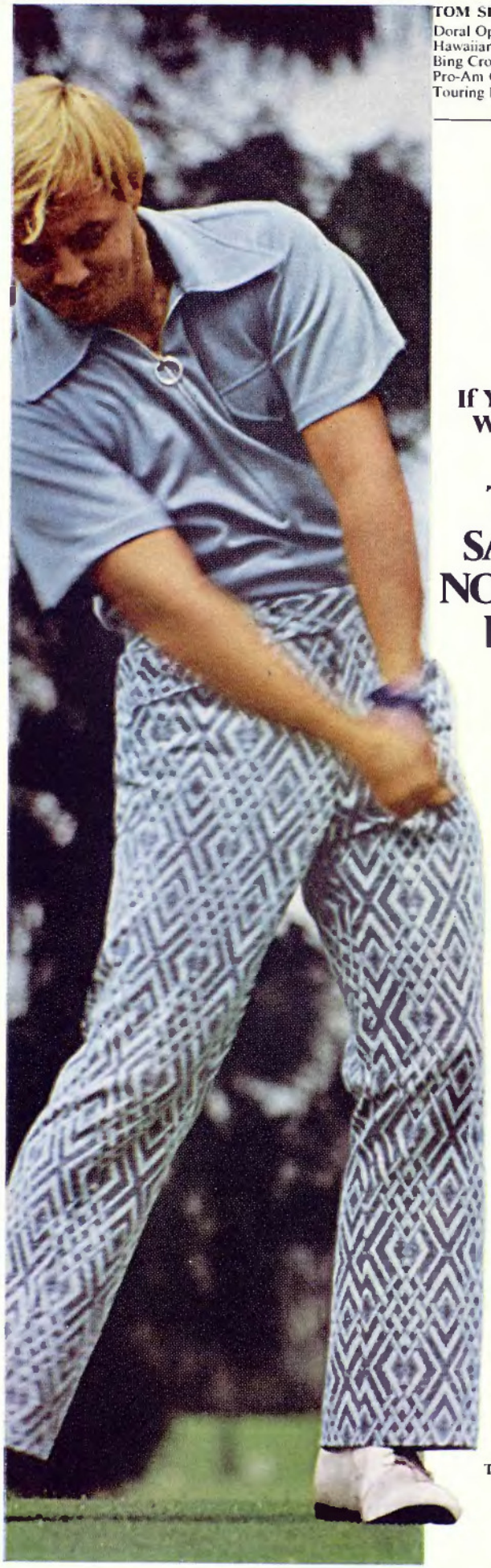

TOM SHAW

Doral Open Champion	1969
Hawaiian Open Champion	1971
Bing Crosby National Pro-Am Champion	1971

Touring Professional, **Inverrary** Country Club

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ALABAMA
Birmingham — Richard Bennett
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Decatur — Parisian
Huntsville — Loveman's
Mobile — Stoll's—Both Stores
Montgomery — Fannin's—All Stores
Montgomery — The Hub
Montgomery — Loveman's

ALASKA
Anchorage — Klopfensteins

ARIZONA
Phoenix — Smittys Big Town Store
Scottsdale — Smittys Big Town Store

ARKANSAS
Hot Springs — Schrader's

CALIFORNIA
Concord — Alder's
Downey — Hubbard-Brumley
Fresno — Coffee's—All Stores
Long Beach — Buffums'
Mexicali Baja — Casa Montano
Northern California — Grodins
Northern California — Hastings
Oakland — Alder's
Oakland — Top Drawer—All Stores
Riverside — Stag Shop
Sacramento — Kauffman's—All Stores
San Diego — Lion—All Stores
San Francisco — Rochester Clothing Co. —All Stores
Southern California — Grodins
Southern California — Harris & Frank
Southern California — Silverwoods

COLORADO
Boulder — The Regiment

CONNECTICUT
Kennedy's—All Stores
Branford — Horowitz Dept. Store
Bridgeport — Wallachs
Bristol — Land's
Fairfield — Natelsons Stores
Hartford — Rogers Peet
Hartford — Wallachs
Manchester — Regal Men's Shop—All Stores
Milford — Rogers Peet
New London — Outlet Co.
Stamford — Natelsons Stores
Trumbull — D. M. Read, Inc.
Waterbury — Rogers Peet

DELAWARE
Newark — Jack Lang Clothes
Wilmington — Brait Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — "George & Co."—Big & Tall Men's Shop—Both Stores
Washington — Mr. Man

FLORIDA
Coral Gables — Engel's
Daytona Beach — C. K. Slaughter
Hallandale — Phil Davis
Hallandale — Don Peters
Hialeah — Lansons
Hollywood — Lansons
Hollywood — Lees Apparel
Islamorada — Elsie Lee's Sand Dollar
Jacksonville — Ivey's—All Stores
Lake Worth — Johnson's Men's Shop
Lauderhill — Lansons
Merritt Island — Ivey's
Miami — Phil Davis
Miami — Jordan Marsh—All Stores
Miami — Rick's
Miami Beach — Baron's
Miami Beach — Phil Davis
Miami Beach — Larry Hoffman
Miami Beach — Lansons—All Stores
Orlando — Ivey's
Pensacola — Pensacola Gayfer's—Both Stores
Riviera Beach — Forest's Men's Shop
St. Petersburg — Egerton & Moore
Tallahassee — Brown's Men's Wear
Winter Park — Ivey's

GEORGIA
Atlanta — King Size Clothes
Augusta — Cullum's
Columbus — Tillman's
Gainesville — Frierson-McEver

HAWAII
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland Ltd.

IDAHO
Idaho Falls — Brown & Gesas

ILLINOIS
Aurora — Lytton's
Barrington — Phillips Men's Wear, Inc.
Calumet City — Baskin
Calumet City — Lytton's
Chicago — Baskin—All Stores
Chicago — Benson-Rixon—All Stores
Chicago — Cohn & Stern
Chicago — Erie Clothing—All Stores
Chicago — M. Hyman & Son
Chicago — Lauter's-Jerrems
Chicago — Lytton's
Chicago — M. L. Rothschild—All Stores
Chicago — Wieboldt Stores—All Stores
Des Plaines — Allen's Store For Men
East St. Louis — Al's 234 Shops
East St. Louis — Union Clothing
Evanston — Baskin
Evanston — Lytton's
Melrose Park — Erie Clothing
Moline — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Mt. Prospect — Lauter's-Jerrems
Oak Park — Baskin
Oak Park — Lytton's
Park Forest — Lytton's
Peoria — The Bell Clothing & Shoe House —All Stores
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Schaumburg — Erie Clothing
Skokie — M. Hyman & Son
Waukegan — Baskin
Waukegan — Feinberg's Store For Men
Waukegan — Lytton's
Waukegan — Storey's Men's Wear
Waukegan — Wieboldt Stores

INDIANA
Columbus — Dalton and Payne
Evansville — Gordons
Evansville — Sater's
Ft. Wayne — Louie D's
Ft. Wayne — Maier
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletcher
Gary — Mac & Dewey
Goshen — Snyder's Men's Shop
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis — The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis — Hudson's
Muncie — Beall's Men's Wear
New Albany — P. A. Niemaier
Noblesville — Zeckel's
South Bend — Gilbert's
Terre Haute — Meis Brothers Co.

IDWA
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Clinton — Syndicate Hub
Davenport — Simon & Landauer
Davenport — Syndicate Hub Clo.
Des Moines — Frankels—Both Stores
Des Moines — Kucharos—Both Stores
Waterloo — Palace Clothiers—Both Stores

KANSAS
Kansas City — Todds Mens Wear
Overland Park — The Jones Store Co.
Overland Park — Rothschild's
Overland Park — Todds Mens Wear
Prairie Village — The Jones Store Co.
Prairie Village — The Palace
Topeka — Cunningham Shields
Topeka — The Palace

KENTUCKY
Hopkinsville — Wade's
Louisville — Levy Bros.
Louisville — Rodes
Louisville — Stewart Dry Goods

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner & Co.
Baton Rouge — Goudchaux's
Lafayette — Abdalla's—Both Stores
New Orleans — Godchaux's
New Orleans — Porter's-Stevens—All Stores
New Orleans — Rubenstein Bros.

MAINE
Lewiston — LeBlanc's
Portland — Benoit's
So. Portland — Kennedy's

MARYLAND
Baltimore — Cushner's
Baltimore — Hamburgers—All Stores
Baltimore — Hutzler's
Baltimore — Stewart's—All Stores
Rockville — Lawrence Reed Ltd.—All Stores

MASSACHUSETTS
Kennedy's—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Boston — Filene's
Boston — Lampke
Boston — Martini Carl
Braintree — Filene's
Burlington — Filene's
Chestnut Hill — Filene's
Chestnut Hill — Milton's
Danvers — Giblee's
Framingham — The Wardrobe
Haverhill — Barrett's
Lawrence — Kaps
Lowell — Malliaros
Natick — Filene's
No. Dartmouth — Outlet Co.
Peabody — Filene's
Quincy — Milton's
Salem — Giblee's
Springfield — Lou Dramin Ltd.
Springfield — Forbes & Wallace—All Stores
Springfield — Albert Steiger, Inc.
Swampscott — Judd, Inc.
West Springfield — Yale-Genton
Worcester — Eddy's of Park Ave.
Worcester — Filene's

MICHIGAN
Birmingham — Gwynn's
Dearborn — Fifth Avenue Men's Wear
Detroit — Crowley's—All Stores
Detroit — Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Detroit — Jacks Place Mens Wear
Detroit — Kosin's
Detroit — Scholnick's
Detroit — Jack Stevens—All Stores
Detroit — Johnnie Walker
Farmington — Frederick's
Flint — A. M. Davison's—All Stores
Flint — Town Squire—All Stores
Grand Rapids — Christopher's Apparel Big & Tall
Grand Rapids — William Klein Store for Men
Lansing — J. W. Knapp
Lincoln Park — B. L. Sims—All Stores
Mt. Clemens — Anton's—All Stores
Mt. Clemens — Teck & Marks
Pontiac — Osmun's
Royal Oak — Todd's—All Stores
Royal Oak — Van Horn's
Saginaw — Edward's Men's Shop—All Stores
St. Clair — Toga Shop
St. Clair Shores — Wales Big & Tall
Southfield — Osmun's
Southfield — Van Horn's Men's Wear—All Stores
Southgate — Chelsea
Warren — Osmun's
Warren — Van Dyke Clothiers—All Stores
Wyandotte — Chelsea

MINNESOTA
Bloomington — Cedric's
Duluth — M & K Man
Mankato — Wilson's Clothing
Minneapolis — Juster's—All Stores
Minneapolis — Liemandt's—All Stores
Minneapolis — Young Quinlan—All Stores
Rochester — Hanny's Men's Wear
Rosemount — Cedric's
St. Paul — Cedric's
St. Paul — Crisler's Sportsenter
St. Paul — Liemandt's—All Stores
St. Paul — Young Quinlan—All Stores
West St. Paul — Mr. John's Clothing

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson — The Emporium
Jackson — Gayfer's
Jackson — McRae's—All Stores
Jackson — Stevens—Both Stores

MISSOURI
Columbia — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Jefferson City — Czarlinsky's
Kansas City — Eddie Jacobson's
Kansas City — The Jones Store Co.—All Stores
Kansas City — Klothes Kloset
Kansas City — The Palace
Kansas City — Rothschild's—All Stores
Nevada — Edmiston's
Rolla — Vern's Mens Wear
St. Louis — Aronson's—All Stores
St. Louis — Boyd's—All Stores
St. Louis — Esquire Men's Shop
St. Louis — Famous-Barr—All Stores
St. Louis — Leading Man
St. Louis — The Specialty Shop
St. Louis — Stix, Baer & Fuller—All Stores
St. Louis — Wolff's—All Stores
Springfield — Cole's Clothing & Shoes

NEBRASKA
Lincoln — Ben Simon's—Both Stores

NEVADA
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Reno — Harris & Frank

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford — Kennedy's

NEW JERSEY
Wallachs—All Stores
Atlantic City — Jules For Men & Young Men
Atlantic City — Schultz Inc.
Camden — Brait Co.
Elizabeth — Natelsons
Jersey City — Waldstein Inc.
Lake Hiawatha — Tony Ruda
Millburn — He-Man Shops
Mt. Ephraim — Ergood's
Newark — Larkey—All Stores
Newark — Micchelli's
Paramus — Gimbels
Paramus — He-Man Shops
Paramus — B & B Lorrys
Paramus — Rogers Peet
Paramus — Stern Brothers—All Stores
Pennsauken — Jack Lang Clothes—All Stores
Red Bank — Natelsons J. Kridel
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop—All Stores
Westfield — John Franks
Woodbridge — Field Brothers
Woodbridge — Kennedy's
Woodbridge — B & B Lorrys

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Strombergs

NEW YORK
Field Brothers—All Stores
B & B Lorrys—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Albany — Kennedy's
Brooklyn — George Leonard
Brooklyn — He-Man Shops
Brooklyn — Richfield Clothes
Buffalo — The Wm. Hengerer Co.—All Stores
Buffalo — The Kleinhans Co.—All Stores
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Flushing — Nibs Men's Shop
Garden City — Gimbels
Huntington, L.I. — He-Man Shops
Huntington, L.I. — Marsh's
Kingston — H. G. Rafalowsky
New York City — Browning Fifth Ave.
New York City — Gimbels
New York City — Mr. Ceasar Ltd.
New York City — Rogers Peet
Ossining — Ross Men's Wear
Rochester — Garson's
Rochester — Kennedy's
Rochester — McCurdy's
Rochester — National Clothing Co.—All Stores
Smith Haven — Rogers Peet
Syracuse — Gary's
Valley Stream — Gimbels
White Plains — Natelsons Stores
Woodmere, L.I. — Richfield Clothes
Yonkers — Gimbels

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte — Belk Dept. Store—All Stores
Charlotte — Harris-Hart Clo. Co.
Durham — Belk-Leggett
Durham — The Hub, Ltd.
Durham — The Young Men's Shop
Greensboro — Vanstory's
Hickory — West-Deal Co.
Morehead City — Hill's
New Bern — Hill's
Raleigh — Hudson-Belk Co.
Wilmington — Payne's
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Co.—All Stores

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo — Straus Co.
Grand Forks — Straus Clo. Co.

OHIO
Akron — Koch's—All Stores
Canton — The Harvard—All Stores
Cincinnati — H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland — Harry's King Size Clothes
Cleveland — Rosenblum's
Cleveland — Shack's
Cleveland — Skall's
Dayton — Walkers
Euclid — Gornik's
Newark — Mitchell's Men's Wear

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City — King Size Clothes
Oklahoma City — Mr. Buck Inc.—All Stores
Oklahoma City — Napoleon Nash's—All Stores
Oklahoma City — Parks Apparel—All Stores
Oklahoma City — Rothschild's—All Stores
Tulsa — King Size Clothes

OREGON
Eugene — Rosenblatts
Portland — Rosenblatts

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Bohlen Gross & Moyer
Bethlehem — Orr's of Bethlehem
Butler — McCarren's
Camp Hill — Stark Bros
Coatesville — Modern Cohen Bros.
Greensburg — Carlton Men's Shops
Harrisburg — Doutrichs
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Lancaster — Stark Bros
Meadville — Weldon
Monroeville — Carlton Men's Shops
Philadelphia — Arrow Store
Philadelphia — Diamond & Co.—All Stores
Philadelphia — Gimbels

PENNSYLVANIA (Cont.)
Philadelphia — Jackson & Moyer—All Stores
Philadelphia — Morville—All Stores
Philadelphia — Jacob Reed's Sons—All Stores
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh — Herman's Stylegate
Prospect Park — Torelli's
Stroudsburg — De Vivo-Quaresimo
Upper Darby — Brait Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Kennedy's—All Stores
Peerless Co.—All Stores
Cranston — Donnelly's
East Providence — Donnelly's
Garden City — St. Onge's
Garden City — Outlet Co.
Newport — Donnelly's
Providence — Donnelly's
Providence — Outlet Co.
Warwick — Donnelly's
Warwick — Filene's
Warwick — Outlet Co.
Warwick — Wallachs
West Warwick — St. Onge's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston — Berlin's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon Co.
Myrtle Beach — Nelson's Men's Shop

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls — Norman's Men's Wear

TENNESSEE
Bristol — The Courthouse Ltd.
Elizabethton — The Courthouse Ltd.
Greeneville — The Courthouse Ltd.
Kingsport — The Courthouse Ltd.
Memphis — Goldsmith's—All Stores
Memphis — Lansky Brothers—All Stores
Memphis — Parks-Belk Co.—Both Stores
Memphis — Stag Men's Shop
Nashville — Cain-Sloan
Nashville — Everett Holzapfel
Oak Ridge — Samuel's

TEXAS
Abee — Stickler's
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Arlington — Eddie Williams Man's Shop
Austin — Blomquist-Clark—All Stores
Austin — Merritt Schaefer & Brown —All Stores
Austin — Jack Mortons—All Stores
Austin — Slax
Austin — The Whale
Brownsville — J. & O. Men's Wear
Coleman — The Man's Shop
Corsicana — Harris & Jacobs
Dallas — Irby-Mayes—All Stores
Dallas — King Size Clothes
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson—All Stores
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Clyde Campbell
Ft. Worth — Cary's Men's Wear
Ft. Worth — Cox's—All Stores
Houston — Foley's—All Stores
Houston — Harolds Men's Wear
Houston — King Size Clothes
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle—All Stores
Houston — Norton-Ditto—All Stores
Houston — Rodney's—All Stores
Midland — Cal's Man Shop
Odessa — The Model Shop
San Antonio — Alterman's
San Antonio — Dillard's—All Stores
San Antonio — Joseph's—All Stores
San Antonio — Leo Mendlovitz
San Antonio — Pincus Company—All Stores
San Antonio — Todd's, Inc.
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Wichita Falls — Muehlerberger's Men's & Boys Wear

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Auerbach's
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

VIRGINIA
Abingdon — The Courthouse Ltd.
Alexandria — Brown's
Annandale — The Quality Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Chesapeake — The Hub
Hampton — The Hub
Lynchburg — Jordan, Ltd.
Newport News — Clayton's
Newport News — The Hub
Norfolk — The Hub—All Stores
Norfolk — Shulman's—All Stores
Portsmouth — The Hub
Roanoke — Mitchell Clothing Co.
Virginia Beach — Clayton's
Virginia Beach — The Hub
Wytheville — The Courthouse Ltd.

WASHINGTON
Seattle — Klopfensteins—All Stores
Spokane — The Crescent—All Stores
Tacoma — Klopfensteins

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — Frankenberger's
Charleston — Kelley's Mens Shop
Clarksburg — Melet's
Fairmont — Jones Inc.—All Stores
Parkersburg — Stern Brothers

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Appleton — Gimbels
Eau Claire — Muldoon's Men's Wear
LaCrosse — Newburg's Men's Wear
Madison — Gimbels—Both Stores
Madison — The Hub/Ed Schmitz & Sons —All Stores
Milwaukee — Brills/Colony—All Stores
Milwaukee — Friedman's—All Stores
Milwaukee — Gieringer's—BothStores
Milwaukee — Gimbels—All Stores
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Drlow-Stumpfs—All Stores
Milwaukee — Walkers Ltd.—All Stores
Oshkosh — W. A. Close
Rhinelander — DeByle's—All Stores

PUERTO RICO
Rio Piedras — Puerto Rico Elegante
San Juan — Gonzalez Padin—All Stores
San Juan — Tops—All Stores
Santurce — Gentleman

REPUBLIC OF PANAMA
Panama City — Diorvett Stores

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 207.

hoping for a chance to show treasures from the Hermitage), a reciprocal exhibit—of computers, Princess phones and such—will be touring the U. S. S. R.

BOOKS

Wolfgang Wickler's ***The Sexual Code: The Social Behavior of Animals and Men*** (Doubleday) is a provocative contribution to the budding science of ethology. Wickler's major point: Biologically predetermined behavior does not exist for man nor any other animal. Behavior keeps changing—it is the mechanism by which animals adapt to new environments—and changes in physical structure *follow* behavioral changes. The implications of this view are important. If behavior is so plastic, then alternation of sexual roles, utilization of sexual organs for purposes other than procreation, the existence of a wide variety of sexual and social behaviors are as natural as breathing. Our notions of maleness and femaleness can then be understood as deriving from the need for a division of labor in early human societies. If that need disappears, argues Wickler, the segregation of sex roles may go the way of the dodo. Flawed only by a heavy-handed attempt to beat the moribund horse of theological morality, *The Sexual Code* suggests that appeals to the court of natural law would encourage greater sexual freedom and behavioral and social experimentation. Neither so wise nor so careful, and marked by an irritating tone of condescension, is Desmond Morris' ***Intimate Behavior*** (Random House). Despite his background in zoology, Morris seems to misunderstand the lessons of evolution. Convinced that there is an immutable human nature, he regards Homo sapiens as the final product in an evolutionary process. Instead of questioning the different effects of various types of human behavior—differences in child-rearing techniques, in amount of tactile contact, in relative isolation or sociability of infants—and their possible adaptive significance, Morris appears to assume that context is irrelevant; the behavior that produces emotional disorder in one culture will produce similar disorder in others. He seems inordinately fond of eliciting gasps of surprise from a naïve audience. Hence, he equates adult activities with their infantile correlates: A fur coat is the adult substitute for a mother's body; cigarettes satisfy a need for unrequited oral satisfaction; courtship is nothing more than a repetition of the pattern of bonding and detachment that marks the mother-child relationship. No one can argue against Morris' basic point that human beings need love, physical contact and intimacy. But his simplistic reductions offer little understanding of the thousands of patterns by which these basic needs are satisfied to produce different kinds of adults.

•

Ostensibly, ***The Boys of Summer*** (Harper & Row), by Roger Kahn, is about old baseball players and what befalls them after their skills wither from age (the title comes from a Dylan Thomas line—"I see the boys of summer in their ruins"). But it is also about growing up in America and the conflict of values in our national life. In 1952, when Kahn was 24 years old—"at a point in life when one is through with boyhood but has not yet discovered how to be a man"—he was assigned to cover the Brooklyn Dodgers for the *New York Herald Tribune*. These Dodgers were the first integrated pro team, with a special mix of players like Duke Snider and Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella and Gil Hodges, Pee Wee Reese and Joe Black, a team remarkably close in spirit despite the divergence of their origins. They were, as Kahn explains, "a national team, with a country in thrall, irresistible and unable to beat the Yankees." Kahn spent only two years with the Dodgers, but the boys of summer remained in his blood. "How are the years with them?" he wondered more than a decade later. The central portion of his book is devoted to revisits with these old Dodgers—Carl Erskine, the pitcher, occupied at home with a Mongoloid son; Billy Cox, the third baseman, beaten down to tending bar in an American Legion hall; Carl Furillo, the strong-armed right fielder, still in a rage over the treatment he thinks he received from baseball; Jackie Robinson, shaken to the core by the violent death of his son, Jackie, Jr. But it is Kahn's story, too—his boyhood in Brooklyn, in a home of self-conscious intellectuals; learning a trade as a newspaperman (a segment that should become a text for journalism schools); the love of the son for his father, whose collapse on a street Kahn describes in a moving passage: "The sidewalk was a rotten place to die. Pebbled cement scrapes a twitching face. A man deserves privacy at the end, and anesthesia. Surely my father had earned that for a gentle life." Roger Kahn has used the game of baseball to tell something about himself—and all of us.

•

Only now, well over a quarter century after the event, do the British make the stunning disclosure that for the greater part of World War Two, "by means of the double-agent system, we actively ran and controlled the German espionage system in this country." What is more, they prove it in an authorized, often thrilling and always deftly veiled account written immediately after the war but only now released under the title ***The Double-Cross System in the War of 1939 to 1945*** (Yale University). The author is J. C. Masterman, a former vice-chancellor of Oxford University, who worked in British Intelligence but, faithful to his training, carefully avoids saying exactly what he did. The take-over of the German espionage system was achieved by degrees. As agents were dropped by parachute or put ashore from submarines, most of them were quickly picked up and offered a choice—imprisonment (or presumably worse) or an opportunity to cooperate with the British by telling all they knew and then accepting British control in sending back misleading information to the fatherland. So the apparatus was built up methodically, with the Germans paying for it to the ultimate tune of about £85,000. Eventually, they were being totally hoodwinked. In 1944, Hitler and Rommel were convinced that the landing in Normandy was a feint and that the real invasion was coming in the Pas de Calais. In January and February of 1945, controlled agents sent back such misleading data about where V-2 rockets were landing that their range was moved eastward about two miles a week and ended well outside the London regional boundary. The antics of agents enjoying such noms de double cross as Garbo (a Spanish genius who was awarded the M. B. E. by his British friends and the Iron Cross Second Class by his German dupes), Mutt and Jeff, Teapot, Treasure (an intelligent but temperamental woman), Tricycle, Weasel and Zigzag add up to fascinating reading. Moviemakers ought to be able to live for years on the exploits recorded by the aptly named Masterman.

•

The Word (Simon & Schuster), Irving Wallace's latest novel, concerns the discovery of a so-called fifth Gospel written by one of Jesus' brothers, which indicates that Christ survived the Golgotha ordeal and died in Rome years later. Wallace's version of Jesus is reminiscent of Alec Guinness as Fagin: large nose, thick lips, pock-marked face and a limp. The Byzantine plot revolves around the matter of authenticity: Is the archaeological discovery the real McCoy or a hoax? Steven Randall, a PR man hired by an international publishing syndicate to promote their forthcoming fifth-Gospel Bible, gets deeper and deeper into the problem, tracking down liars and fakes and forgers and double-crossers of every stripe. Randall's detective work is replete with exclamation-point surprises. Unfortunately, Wallace finds it hard to waste the least morsel of his research, even trotting out a noncharacter whose sole function is to recite odds and ends. ("Do you know that the New Testament credits Jesus with exactly 47 miracles?") The novel is padded with minilectures

When Cliff Richey takes off his Purcells, he puts on his Purcells.

Cliff Richey wears Purcells off the court. And on.

So before he takes on the toughest pros in tennis, he takes off his leather Purcell RaceArounds.

Then he puts on his on-the-court, rugged Purcells. The ones he wears in championship tennis matches.

The ones with the tough, durable insole.

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Which is a good way for you to remember Purcells.

Wherever you buy better shoes.

Jack Purcell

B.F.Goodrich

...in pursuit of excellence

—everything from a thumbnail biography of Johann Gutenberg to a summary of the carbon-14 dating process. And, of course, there are the fabulous Wallace women, none middle-aged nor plain. Alas, the novelist seems to be running out of ways to describe them. "Angela Monti was, literally, breath-taking" serves as the introduction to his principal female character. *The Word*: old wine in a new bottle (of the screw-top variety).

•

Before Masters and Johnson there was Kinsey, and before Kinsey there was nobody—at least nobody who had seriously tested prevailing theories of human sexuality against empirical data. In collecting 18,000 sexual histories through personal interviews and publishing his massive works on male and female sexual behavior, Kinsey collided with an American scientific establishment that still regarded sex as taboo. Professional critics focused their attacks on Kinsey's loose sampling techniques and statistical naïveté, especially in his research on males. The admitted moralists simply denounced him as an agent of the Devil who would promote degeneracy with his evidence that "everyone is doing it"—meaning sex: premarital, extramarital, homosexual or otherwise "unnatural." Kinsey's work not only endured, however, but paved the way for today's sophisticated research into the psychology and physiology of sex as a normal, natural human function. Now two of his former associates have undertaken to supply the historical and biographical background largely missing from the millions of words written about Kinsey, who died in 1956, his institute and his sensational reports. Dr. Wardell Pomeroy apprenticed himself to Kinsey in the earliest days of the sex-research program, becoming a co-author of the reports and, today, a sex expert in his own right. In ***Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research*** (Harper & Row), Pomeroy recounts his many years on the Kinsey team, detailing its work, techniques and battle for respectability. In ***Kinsey: A Biography*** (Indiana University), Cornelia V. Christenson skims the institute's activities and concentrates on Kinsey's personal life and professional career. Neither book devotes much space to Kinsey's findings, which have long since become public knowledge, but together they supply nearly everything you ever wanted to know about Professor Kinsey and didn't know whom to ask.

•

Shepherd (*How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*) Mead has launched a mostly hilarious counterattack on women's lib—***Free the Male Man!*** (Simon & Schuster). Mead's manifesto attacks all the flagrant perquisites of being an American female, from alimony to longer life expectancy: "How many women are frogmen, test pilots . . . firemen, Grand Prix racers . . . people who get shot out of cannons? Is it any wonder men are in the minority? It's a miracle any of us are left at all." How many women, asks Mead, are eager to leave their automated kitchens to play right field, dig ditches, collect garbage, mine coal, police college towns? He argues that it is the male who is the exploited partner, the sex object and plaything of the insatiable and better-equipped female: "The male all-purpose tool is to the female clitoris as a muzzle-loading flintlock is to a machine gun, a kitchen sink to a pleasure palace. Our poor utilitarian plumber's helper has to serve as a drainpipe and seed planter—and only incidentally and occasionally as a pleasure wand. And, like a shaver battery, it has no power or spark without a long period of recharging." Probably Mead's ultimate assertion of male superiority is his sense of chivalry—a burden that he disdains to abjure: "Treat her like a lady and it will help her act like one. Set her a good example!" Let us all take a leaf, of the fig variety, from Mr. Mead's gentlemanly approach.

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It is early in the election year of 1976. Richard Nixon has taken to trying to sneak out of the White House in the middle of the night because—as his psychiatrist, Wolfgang Kissinger, explains to Pat—his inferiority complex tells him that though he is capable of running for the Presidency, he is not able actually to *be* President. As Nixon withdraws from reality, Agnew takes over behind the scenes. ***Get These Men Out of the Hot Sun*** (Arbor House) begins there with a story of "future history" that is awkward as a novel yet significant because author Herbert Mitgang carries weighty credentials: He is a member of the editorial board of *The New York Times* and president of the Authors Guild. Mitgang eschews both the gloves of satire and the mask of farce. Instead, he hammers out a story of an America run by a political cabal oozing morality from behind a façade of superpatriotism. Alarmed for democracy, three middle-aged veterans of a World War Two counterespionage team plot to infiltrate one of their number, college professor David Pringle, into the White House, where, if necessary, he can assassinate Agnew. Pat and Mamie mastermind an Agnew–David Eisenhower ticket that beats Humphrey-Connally, and the President-elect firms up his program: more support for the Greek colonels; enlargement of the U. S. "advisory force" in Burma; a commission to revamp the Bill of Rights, with particular attention to the First Amendment. Yet it's only when Agnew presents his Cabinet on television—McGeorge Bundy as Secretary of State, Joe Alsop at Defense, Ayn Rand at Treasury and Walt Rostow ("who knows his chemical herbicides") as Secretary of Agriculture—that Pringle feels compelled to act. This is a clumsy book whose macabre humor would be less macabre and more humorous were its characters not all too real.

•

About halfway through ***The 30,000-Mile Ski Race*** (Dial), skier-author Peter Miller explains the significant differences in technique required by the three major events in competitive skiing: the downhill, the slalom and the giant slalom. Like a skier determined to run all three simultaneously, Miller has attempted to write an exposé, a character study and an adventure narrative at the same time. The result is predictable: He comes a cropper, but excitingly. *Race* is the story of the 1970–1971 world tour in which the top international skiers competed for the coveted World Cup. From Val-d'Isère to St.-Moritz, from Kitzbühel to Sugarloaf, Miller follows the fortunes and misfortunes of the racers, focusing on the Americans among them. As long as it stays on the slopes, the book is superb. Split second by split second, Miller takes you down the runs with the skiers so graphically that you can hear the wind hissing past, feel the crunch as a ski tip nicks a slalom gate. Not so successful, however, are his attempts to analyze the characters of the American skiers, who come off as remarkably immature. And when he attacks the background figures of big-time ski racing—equipment salesmen, publicists and journalists, officials and coaches, the racer-chaser girls who want to bed down with the champions—the book becomes a litany of minor complaints (the skiers aren't invited to the postrace parties). Miller clearly agrees with the American skiers who feel they are victims of the U. S. ski establishment, ordered around like professionals but treated like amateurs. Yet can the American World Cup score, four wins out of 47 races, be blamed on everybody but the skiers? Still, for all its shortcomings, Miller's book, with over 100 action photographs, will see a ski buff through the longest lift waiting line.

•

The most striking feature of Brock Brower's loose, elliptical novel ***The Late Great Creature*** (Atheneum) is that its sources seem almost exclusively cinematic. Brower introduces actual characters from the publishing world into the periphery of his nightmare comedy, which concerns the filming of a Hollywood horror flick and the efforts of an Eastern magazine writer to put together a definitive profile of its star—a classic bogeyman named Simon Moro, who seems to be a composite of Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff and Lon Chaney, Sr. Celebrated

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

THE BIGGEST SELLING VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING

This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

And to give you an idea of how good it is, here's how it stacks up, point by point, against America's favorite, the Volkswagen.

And not just the regular Volkswagen. But the Super Beetle.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car. And also because pulling is a much more efficient way to move something than pushing.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

Now, since engines alone do not determine how well a car performs, there are a few other subjects we'd like to cover.

For instance, the Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

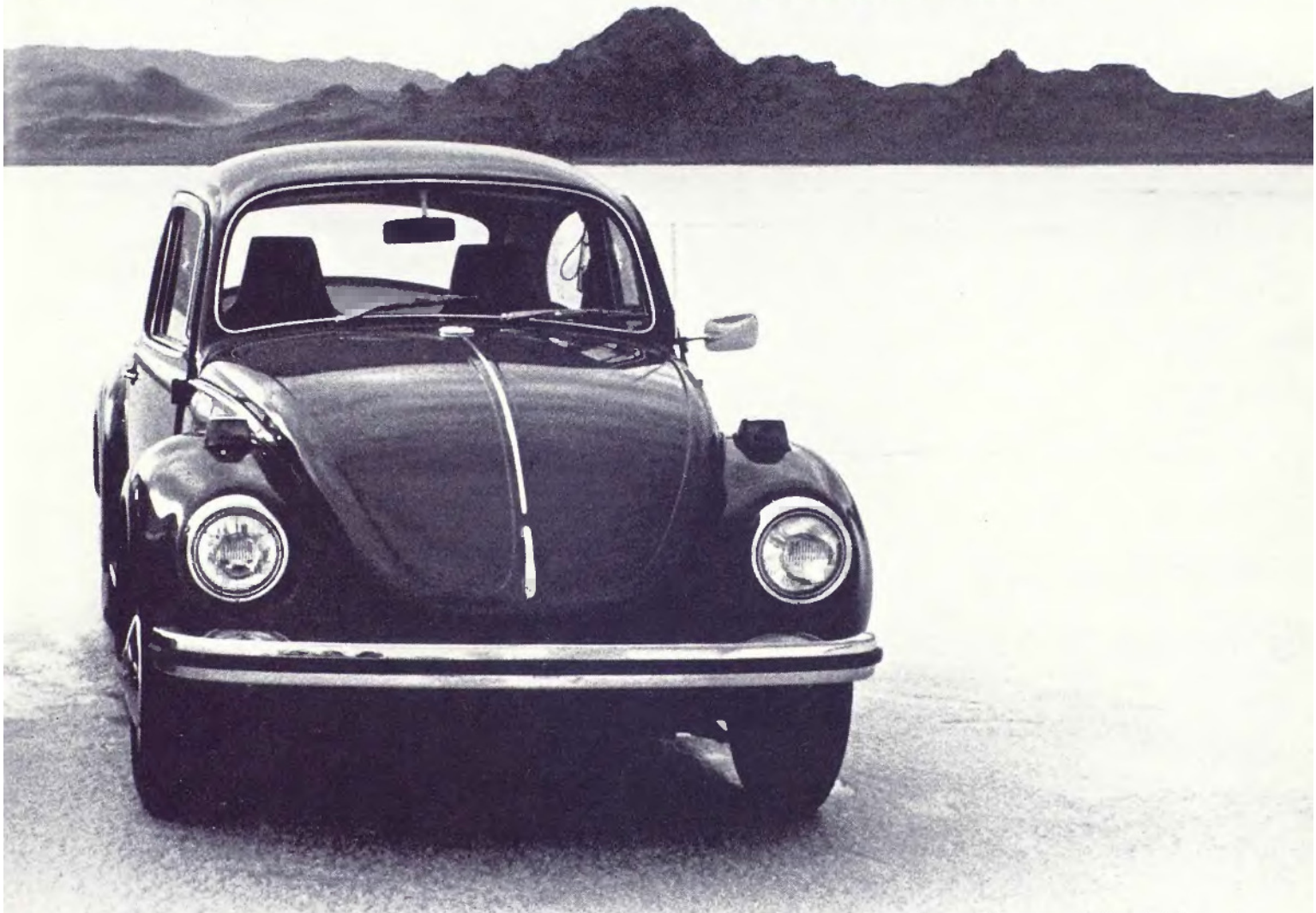
Secondly, the Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road,

SMALL CAR IN EUROPE
SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.



they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs $167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of. According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

ACCELERATION		
FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	20-50 mph	11.635 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.
BRAKING		
FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.81 in.
VW		160.24 in.
FRONT SEAT – SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		53.50 in.
VW		46.0 in.
REAR SEAT – SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		49.875 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT – KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

in film archives as the monstrous Ghoulgantua, a molester of little girls, Moro foolishly lives to become a sinister legend, and finds it difficult to perpetrate any horror equal to the real life in contemporary Hollywood and New York. But he tries, crowning his offscreen exploits by displaying an unlucky prop man's severed finger on the *Tonight* show. There's more, much more: put-downs and plot parodies and seductions and a series of baroque questions ("Were The Invisible Man's excreta also invisible?"). Brower at his best suggests a younger Nabokov who has been nurtured on a diet of creepy old movies.

•

In the Thirties and Forties, William Saroyan's novels (*The Human Comedy*), short stories (*The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*) and plays (*The Time of Your Life*) were bright rockets in the literary skies, filled with an innocent, roistering love of life. But money troubles, marriage troubles and work troubles dogged Saroyan (or vice versa) and the great promise never matured. His new book, ***Places Where I've Done Time*** (Praeger), uses the homes, hotels, ships, saloons, offices, bordellos that were meaningful to him as pegs on which to hang autobiographical reflections. He bobs back and forth from boyhood to adulthood, from poverty to wealth, from failure to success to failure again. Here and there are old Saroyan flashes, especially in vignettes of his early Armenian-flavored life in California; but though he attempts to maintain the illusion of devil-may-care enthusiasm for life in all its aspects, the laughter sounds sadly hollow.

•

George L. Jackson's last book, ***Blood in My Eye*** (Random House), completed shortly before his fatal failure to escape from San Quentin, was intended as a revolutionary weapon. Written in the form of didactic letters, it is a Marxist-Leninist call for violent revolution to be set in motion by a black leadership cadre. Jackson was utterly convinced that the revolution "for new relationships between men" had to be preceded by violent confrontation. Even if it resulted in repression, that, too, would be positive—"a necessary stage in the development of revolutionary consciousness." And even if the violent revolution ultimately failed in America, the rest of the world would benefit through the reduction of this country to a wasteland. Jackson was so consumed by this dark vision that he took great pride in the death of his 17-year-old brother, Jonathan, when the latter, armed, failed to free three black convicts from a San Rafael courtroom. George Jackson's final revolutionary testament is profoundly saddening—an effect he did not intend. This man had made remarkable use of his long prison years to strengthen his mind and body, but his bitterness at injustice so distorted his intelligence as to lead him to construct a self-fulfilling prophecy of death. The book is part of the stubborn odyssey of a man with extraordinary potential in whom rage transcended reason. His legacy remains dangerous. A minor but instructive complementary work of autobiography, ***The Education of Sonny Carson*** (Norton), by Mwlimu Imiri Abubadika (the author's Muslim name), tells of a survivor of black militancy. Carson, who became known as a leader of the Brooklyn CORE, which eventually split from the national body, relates a by-now-familiar but nonetheless affecting story of an individual black's refusal to submit to institutional racism. Carson could have settled for a moderately "successful" middle-class life style, despite a prison record, but he chose to become a community organizer instead and was prominent in the Ocean Hill–Brownsville battle for community control of the schools. His book ends just before that defeat, having explained how he achieved a positive sense of self-worth by becoming part of a collective struggle for identity. Had Carson spent as long a time in prison as George Jackson, he, too, might have been driven to self-destruction. There is, of course, no guarantee that he might not yet be so driven.

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Also noteworthy: ***The Physiology of Taste*** (Knopf), the masterpiece of the 19th Century philospher of food, Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, is available in an elegant new translation by M. F. K. Fisher. This erudite and lively work abounds in anecdotes and aphorisms on such matters as fasting and feasting, dreams and digestion, obesity and thinness and the erotic effects of truffles. It makes one hunger for more.

DINING-DRINKING

New York City seems to be experiencing a soup renaissance. ***La Potagerie*** on Fifth Avenue near 46th Street, a sleek, colorfully tiled, self-service caravansary, offers generous 14-ounce helpings of soup as the only entree—and in stunning diversity. Depending on the day, you can choose from about 15 souperb selections, including Saint Gingolph's Savoy Alp Soup (cream base with chunks of chicken breast and mushrooms), Upper Income Bean Soup (black bean with diced ham and potato), Wall Street Chowder (a kind of Manhattan clam chowder but light on the tomato; plenty of clams and unexpected morsels of turnip, squash and eggplant), 11th Arrondissement Soup (onion with baked cheese crust), Four and a Half Hour Lentil Soup and even Fruit Grog, served only in the summer. Potagerie's fixed price, $2.25 at lunch, $2.50 for dinner and Saturdays, also covers bread or *croissant*, mugs of coffee and a simple dessert (the *crème caramel* is a winner) or fresh fruit and port du salut. Domestic red and white wines by the glass and Lowenbrau on tap are available. When you've passed through the serving line, a comely young lady will tote your food to your table on a Chinese-red lacquered tray. No tipping allowed. Hours are 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Friday; 11 A.M. to 9 P.M. on Saturday. Closed Sundays. No reservations necessary. Further evidence of New York's swing to soups may be seen at ***The Front Porch***, a new eatery set in an old apothecary shop at the corner of West Fourth and West 11th streets in the Village. The attempt here is for "homemade," and while it's not like Mother used to make—let's face it, no commercial venture can be—The Front Porch does an honest, imaginative job. Fresh produce is used where feasible, the whipped cream is bona fide, not shot from guns, and the fruit breads are baked on the premises. The heart of the menu is soup—three offerings a day, drawn from a library of over 140 recipes: A thick soup, such as Bonaparte Stew (beef, prunes, wine, vegetables), is served with white or whole-wheat Italian bread; a cold soup—Plum Sour Cream, Spinach Vichyssoise, Bombay Refresher (apple, coconut, zapped with curry)—is served with fruit bread; and a *potage*, maybe Anneta Anghelerie's (peas, mushrooms, parsley), with black bread. The desserts at The Front Porch are Southern style and strictly caloric. McNetry's Miracle, for example, is a delicious chocolate mousse layered with bourbon-soaked cake and pecans. Soups are $1.50 for a large bowl, 95 cents for an appetizer portion. Desserts are 95 cents, with many large enough for two. A sandwich of the day, chili and beverages (no liquor) complete the limited menu. Open 12:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday; 12:30 P.M. to 12 A.M. Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Closed Mondays. No reservations are necessary here, either.

MOVIES

On one level, ***Le Boucher*** (*The Butcher*) might easily qualify as a fine thriller, the sort of hair-raiser that whoops to a climax when a sexy schoolmistress in a French provincial village finds herself alone at midnight—the only woman still alive who can positively identify the homicidal maniac at large in the district. Very little is missing here, in terms of sheer suspense. But trust Claude Chabrol, a film maker whose style is characterized by restraint and precision, to add resonant undertones from beginning to end. Chabrol creates suspense not through shock but through subtle and surprisingly human contradictions; he delivers a wistful love story about the tentative, hopeless

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relationship between a psychopathic killer and a seductive schoolmarm who has been trying for years to avoid deep emotional involvements. Playing the teacher, exotic Stephane Audran (Mme. Chabrol offscreen and frequently starred in her husband's films) mixes a sophisticated blend of fear, longing, frustration and primary female instincts, all perfectly complemented by Jean Yanne's sympathetic performance as the butcher, a returned army veteran who has spent 15 years carving up meat for the troops. While Chabrol clearly implies a connection between the sanctioned butchery of battle and the dark deeds men do quite apart from war, he never stoops to sermonizing. *Le Boucher* is too fashionably amoral for that, yet it speaks eloquently about violence by catching the rhythm of life and death in a small French town where even multiple murder cannot seriously disturb the status quo.

•

Clint Eastwood as ***Dirty Harry*** lends his chiseled profile and pompadour to the role of a San Francisco police detective who ultimately throws away his badge because the law is so soft on criminals. With Eastwood playing the strong silent type that has made him king at the box office, *Dirty Harry* wraps a vaguely reactionary argument for law and order in a rip-roaring entertainment package. The gist of the farfetched case is that a crazy killer gets off scot free on a legal technicality—after he has committed two sniper murders, kidnaped and slain a 14-year-old girl, written ransom notes demanding $200,000, beaten Eastwood nearly unconscious and shot another officer during the payoff. Eastwood quite naturally considers the law to be idiotic and is confirmed in his opinion when the madman strikes again, seizing a busload of school children (what else?) as hostages. Director Don Siegel seems almost persuaded that *Dirty Harry*'s violent action conveys an important message for contemporary society. If so, his message has the disconcerting tone of someone calling out the vigilantes.

•

The avant-garde cinema of cruelty takes another leap forward—or backward, if you prefer—with ***Viva la Muerte,*** which provoked a minor *cause célèbre* at last year's Cannes Film Festival and seems certain to attract those dogged underground moviegoers who have seen *El Topo* a dozen times. Written and directed by the exiled Spanish playwright Fernando Arrabal, *Viva la Muerte* adds nothing to the art of film, save buckets of blood and guts to zap an audience that might grow drowsy otherwise. The story, autobiographical in tone, is a kind of psychodrama about a 12-year-old boy growing up in Spain during the Civil War. His father, a Communist, has been

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executed and the boy fears, detests and desires his widowed mother, who evidently informed on her own husband. Fleshly fantasies concerning momma and a sexually repressed young aunt are among the mildest of the film's forays into the subconscious. In one especially grisly sequence, after the ball-busting mother (beautiful Nuria Espert) has bathed in the gore oozing from the body of a butchered bull, she triumphantly hacks off the beast's testicles and thrusts them under her skirt. Elsewhere, a gang of boys castrates a war-loving priest (presumably, this sequence was simulated) and stuffs his scrotum into his mouth. The camera also witnesses some indignities suffered by the lad's dead father while his treacherous, taunting wife defecates on his head. *Long Live Death* is the literal translation of Arrabal's title, which may be intended as an ironic comment on fascist tyranny but comes through here as the author-director's own hopelessly twisted view of all human experience.

•

Throughout ***Happy Birthday, Wanda June,*** there are intermittent flashes of the mordant humor that has made Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., a superstar among contemporary novelists. It's funny, for example, when someone contemplating our "whole concept of heroism and its sexual roots" points out that J. Edgar Hoover lives with his mother. Yet words finally seem to imprison rather than liberate Vonnegut's own adaptation of his stage hit, which director Mark Robson approaches with clumsy reverence, as if he had packed a camera crew into front-row seats. Vonnegut wrote about a foot-loose adventurer whose appetite for danger and glory might be taken as a parody of the typical Hemingway hero —a soldier of fortune, given up for dead but suddenly resurrected in a world that has traded his primitive *machismo* for long hair and love beads. The way Rod Steiger plays him, sporting safari gear suspiciously reminiscent of Hemingway himself, *Wanda June*'s misspent hero delivers every speech as if he expected it to be punctuated by wild applause. Only Susannah York, as the wife whose instincts are decently civilized, shows any real awareness of how a movie camera can magnify the flaws of a work conceived for the theater. In the wrong medium, what once passed for pungent wit and wisdom sounds strained, familiar and faintly sophomoric.

•

Michael Caine trades his customary concealed weapons for a mighty sword in ***Kidnapped,*** and displays plenty of buckle and swash as a Scottish patriot during the Jacobite rebellions. Between battles, he also acquits himself handsomely with a vital job of acting—equal to anything he has done since *Alfie*. Keeping pace with him in a lively new film adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic tale—which scenarist Jack Pulman has breezily combined with episodes from *David Balfour*—are Trevor Howard, Jack Hawkins, Donald Pleasence and young Lawrence Douglas, the last playing the plucky laird who joins the rebels' efforts to help Bonnie Prince Charlie win a throne. Against spectacular vistas of Scotland's lochs and highlands, director Delbert Mann retains the adventurous spirit of Stevenson's stories yet works in a fillip of contemporary cynicism toward the age-old power struggles among European kings. Don't let the G rating put you off. *Kidnapped* is a literate and entertaining period drama, produced in a relaxed style that more ambitious historical epics all too seldom achieve.

•

Example: Two thoroughbred actresses of Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson's ilk tower above the material handed to them in producer Hal Wallis' plodding ***Mary, Queen of Scots.*** This familiar chapter in the chronicles of royal feuding between England's Tudor monarchy and the Stuarts of Scotland was penned by a scenarist (John Hale) with a fondness for portentous dialog but no scholarly concern about sticking to facts. And even that might be all right if director Charles Jarrott had been able to pour the wine of life into the political intrigues being brewed by Trevor Howard (again), Nigel Davenport, Timothy Dalton and a talkative dressed-up supporting cast. Brilliant though she is, Glenda's showy stint as the abrasive, supernaturally cunning Elizabeth projects a bit less conviction than Vanessa's headlong magic in the title role. While the glossy studio quality of the over-all production suggests that these stunning crowned heads are cosmopolitan girls at heart, Vanessa manages a full-scale portrait of an impulsive, romantic, highly sexed royal personage whose passion for life and love outweighed her reason in every crisis but the last. (See the review of *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* in this month's "Theater" section.)

•

Advocates of women's lib ought to find pleasure in ***Utamaro and His Five Women,*** a Japanese film made during the American occupation in 1946 and only recently released here. A classic work by Kenji Mizoguchi, the veteran Japanese film maker who died in 1956, *Utamaro* is a real-life drama about a celebrated woodcut artist of the late 18th Century, whose idealized portraits of women were a revelation in their time. At one stage of his career, Utamaro (Minnosuke Bando) experiments with body painting to bring his art closer to life, though his flesh-and-blood canvas—a pretty young courtesan—soon disappears, moved by grim daily realities that the master cannot control. There lies the clue to Mizoguchi's subtle theme. Utamaro's loveliest subject is a passionate beauty (Kinuyo Tanaka) who murders her unfaithful lover and his new mistress, as he is unable to achieve in life anything like the perfection of art. "Please be kind to the wood-block print of Okita," cries the remorseful murderess, in a line that sounds mocking in translation, yet in context has an odd poignancy. Beautifully photographed in black and white, directed with stately pace and delicately understated rhythm, *Utamaro* treats its female subjects with rare dignity and compassion. A collector's item.

•

The only flop ever to blemish Neil Simon's long string of Broadway hits is ***Star Spangled Girl,*** which has been adapted or, more accurately, written off for the screen by Arnold Margolin and Jim Parker. Director Jerry Paris tries to belt out the forced gags in a slam-bang style borrowed from the Three Stooges, though he has only two stooges at hand—Broadway recruit Tony Roberts, who does a pretty good prep school imitation of Walter Matthau, and another actor whose name we would rather forget. Shouting every line at the top of their lungs, Roberts and his roommate nominally portray a couple of radical slobs who meet an all-American girl next door and find their underground newspaper sabotaged by love. The few bright moments in this drab revel are the work of Sandy Duncan of TV's *Funny Face*, a musical-comedy imp whose smile produces something like the effect achieved by popping champagne corks. As the Star Spangled Girl, Sandy retains her effervescence, but the party is flat.

•

The unique world of William Faulkner has in the past lost a lot in translation to the screen. Now comes ***Tomorrow,*** an independently made feature adapted from a Faulkner story by playwright Horton Foote (whose script for *To Kill a Mockingbird* won an Oscar) and directed with uncanny sensitivity by Joseph Anthony. In a pure cinematic style that evokes memories of several silent-film classics—a deep bow here to Alan Green's exquisite black-and-white photography—Anthony lovingly re-creates a Faulknerian tale that the author himself might have honored with an endorsement. Though marred by a tinge of melodramatic color, *Tomorrow* preserves both Faulkner's depth of characterization and his concern for those he calls "the lowly and invincible of the earth," who endure and endure and endure. Already a character actor of proven

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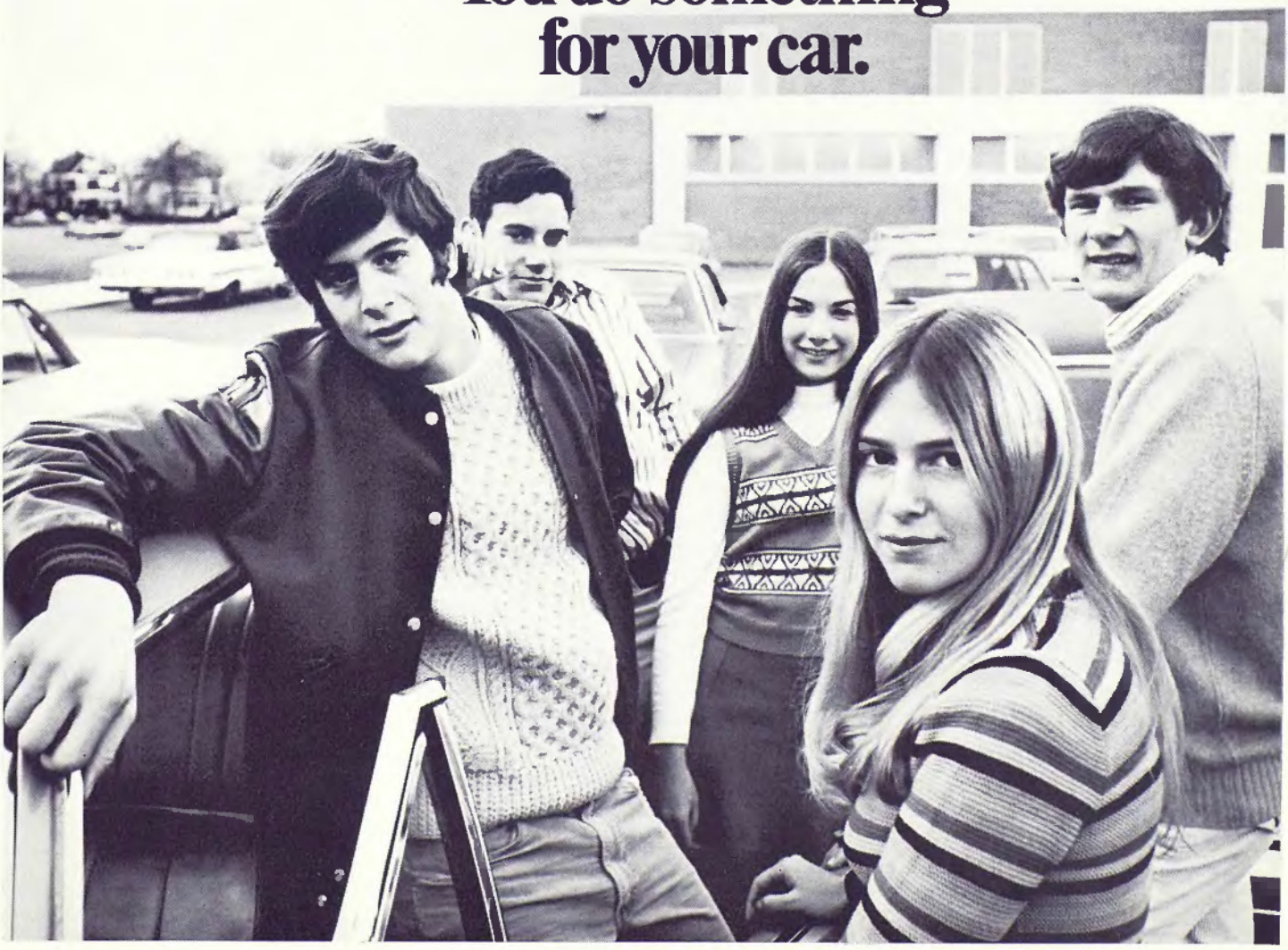

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merit, Robert Duvall scales new heights of achievement in his pivotal role as Jackson Fentry, a quiet countryman who keeps to himself, seemingly content with total isolation, but doggedly demonstrates his capacity for love when he gives shelter to a desolate Southern woman and her unborn child. The wonder of Duvall's performance is that he shows almost no surface emotion yet somehow projects the loneliness, torment and tenderness of a man who bends to misfortune the way a tree does. As the outcast woman he befriends, Olga Bellin expresses the absolute vulnerability of a creature so wounded by hardship that she simply gives up, "wore out" by a world seldom run according to any comprehensible rules of fair play. *Tomorrow* is a hauntingly beautiful story, filmed in Faulkner country near Tupelo, Mississippi, and rooted in human truths as elemental as earth itself.

•

British director Peter Yates, steadily losing speed since *Bullitt*, tries to get funny about crime in ***The Hot Rock***, an amoral comedy about four inept crooks employed by a black UN delegate (Moses Gunn) to steal a rare diamond from the Brooklyn Museum and restore it to its African nation of origin. Once stolen, the gem is swallowed by one captured crook (Paul Sand) and goes with him to jail. Which means the rest of the gang has to plot a jail break, after which they have to stage a daring helicopter raid on a police precinct station where the diamond has been stashed. Despite a scenario by William Goldman (whose credits include *Harper*, as well as *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*), *Hot Rock* is never suspenseful and rarely comical. Goldman's idea, adapted from the novel by Donald E. Westlake, supposes that if one big messy caper makes a comedy, four such escapades must trigger a laff-riot. But why should we automatically root for crooks —unless they charm us as believable, bumptious human characters, with their backs to the wall and their heads in the clouds? Zero Mostel as Sand's shyster father and Broadway's Ron Leibman as the gang's mechanical whiz kid work a little too hard at being lovable clowns. The film's real handicap, though, turns out to be the star power generated by Robert Redford and George Segal, respectively playing the mastermind of the caper and his aggressive side-kick. Born winners, pretending to be schlemiels. As a pair of petty thieves working their tails off on a bad job for a mere 25 grand apiece, they look like cats who might easily become male models and pull down twice that sum every year.

•

All the regular cowhands ride off to look for gold, so John Wayne, as a 60-year-old cattle rancher, has to drive

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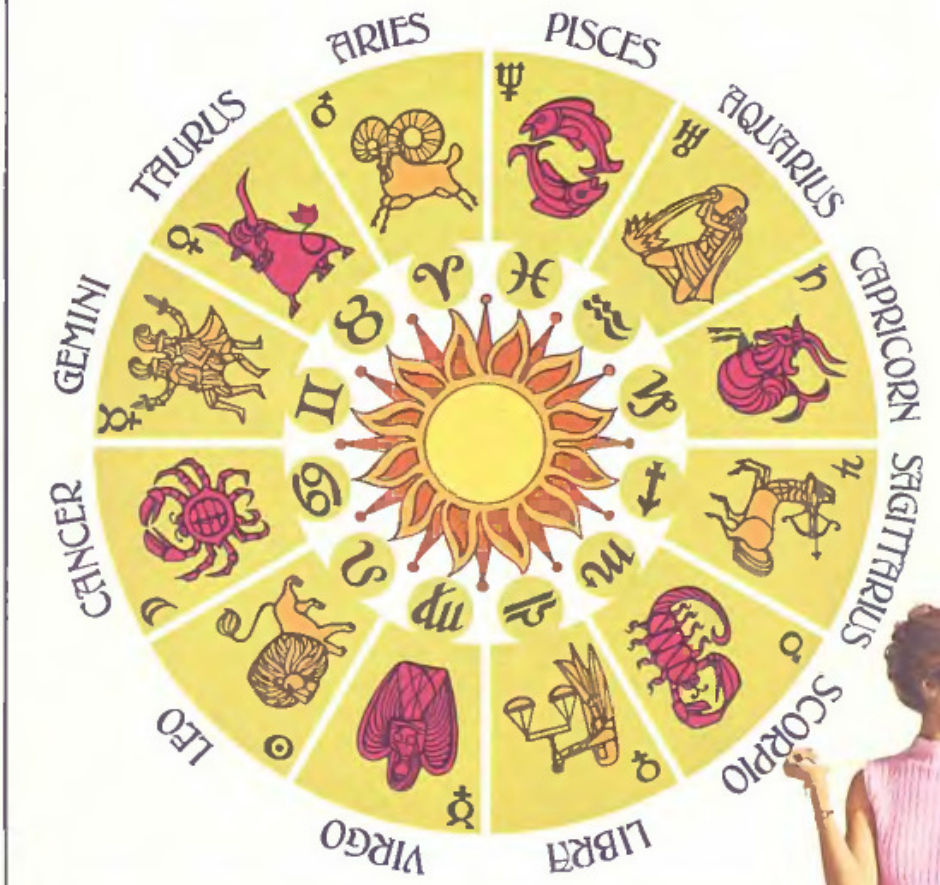
Nov. 23–Dec. 21	SAGITTARIUS The Archer ♐	*JUPITER* ♃
Dec. 22–Jan. 19	CAPRICORN The Goat ♑	*SATURN* ♄
Jan. 20–Feb. 18	AQUARIUS The Water Bearer ♒	*URANUS* ♅
Feb. 19–March 20	PISCES The Fishes ♓	*NEPTUNE* ♆



Some basics for talking about what's written in the stars

The basic concepts of astrology date back over 5,000 years. Astrologists say that the position of the sun, moon and planets at the time of your birth affects your entire life. Thus people born at different times of the year tend to have different potential characteristics.

Every person is said to be born under a "sign of the Zodiac." The Zodiac is a kind of cosmic calendar — a giant imaginary circle encompassing what seems to be the sun's yearly path around the earth. Its 12 parts are named for ancient star constellations; each has a characteristic symbol or "sign." The part in which the sun is located at the time of year you were born denotes *your* sign. Basic character is often "read" by this sun sign alone. The moon and planets, especially your "ruling" planet, also add their influence. Here the *hour* you were born is important; since solar bodies move at different speeds, their related positions constantly change. An astrologist uses these positions, plotted on charts called "horoscopes," as the key to your character and abilities . . . thus formulating a guide to your path for the future.

Astrology has also given rise to intriguing associations such as birth gems, lucky days, colors, numbers, etc. It has many contradictory interpretations; we offer a mere capsule of those most widely accepted.

Intent of astrology data herein is simply to inform, not to advise. Therefore any personal application is the individual's responsibility.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY HOUR PARTY THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

When Happy Hour talk turns to Astrology, this guide's brief summary will spark your conversation . . . and help you know what enthusiasts are talking about. In fact, it will help you have the greatest Happy Hour party ever.

At a Happy Hour party you can host a houseful of guests—with minimum time, work, and money. This guide even offers invitations, napkins, and a flag. Most important, it shows how to mix superb drinks made with all the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort—plus mixing tips.

How to improve drinks: secret of the "pros"

The experts' greatest tip is this: You can improve many mixed drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of an ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for your Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, Collinses, etc. The difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks in the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in the guide.) Compare them. The improvement is truly remarkable! But, to understand just *why* this is true . . . make the simple taste test on the following page.

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to create this unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor! First try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand *why* it improves most mixed drinks, too!

check your

ruling planet

The sun, moon, and planets each have special spheres of influence. Depending on their relative location in the sky, they affect all people in varying degrees . . . but especially those in the Zodiac signs they dominate or "rule."

Sun: life's central power! Rules individuality, purpose.
Moon: affects emotions, home, and a changeable nature.
Mars: relates to energy, aggression, and initiative.
Mercury: influences intelligence, communications, travel.
Venus: pertains to love, beauty, and the fine arts.
Jupiter: reigns over joviality, wealth and reason.
Saturn: regulates time, cautiousness, and discipline.
Uranus: rules sudden change, inventiveness, originality.
Neptune: governs intuition, ideals and mysticism.
Pluto: newly found planet, said to be ruler of Scorpio by some astrologers; relates to trends, government, rebirth.

are you

fire, earth, air, water?

Ancient astrologers divided all people into four basic types, each symbolized by one of these elements. Thus a person born under a certain Zodiac sign was said to have the characteristics of his element. Find yours.

FIRE SIGNS:
Aries • Leo • Sagittarius
Sign of leaders! Energetic, enthusiastic people.

AIR SIGNS:
Gemini • Libra • Aquarius
The communicators! Intellectual and perceptive.

EARTH SIGNS:
Taurus • Virgo • Capricorn
Practical, careful people who follow through!

WATER SIGNS:
Cancer • Scorpio • Pisces
Emotional, sensitive . . . a highly intuitive group.

make this simple taste test and you'll learn how to improve most drinks:

The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor—one that *tastes good* with *nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. Try it in *your* favorite drink. Like Manhattans? Make both recipes shown at right. Compare them. One sip will convince you!

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret . . . use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in besic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.

improvad MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. ***dry*** vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix it like the ordinary recipe. Then sip it. The improvement is remarkable. The delicious flavor of Southern Comfort makes it taste much better.

Comfort® Manhattan, stellar drink at the Mayflower's Town & Country Room, Washington, D.C.

®Southern Comfort®

Birth Gems and Colors

that you were born to wear!

ARIES: gem is the brilliant diamond; color is bright, fiery red.

TAURUS: gem is the emerald. Colors are Spring's green and yellow.

GEMINI: gem is the lustrous pearl; colors are clear blue and gray.

CANCER: gems are ruby and moonstone; colors are silver and white.

LEO: gems are sardonyx and ruby. Colors are sunny orange and gold.

VIRGO: gem is the heavenly sapphire. Color is sapphire blue.

LIBRA: gem is the flashing opal; colors are airy blue and gold.

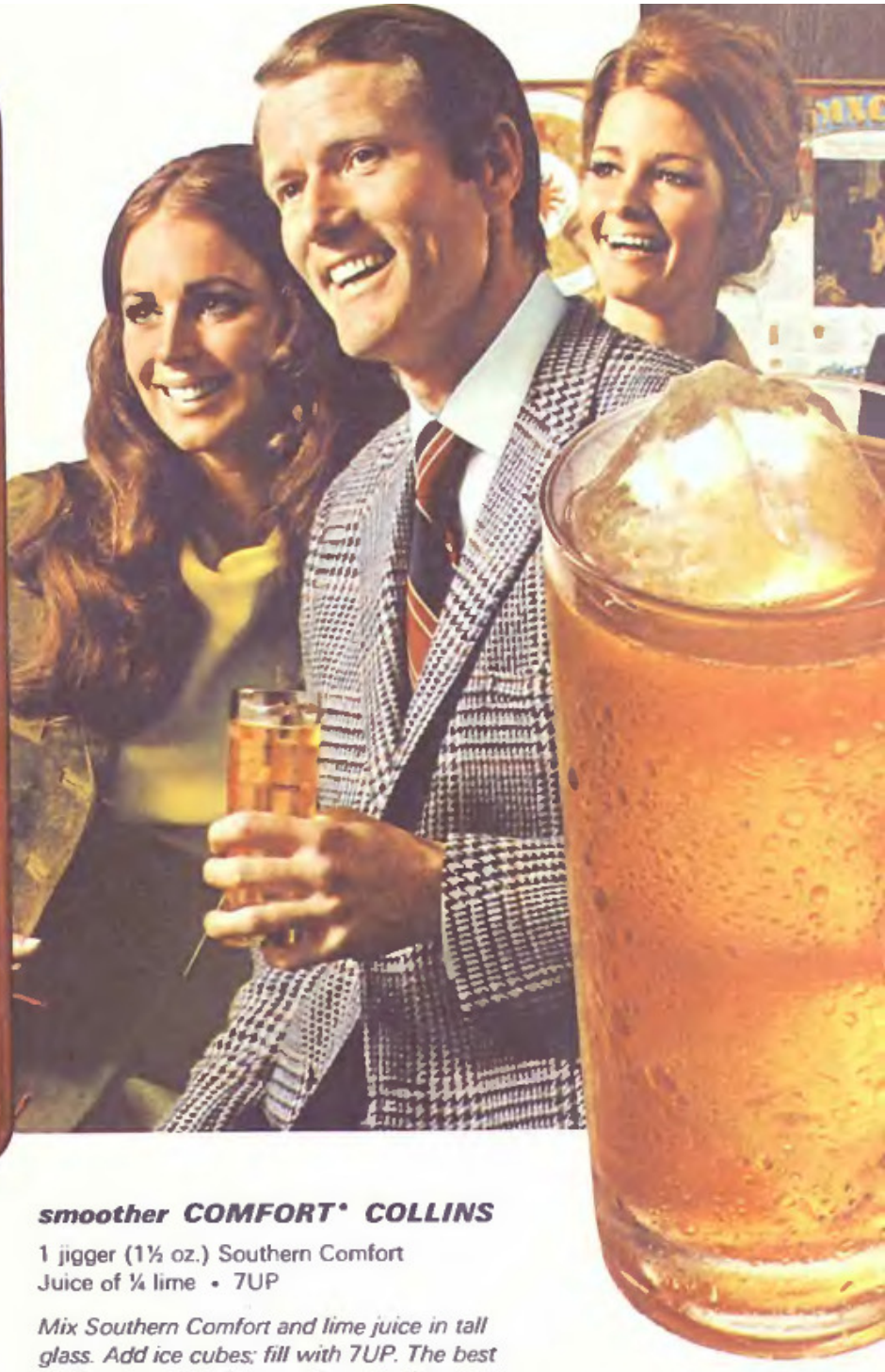
SCORPIO: gem is the golden topaz. Color is deep, glowing red.

SAGITTARIUS: gem is the intriguing turquoise. Color is royal purple.

CAPRICORN: gem is the garnet. Colors are black and rich brown.

AQUARIUS: gem is the alluring amethyst. Color is electric blue.

PISCES: gem is the aquamarine. Colors are sea green and lavender.



ordinary TOM COLLINS

½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
1 tspn. sugar • sparkling water

Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

smoother COMFORT* COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. The best tasting — and easiest to mix — Collins of all!

Lionized by Leos and sun-lovers at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

*Southern Comfort®

MINT JULEP

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tspn. sugar
Dash of water • 2 oz. Bourbon

Put water in tall glass; crush mint and sugar in water. Pack cracked ice to top of glass. Pour in whiskey and stir until the glass frosts.

For a julep worth a mint in flavor, mix it with Southern Comfort instead of Bourbon, no sugar.

LEMON COOLER

Lucky for Libras and friends at El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour S.C. over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 1 tspn. sugar
2½ oz. light rum • 2 dashes bitters

Stir vigorously in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice, till mixture foams. Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

Super swizzle: Use Southern Comfort, ½ tspn. sugar.

COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

for the sign and age of Aquarius, as mixed at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add a twist of lemon peel. Southern Comfort has such a delicious natural flavor it's one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks.

Hint... ice is important!

For best results, buy packaged ice. Professionally made ice is free of air bubbles, chemicals, impurities. It's tasteless, crystel clear, slower melting; makes drinks taste—and look—better.

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin; fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a smoother, better-tasting drink. Skip the gin and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.

GIN RICKEY

Juice and rind ½ lime
1 jigger gin • sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind and gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir.

To "rev up" your rickey, use S.C. instead of gin.

RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.

COMFORT®, BABY!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
2 jiggers cold milk • 1 tspn. sugar

Dissolve sugar in milk in 8-oz. glass. Add Southern Comfort, ice cubes; stir. (Optional: Dust lightly with nutmeg.)

HONOLULU COOLER

Poured for Pisceans & partners at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ½ lime
Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack tall glass with crushed ice; add lime juice. S.C. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.

Your Lucky Number and Day of the Week

ARIES: your lucky numbers are 7 and 8 . . . lucky day is Tuesday.
TAURUS: your lucky numbers are 1 and 3 . . . lucky day is Friday.
GEMINI: your lucky numbers are 3 and 6 . . . lucky day is Wednesday.
CANCER: your lucky numbers are 8 and 3 . . . lucky day is Monday.
LEO: your lucky numbers are 5 and 1 . . . lucky day is Sunday.
VIRGO: your lucky numbers are 8 and 5 . . . lucky day is Wednesday.
LIBRA: your lucky numbers are 6 and 4 . . . lucky day is Friday.
SCORPIO: your lucky numbers are 5 and 4 . . . lucky day is Tuesday.
SAGITTARIUS: your lucky number is 9 . . . lucky day is Thursday.
CAPRICORN: lucky numbers are 7 and 8 . . . lucky day is Saturday.
AQUARIUS: lucky numbers are 8 and 1 . . . lucky day is Saturday.
PISCES: your lucky numbers are 8 and 2 . . . lucky day is Friday.

*HOT BUTTERED COMFORT**

Lucky omen at the Red Lion, Vail, Colo.

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel
1 jigger Southern Comfort • pat butter

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, Southern Comfort in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in glass when pouring hot water.)

COMFORT OLD-FASHIONED*

in the orbit of the Gaslight Club, Chicago, Washington, D.C., Beverly Hills, Paris

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
½ oz. sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass; add ice cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.

Heavenly drinks for a Happy Hour under any Zodiac sign!

ROB ROY

On target for Sagittarians!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
½ jigger (¾ oz.) sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. (This drink is often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

DRY MARTINI

Terrific for Taureans!

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth; serve with a pearl onion.

MARGARITA

Mixed for Cancer's moon-children!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

SCARLETT O'HARA

A drink as intriguing as its namesake.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. It's as enticing as the French Quarter, and stars in any crowd.

COLD TODDY

Valued by Virgos!

¼ tspn. sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in short glass. Add ice cubes, liquor, twist lemon peel.

A toddy pleases anybody, mixed with Southern Comfort.

GIMLET

A perfect gem for Gemini!

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (This drink is a distant cousin to the Martini.)

DAIQUIRI

Tropical cheer for Capricorn!

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.

COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

Shines with the stars at Ambassador Hotel's Now Grove, in Los Angeles

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass; add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. Enjoy a deliciously smooth combination.

*Southern Comfort®

Palmistry

cosmos in your hand

The palm's most prominent lines and mounts ("humps" at base of fingers) show dominant character traits. Long lines are most favorable. Each mount is named for a planet and is linked to the planet's influence. Left hand shows traits at birth; right hand, those you have today.

● Head Line ● Heart Line ● Life Line ● Fate Line ● Marriage Lines

☽ Moon, ☿ Mercury, ☉ Sun, ♄ Saturn, ♃ Jupiter, ♀ Venus, ♂ Mars

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.

A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

BLOODY MARY

Red and right for Aries!

2 jiggers tomato juice • 1 jigger vodka
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.

WHISKEY SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry. Now use recipe below. See how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

Improved sour, choice of star-gazers at Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

COMFORT SOUR*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice • ½ tspn. sugar

Mix it like the usual recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. The use of Southern Comfort gives your drink a superb flavor no other sour can match.

**Southern Comfort®*

COMFORT* EGGNOG

1 quart dairy eggnog
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10 . . . and pleases them all.

Single serving: Add 4 parts eggnog to 1 part S.C. in short glass. Stir; dust with nutmeg.

STINGER

A salute to Scorpio!
1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger
white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice: strain.

Southern Comfort instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.

ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream
1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort
or gin or brandy

Shake with cracked ice; strain.

OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

One fifth Southern Comfort
3 quarts 7UP • 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade

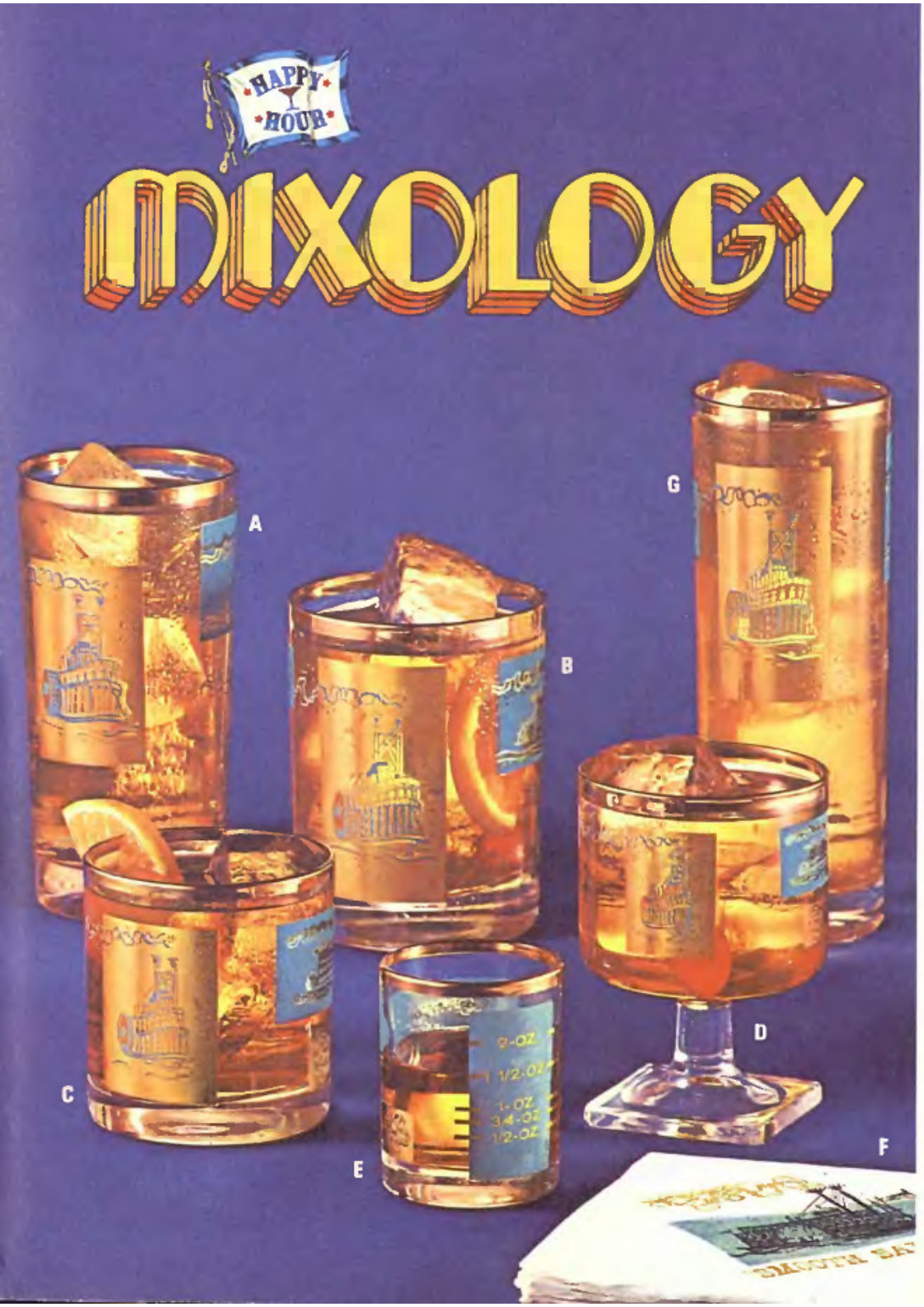
Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice or add ice cubes; add orange and lemon slices. Serves 32.

Make it faster and easier with Bar-Tenders' Brand Instant Open House Punch Mix. Get it at your favorite store . . . just add Southern Comfort, 7UP, and water. Makes 32 drinks.

GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain.



Special Offer!

Save on this NEW line of Southern Comfort

Steamboat Glasses

New straight-side shape with broad gold lip, just like the latest expensive glasses. Handsome blue and gold decor.

A. HIGHBALL GLASS

Generous size for serving highballs and other tall favorites.
Set of 8 glasses (12-oz. size) **$3.95**

B. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED

All-purpose glass for highballs, on-the-rocks, even coolers.
Set of 8 glasses (13½-oz. size) **$3.95**

C. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS

On-the-rocks, mists, "short" highballs.
Set of 8 glasses (8-oz. size)
PLUS matching Master Measure glass "E" (9 glasses) **$3.95**

D. ON-THE-ROCKS STEM GLASS

Popular new shape for on-the-rocks and "short" drinks.
Set of 8 glasses (7½ oz. size) **$4.50**

E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS

Versatile single glass enables you to pour all the correct measures. Marked for 2 oz.; 1½ oz. (jigger); 1 oz.; ¾ oz. (½ jigger); ½ oz.
sold alone **75¢**

F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS

Color-mated to glasses, napkins say "Smooth Sailing."
Five packages of 40 each **$1.00**

G. TALL COOLER GLASS

New tall, slender shape for serving Collinses and coolers.
Set of 8 glasses (12½-oz. size) **$3.95**

Print your name and address. Order items desired by letter and send check or money order to:

Dept. 72S, Cocktail Hour Enterprises
P.O. Box 12430, St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Prices include shipping costs. Offer void in Canada, Georgia, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and other states where prohibited.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION,
100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63132

his herd across "400 miles of the meanest country in the West" with any kind of help he can get. This turns out to be a philosophical black man and 11 schoolboys, the eldest a stripling of 15 (played with ease by young Robert Carradine, son of John). Thus, ***The Cowboys*** displays a new wrinkle in Wayne Westerns, along with some new wrinkles in the old Iron Duke himself. The child actors, mostly nonprofessionals, look just ordinary enough to be utterly convincing; and though the characterizations are shallow, producer-director Mark Rydell avoids the temptation to let anyone become cute. They are merely boys, out there in the wilderness with Wayne, Roscoe Lee Browne (theatrical but effective as the arrogant black in charge of the chuck wagon) and Bruce Dern, a most dastardly screen villain. Because *The Cowboys* is so well done and takes only a sniggering sidelong glance at sex (Colleen Dewhurst appears along the trail with a wagonload of painted ladies but pauses scarcely long enough to pull on her garters), family viewers may deem it a clean, wholesome GP-rated picture. That point is debatable, when you consider that keeping company with John Wayne swiftly turns boys into men who drink, swear and slay their enemies without mercy. Speech therapists, at least, ought to sound off about a curiously crude sequence in which Wayne cures a lad's stutter by browbeating him to say, "You dirty, mean son of a bitch."

•

Music from Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* covers the opening sequence of ***Dynamite Chicken,*** in which an absurdly sloppy fat man emerges from a flophouse and waddles down to the corner to make obscene phone calls. The rest of *Chicken,* loosely assembled and categorized as "an electronic magazine" by film maker Ernie Pintoff, features Joan Baez, Paul Krassner, Peter Max, Andy Warhol, members of The Ace Trucking Company, the Black Panther Party and the Mattachine Society. For good measure, *Screw* editors Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley swap insults oncamera back to back with Bogart and Cagney in excerpts from vintage movies. There is also a display of nudity, and shots of Biafran orphans are juxtaposed with shots of Burger King sandwich shops, which is supposed to be social comment. If it proves anything, *Chicken* proves merely that collecting a batch of recognizable names and faces and four-letter words does not add up to satire and that shocking people is much, much harder than it used to be.

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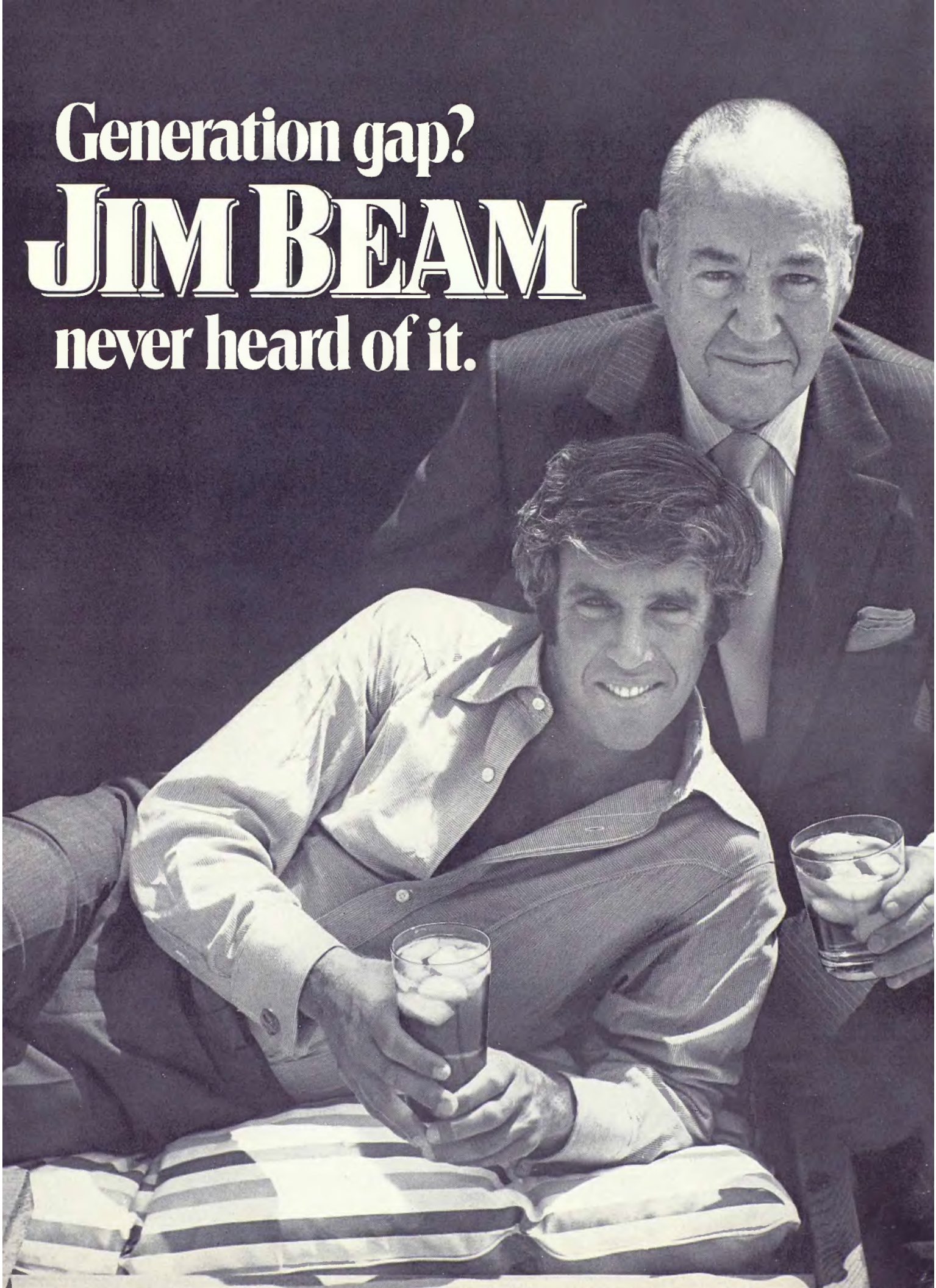
Writer-director André Cayatte's ***To Die of Love*** is based on *l'affaire* Gabrielle Russier—the true, tragic story of a 30-year-old teacher in Marseilles, a


Generation gap?
JIM BEAM
never heard of it.

girlish divorcee who was hounded, imprisoned and finally driven to suicide as a result of her romance with a 16-year-old schoolboy. Though remarkably mature for his years, Gabrielle's young lover was thought by his enraged parents to be either mentally ill or bewitched. Only after the death of Gabrielle did the public's morbid curiosity give way to recognition that family pride and French justice had collaborated to destroy a woman for an indiscretion that is met with a Gallic shrug when the roles are reversed and a nubile girl is seduced by a middle-aged male. Cayatte may claim the dubious credit of having made an intelligent exploitation movie from material that just misses the bathos of true-confession pulp stories. Annie Girardot's poignant performance as Gabrielle is well matched by that of 22-year-old movie newcomer Bruno Pradal, an overnight star who evokes memories of the late Gerard Philipe.

•

Like her *New Yorker* colleague Penelope Gilliatt, who wrote *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, Irish novelist Edna O'Brien composes a love triangle with an A. C./D. C. slant in ***X Y and Zee.*** Michael Caine as a habitual philanderer and winsome Susannah York as his mistress play X and Y to Elizabeth Taylor's shock-troop tactics as a tempestuous married woman named Zee, who, when all else fails, spoils her husband's game by seducing his loved one herself. Having established the Other Woman's Lesbianism to everyone's satisfaction, Zee is triumphant, a born survivor ready to take back her weak-willed mate and resume the nonstop mutual destruction that keeps their marriage alive. Some lines of these posh London folk recall the yesteryear of women's romantic fiction: "I wish we had met in a different place . . . on a quiet road in the country, or on a rainy afternoon in a tearoom." But the surest antidote to that tearoom talk turns out to be Mrs. Burton, doing her *Virginia Woolf* queen-bitch bit to a fare-thee-well, with corrosive humor and unfailing showmanship. This may not be good acting in the strict sense, but it certainly reeks of stardom, and Liz dominates *X Y and Zee* from A to Z.

•

Harold and Maude, bearing out its advance ballyhoo, co-stars Bud Cort (who played Brewster McCloud) and Broadway veteran Ruth Gordon in a truly May-December love story about a 20ish lad's passion for a woman of 80. The movie is a total cop-out, but it offers a couple of droll moments as it establishes Harold as a terribly eccentric poor little rich boy who keeps faking gory suicides to unnerve his mother (deftly played by Britain's Vivian Pickles). Harold's nuttiness, of course, explains his fixation about Maude—an Auntie Mame–ish old widow who absolutely oozes saccharine speeches about living life to the fullest every day, every moment. She also steals cars, and drives without a license, which presumably certifies her as one of the young at heart. To ensure that she wins audience sympathy before tumbling into bed with Harold (the coupling is represented symbolically by a fireworks display—a creaky device rescued from forced retirement for this special occasion), Maude lets us see that she has a Nazi serial number tattooed on her arm. After balling the boy, on the eve of her 80th birthday, Maude kills herself, presumably because writer Colin Higgins and director Hal Ashby feel that anything she might do after that would be, in every sense, anticlimactic. It's not the life but the death in the old girl Harold loves, after all, which may tell us why he drives a custom-built Jaguar minihearse. *Harold and Maude* is a miscalculated insult to old and young, male and female, rich and poor, none of whom is likely to identify with such cynically contrived pap.

•

Though he stood at the top of his profession a few short years ago, director Elia Kazan appears to be supporting the trend toward film making as a family hobby. Last year's *Wanda* was an earnestly amateurish effort by Mrs. Kazan, otherwise known as Barbara Loden. This year, Kazan himself directs ***The Visitors*** from a screenplay by his son Chris, who also coproduced. Shot on location at Kazan Senior's country home in Connecticut, the film has much in common with *Straw Dogs*, a more brilliant movie about another peace-loving young man and his woman *vs.* a couple of bristling rapists. As the Kazans tell it, the hero (James Woods) is a Vietnam veteran living out of wedlock with a girl (Patricia Joyce), a baby and the girl's crusty father (Patrick McVey), an ornery old bastard who writes Western thrillers and evidently dreams of a world ruled by Green Berets. Into this imperfect paradise come two of the boy's former Service buddies (Steve Railsback and Chico Martinez), fresh out of Leavenworth, where they've done time for raping and murdering a teenaged Vietnamese girl and now itching to settle scores with the bastard whose testimony convicted them. They are strangely cool and effectively menacing—particularly Railsback. Kazan knows the mechanics of melodrama, all right, yet tends to overemphasize the seamier side of his son's scenario. A viewer grasps the idea that *The Visitors* is intended to be a serious statement about war as a brutalizing experience for otherwise fine American boys. A rather stale message. And director Kazan's handling of it suggests an aesthetic generation gap—even the music sounds wrong, with a stereo in the background whining out jukebox airs reminiscent of

the mid-Fifties. The next-worst aspect of the film, as a work by a major American director, is the poor voice recording and cinematography. *The Visitors* appears to have been filmed by choice in brooding semidarkness, as if characters whose motives are murky must live with the lights out, seeking perpetual shadow. Where have you been, Gadge? That's the way they used to do things in vampire movies.

•

The hero of ***Gumshoe,*** a bravura role for Albert Finney, is a bingo caller from Liverpool—a nobody named Eddie Ginley who dreams of becoming a private eye in the Bogart mold, or maybe a Las Vegas comic. Under the influence of Bogie, plus the collected works of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, Eddie stumbles into a real-life suspense drama involving a murder plot and a gang of arms smugglers up to some monkey business in South Africa. But plots and subplots matter little to *Gumshoe*, which was written by Neville Smith mostly as a series of cues for verbal, visual and musical gags. Melodramatic theme music swells on the sound track while Finney slips in and out of a trench coat, snarling "Here's lookin' at you, kid" or any of a dozen bits of dialog cribbed from the repertoire of Bogart in his prime. Trouble is, the movie half invites comparison with Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam*, yet lacks the presence of a schnook-hero like Woody himself. The fine cast, featuring Billie Whitelaw, Frank Finlay and Janice Rule, often seems confused as to whether it's supposed to play *Gumshoe* as a straight thriller or an outright spoof. The confusion stems, we suspect, from the freewheeling scenario—which travels backward in time at such a clip that it occasionally leaps right off the track.

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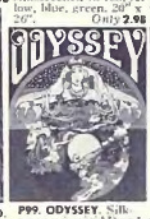

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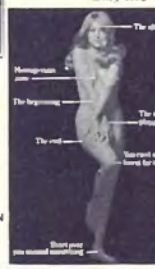

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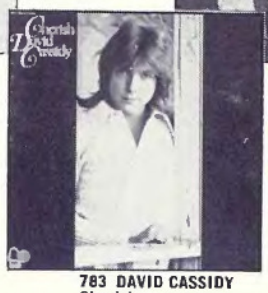

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"*Hair*, with sacraments."

"Actually, it's a disguised allegory: Honey Fitz is God, John is the celebrant and Bobby's kids are the boy sopranos."

The reactions of the critics are equally informative. Most find Leonard Bernstein's two-LP ***Mass*** (Columbia) blasphemous, boring or in bad taste. In fact, while it contains a lot of weak poetry (phrases such as "local vocal yokels") and bad puns, the Mass is none of these things. It has been pointed out that Bernstein's music is hardly original, relying as it does on cheap stuff like syncopation and on brass bands and street choruses à la *West Side Story*. Well, the syncopation often sounds old-fashioned and heavy, as in the *Gloria*, and Broadway Lenny's past keeps echoing in our ears (*Gospel Sermon: "God Said"*). But so what? The tritest devices in a new context make new effects, and *Mass* contains some fine and exciting music. Beginning with *Offertory* (Section XII), the pace and quality of the score improve until the musical climax is reached in *Agnus Dei* (XV), which builds very well into so-called blues stanzas and a complex polyphony involving quadraphonic loud-speakers. The last section, *Fraction: "Things Get Broken,"* provides a good, if surprising, dramatic climax to the celebrant's crisis of faith. The problems of *Mass* center on questions of musical and dramatic necessity. Why, for instance, is quadraphonic tape used to punctuate the music and action? What effect is intended for the live, or four-channel, performance? Of course we get none of it in stereo. And why are *rock* singers, *blues* singers, etc., specified? What is their dramatic role in the celebrant's story? It's never clear, and Bernstein sometimes just seems to be straining to be hip and electronically *au courant*. While the dramatic quality of the Catholic Mass is real and unquestioned, *Mass* transforms the liturgy for its own operatic purposes to tell the celebrant's story. The result is neither oratorio nor opera but, as the subtitle has it, "A Theater Piece for Singers, Players and Dancers." The religious issues raised, or the contemporary trappings, or the use of the Roman liturgy have both offended and pleased a lot of people. But the real ambiguity of the work is whether *Mass* celebrates the Eucharist or man's crisis of faith. Can it do both? Bernstein seems to think it can and has made music to prove it.

•

Producers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff of Philadelphia are still putting out that distinctive r&b sound that has lured top singers, from time to time, to record with them, reconstitute their own vocal image and incidentally sell a few hundred thousand more records. The latest candidate for treatment is Laura Nyro. It is a measure of her individuality that ***Gonna Take a Miracle*** (Columbia) doesn't sound like the typical Gamble-Huff product. G-H provides the obligatory background chorus—here it's three ladies calling themselves Labelle—and none of the songs or arrangements are Laura's. *Monkey Time* sounds like a fine rocking Nyro tune but isn't; *Spanish Harlem* is not at all her kind of song, but she makes it work for her; *Jimmy Mack* is a throwaway, but her voice and the arrangement carry it; and so on. The Gamble-Huff magic may still be working, but so is Laura Nyro's.

•

Bobby Short is a performer who inspires a polarity among his auditors. One either flips over his material and the way he handles it or loathes it with a vengeance. We place ourself in the former category and so can only applaud the new double LP, ***Bobby Short Loves Cole Porter*** (Atlantic). Short could be described as musical comedy's indefatigable archaeologist. He has uncovered more forgotten melodies and lyrics that, on being refurbished Short-style, have proved their ability to stand up under the test of time. The Porter album is a gem and includes three previously unpublished songs plus nearly a score of unalloyed delights from such shows as *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, *DuBarry Was a Lady* and *Gay Divorce*. A lavishly rewarding Porter pilgrimage.

•

Alice Cooper, with its pop drag-queen outfits, live snakes and pseudo-voodoo mumbo jumbo, would simply *love* to win the Most Outrageous Act Award. Well, it's not going to get it—because onstage the group's we're-weird-and-evil trip comes out carny-show cornball—but it has put out an album that's considerably better than its live show. In places, ***Killer*** (Warner Bros.) gets embarrassing, especially on *Dead Babies*, a piece of cheap-shot necrophile art rock. But on cuts such as *Under My Wheels*, *Be My Lover* and *Yeah, Yeah, Yeah*, Alice puts out a rough machine-shop Detroit sound that's nice 'n' nasty. It isn't The Rolling Stones, but then, the Stones don't need live snakes.

•

Miles Davis' ***Live-Evil*** (Columbia) is about as far forward of his *Bitches Brew* as that landmark album was of his previous works. Davis is rewriting the language of contemporary music; his groups expand or contract as befits the occasion; the instrumentation is becoming more and more engineered and electric with multiple keyboards and multiple percussion. His trumpet itself is a sounding brass for some of the most absorbing ideas put forth today. There are four extended cuts, any one of which will wipe you out. Our particular favorite is *What I Say*, a hypnotically stunning tour de force.

•

David Amram is musically uncategorizable. He is, literally, into everything. ***No More Walls*** (RCA) gives ample evidence of that. From his *Shakespearean Concerto, Autobiography for Strings* and *"King Lear" Variations*, which employ a classical ensemble, through *Waltz from "After the Fall,"* with such jazz artists as Pepper Adams and Jerry Dodgion, to *Tompkins Square Park Consciousness Expander*, a Near Eastern knockout, Amram shows neither condescension toward nor incomprehension of any idiom. He performs on piano, French horn, guitar, Clarke, Bombay and Pakistani flutes, bouzouki and—just to show what a renaissance man he really is—the kazoo and headbone.

•

Ever since Cream split up and The Who got turned on to mellow Moogs, good hard rock has gotten harder and

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harder to come by. Even blast-your-face-off Led Zeppelin is showing a lyrical side lately, leaving pure hard rock in the noisy hands of the louder-is-better amphetamine crowd: dull music buzz-sawing out of 300 amps, a combined assault on the threshold of pain. With one large exception: Humble Pie. Its ***Performance / Rockin' the Fillmore*** (A & M) is hard rock the way it was meant to be: full of slam and punch, but also full of those quiet places and changes of mood that make you feel the punches. Like most double albums, it could have been half as long, but the knockout versions of *I Don't Need No Doctor* and Ray Charles's *Hallelujah (I Love Her So)* are as good as it gets—and worth getting stuck with two sides that never get played.

•

Madman Across the Water (Uni) is another big Elton John–Bernie Taupin–Gus Dudgeon–Paul Buckmaster production. Sad to say, it's not nearly up to the caliber of its predecessor in this genre, *Tumbleweed Connection*, though there is some good music here; e.g., *Tiny Dancer* and *Levon*. When they can be heard above the clamoring strings, choirs, and so forth, Elton's staccato piano and Caleb Quaye's guitar provide the bright moments. So does Davey Johnstone's mandolin on *Holiday Inn*. Withal, too much overblown musical rhetoric.

•

For some time, it's been evident that the 5th Dimension is the classiest pop singing group around. Not so evident is the superiority of its concerts to some of its studio recordings. In ***The 5th Dimension / Live!!*** (Bell), its ad-lib vocal dexterity and the excitement it generates are finally displayed in two well-recorded, well-programed LPs. Much of the set is given over to the Laura Nyro and Jim Webb tunes that have made the group famous (and vice versa), and it's good to hear these in different arrangements and formats. The accompanying orchestra, featuring Hal Blaine's fine drumming, frequently sounds too much like a pit band; but on the whole, it's competent. Considerably less invigorating is a one-disc compendium of the 5th's "greatest hits," ***Reflections*** (Bell), which has tunes such as *Sunshine of Your Love*, *Ticket to Ride* and *Carpet Man* in rather inflated and plodding arrangements. In this age of synthetic, worked-over studio sound, it is rare enough to find a group that actually does sound better live.

•

Carly Simon has created a beautiful second album in ***Anticipation*** (Elektra). Here are songs dealing with the interrelations of love and time, all rendered with a vivid sense of candor, life and pleasure. Carly's clear vocal style is complemented by her own guitar and piano

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work and that of four excellent accompanying musicians. There is one especially fine love ballad, *Our First Day Together*. The title song seems to owe a lot harmonically to James Taylor, but throughout Carly Simon is very much her own woman.

•

Even the take-him-or-leave-him Wagnerite will find the voluptuous blandishments of ***Tannhäuser*** (London) hard to resist in the new recording directed by Georg Solti. This classic operatic scrimmage between the forces of sacred and profane love was never really much of a contest. No matter what the libretto says, the composer's sympathies were clearly on the side of lustful abandon—particularly so in the souped-up revision he wrote for the Paris Opera, recorded here in stereo for the first time. Solti well understands where the score's balance of power lies, and he responds to its luscious locutions with abundant intensity. Abetting him in this impressive resuscitation are the Vienna Philharmonic and a cast of now-generation Wagnerians, including sopranos Helga Dernesch and Christa Ludwig, ex–pop tenor René Kollo and baritone Victor Braun.

•

A while back, we reviewed a recording of Scott Joplin rags lovingly rendered by Joshua Rivkin (April 1971). Now, on the Biograph label, we have two albums of the real thing. Transcribed from piano rolls, ***Scott Joplin—1916*** (which he shares with other composers and pianists of the era) and ***Scott Joplin Ragtime Volume 2*** are delightful evocations of the music of the century's first two decades. Over 50 years later, the music is still vigorous, inventive and refreshingly uninhibited. The reproduction of the sound is amazing, all things considered, and a triumph of creative engineering.

•

There is something about Van Morrison's particular blend of country and r&b that we find very pleasing. His singing continues to improve and ***Tupelo Honey*** (Warner Bros.) is his best work to date. Every track here is good, four of them notably profiting by the presence of M. J. Q. drummer Connie Kay. Van gets into it with *Like a Cannonball*, which has all the drive that its title suggests, and demonstrates his mastery of the country-blues idiom with *When that Evening Sun Goes Down*, on which Mark Jordon plays some stirring down-home piano.

•

You've got to hand it to Paul Bley—he never stops trying. A dues-paying jazz avant-gardist, pianist Bley is into the electric piano and the synthesizer and the two will never be quite the same again. ***The Paul Bley Synthesizer Show*** (Milestone)


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is a hit, a palpable hit. The seven numbers were composed by Annette Peacock and there's a rhythm section that changes on occasion, but Bley and his incredible mind-expanding synthesizer are the stars; they range far and wide and never stumble.

•

The Concert for Bangla Desh (Apple) was a special moment, a gentle attempt to let the power of rock help a lot of people hurt a little less. It was also special because we are just coming out of a curious time when our most important artists, our heavy dudes, refused to show themselves in public, preferring mythmaking to performing. But in addition to George Harrison, Eric Clapton, Ringo Starr and Leon Russell, Bangla Desh even managed to lure Bob Dylan out of the woodwork—signaling that the times, they are, indeed, a-changing. If the supergroup didn't set off the spectacular sparks that might be expected, it did generate the best vibes that have happened for a while—and enjoying that sweet taste alone is almost worth the regrettably (and unnecessarily, if stories about uncharitable record companies are to be believed) high price of the album. There are many textures: Leon Russell whooping through *Youngblood*, Dylan barely electrified and tooting the harp again on *Just Like a Woman*, George Harrison delicate and moving on *Something*. It's a concert we'll all remember and, since five dollars per album goes for Bangla Desh relief, it's a concert we all should own.

THEATER

The heartstrong and willful Mary Stuart and the calculating and autocratic Elizabeth are classic competitors. Plays, movies, books and operas have analyzed and embellished their conflict, their effect on history and history's effect on them. (See this month's review of the film *Mary, Queen of Scots.*) ***Vivat! Vivat Regina!,*** Robert Bolt's new drama about the titanic cousins is large-canvased, with a chronological and geographical sweep that perhaps would be more fitting on film. From France to Scotland to England, over a period of about 40 years, the play travels—and occasionally travails—a course somewhat closer to the facts of history than to the spice of fiction. Bolt's Elizabeth is not the vengeful villainess and his Mary is not the uplifting heroine of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, and Bolt makes no attempt, as Schiller did, to fantasize an encounter between the ladies. But in trying to restore balance, he ends up tilting in favor of Elizabeth. Much of this imbalance is a result of the performances. As Elizabeth, Eileen Atkins is glorious. Hers is a daring, at times comic, and very complete characterization that manages to keep the queen imperious yet shows the woman—occasionally a vulgar woman—beneath the legend. Claire Bloom, as her adversary, is miscast. A cool, careful actress, she lacks passion, impetuosity and flourish. One cannot imagine nations at her feet. She reduces Mary to a petulant "mooncalf," to use Elizabeth's description of her in the play; and as Mary diminishes, so does the play. Furthermore, the argument beneath the drama lacks the moral complexity of Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*. Yet *Vivat!* is never dull and is often quite theatrical. As the two women battle for supremacy, it is a triumph for Queen Eileen I. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

•

Classic myths seem to obsess young writers in the theater, particularly rock composers. Among recent symptoms are *Salvation* (about Christ), co-authored by Peter Link, and *Blood* (about Orestes), created by Doug Dyer. This season at Joseph Papp's Public Theater, Link and Dyer, with an assist from Gretchen Cryer, have revalued *Iphigenia*. Their play, with the cumbersome title ***The Wedding of Iphigenia*** plus ***Iphigenia in Concert,*** takes its impetus from Euripides' two plays about that tormented heroine. There are only three characters in this version, and two of them, Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, are minor. But the major character, Iphigenia, is played by 12 women. For many viewers, the multi-Iphigenia proves a nuisance. It is difficult at first to distinguish the actresses and to retain a focus on the character. When the Iphigenias form a Greek chorus, the lyrics are often smudged. This is not an attempt to modernize a myth but an attempt to relate it directly to the lives of the performers—and presumably of the audience. Some of the rapping between songs is self-conscious—actresses pretending to improvise lines already written. But slowly, touchingly, the women do reveal themselves and their confusion. What does Iphigenia mean to them and they to Iphigenia? For some of them, she is simply irrelevant, as perhaps most Greek heroines would be—out of control, buffeted by fate. As a theatricalized encounter group, the play has a certain fascination. As a rock musical, it is truly musical. One goes home wanting to hear the score again, to catch all the lost lyrics. The cast, obviously chosen for their voices, blend splendidly in concert. In the second and more effective part, they put the plot aside, replace Greek gowns with their own clothes and individually (and occasionally together) simply sing Link's powerful laments. In Martinson Hall, at the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street.

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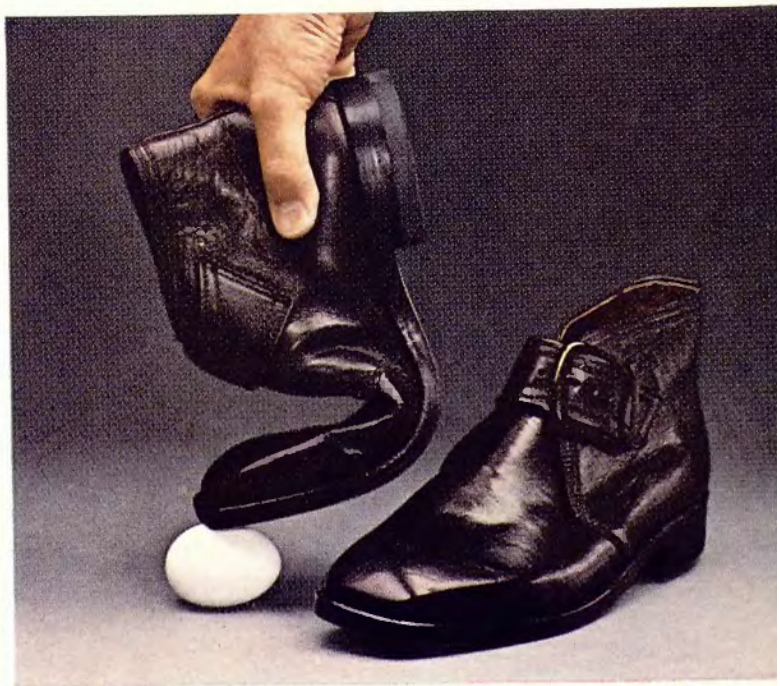

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Not long ago, I talked my virgin girlfriend into sleeping with me. Feeling in love and also somewhat obligated, I later bought her an engagement ring and asked her to marry me. She is 17 and I'm 19 and we're now engaged to be married. I'm beginning to realize that I don't really love her and feel as if we're heading for tragedy instead of a happy marriage. She says she loves me very much and she is a sensitive person whom I certainly don't want to hurt. I'm afraid my immaturity and thoughtlessness may end up ruining our lives. Is there any way out?—B. L., Seattle, Washington.

The way out is right through the front door, explaining that youth and inexperience have led you both to a premature decision that should at least be postponed—if not abandoned. The possible pain you could cause your girl at this time must be weighed against the incalculable pain that would be continuously compounded in an unloving marriage. The time is well past when the loss of a girl's virginity is cause for a shotgun wedding and, in this case, you seem to be holding the gun at your own head. Next time you mistake sexual desire for marriage fever, think of this George Jean Nathan witticism as an antidote: "Marriage is based on the theory that when a man discovers a particular brand of beer exactly to his taste, he should at once throw up his job and go to work in the brewery."

My new bicycle is great for exercising and I also derive great pleasure from riding it to work, thus avoiding the misery of city traffic. But, unfortunately, I've become almost paranoid about the possibility of its being stolen. Is there any way I can ease my mind and make absolutely sure my machine won't be ripped off?—T. J., San Diego, California.

Not really. The tremendous increase in the demand for bicycles, coupled with their short supply and high prices (the most popular ten-speed models range from $85 to $450), has created a lucrative market for stolen bikes. In Chicago, for example, some 14,500 bicycles were stolen during 1971, of which only about eight percent were recovered. Nevertheless, some simple precautions can substantially reduce the risk of loss. When you have to leave the bike outdoors, park it in a well-lighted, open and heavily traveled area. Lock the frame and rear wheel to a tree, lamppost or some other solid object with the strongest, heaviest chain and lock you can carry—one that's casehardened, with links at least 5/16" thick. Keep in mind, however, that even these precautions may not deter a professional thief who has boltcutters and the time and opportunity to use them. At night, keep your bicycle inside your pad—not in an entryway, storage room or garage. Finally, if possible, insure it against theft and register it with the police.

The other night, my best friend's husband made it quite clear to me that our Platonic relationship had ended. He poured his heart out to me, stating that he was miserable with his wife but felt that he and I were suited to each other and could be happy together. I'm 22 and single, but, although he's very attractive, I have absolutely no feeling for him other than as a good friend. This would hold true even if he were free. I would terminate our friendship except that his wife has been my closest friend since childhood. Help!—Miss E. S., Nashville, Tennessee.

Assuming you have made it clear how much you value his wife's friendship, make it equally clear that you have no romantic interest in him—and, as you said, wouldn't have even if he were free. Refuse to act as confidante and avoid being with him in the absence of his wife. Discourage him by your attitude and he should soon get the point.

Although I'm a tape-recording enthusiast, it's only recently that I've become aware of bootleg tapes. I've also heard of counterfeit tapes and pirated tapes and wonder what the differences are, if any, among the three. Are they just a nuisance to the legitimate tape manufacturer or have they really cut into his sales? I've heard the latter but find it difficult to believe.—F. R., Evanston, Illinois.

Bootleg tapes—almost all of them on eight-track cartridges—are unauthorized copies of authorized recordings. Counterfeit tapes are bootleg tapes that go as far as to copy the original labels and packaging. Pirated tapes are unauthorized recordings made at live performances. None of these forms of theft, naturally, provide any royalties for the performing artist nor the original recording company. Far from being merely a nuisance, their sales totaled $150,000,000 last year, according to the Ampex Corporation, equal to approximately a third that of legitimate tapes. Effective this past February 15, a change in the copyright law makes the duplication and sale of bootleg tapes a Federal offense.

I am single, fairly handsome, six feet tall and weigh 180 pounds. Unfortunately, I am hard of hearing and wear a hearing aid. I don't consider this a

handicap except when it comes to dating; then I'm reluctant to ask a girl out, as I know she would have a better time with someone who has his hearing. I realize this is foolish, but I can't bring myself to accept the fact that a girl may like me the way I am. Can you tell me how to overcome this feeling?—N. T., Detroit, Michigan.

The worst handicaps are those of a man's own making. Your problem is not that of getting a girl to like you but of succeeding in liking yourself. You are blaming your loss of hearing for your lack of self-confidence and self-esteem. Since you don't say you wear glasses, we'll assume you have good vision—in which case, our advice is to use your eyes and note that men with far less to offer are not handicapped at all in dealing with the opposite sex. There is no substitute for courage, so take the bull by the horns and ask a girl out—and consider your hearing aid an asset; if her conversation bores you, you can always tune her out.

I always thought that the third finger of a woman's left hand was to be adorned only with an engagement or wedding ring, or both. Thus, I blew my chances with a lovely girl who I thought was betrothed to another but who, it turned out, had simply chosen that digit on which to display her birthstone. If this is becoming a common practice, how the hell is a guy supposed to tell the difference between the rings that say "hands off" and any other kind?—H. M., San Antonio, Texas.

By asking. The girl will find a way to let you know whether "hands off" is a policy that applies to you—regardless of what kind of ring she's wearing.

The recent surcharge on imported goods and the devaluation of the dollar—both designed to help cut the difference in costs between imports and the equivalents manufactured here—have started me wondering just how stiff foreign competition really is. For example, is it true that few radios are now made in the U.S. and that the bulk of them are imported?—T. C., New York, New York.

Approximately 88 percent of the home radios, 50 percent of the black-and-white TV sets, 42 percent of nonrubber footwear and an estimated 96 percent of the motorcycles sold in the U.S. during 1971 were imported. What is even more surprising is that many of the imports bear familiar American brand names, such as RCA, Philco-Ford, General Electric, Royal (typewriters), Spalding (baseball gloves), Burroughs (calculators), etc. Such brand-name imports are made in overseas plants owned by these companies, or in foreign-owned plants, to specifications set up by the American companies. It's not all one way, however; a number of plants are being built in the U.S. by foreign-owned companies for the manufacture or assembly of products with their own brand names. The Sony Corporation, for instance, is building a color-TV assembly plant in San Diego; the Suzuki Spinning Company, Ltd., has a textile plant in Blacksburg, South Carolina; Toyota is assembling pickup beds for light trucks in Long Beach; and the Kikkoman Soy Sauce Company is building a plant in Walworth County, Wisconsin. Readers who want to know more about the industrious Japanese and their growing economy are referred to "From Those Wonderful Folks Who Bring You . . ." on page 151.

My girlfriend and I have a very good relationship in every way except for sex. In the two years we've been going together, we've done a lot of hugging and kissing, but nothing more. I love her very much and I believe she loves me, but I'm afraid that if I ask her to have intercourse, I may end up losing her. Do you have any suggestions on how I might proceed?—M. W., Bloomington, Indiana.

You give us no clue as to whether it's intercourse your girl objects to or any physical closeness beyond rudimentary hugging and kissing. If she shrinks from close physical intimacy entirely, this could reflect a situation calling for loving care and reassurance on your part and possibly for professional help. On the other hand, you say you've never pressed her to have intercourse—so how do you know she won't? Be a little more positive; try a nonverbal approach. She may be more receptive than you think.

I saw the new James Bond flick *Diamonds Are Forever* and was struck with the resemblance, in the closing scenes, between the house where Bond has his fight with villain Blofeld's two hatchet-women and the house featured in your November 1971 issue in *A Playboy Pad: Pleasure on the Rocks*. A friend tells me that I'm out of my mind, but I insist that the houses are one and the same. Who's correct?—J. T., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

You are. The handsome home of interior designer Arthur Elrod, just a few minutes from downtown Palm Springs, and the house in which Bond is almost done in by two unfeminine femmes fatales are, indeed, the same.

What's the right way to pour beer? Some of my friends claim that one should tip the glass and pour it down the side, but I always thought it was correct to pour the beer straight in, to

get a good head and release the flavor of the brew.—G. W., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

You're on the side of the brewmasters, who maintain that beer without froth is hardly heady stuff.

In the question-and-answer section of a new magazine about sex to which I subscribe, a reader expressed surprise that masturbation would hold any interest for a married man. The answer, written by a medical authority, tended to share the reader's surprise, indicating that masturbation by a married man is a symptom of sexual immaturity and might also be an indication of emotional difficulty. I'd always been neutral in my views on the solitary sport, but this exchange set me to wondering: What justification *is* there for masturbation by married men?—R. S., New York, New York.

The same justification there is for anyone, married or single, young or old: It provides pleasure. It's sad that in this so-called enlightened age, some sex "authorities" still do their best to find ways of instilling guilt about the performance of this most common of acts; virtually all boys and most girls do it, and an estimated 42 percent of married men have masturbated. Self-gratification, therefore, is one of the major forms of sexual outlet. In and of itself, it indicates neither maturity, emotional stability nor the lack of these qualities. The reasons for masturbating (like the reasons for doing anything) vary, and it's these that must be examined before any judgment can be made about the individual who does it. If a husband prefers autoeroticism to sex with his wife, for example, then we'd guess the marriage has a problem (assuming the wife resents her husband's solitary inclinations —although it's possible that some wives don't). On the other hand, self-gratification can be a very useful outlet in a marriage when spouses are separated or when one or the other is unable or unwilling to have intercourse (because of illness, recent childbirth, menstruation, depression, etc.). It may compensate for a difference in the sex drive between partners. It may also provide variation and fantasy. Or it may simply be something that the individual likes to do, bearing in mind that Masters and Johnson have discovered that the physical intensity of a masturbatory climax frequently exceeds that of intercourse.

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"

WINDING DOWN THE WAR

I'm writing this letter in behalf of the many grunts still in Vietnam. I, along with others, have read in *Stars and Stripes* and in newspapers from home that the U. S. troops in Vietnam are now in a purely defensive posture. This is so untrue that none of the infantrymen here can understand why it is being said.

On the third day of my first mission here in Nam, I came in contact with the enemy twice and was in contact with them every day for the next six days. I saw four GIs killed and 19 wounded, and I personally looked over the bodies of seven out of 28 dead North Vietnamese soldiers. Another time, Alpha Company received seven new GIs who came straight from the U. S. They assured everyone that the war was over. Three days later, five of the seven were among 24 wounded out in the bush. Recently, Delta Company had two men killed in an ambush. The war is over for them, all right, as it is for all others killed in Vietnam.

We're tired of the prospect of getting killed for a nation in which most of the citizens think we're out sun-bathing on a beach. I invite all Americans who believe the war is over to come join us for a luxurious tour of the Vietnamese jungle. After all, it's safe; you said so yourselves.

1st Lt. Robert A. Gussoni
APO San Francisco, California

EXPOSING ATROCITIES

In the December 1971 *Playboy Forum*, Captain William K. Gregory, Jr., wrote that he felt those who wait until they are out of the Service to expose war crimes are "tin soldiers, and they certainly should throw their medals away."

During my tour in Vietnam, I witnessed several war crimes. In May 1967, I was on the scene of the rape and murder of a Vietnamese girl. During the incident, a medic in the next bunker tried to stop it. He was beaten, first by the platoon sergeant and then by the lieutenant. A pistol was cocked and put against his head, and I heard the sergeant say, "The only reason you're still alive is that you're a medic and we need you."

When I returned to base camp, I reported the incident to the sergeant major and was told to keep my mouth shut or I would "get a lot of good men in trouble." I then went to the chaplain in the hope that he would do something. He went to the sergeant major to check my story. I was then called before the sergeant major and told to keep quiet or I might not come back from the next operation alive.

Two weeks after my release from Service, I went to the major in charge of R. O. T. C. on a university campus in the U. S. and told him about the incidents and asked for an investigation. He told me to get out of his office because "the Army doesn't do things like that."

During the time I was in Vietnam, war crimes were a daily occurrence, and many soldiers had the choice of being moral and dead or immoral and alive. Which would Gregory have chosen?

Dennis Stout
Pahoa, Hawaii

MERRY CHRISTMAS—OR ELSE!

Last December, Bob Hope and his touring show appeared at the base at which I'm stationed as a Navy medical corpsman. Many men wanted to see Mr. Christmas Cheer, but I don't enjoy his show and didn't plan to attend. Our C. O. had other notions. We weren't asked if we wanted to see the show, we were told that we *would* see it. All liberty was canceled and our normal Saturday working hours (7:30 A.M. to noon) were extended until five P.M. We actually had a choice, then—either working four extra hours or attending Bob Hope's show.

All of this was done with a smile and a wish for a very merry Christmas.

Larry Helfelfinger
FPO San Francisco, California

THE NEW MILITARY

The much-publicized changes occurring within the military are little more than window dressing offered to an increasingly discontented group of younger Servicemen. While the Armed Forces may point to a particularly enlightened leader such as Admiral Zumwalt, the fact remains that most local commanders are of the same mechanical-minded breed that has oppressed Servicemen in the past. Directives involving changing or updating of regulations undergo drastic modifications by local commanders before they are actually implemented.

Practically speaking, the only visible change in the military is the continuing drop in the re-enlistment rate among first termers. The education and insight of

today's young men cannot coexist with the reactionary, illogical attitudes that characterize the Services.

AT/2 J. McFadden
FPO San Francisco, California

NAVY ADRIFT

No sailor has ever earned such praise as has Admiral Zumwalt, who initiated an attempt to modernize the U.S. Navy's personnel regulations. But after three years as an enlisted petty officer, I must admit that his policies have affected my life in obscure ways, if at all. I find that local commanders, to maintain respect for their positions in the bureaucratic hierarchy, ignore or manipulate policies established by their superiors.

I live in a large, comfortable barracks in which every four men share a room. It's new, modern and, in every physical respect, a temple of the new military enlightenment. But there is an old institution behind the modern façade. We have daily inspections and, for minor infractions, doors are removed along with the pretense of privacy. Posters and other personal effects are confiscated if deemed unpatriotic or suggestive by inspecting officers. Haircuts are still subject to disciplinary regulation. Most of these local rulings represent a direct imposition of cultural values in no way related to the discipline required to run an efficient national defense.

Many Navy men feel that they are still U.S. citizens and try to act accordingly, but the illusion that somebody up there approves of their efforts is gone. Admiral Zumwalt may think he's at the helm, but to us it seems the Navy is adrift in a slow-rolling sea of chaos.

PO/3 Ron T. Ackerman
Kingsville, Texas

INSUBORDINATE BASTARDS

In the December 1971 *Playboy Forum*, the letter titled "Murder at Kent State" from Peter Davies made me so uptight that I would like to express my opinion. Although I have sympathy for the victims' families, if the students had not been there having a demonstration, calling the Guardsmen pigs and throwing rocks and bottles at them, they would not have lost their lives.

If these people don't like the United States or are too scared to fight for our country, they should get out. Let them try some of their Mickey Mouse games in Communist China and see how long they would get away with it. I dislike bloodshed, but I feel Davies' conclusion that the Guardsmen deliberately planned to shoot at the students is bullshit. I only wish I could have been there to shoot a few more of those wise, insubordinate bastards.

R. J. A. Fox
Stamford, Connecticut

True, in the U.S. the students at Kent State "got away with" protesting—until

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

"WOMEN'S LIB MARCHES ON"

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND—*The Rhode Island supreme court has ruled that neither the state nor the Federal Constitution gives men the right to beat their wives. Appealing a lower court's adverse ruling on his divorce petition, a Cranston, Rhode Island, lawyer insisted that clobbering his wife was "in accord with his fundamental right to chastise her" and that, anyhow, she also had slugged him—three times. He argued, "Marriage is not a partnership. . . . Two persons are married into one and the husband is the one. To protect the wife from molestation is to suborn her disobedience. When wives are permitted to disobey their husbands with impunity, the stability of marriage is threatened." In a written decision, Chief Justice Thomas H. Robert dismissed the case as "utterly without merit" and commented, "I could never agree that one of the great natural rights was the right to beat your wife." On hearing this, the judge whose original decision was upheld raised his fist and declared, "Women's lib marches on."*

. . . AND ON

LOS ANGELES—*A department store in Los Angeles aroused the ire of some feminists by providing a special service for male customers who wanted to buy clothes or other gifts for women—wives or otherwise—without shopping in the women's sections of the store. The merchandise was being brought to the store's Knight Club, where men could make their selections over coffee and have the bills mailed to their offices instead of their homes. This arrangement prompted a dozen members of the National Organization for Women to stage a protest demonstration and picket the store with signs reading* MAGNIN'S CONDONES ADULTERY.

COUNTER-CONTRACEPTION

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*For the second year in a row, Governor Ronald Reagan has vetoed legislation that would permit doctors to prescribe contraceptive pills and devices for unmarried girls under 18 without consent of their parents. According to Reagan, "Removal of parental consent and guidance can only result in further deterioration of the family unit to the detriment of the child and society in general."*

Meanwhile, the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare has issued a report criticizing the states for shirking their legal duty as recipients of Federal funds to provide women, especially the poor, with birth-control information, contraceptives and medical services under the Federal Government's illegitimacy program. A national survey found only 12 states reporting that they had established functioning family-planning programs, and their combined annual spending totaled only about $2,500,000.

THE PILL THAT FAILED

LOS ANGELES—*A married woman has been awarded damages of $12,000 because she became pregnant after a pharmacist mistakenly gave her sleeping pills instead of the contraceptive pills prescribed by her doctor. The award represented the jury's estimate of how much it would cost to support her unplanned child, a boy, for 21 years. Commenting on the case, a newspaper columnist quipped that the pharmacy not only couldn't fill prescriptions accurately but its sleeping pills apparently didn't work either.*

NO CHASTITY CLAUSE

NEW YORK—*A private sexual relationship is none of a landlord's business and does not constitute grounds on which he may break a lease, according to a New York civil court. A judge ruled that the landlord of an Upper Manhattan rent-controlled apartment could not evict a tenant, an unmarried woman in her late 20s, simply because her boyfriend occasionally spent the night in her apartment, which, the landlord claimed, was "[using] the premises for illicit relations." Finding no chastity clause in the lease, the judge ruled that the woman's conduct was neither illegal under state law nor immoral "given the ethical standards of the day." On the morality issue, he added, "One should say little because there is so much to say."*

VASECTOMY CUTS TWO WAYS

CHICAGO—*A survey conducted by the Midwest Population Center, a nonprofit birth-control organization, indicates that vasectomy is good for sex. Of 320 couples responding to a poll, 70 percent agreed that the husband's vasectomy resulted in a better sex life for both partners and 32 percent said that they also "get along better together." The center attributes the increased harmony to the removal of mutual worries concerning both pregnancy and the use of contraceptives. Thirty percent of the couples simply reported that vasectomy had resulted in no changes one way or the other.*

On the other hand, the Family Service Association of America contends that the virtues of vasectomy are overrated and

the psychological hazards are too often ignored. Men lacking in self-esteem and couples experiencing marital problems are not good candidates for this form of birth control, the association says, citing a study of 26 couples whose marriages and sex lives deteriorated following vasectomy. The study indicated that all had prior problems of one kind or another, usually involving dependency, impulsiveness and an inability to deal with the normal crises of marriage in a mature way.

BACK TO BATHING

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK—Consumer Reports *magazine claims that women's genital deodorant sprays have not been adequately tested in the laboratories and may be injurious to some users. Not only can the sprays irritate vaginal tissue, the publication said, but "widespread advertising of genital sprays may persuade many women with vaginal infections or an unsuspected tumor to put off seeking medical advice."* Consumer Reports *noted that the safest and most effective feminine hygiene is soap and water.*

DOESN'T PAY TO ADVERTISE

SAN DIEGO—*A Federal court jury deadlocked on whether or not "The Illustrated Presidential Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography" is an obscene book but convicted the publisher and three associates on charges of sending obscene advertisements through the mail. The book is a reprint of the original Government report, spiced up with some 500 photos and illustrations. The jury could not decide if the scholarly text made up for the pictures, but agreed that the advertising brochure stressed the illustrations, not the scholarship, and had no socially redeeming value. The defendants are scheduled to be retried on the other obscenity charge.*

THE F.U. COLLEGE KID

One man's vulgarity is another's lyric. —JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA—*Although the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the slogan "Fuck the Draft" is free speech protected by the First Amendment, Oklahoma's Court of Criminal Appeals has upheld the conviction of a college student who was fined $100 and sentenced to 30 days in jail for wearing a T-shirt bearing only the word fuck. Judge Hez Bussey said that the slogan might qualify as a political statement, but the word by itself is just an obscenity. Attorney General Larry Derryberry agreed. Gayle Welcher, the defendant's attorney, argued that free speech was free speech and, anyway, her client's T-shirt message could simply be an acronym for Fine Upstanding College Kid. The conviction will probably be appealed.*

POT CROPS UP

OTTAWA—*Not only are Canadian farmers starting to grow marijuana as a cash crop but some are dutifully reporting it to the national census office as their crop with the highest and most profitable yield per acre. Census officials expressed surprise that the farmers would admit cultivating illegal hemp, but are pleased that the pot growers trust them to keep the information strictly confidential, as required by law. The declared illegal acreage is still relatively small, but already ahead of such crops as foxglove, which is used to make the heart stimulant digitalis.*

• In Fairbanks, Alaska, superior-court judge Warren W. Taylor decided that a 16-year-old girl charged with drug possession should be tried before a jury of her peers—high school students ranging in age from 16 to 18. With the grudging approval of the prosecutor, the juvenile jury heard the case for two days before the judge directed a verdict of acquittal for lack of evidence.

• A team of British doctors, using a new X-ray technique, reports finding cerebral atrophy (brain-tissue shrinkage) in ten subjects who smoked marijuana regularly over periods of three to eleven years. Writing in the medical journal Lancet, *the doctors said they strongly suspected marijuana to be related somehow to the brain damage, but noted that their subjects also had used other drugs and cautioned against drawing conclusions from one study.*

• The Minnesota supreme court has refused to revise its earlier stand and has upheld the conviction of a young Minneapolis man who received an indeterminate sentence of up to 20 years for possessing 1/2800th of an ounce of marijuana. The court decided that, under past and present statutes, possession of any amount of the drug established that the state law had been violated. The youth was arrested in 1968 and, on recommendation of state juvenile authorities, was released in 1970 with his civil rights fully restored.

• The Swiss have rejected the U.S. petition to extradite Dr. Timothy Leary to California to complete his prison term for marijuana possession, but they refused to grant him political asylum. The canton where he has been living has ordered him to leave and it is expected that other cantons will do the same.

• An Ohio supreme-court justice has set aside the 10-to-20-year prison term imposed on an 18-year-old marijuana offender and sharply criticized the trial judge as having a "fixation" and a "closed mind" that precluded fairness in drug cases. He has ordered the case assigned to another judge for the sentence to be reconsidered.

four of them were shot to death; whereas, in China such a demonstration probably could not even get started. Another difference is that no one in China protests the shooting of demonstrators.

JUSTICE AT KENT STATE

As I entered my 15th month of service in Vietnam protecting the principles of democracy and freedom, a drama was enacted centering on my home state of Ohio that made a mockery of all that I and others have done here. At Kent, Ohio, 25 persons were indicted and five of them were tried for involvement in the Kent State massacre of May 1970. All of them were on the side that was shot at. Not a single Ohio National Guardsman who pulled a trigger on that day has had to stand before a jury to answer for his actions. Has our legal system now become so corroded that we prosecute the victim and exonerate the aggressor?

CTSN A. J. Fonzi II
FPO San Francisco, California

The remaining 20 indictments handed down by the now-discredited Portage County, Ohio, grand jury against Kent State faculty members, students and demonstrators have been dropped. This action has sparked a sort of "Well, that's that" response from several so-called liberal newspapers, with the unkindest cut of all coming from *Time* magazine: "Kent State, the bitter climax to campus rebellion, is about to pass into history." I find it hard to believe that Ohio's inability to prosecute the rest of those indicted because of lack of evidence should somehow balance the scales weighed down with the bodies of those who died. If this is America's new concept of justice, then we might just as well return to the simple-minded ritual of walking on hot coals to determine guilt or innocence. It would be a hell of a lot cheaper.

The notion now seems to be that we should forget about Kent State and let the dead rest in peace. This sentiment is emphatically not shared by more than 40,000 students who have petitioned President Nixon for a Federal grand jury investigation, nor by the parents of the four killed by Ohio National Guard gunfire. In their letter to *Time*, the four mothers wrote:

> It has become all too painfully clear to us that the lives of our sons and daughters are to be sacrificed on the altar of political expediency in a country posturing to the world as the citadel of equal justice for all. Our children were killed without so much as a token gesture to their Constitutional rights to due process of law. Yet *Time* magazine is apparently satisfied with the trading of these precious lives for the

abandonment of a few prejudicial indictments, and willing to accept this trade as a fitting epilog to the Kent State tragedy.

Congress now seems to be the last hope for justice in a tragedy that has been manipulated into a political pretzel.

Peter Davies
Staten Island, New York

DUMP NIXON

In 1968, Richard Nixon ran for President of the United States on the promise that he would end the war in Indochina, and the voters elected him. As I write, it appears that by the middle of this summer there will be 40,000 to 50,000 men left in Vietnam. That's not enough to launch any offensives, but it's enough to keep those weekly casualty lists coming.

Meanwhile, the air war continues. By the end of 1971, the U. S. had dumped three times as many tons of bombs on Indochina as were dropped in all of World War Two by both sides. On occasion, Nixon has threatened to step up the aerial offensive, and the possibility of using nuclear weapons—the one atrocity the U. S. has yet to commit in this war—lurks ever in the background.

Nixon has not kept his promise to end the war. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson was elected on the pledge that he would not widen the war, and after failing to live up to his word, he withdrew from the subsequent Presidential race. It is a bit much to expect Nixon to withdraw voluntarily, so the electorate will have to retire him. For too long this man has insulted the intelligence of the American people.

James Stewart
Kansas City, Missouri

STOP-THE-WAR BALLOT

Given a clear choice, would the American people vote to end the war now? The Chicago chapter of Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace tried last fall to answer that question with a stop-the-war ballot. Eight thousand registered voters in six Illinois Congressional districts were presented with this ballot, which offered a choice between two concise statements: that the undersigned would vote for "a qualified opponent of Richard Nixon" and against his current Congressman if all U. S. military personnel were not out of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia by December 31, 1971; or that the voter approved of the present conduct of the war. To give the ballot a rigorous test, B. E. M. chose districts represented by Congressional hawks and precincts within these districts that had given Nixon large pluralities in the 1968 election.

Of those who voted, 72.7 percent supported the December 31 deadline on the war.

Each of the six Congressmen received a set of the ballots for his own district and all sets were sent to the White House and to Illinois Senators Adlai Stevenson and Charles Percy. One member of the House who is a longtime supporter of the war said he would vote for the House version of the Mansfield Amendment (setting a time limit for withdrawal of American troops). Another Representative, whose district was not polled, also decided to support the Mansfield Amendment, after seeing the results of the stop-the-war ballot. When the House considered a motion to bring the Mansfield Amendment to the floor, the motion lost in the face of intense Administration lobbying. Even so, Sandy Gottlieb, director of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, said that the B. E. M. poll was responsible for the switch of at least 30 votes on the issue. On the strength of its qualified success, B. E. M. is helping other groups and individual citizens organize similar ballots in precincts elsewhere in the country.

Jerry Alexander
Business Executives Move
for Vietnam Peace
Chicago, Illinois

BURNING DOWN THE COUNTRY

Like James Abel, I am sickened by the apparent lack of wisdom and compassion shown in the sadistic sentences given to Connie and John Eye (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971). However, I disagree with Abel when he sides with those who hate this country. In response to his statement "When the time comes to burn it down, the number of helping hands will be legion," I wish to say that, should that time come, I will be standing in line to piss on the matches and on those who would light them.

James P. Reilly
Bayside, New York

"WAR IS NOT HEALTHY . . ."

One of the first casualties in any war is justice. Going back through American history, one finds that whenever we've been involved in a war a spirit of jingoism has swept through the people, inciting them to silence peacemakers without regard for any sense of fair play. The following is a sad story that illustrates this.

In December 1970, Kathy Marcato, a teacher at Mahopac Falls Elementary School, New York, hung a peace poster in a Christmas display, incorporating the well-known slogan of the antiwar group Another Mother for Peace, "War is not healthy for children and other living things." She did not obey the principal's order that she remove the poster, and the Mahopac school board fired her for insubordination. She took her case to court but so far has had no success in obtaining reinstatement. Meanwhile, as a well-qualified teacher, she has made numerous applications to teach in other schools in the area where she lives. All but one turned her down, and a disagreement about teaching methods, not related to her politics, prevented her from taking that job. Now she's working as a scrubwoman for two dollars an hour. An ex-nun, she's cheerful and says the work "lends itself to meditation."

Our schools prate about inculcating moral values in children, so what have Kathy Marcato's former students learned? Perhaps that to love peace is reprehensible and to insist on freedom of expression is insubordinate.

William Clark
Boston, Massachusetts

MORE MORAL THAN THOU

I read Bill Barney's December 1971 attack on George Brown's September 1971 *Playboy Forum* letter and shook my head over Barney's naïveté. After condemning white Western civilization as "bankrupt" and charging that "European settlers and their armies pushed the Indians to the verge of extinction," Barney turns around and praises our current crop of would-be revolutionaries for their high level of morality. Doesn't Barney understand that the holier-than-thou attitude displayed in his final paragraph reeks of the same smug self-righteousness of which every white land-grabber stank, from the Puritan fathers to George Armstrong Custer? It's no surprise to me that some of today's young people have found it an easy jump from the role of SDS rabble-rouser to that of Jesus freak. The movement holds out no hope of healthy change as long as it is blinded by moral fanaticism and looks upon its leaders as secular saints.

James Leopold
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PERSECUTED MINISTER

The Reverend Keith M. Rhinehart is a prominent Spiritualist medium and the minister and founder of the Aquarian Foundation in Seattle, Washington, an incorporated church that has been in existence for 16 years. In April 1965, Rhinehart began a series of TV broadcasts to discuss a variety of controversial subjects, including morality, sex and the law, and psychic phenomena. After the first broadcast, the programs were canceled by the TV station. One week later, Rhinehart was arrested and accused of oral sodomy. He was subsequently convicted and given a maximum sentence of ten years. Never before in the history of the state of Washington has anyone received as severe a sentence for this type of offense. The one witness against Rhinehart was a young man who later signed a statement that he had given false testimony under police pressure. The conviction was reversed in November 1969 by a U. S. District Court, on the grounds that the state of Washington knowingly

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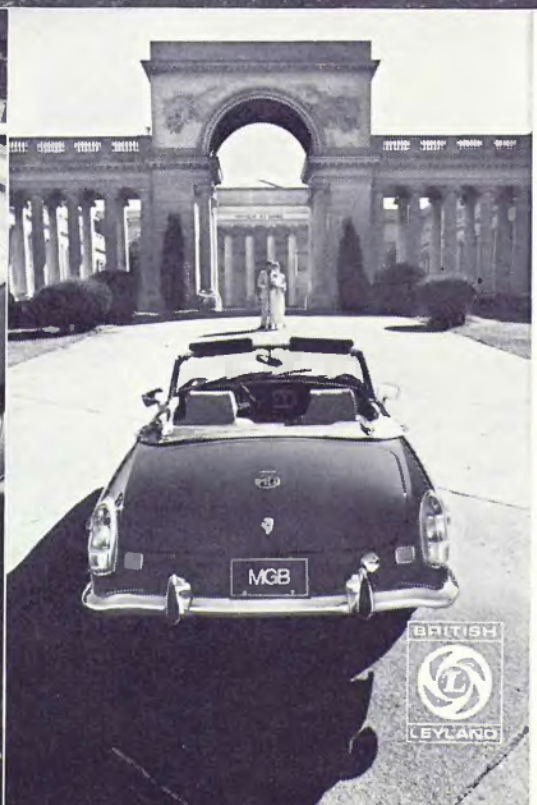

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used perjured testimony and knowingly withheld evidence to win its case.

Rhinehart was released from prison after having served two and a half years, but the state of Washington was apparently not satisfied with the amount of suffering he had undergone, even though he developed cancer in prison, was refused treatment and had to be operated on shortly after he got out. The state took its case to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, which upset the reversal on the ground that the previous court had set "a standard of state prosecutorial conduct that is unrealistic." Rhinehart is presently at liberty, subject to travel restrictions, but he is not on parole and legally must serve the remainder of his sentence. He and his supporters are now waiting to see whether or not the state will act on the appeal court's verdict and cart him off to prison again.

What justification is there for the intensity and persistence with which state officials have hounded Rhinehart? We believe the answer is that his religious views are so repugnant to some people in positions of power that they will use any means at all to silence him. The American Brotherhood Alliance is calling for public attention to the injustice committed against Keith M. Rhinehart and demands an investigation of all city, county, state and Federal officials connected with the case.

Weston D. Bailey
American Brotherhood Alliance
Lynnwood, Washington

REPENTANCE BE DAMNED!

The Reverend Ben Rogers' plaintive plea, "Will we ever understand what the Gospel stresses? Christ died for *all* men!" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971), demands a reply that is not favorable to Christianity. He's only repeating the doctrine of vicarious atonement, which teaches that Jesus' death for all men satisfies the need for punishment demanded by divine justice, and thus allows God to forgive men all of their most horrible sins, if they will but repent. Bullshit! Man can't transfer his burden of guilt onto Jesus in order to clear the human conscience of such massive sins as the wars in which we are engaged today.

My question is, will we ever understand that we are personally responsible for everything we do and that no one else can atone for our evil-doing? Only man can right the wrongs that he has created.

The Rev. Joseph B. Wilson
New York, New York

HEAD-SHOP HARASSMENT

Sometimes it seems that Americans are the most intolerant people on earth. My tribulations as owner of a head shop—one of those little stores that sell counterculture clothing and paraphernalia—have

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confirmed this notion. After I bought the shop, the Hammond, Indiana, police made repeated visits to it. They seemed to feel that they could find every runaway in the state hiding among the posters. Needless to say, this constant police attention didn't encourage my customers to come back. A local woman radio commentator raised a hue and cry against my den of iniquity, telling her audience that I was corrupting the morals of youth, should be run out of town, and so on. My children were denounced and slandered by their teachers and were followed to and from school daily by police in squad cars. Encouraged by parents and teachers, a number of the kids daily taunted and insulted them.

One day, a plainclothesman bought a copy of the underground newspaper *Kaleidoscope* at my shop and the police then arrested my manager for selling an obscene newspaper. We won that case before a three-judge Federal court that found the newspaper not obscene and declared part of an Indiana statute on obscenity unconstitutional as well.

Next, the police raided my home and found 23 tabs of LSD and a quantity of marijuana. Under all the pressure, I made the mistake of running off to California with one of my daughters. California police arrested me and sent us back. I was suffering from dangerously high blood pressure, but the Indiana police failed to provide the prescribed medication. While they detained me, the police arrested one of my daughters for curfew violation and kept her in a home for 23 days. The end of all this agony came when one witness admitted planting the acid in my home and another stated that she saw a policeman bring in the marijuana. Both witnesses testified that the police had forced them with bribes and threats to sign false complaints against me.

Now I'm suing the police chief of Hammond for harassment. I've enlisted the help of a couple of radio and television stations in this area. Individual freedom may come to Indiana yet. One interesting side light on the case is that there are now several local head shops and they are evidently enjoying a quiet existence. May they survive and prosper.

"Mother Mary" Henley
Hammond, Indiana

AMBASSADOR'S DIPLOMACY

I have just noted your *Playboy Forum* editorial comment on our "New Facts About Marijuana" pamphlet (November 1971). Your criticism of our use of "Dr." Luis Souza as an authority was well founded. We are truly embarrassed that such a mistake was published and distributed widely before being noticed. Such mistakes happen in the best of publications, as your staff must know.

The point is, though, that we noticed our own mistake long before PLAYBOY reader William R. Fiedler or *The*

Playboy Forum publicly castigated us. Months before, we had checked up on this person, found his credentials lacking and excised him from our current printing. In our current booklet, you will not find his name nor his quote. Since you bothered to call St. Dismas Hospital to check on Souza's credentials, perhaps you should have also called us.

Gary Alexander
Ambassador College Editorial
Pasadena, California

When we received Fiedler's letter, we called Ambassador College Press and asked for a copy of "New Facts About Marijuana." The edition we got contained the paragraph on Luis Souza. Another reader has since sent us the revised edition. In place of the Souza paragraph there now appears a photo of a billboard bearing this legend:

LAURA
8/12/50
3/15/69
NARCOTICS TOOK HER LIFE

The photo is captioned JUST "ONE MORE" DRUG TRIP COULD TAKE A LIFE. *In the context of a booklet about marijuana, we think the implications of this photo are just as inaccurate as the Souza allegations that it replaces.*

SENTENCED TO 25 YEARS

The insane persecution of marijuana users by Texas courts continues. A 20-year-old man in Fort Worth, Texas, who pleaded guilty to a charge of possessing marijuana, has been sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment. A quarter of a century—longer than his entire present lifetime—that sentence will leave this youth almost a middle-aged man by the time he gets out. It seems to me that rather than take away the prime years of a man's life, it would be more humane just to shoot him.

Please do not print my name; I am in law-enforcement work myself.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

LIGHT UP AND LIVE!

Two summers ago I got busted in Champaign, Illinois. The charges: two felonies (possession of marijuana and possession with intent to sell marijuana, carrying sentences of ten years to life without probation) and eight or nine misdemeanors about as serious as walking with the intent to loiter. The evidence: two joints and a bigmouthed teenager.

Fortunately, I got a lawyer and a continuance and was released on personal recognizance. But keeping out of the slammer still cost me a misdemeanor plea and about $3000, and the constant hassle cost me even more in paranoia. At least I'm free and not locked away like some poor bastards.

It would be nice if grass were legalized, but the problem is, besides the old morality bit, that the people who traffic in the stuff aren't about to let themselves get rattled with pot taxes. Of course, if pot ever *is* legalized, there'll probably be not only taxes to contend with but so many provisos and riders that you'll have to go to a hospital to have a toke.

Perhaps the best advice is, get as high as you want as often as you want, just so you never carry any more stuff than you can eat quickly.

Paul Tyner
Salida, Colorado

A NEW DIRECTION

A high percentage of the people in prison today have been convicted of drug-related crimes. America's prisons are ill-equipped to deal with these people, and many drug addicts will leave prison in worse shape than when they entered. Addicts should be placed in hospitals or institutions designed to cope with their problems, with particular emphasis on psychotherapy.

Here at the Maryland Correctional Training Center, we've formed a self-help group called Seekers After a New Direction (SAND). We don't want to go back to addiction and crime when we get out; we've wasted enough of our lives behind these walls.

Pete Kambouris
Hagerstown, Maryland

REHABILITATION OR REVENGE?

Over two years ago, Frank Nubin was released from San Quentin prison and, since that time, he has found a new job and a new wife and is living peacefully and productively. Now, however, the state of California has discovered that Nubin was released prematurely—because of its own clerical error—and wants to send him back to San Quentin. An appeals court has decided Nubin owes the state ten more months of his life.

I have written the following letter to Governor Reagan regarding this travesty of justice:

> As prisoner reform and rehabilitation are, to quote you, "of utmost importance," I am interested in knowing how the sending of a rehabilitated man back to San Quentin can benefit either the state or the prisoner. True rehabilitation comes when a former criminal is able to hold a job, maintain a family situation, take a normal part in society and cease to be a burden to the state. It would seem that many months of such stable living would cause us to judge Frank Nubin as rehabilitated. Would you tell me, then, what justifies the incarceration of this man? What effect would the state expect such an incarceration to have on this man when he is released ten months hence? Would one expect him to be released feeling respect for justice and fairness and optimism toward the rewards of living a rehabilitated life in society?
>
> Judith M. Purdy
> San Diego, California

CLEANING UP PRISONS

The irrational and self-defeating cruelties inflicted by the U. S. prison system upon hundreds of thousands of Americans have finally penetrated the national consciousness. Unfortunately, it took 43 deaths and innumerable injuries in an obscure New York State prison to do it.

Long before Attica, however, the American Civil Liberties Union had decided to try to do something about the system. In September 1970, the A. C. L. U. formed the National Committee for Prisoners' Rights, to pull together and coordinate the various efforts by lawyers and others. With the help of a generous grant from the Playboy Foundation, the A. C. L. U. has brought over 40 lawsuits, ranging from attacks on a bread-and-water diet and unfair segregated confinement to forcing access to facilities for members of the press. Through the committee, the A. C. L. U. has coordinated litigation and other strategies for change, has issued the first newsletter on prisoners' rights and has conducted a national conference involving 250 attendees. Until recently, most of the work focused coincidentally on New York State and particularly Attica, but the committee is now engaged, with the Playboy Foundation's help, in preparing and assisting litigation, legislative reform and community efforts throughout the nation.

Herman Schwartz, Director
A. C. L. U. Prison Project
Buffalo, New York

Herman Schwartz, a professor of law at the University of New York at Buffalo, was one of the first outsiders to make contact with the rebellious prisoners at Attica. Schwartz obtained an injunction prohibiting officials from taking reprisals and got a court order to let lawyers, doctors and nurses in after the successful storming of the prison. When officials defied that order, Schwartz produced testimony on the beating of inmates, which finally led to lawyers being admitted to Attica.

INVOLUNTARY MENTAL TREATMENT

We are a group of psychiatric residents in Syracuse, New York. We believe that institutional psychiatry is often an oppressive system whose dubious social function is to confine people whose behavior society cannot tolerate. Since this function is exercised under the guise of treatment for so-called mental illness, it usually goes unchallenged. In addition, the psychiatric establishment often resists reforms designed to minimize

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That's right! — now you can have this handsome 4-piece component Columbia Phonograph System for only $14.95 — a *price well below our own cost!* And what a superb System it is — providing clear, brilliant stereo sound—yet compact enough to fit easily on a desk, a table top or a shelf in any room! What's more, you can enjoy stereo music in complete privacy by using the Stereo Headphones, which we're including as a gift!

To take advantage of this offer just fill in and mail the coupon now, together with your check or money order for $14.95. You will receive the System *plus* Headphones *plus* the three records you are buying now (for which you will be billed $4.98 each, plus processing and postage). And all you have to do is agree to buy just twelve more records (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years.

As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a music magazine — describing the regular selection for each musical interest and hundreds of alternates from every field of music.

How to order. If you do *not* want any selection in any month, merely return the response card provided by the date specified (or use the card to order any of the alternates). If you want only the regular selection, do nothing — it will be sent automatically. From time to time, we will offer some special records, which you may reject by returning the dated form provided — or accept by doing nothing.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . you pay for records only after you have received them. They will be mailed and billed at our regular price of $4.98 or $5.98 each, plus processing and postage. (Multi-record sets are somewhat higher.)

Fantastic bonus plan. After completing your enrollment agreement, you may cancel membership at any time. If you do decide to continue, you will be eligible for our generous bonus plan — a plan which enables you to get one record of your choice free (only 25¢ for processing and postage) for every one you buy thereafter. Act now.

. . . and we will also include a set of

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Best way to enjoy stereo sound. Just put on these comfortable foam-padded headphones — and listen in complete privacy!

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212852. Carole King Music. Her latest smash hit! (Ode)

209239. Santana 3. Batuka, Everybody's Everything, plus 7 more. (Columbia)

210237. Sly & The Family Stone — There's A Riot Goin' On. (Epic)

206771. George Jones & Tammy Wynette — We Go Together. It's So Sweet To Take Me, etc. (Epic)

211094. Arthur Fiedler "Superstar". Boston Pops perform Jesus Christ Superstar, others. (Polydor)

210260. Percy Faith plays selections from Jesus Christ Superstar. (Columbia)

213538. Paul Simon. His first solo album! Me and Julio Down By The Schoolyard, etc. (Columbia)

212845. Carly Simon — Anticipation. The Girl You Think You See, etc. (Elektra)

214064. New Seekers — We'd Like To Teach The World To Sing, etc. (Elektra)

213629. Judy Collins — Living. Also: 4 Strong Winds, nine more. (Elektra)

213710. Julie And Carol At Lincoln Center. (Columbia)

207993. Partridge Family Sound Magazine. I Woke Up In Love This Morning, 10 more. (Bell)

171504. Switched-On Bach. Electronic performances of Bach. (Columbia)

205377. Tom Jones — She's A Lady. Also: Puppet Man, 9 more. (Parrot)

209387. 5th Dimension — Reflections. Also: Carpet Man, 9 more big hits. (Bell)

208934. Horowitz Plays Chopin. Polonaise Fantaisie, 5 more. (Columbia)

209940. Quincy Jones — Smackwater Jack. Also: Hikky-Burr, Ironside, etc. (A&M)

210781. Led Zeppelin. Their latest includes Rock And Roll, Black Dogs, etc. (Atlantic)

211284. Vikki Carr — Superstar. How Can You Mend A Broken Heart? (Columbia)

212480. Roberta Flack — Quiet Fire. Also: Bridge Over Troubled Waters, 7 more. (Atlantic)

212159. Peter Nero — Summer of '42. For All We Know, others. (Columbia)

203919. Carpenters — For All We Know, Rainy Days And Mondays, etc. (A&M)

207571. Ray Conniff — Great Contemporary Instrumental Hits. It's Too Late, ten more. (Columbia)

210229. 3 Dog Night — Harmony. Family Of Man, many more. (Dunhill/ABC)

207522. Barbra Joan Streisand. Where You Lead, Beautiful, 8 more. (Columbia)

209932. Lynn Anderson — How Can I Unlove You? 11 big hits. (Columbia)

212555. Leonard Bernstein's Mass. Definitive recording. (2-record set counts as one — Columbia)

208868. Johnny Cash Collection — Great Hits Vol. 2. A Boy Named Sue, Folsom Prison. (Columbia)

209536. Engelbert Humperdinck — Another Time, Another Place. (Parrot)

209973. Cat Stevens. Teaser and The Fire Cat, Moonshadow, 9 more. (A&M)

210112. Mantovani — To Lovers Everywhere. (London)

210791. Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits. Spanish Harlem, Respect, etc. (Atlantic)

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB,
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

I am enclosing my check or money order for $14.95 as payment for the Component System. Please accept my membership application, and send the System *plus* the three records indicated below (for which I will be billed $4.98 each, plus processing and postage for the System and records). And as an extra bonus, also send me the Stereo Headphones! (Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or my money will be refunded in full.)

As a member, I agree to buy 12 more records (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years, and may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for your bonus plan. All selections will be described in *advance* in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do *not* want any selection, I'll return the response card by the date specified — or use it to order any record I do want. If I want *only* the regular selection, I need do nothing — it will be sent automatically. From time to time, I'll be offered special records which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Classical ☐ Jazz

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please print) (first name) (initial) (last name)

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

ATTENTION CREDIT CARD HOLDERS:
If you wish to charge the cost of the System and first three records, plus processing and postage, to your credit card, check one and fill in account number:

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express
☐ Uni-Card ☐ Master Charge ☐ Midwest Bank Card

Account No..... Expiration Date.....

Signature..... (LX-Z) CL8 (LY-Z) CL9

psychiatrists' unfettered, extralegal power over patients.

Despite our beliefs, we are called upon during part of our training program as psychiatric residents to act in a coercive manner against patients. In principle, we oppose the involuntary imposition on patients of mental hospitalization, psychotherapy, medication, electroshock and lobotomy. We oppose these acts because we oppose treating patients as less than human beings.

Human difficulties are rarely simple. We are convinced that involuntary psychiatric intervention, however uncomplicated, is never a satisfactory ethical solution. Those situations that appear to defy resolution are better settled in the established adversary system of the law.

(Signed by 14 psychiatric residents)
Syracuse, New York

METRIC MENACE

The December 1971 *Playboy Advisor* states, in answer to a reader's question about the metric system, "You'll be pleased to know that the metric system will be simplicity itself, if and when the country adopts it." I would like to go on record as being utterly opposed to such a change.

Do you realize what a change in our very excellent system of weights and measures would mean? Each and every weapon, missile, missile station, submarine, ship, early-warning-system station, radar station, shipyard, navy yard, aircraft plant, electronics company, automobile and home appliance would become obsolete. We would have to retool, renew, replace and restock these materials, machines, etc. Our entire industrial plant, which is the best in the world, would be forced into a state of complete obsolescence. Also, the nation's engineers, mechanics and factory workers would be in a state of complete confusion. At the possible outbreak of an international conflict, this nation would be an unorganized mess. Furthermore, it is the opinion of this writer that there may be those in this country who wish to see it in just such a degree of vulnerability.

Ralph J. Carter
Napa, California

Changing to the metric system is not so much a question of if as when. It will not, of course, be accomplished in one fell swoop but will be a gradual change over an extended period of time. Sticking to the English system of weights and measures, when most of the world has gone metric, places the United States at an enormous disadvantage when it comes to selling overseas, and has contributed materially both to our lag in exports and to the subsequent rise in unemployment in the U.S. It's true that, over a period of time, we will have to change our entire industrial plant—but that is a continuing process anyway. In short, sticking to our present system actually helps reduce the U.S.' export power—U.S. machinery and spare parts are often incompatible with machinery purchased elsewhere—and will eventually contribute to the eclipse of the U.S. as the world's leading industrial nation.

Whose side are you on, anyway?

HOW TO HANDLE A WOWSER

After reading about Charles H. Keating, Jr.'s breathless announcement that "in Chicago, Rockford, Springfield and other Illinois cities there are theaters that show movies of men and women having sexual intercourse" (*The Playboy Forum*, January), I saw a column in the *Chicago Daily News* by Mike Royko about a Chicago theater that was pressured into showing only family movies. According to Royko, the policy change was a financial disaster. Though the theater cut the ticket price in half, only half as many people showed up. Royko went on to relate a funny story about an old enemy of PLAYBOY, Father Francis X. Lawlor, who is now an organizer of white citizens' block clubs and is active in Chicago politics:

> It reminds me of the first time I met Father Lawlor. This was before he became an alderman and was a self-appointed custodian of public morals.
>
> He trudged into my office one day, tilted to one side from the weight of a bulging shopping bag.
>
> It was full of paperback books, which he began stacking on my desk.
>
> "Have you read these?" he asked.
>
> "No," I said. "Have you?"
>
> "No," he said, "but they are filthy. What are you going to do about them?"
>
> "This," I said, stuffing them back into his shopping bag and showing him the door.

John Durkin
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY DEFENDED

My husband and I are heartily in favor of what PLAYBOY is doing to change with the times. For every Jack R. Ellison (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971) who gets upset about what he thinks is vulgar, there are dozens like us who enjoy your magazine as an honest reflection of the times in which we live.

Mrs. James P. Hess
North Olmsted, Ohio

Jack R. Ellison accuses you of cheapening "a hitherto fine magazine" with what he calls "latrine words and crotch shots." Excuse my vulgarity, but what the hell is a latrine word? The worst language I've ever heard was uttered in plush office suites. As for crotch shots, every human being I've seen has a crotch—I wonder what kind of people Ellison sees. The letter ends with the accusation that PLAYBOY's editors work in an ivory tower. Seems to me that's just where Ellison is—and belongs.

Arthur L. Douglas
San Jose, California

I'm writing from the Australian waterski team's base at Ravenna, Italy, where I've just had an opportunity to read that Jack R. Ellison, his 16-year-old son and many of his friends and acquaintances find PLAYBOY increasingly vulgar. I will be quite happy to trade him a subscription to the *Australian Women's Weekly* in which he will certainly find no obscenity or glimpses of pubic hair. Better still, if Jack cares to live in Australia, where sick and prudish censorship tries to cover the genitalia on a replica of Michelangelo's *David* with a plastic fig leaf, he should find sufficient protection for himself and Master Ellison.

Harry M. Luther
Ravenna, Italy

SEX IN PUBLIC

Both Robert Wicker (*The Playboy Forum*, January) and Harry Celine (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1971) seem to think that society is irrational in not condoning public sex. Would Wicker and Celine be ready—intellectually and emotionally—to allow their mothers or sisters to have sex publicly? Is it irrational to think that sex is beautiful and should be private? If public sex becomes the thing to do, it will be because society has started to behave not rationally but irrationally. Of course, if that happens, no one will care.

Joe Drozek
Boston, Massachusetts

HOME SEX DEMONSTRATIONS

In the January *Playboy Forum*, a letter from Michèle F. Rinehart stated that children who are exposed to sexual expression in the home are less likely to grow up with psychological problems than those who are taught that sex is dirty and taboo. In my opinion, this type of thinking shows a lack of class. Since when has good taste gone out of style? Children don't have to be exposed to the actual act to learn a healthy attitude toward sex. I feel it's important to teach them that some things—although a beautiful part of life—are private.

Mrs. D. Kram
San Jose, California

OLDER WOMEN

I support Eileen Schaffner's contention that older women make good sexual objects (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971). There's a widespread myth that as a guy gets older, he tends to be sexually turned on by younger women, but that certainly isn't the case with me. I'm nearing 50 now and I find that my

When you say Budweiser, you've said it all!

standards for a sexual object have become more complex and sophisticated. Used to be, any pretty girl in her late teens or early 20s would attract me, but I now find such females somewhat uninteresting. Though they may be well developed physically, they lack a certain ripeness of face and body that I desire.

Perhaps the widespread American tendency to glorify the 20-year-old woman as *the* sexual object is a kind of side effect of puritanism. In other words, a 20-year-old woman is a permissible object for sexual feelings, but as she grows older she also supposedly becomes more respectable and it's somehow wrong to think of her "that way."

M. Higgins
New York, New York

HANG-UPS OF THE PSEUDO-FREE

The guy who complained that the reality of late-night prowling at singles bars doesn't live up to his expectations (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971) obviously has some pretty distorted expectations. He sounds like a self-styled stud laboring under the delusion that his mere appearance in such a bar should be sufficient to induce some attractive chick to offer to "share a brief, intimate moment of life . . . no strings attached."

That's not the way it works. The fact is, my friends who frequent New York's East Side singles bars have never gone to bed with someone they met the same night. They see the bar as a place that provides an opportunity to meet people, not necessarily an opportunity to get laid. If they meet someone interesting, then they will encourage the relationship in much the same manner as if they had met anywhere else; eventually, they may end up in bed, but that depends on many variables.

If the anonymous New York pub crawler really thinks that the singles bars are a cop-out on the sexual revolution, he simply doesn't understand their ethos. Nor does he understand the sexual revolution, the purpose of which is not to encourage impersonal, orgiastic, first-names-only sex but simply to destroy the repressive hang-ups that might inhibit the enjoyment of sex as part of a relationship that is valued for other reasons as well.

John Costello
New York, New York

VIRGIN LIBERATION

The brief critique written by Theodore Merrill (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1971) clearly illustrates the need for the American Virgin Liberation Front. We are not advertising our virginity, as Merrill suggests; it is simply a fact that there are virgins, and, no doubt, there always will be—depressing as this may be for some.

Merrill says that because there are so many oppressed people in this country, "the idea that virgins need liberation seems a bit absurd." The existence of other kinds of oppression does not excuse or expunge the wrongs this organization is protesting. Virgins are available as human beings. They wish to participate. They offer a quality that has become all too rare in these less than innocent times. They should not feel forced to join the crowd or to give in simply because it seems the thing to do. Sexual freedom must include the right to say no.

We of the American Virgin Liberation Front have encountered resistance, as well as humor and ribbing. We expect this. All we ask of people such as Merrill is that they find out what we are about before they put us down. We're not against sex. As a matter of fact, some of our best members are nonvirgins.

Wendy Robin, President
American Virgin Liberation Front
New York, New York

NORMALITY AND NYMPHOMANIA

Steve Broday in the January *Playboy Forum* makes the inane statement, "The few women I know who are as horny as men are nymphomaniacs." My dictionary defines a nymphomaniac as "a woman with uncontrollable sexual desires." Many physicians and psychiatrists assert that nymphomaniacs usually cannot achieve satisfying orgasms.

Although my husband has a strong sex drive, we both realize that mine is greater than his. We usually make love once or twice a day, not excluding menstrual periods. Then, sometimes, my husband manipulates me, or else I manipulate myself, one to four times daily. During intercourse or masturbation, I never reach fewer than three orgasms and, on one memorable occasion, I had 17 orgasms in one day, 12 of which occurred during a single hour. My husband takes pleasure in keeping count, and I assure you he satisfies me. We are very uninhibited and practice anal and oral sex, as well as a wide variety of positions, and I have no desire to seek out any other sex partner.

In seven years of marriage, I've taken good care of my husband, two children and a home. I write, paint, draw, sew all my own clothes and many for my family and friends, read from ten to 20 books a month and bowl twice a week. My husband and I go out frequently and entertain often. So I don't exactly lie in bed all day satisfying uncontrollable desires.

I realize that I am not average—no one is, really—but I do know other women like myself. Sex drive varies greatly in people, regardless of gender, and is determined by upbringing as well as by inherent traits. I was lucky enough to be able to throw off my inhibitions, forget what I'd been taught about what women are *supposed* to feel about sex and their bodies and enjoy being a woman. If Broday could get rid of *his* inhibitions, he'd understand and enjoy women a lot more.

(Name withheld by request)
Antioch, California

In answer to Steve Broday's statement, "The few women I know who are as horny as men are nymphomaniacs," I'd like to point out that, except in the case of a psychiatric disturbance, nymphomaniac is merely the name given by our nonsexual, double-standard morality to a normal, healthy woman whose sexuality is not repressed by the usual cultural inhibitions. Her sexuality thus resembles, but is not identical with, the male's in quantity, drive and interest in varied partners. In other words, it is as if Broday were saying that the only people he knows who are seven feet tall are those who are seven feet tall.

Myra A. Josephs, Ph.D.
New York, New York

I wholeheartedly believe Steve Broday when he writes that he knows few horny women.

Dick Brisbois
Danvers, Massachusetts

People like Steve Broday should ask questions of *The Playboy Advisor*, not make statements to *The Playboy Forum*.

Charlotte F. Luckstone
Forest Hills, New York

A POUND OF FLESH

James Decko, former director of public recreation for the city of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, was charged in September 1970 of violating a Wisconsin statute that provides criminal penalties for anyone who "openly cohabits and associates with a person he knows is not his spouse under circumstances that imply sexual intercourse."

As a result of this charge, Decko was relieved of his duties and left Sheboygan. He traveled to California where, although he held a bachelor's degree in education from the College of Idaho and a master's degree in recreation from Washington State University, he was unable to obtain employment in his field. On several occasions, his interviews led him to be one of the top two or three contenders for the positions available; but the final test, which apparently included a phone call to Sheboygan, always resulted in his being eliminated. He then went to the Toledo, Ohio, area where he sought several similar positions, all with the same result. Decko held several menial jobs while attempting to secure employment commensurate with his education and experience. Finally, obviously depressed by

(continued on page 189)

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

RCA XL-100

It's more than just great color.

It's 100% Solid State AccuColor.®

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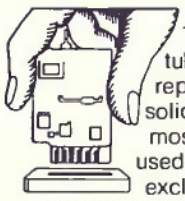
XL-100 is color TV with circuitry designed to perform longer with fewer repairs.



There's not one chassis tube to burn out. We've replaced all tubes with 100% solid state components—the most reliable components used in television today. Twelve exclusive plug-in AccuCircuit modules control most set functions, so your service technician can make most repairs quickly and easily, in the home.

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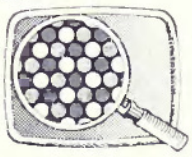
Every XL-100 console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube for the brightest, sharpest color in RCA history.



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XL-100's advanced tuning system makes color tuning virtually foolproof! It features AccuMatic, RCA's color monitor that automatically locks color within a normal range.

Backed by the best warranty program ever.

We have such confidence in the reliability of XL-100, we back it for a *full year* on both parts and labor with our "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty—"PS" for short. (See basic provisions below.)

Widest choice.

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more than just great color.

PS Here are the basic provisions of our XL-100 "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty ("PS" for short): If anything goes wrong with your new set within a year from the day you buy it, and it's our fault, we'll pay your repair bill—both parts and complete labor. You can use any service shop in which you have confidence—you don't have to pick from a special authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, your serviceman will come to your home. Just present your warranty registration card and RCA pays his repair bill. If your picture tube becomes defective during the first two years we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation, during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

RCA
XL-100
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACK NICHOLSON

a candid conversation with the funky star of "five easy pieces" and "carnal knowledge"

Nothing brings a warmer glow to Hollywood's gloomy faces than a revival of the overnight success story—the performer who was unknown one day and a star the next—that was so common during the film capital's halcyon days. In the case of Jack Nicholson, the overnight success story took 14 years to write. After a long apprenticeship—mostly as a heavy—in a plethora of low-budgeted B movies, Nicholson finally scored with his funky, funny portrayal of George Hanson, the football-helmeted, alcoholic A. C. L. U. lawyer in "Easy Rider," which brought him instant recognition and an Academy Award nomination. The critical praise he's received for subsequent performances as the restless, predatory, self-destructive antiheroes of "Five Easy Pieces" and "Carnal Knowledge" has firmly established this balding, sleepy-eyed native of Neptune, New Jersey, as an improbable but curiously contemporary star.

The product of an unhappy marriage between a beautician and a window decorator that ended shortly after his birth, Nicholson gained his first dramatic experience in a Neptune grammar school variety show when he lip-synced to a Frank Sinatra record. Star-struck from a steady diet of drive-in movies, he headed West in 1954 soon after graduation from high school and supported himself by working in a Los Angeles toy store and hustling in pool halls. At 18, he landed an office boy's job in the animation department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he helped augment his meager income by running a betting pool.

To get his first professional acting job, Nicholson resorted to a ploy worthy of Dale Carnegie—addressing all the executives he encountered at MGM by their first names. One of them finally set up a screen test and arranged for him to study at a local theater. Early parts in such TV shows as "Matinee Theater" and "Divorce Court" enabled Nicholson to move out of the apartment he was sharing with a friend and—in 1962—into another one with Sandra Knight, an aspiring actress. Their marriage, which produced a daughter, Jennifer, ended in 1969.

For most of the Sixties, working outside the major studios, Nicholson played leads in a string of leather-jacketed biker movies, horror epics, Westerns and psycho films with such provocative titles as "The Terror," "Back Door to Hell," "Too Young to Love," "Little Shop of Horrors," "The Cry Baby Killer" and "Hell's Angels on Wheels." He also wrote several of these exploitation films, including "The Trip," a doper starring Peter Fonda, and "Head," the sole motion-picture venture of the Monkees rock group. Then, in 1969, when another actor dropped out of what promised to be just another bike movie —but turned out to be the Seventies' counterculture's gripping answer to Jack Kerouac's "On the Road"—Nicholson was tapped as a last-minute replacement for a featured role in "Easy Rider."

From that point on, his career was off and revving. After surviving a major blowout with only minor cuts and bruises —an embarrassing outing in the big-budgeted Barbra Streisand musical "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" —he went on to win his Oscar nomination as a failed piano prodigy turned drifter in "Five Easy Pieces." His directorial debut in "Drive, He Said," the story (which he coscripted) of a campus activist slowly going insane, drew mixed reactions; but with the Mike Nichols–directed "Carnal Knowledge," a searing study of the obsessive sexual adventures of two friends, chronicled from college days through middle age, he reached what many consider to be the zenith of his craft.

According to friends who know him well, Nicholson is as complex a man off-camera as Jonathan in "Carnal Knowledge," or any of the other characters he has delineated on the screen. To explore these complexities, PLAYBOY *Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis visited the actor in his home at the top of Mulholland Drive, overlooking Los Angeles. Lewis reports:*

"When I arrived at the trim, two-story stucco house, Nicholson was preparing

"The censors say they're protecting the family unit in America when, in fact, the reality of the censorship is if you suck a tit, you're an X, but if you cut it off with a sword, you're a GP."

"I was one of the first people in the country to take acid; it was in laboratory experiments on the West Coast about nine or ten years ago. At that time, I was a totally adventurous actor."

"I've had days in my life, or three or four days at a time, or weeks, when I've been with more than four women. I found that to be an internal lie. You're just not really getting it on past a certain point."

to leave for ten weeks on location in Atlantic City, where his latest picture, 'The King of Marvin Gardens,' was being filmed. With great deliberation, he placed a number of LPs in corrugated shipping boxes: George Harrison's 'All Things Must Pass,' Strauss waltzes recorded by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, 'Rimsky-Korsakov's Greatest Hits' and a representative selection of Bob Dylan, Cat Stevens and Lee Michaels. Nicholson wore brown-and-white saddle shoes, pleated slacks and a Shetland pullover—an outfit he could have worn in the early sequences of 'Carnal Knowledge.'

"Among the first things one notices about him, besides a vaguely rural voice that sounds as if he'd spent a childhood of Saturday matinees watching Henry Fonda movies, is the expanse of white enamel gleaming from his foot-wide grin: perfectly straight teeth untouched by caps or orthodontia. His creased forehead and receding hairline make him look considerably older than someone on the precipice of his 35th birthday.

"While Nicholson excused himself to field the first of many phone calls that would punctuate our conversation, a glance at his cluttered library shelves revealed an eclectic selection of books: 'The Complete Works of Marcel Duchamp,' 'Edgar Cayce on Reincarnation,' Jules Feiffer's 'Harry, the Rat with Women,' 'The Primal Scream,' 'The Groupsex Tapes' and several works of Hermann Hesse. Standing amid these volumes were two large candles, one spelling out the word PEACE *and the other sculpted in the form of a prodigious, erect penis.*

"Returning, Nicholson led the way into a beamed-ceiling living room and eased his slender, 5' 10" frame into a suede couch opposite a fireplace crackling with pine logs. Feet propped on a coffee table, he lit a fat Monte Cristo Havana and idly stroked the cat nestling next to him. Nicholson's eyes, somehow, were as inscrutable as the cat's. Visible over his shoulder was a baby grand piano and beyond that an expansive swimming pool rimmed by redwood decking, and beyond that an incomparable mountain view—creature comforts that had become available to Nicholson only in the three years since he became an honest-to-God celebrity. They suggested an appropriate point of departure for our conversation."

PLAYBOY: Have there been any significant changes in your life style in the three years since you hit it big with *Easy Rider*?

NICHOLSON: Well, I'm not looking for work anymore. Work is looking for me. That changes every minute of your day—your entire outlook on life. Before *Easy Rider*, I had been almost totally unknown, despite the fact that I had written six movies, coproduced three, edited or assistant-edited five and acted in 20. For one thing, since my overnight stardom, if you can call it that, I can't go around picking up stray pussy anymore. You don't have the anonymity of a pure social exchange in a bar. If you just come up and say, "Hi, how're you doing?" everyone notices; it all becomes very public. And there was a time, soon after *Easy Rider*, when I was rude to friends—didn't return phone calls as promptly as I should. I never used to be late at all; suddenly, I was late everywhere. After three years, I'm just now starting to be on time a little bit. But the most encouraging thing is, really, how little has changed inside me. My own judgment of myself, candidly, is that I'm very happy with the way that I've responded. It's been good for me, and it's getting better all the time.

PLAYBOY: Has your standard of living changed appreciably?

NICHOLSON: As far as the tangibles are concerned, until recently I still drove the same 1967 VW I had for five years. I gave it up when I started to feel it might be an affectation of some kind. My new car is a Mercedes-Benz 600, for driving my friends around at night. My house is 20 percent bigger than the one I was living in before, and I'm in the process of buying it instead of renting it. It's not a really expensive house by contemporary standards. The one really decadent habit I've picked up is spending a great deal of money in restaurants. With anywhere from four to six people, every lunch is $15; most dinners are $25. I probably average $30 a day on food. I'm grateful to be able to pick up the majority of the checks, 'cause I'm working and a lot of my friends aren't. When they're working and I'm not, they pick up the checks. Probably one of my biggest self-indulgences is a Monte Cristo number two, the Cuban cigar that I buy for $25 a box in Europe or Canada, where they can still be legally obtained. There's nothing like this cigar. I've been through the sophistry of investigating all the other ones, but basically, when you get right down to it, Monte Cristo's it—boom, over and out. One of the great injustices of Western diplomacy is our nonrelationship with Castro. Never mind China; give me Cuba back so I can get my cigars. I got into smoking them in Canada when we were shooting *Carnal Knowledge*. We had all taken a vow to stay off grass while we were making this movie, so the Monte Cristos became a perfect substitute.

PLAYBOY: Why was the vow made in the first place?

NICHOLSON: Mike Nichols felt, properly, that grass slows your tempo down a little bit. Without it, he felt that there would be more vitality, more ability to get with the juvenile factor—especially in the earlier college sequences. For the most part, everyone stuck to it, despite some unusual temptations. In Canada, they smoke it in public bars. They have an enormous heroin problem in Vancouver. A tremendous amount of Canada's heroin traffic is through that city, so they allow grass in certain sections. There's no bust, no nothin'. The clubs I visited were just great and groovy because of this, even though I wasn't smoking. Everyone was happy and pleasant.

PLAYBOY: You once told a reporter you had smoked grass every day for 15 years. Is that true?

NICHOLSON: To a certain degree. Fifteen years ago is about when I started smoking. I'm a social smoker. But I can go for months at a time without even thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the anti-marijuana laws?

NICHOLSON: It's insane to have laws that are making criminals out of a huge percentage of our population, particularly when it's something that involves morality. I'm old-fashioned in that I don't want to see the entire world addicted to drugs—like the synthetic existence described in *Brave New World*—but I think it's an enormous leap from a little grass to that grim picture. Yet we have organizations like the Federal Bureau of Narcotics putting out the most misleading kind of propaganda. I've got one of their pamphlets in my bookcase; it propounds such garbage as: "Beware, young and old people in all walks of life. This [joint] may be handed you by the friendly stranger. It contains the killer drug, marijuana, a powerful narcotic in which lurks murder, insanity, death." I don't think there's anything to prove that marijuana leads to the use of harder drugs. It hasn't been true in my case, although probably I never would have encountered any other drug if I hadn't gotten involved in smoking marijuana. But I'm not addicted to any of it. I know when to say, "No more of this."

PLAYBOY: Isn't cocaine the currently fashionable drug in Hollywood?

NICHOLSON: I see it around.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried it?

NICHOLSON: Yeah, it's basically an upper, but it doesn't seem to do too much to me. I don't think it'll be fashionable for long, because it's expensive and we're in a depression; whether the world chooses to call it a depression or not, there's no money around. Cocaine is "in" now because chicks dig it sexually. It's the white powder that they talk about in *Porgy and Bess*: "Don't let him handle me and drive me wild." The property of the drug is that, while it numbs some areas,


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it inflames the mucous membranes such as those in a lady's genital region. That's the real attraction of it. In his book, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Errol Flynn talks about putting a little cocaine on the tip of your dick as an aphrodisiac. But his conclusion is that there really isn't any such thing as an aphrodisiac. I sort of agree with him, though if you do put a numbing tip of cocaine on the end of your cock because you're quick on the trigger and need to cut down on the sensation, I guess it could be considered a sexual aid. And it's an upper, so you've got added energy.

PLAYBOY: Five or six years ago, the popular sexual upper was amyl nitrite. Have you had any experiences with that drug?

NICHOLSON: I've never taken any poppers; I'm afraid of them. Whenever I say that to friends of mine, they look at me like I must be insane, so I guess it's big in the sexual area. It's a flusher. It ups the respiratory system to a tremendous degree, from what I understand, and makes the heart pound. I just don't like fast rushes. I've had more than a dozen opportunities to get ahold of amyl nitrite and I notice I haven't done it, so something's resisting it. Many people don't know what the hell they're doing when they take something into their system, if you want to know the truth. I really know very little about drugs except how they individually affect me. I'm attuned to that because of my training as an actor: to know how I feel and why I feel and where the feelings are emanating from. In that regard, I've had a lot of experiences with acid.

PLAYBOY: When did you first try it?

NICHOLSON: I was one of the first people in the country to take acid; it was in laboratory experiments on the West Coast about nine or ten years ago. At that time, I was a totally adventurous actor looking for experience to put in his mental filing cabinet for later contributions to art. I was very curious about LSD. Some of the people I knew were in therapy with it. I went to downtown L. A. and took it one afternoon. I spent five hours with a therapist and about five more at home in the later stages of it. I hallucinated a lot, primarily because of the way the therapist structured it. He put a blindfold on me, which makes you much more introspective, gives you more dreamlike imagery. Imagine what acid is like when you know nothing about it. You think it's going to be like getting stoned on grass, which I had done. But all of your conceptual reality gets jerked away and there are things in your mind that have in no way been suggested to you: such as you're going to see God; or watch sap streaming through the leaves of trees; or you're going to feel the dissolving of certain bodily parts; you're going to re-experience your own birth, which I did on my first acid trip; you're going to be frightened that your prick might be cut off, because you have castration fears; you're going to come mush-ass to face with your own homosexual fears. I just wasn't ready for half this stuff.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe what the castration fears felt like?

NICHOLSON: At first, I just didn't feel too hot. I said to the therapist, "I feel a kind of fluttering in my genital area." It was sort of like a queasy stomach. At that level, it's alarming, but it's not terrorizing. Then I began to get more uncomfortable and cold in that area. At one point, I came back to consciousness screaming at the top of my lungs till I had no more breath to exhale. I thought I'd have to try to remedy this genital discomfort myself by cutting my cock off. I got into interpreting that psychologically with the therapist, what it meant, and he said it related to homosexual fears. It was really a kind of paranoia. The drug just aggravated it. Taught me a lot about myself. It was a good psychological experience.

PLAYBOY: What insight did you gain from experiencing your own birth?

NICHOLSON: I came away with the feeling that one never totally recovers from his own birth. It was extremely graphic, a feeling of actually being inside a womb in some kind of sack that was the same as me. I didn't feel the separation, because everything was the same temperature. At a certain point, something began to happen: I didn't know what it was, but still there was only me. I was the universe, you see. I didn't even know that I had fingers and a nose. Then suddenly I began feeling myself. I started moving and felt the interior of the vagina going by my face. And then came the absolutely traumatic moment when the cold air of reality hit the top of my head. It totally defined me. It was the first feeling that I was separate from anything, that I was a specific individual. Then suddenly I was in this room and it was light and I didn't even know what light was. I'm telling it now as you tell a story, but it wasn't a story when I was experiencing it, because I didn't know what a story was, what a word was, what *I* was. It almost defies description.

Later on, I became conscious of very early emotions about not being wanted —feeling that I was a problem to my family as an infant. You see, my mother and father separated just prior to my birth. Knowing what I know now, it must have been very hard on my mother. She certainly didn't need the problems of caring for an infant coupled with

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the deterioration of the marriage. Some of that must have been communicated. Realizing that made me understand in psychological terms a certain kind of relationship that I have with the female sex—one of dependence upon them, wanting to please them because my survival depended on it.

PLAYBOY: Have you dropped much acid since that first time?

NICHOLSON: Some, but not as much as most of the people I know. I still take it occasionally, but I have a certain awe of it.

PLAYBOY: What makes you persist?

NICHOLSON: Once you've related to acid, there are certain things you perceive that would be impossible otherwise—things that help you understand yourself. Also, maybe there's the element of challenge. You get into it because you don't want to feel something is too frightening to deal with. If properly used, acid can also mean a lot of kicks. During the shooting of *Easy Rider* in Taos, New Mexico, for example, Hopper and I dropped a little of the drug and a couple of guys drove us up to D. H. Lawrence's tomb. It's on the side of a mountain and there's this great huge granite tomb where his wife is buried. Lawrence is indoors in a kind of crypt. When we got up there, we were just starting to come on. The sun was going down, so that it was only slightly above eye level. Dennis and I get very sentimental about each other at these moments; we love to cry about old times and talk about how it's gonna be. So we were up there rapping about D. H. Lawrence and how beautiful it was. We decided we were going to sit on the tomb with D. H. and that was it. From then on, this was where we were going to make our stand in life, and if they wanted to go on with the movie, they'd have to come here and get us; 'cause this was where we were and this was where we'd be. We looked at trees and talked about art and the nature of genius and asked ourselves why people couldn't be more open. And after a while, the guys in the van came back to get us.

Later on, Dennis went off with a lady and I went back to the motel we were staying in. Keep in mind that we were in the middle of Western country, reeking with Indian lore. So back at the motel, I spent a certain amount of time acting out guarding our rooms, watching where the Indian attack would come from. Then I listened to the electric buzz on the television for about ten minutes and that began to make me feel as if I were a bunch of wiring. I had this enormous energy, a need to do something, so I went outside and started walking. You're always very sensitive to light under acid; so when light began appearing around the mountain corners, I knew that dawn was coming. It was getting cold, like it does just before the sun comes up. I thought I'd better get somewhere where I could see the dawn, so I climbed up to the top of a 40-foot tree. I was very happy up there. By now I had passed the peak of it. I was watching this meadow—looking at the light coming on. The meadow seemed to have all these rocks, especially a big white rock that was one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen. At a certain point, the white rock stood right up and suddenly turned into this fabulous white horse. He went up on his hind legs once, came down stiff-legged and his tail went around in a circle, exactly like a propeller, as if he were going to take off. I'd never seen this in a horse before. Now I thought, "Well, maybe I'm not peaked out on this acid, 'cause this is far out." He just went tearing around this meadow and throwing his neck up and bouncing and kicking. It was so beautiful to see. Then all the other darker rocks became horses and he went racing around to each of them. The moment filled me with fantastic emotion. Later, I climbed down the tree, walked out into the meadow and actually followed a cattle herd. I was about ready to go home when I looked down at my feet and found an inflatable plastic pork chop—apparently a squeaker toy for a dog. It was so incongruous. You can imagine what that did to me. I carried that pork chop in my suit pocket through most of the shooting of *Easy Rider*.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea how big a picture it was going to be?

NICHOLSON: Well, before I even saw the film, I knew that any motorcycle picture with Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda in it was going to make a certain number of millions of dollars, because I was acquainted with the grossing potential of all of those films. Peter at that time had become the John Wayne of the bike movies; Dennis had also been in several. You could figure a picture with Fonda and Hopper would gross, fairly conservatively, $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 in the bike market alone, because *Wild Angels* had done $6,000,000. I had also been in a couple of them—*Psych-Out* and *Hell's Angels on Wheels*—which had very good grosses. I felt, too, that the script for *Easy Rider* was a modulation up in terms of quality within the genre. Because of the quality of the film, what it did, what it said, you could see it was going to reach beyond the bike market.

PLAYBOY: How successful has it been?

NICHOLSON: I don't know for sure. The last projections that I heard were around $20,000,000.

PLAYBOY: Did you participate in the profits?

NICHOLSON: Yes, I did. I had no deal to do so before the production, but afterward, they gave me a small piece of the action, a percentage. This is very unorthodox; you never get this in a conventional corporate structure. They also let me cut my own section of the film, which is even more unusual. That had a lot to do with the longtime relationship between Dennis and myself.

PLAYBOY: Is it true, as one interviewer reported, that you smoked 155 joints during *Easy Rider*'s campfire sequence?

NICHOLSON: That's a little exaggerated. But each time I did a take or an angle, it involved smoking almost an entire joint. We were smoking regular dope, pretty good Mexican grass from the state of Michoacán. Now, the main portion of this sequence is the transition from not being stoned to being stoned. So that after the first take or two, the acting job becomes reversed. Instead of being straight and having to act stoned at the end, I'm now stoned at the beginning and have to act straight and then gradually let myself return to where I was—which was very stoned. It was an unusual reverse acting problem. And Dennis was hysterical offcamera most of the time this was happening. In fact, some of the things that you see in the film—like my looking away and trying to keep myself from breaking up—were caused by my looking at Dennis offcamera over in the bushes, totally freaked out of his bird, laughing his head off while I'm in there trying to do my Lyndon Johnson and keep everything together.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you were equally into the part for the scene in *Five Easy Pieces* in which you're confronted with a sullen waitress.

NICHOLSON: Yeah, the one where the waitress says, "No substitutions," and I end up having to ask for a chicken-salad sandwich on wheat toast—hold the butter, lettuce, mayonnaise and chicken salad—just to get an order of wheat toast. Finally, boom, I sweep the table clear of glasses, silverware and dishes. Actually, something like that scene had occurred in my own life. Years ago, when I was maybe 20, I cleared a table that way at Pupi's, a coffee shop on the Sunset Strip. Carole Eastman, the screenwriter of *Five Easy Pieces* and an old friend of mine, knew about that incident. And Bob Rafelson, the director, and I had gone through something like the bit with a "no substitutions" waitress, although that time I hadn't dumped the dishes. So, knowing me, Carole and Bob just put the two incidents together and into the script.

Bob and Carole are among a number of actors, writers and directors I've hung around with for years whom I consider my surrogate family. I have very familial

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feelings about them and Charles Eastman, the writer; Robert Towne, the actor; Monte Hellman, who most recently directed *Two-Lane Blacktop*, and Roger Corman, who produced most of my previous films. It's like we all grew up together. We have a rare symbiotic relationship, in the best sense. We seem to turn one another on artistically. I've always had a very real feeling that they were more talented than I was in most areas; they are all people whom I admire, as well as friends of mine. A lot of what growing I've done is the result of experience that they've shared with me. I know they'd say the same.

PLAYBOY: How did your group come together?

NICHOLSON: It began by just being in Hollywood and starting out at the same time, attending acting classes and working together in films. I met my former wife, Sandra, in an acting class taught by Martin Landau. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, none of us had much money. We used to hang out in now-defunct coffeehouses like The Unicorn, Mac's, Luan's, The Renaissance and Chez Paulette's. And we'd meet at Barney's Beanery or we'd play darts at a bar called the Rain Check, both of which are still in existence. I was never a drinker, but I was one of the earliest people in the Rain Check and I took them some of their heaviest drinkers. I think Sally Kellerman and I, between us, probably made the place.

People in the group were writing plays and reading them in coffeehouses. A bunch of us literally built a small theater, The Players' Ring, where we produced our own legitimate productions. We didn't have a penny. We used to go out and steal lumber from lumberyards at night. We stole the toilets out of gas stations. Lighting, boards, everything, we ripped off one way or another. We spent a lot of time acting. That was really ripe learning. It was a time of freshness and a discovery of what acting was all about, of meeting new people and being inspired by other people's work, or watching an actor or an actress who could hardly talk come into a class and then six months later suddenly do a brilliant scene. That was part of the early days.

PLAYBOY: Was the theater and coffeehouse scene pretty much your whole life then?

NICHOLSON: No; I was also part of a generation that was raised on cool jazz and Jack Kerouac, and we walked around in corduroys and turtlenecks talking about Camus and Sartre and existentialism and what going on the road would be like. We stayed up all night and slept till three in the afternoon. We were among the few people around seeing European pictures. We went to Dylan's and Ravi Shankar's early concerts. We smoked a lot of dope, usually in the toilet or out in the back yard or driveway, 'cause it wasn't cool to do it in public. Zen was coming in, so we knew about Alan Watts. Most of us had been fortunate chronologically; we hadn't had to go to war. And we were probably among the first group of people who weren't buying the American dream. We spent a lot of time in the street scene on the Sunset Strip. This is long before drug trafficking wrecked the Strip. There were no rock-'n'-roll clubs, no naked shows, no fuck movies; it was really cool.

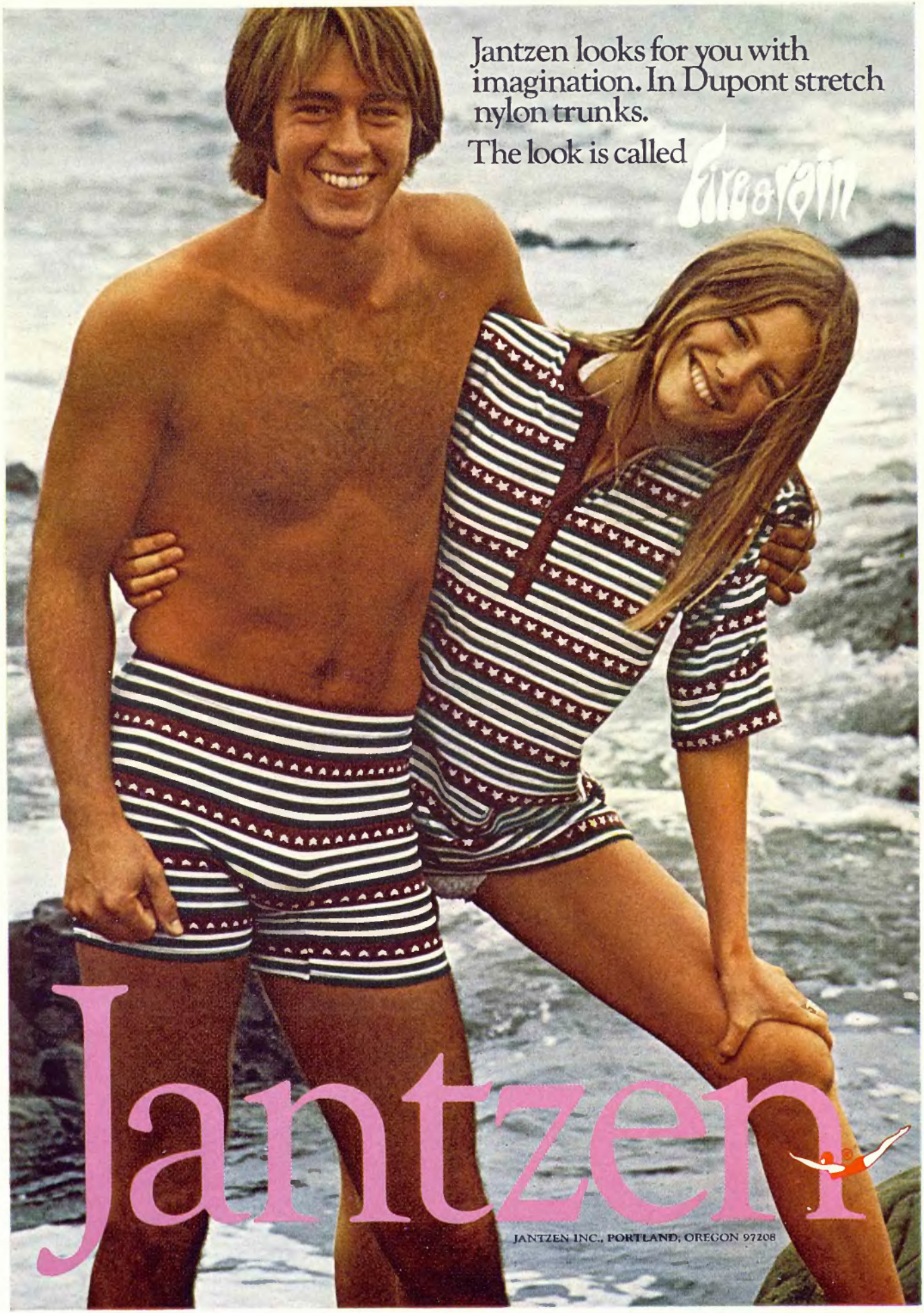
And there were a lot of parties. Many more parties than I go to now. They were simply bring-your-own-bottle parties or wine parties. Harry Dean Stanton, who was one of my close side-kicks in those days, says that whenever he thinks of me in that period, he always sees me with a cheap red wine on my red lips. We'd get 19 half gallons of Gallo Red Mountain and get everybody drunk. I guess you could call them orgies by the strictest definition. I gave parties that hundreds of people attended; there were a lot of rooms in my house and people would take their own little private trips. I don't know what they were doing. I know what I was doing, though, and I guess that could be called an orgy. But it wasn't something where everybody's there and naked and fucking one another all over the place. I've never been in that scene. I've tried ineffectively to promote it a time or two, because of thrill-seeking impulses, but they never really came together. I've never been in an orgy of more than three people. But the parties were great. Actually, Dennis and I originally became actors because we like parties and people and girls and art and acceptance and all the things that are really very momentary and immediate.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall any particularly memorable festivities that the two of you attended together?

NICHOLSON: We used to go a lot to the *salons* held by Samson DeVreer, a male witch. He's one of the great Hollywood-L. A. puries, no question about that.

PLAYBOY: Puries?

NICHOLSON: By puries I mean people who are very expressive of the L. A. culture —the overstuffed California hamburger, the 48,000 ice-cream flavors, the Hollywood electric whiz-bang kids. Anyway, DeVreer had sort of a running open house for crazos over there, all the local eccentrics like Vampira and occasionally James Dean. People would be reading tarot cards at those gatherings—long before it became fashionable. Just big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walking-around parties. Every once in a while, Samson would turn off all the lights and read from his memoirs. I didn't know many people who had been André Gide's lover, so it was very exotic to me.

PLAYBOY: How were you supporting yourself during this period?

NICHOLSON: Unemployment checks helped. And I was doing pretty well betting the horses. On a day when I'd have four winners, I'd come away from the track with maybe $300 or $400. The moment I quit was the day I tapped out in the fourth race and couldn't find my car in the parking lot at Hollywood Park. I thought, "Well, this is grand. I'm pissed off 'cause I'm losing and I can't even find my car. What kind of state of mind is that to be in?" So I just dropped out of it.

I guess I earned most of my living from TV. There was lots of television work around in those days. I used to do court shows and improvised stuff like that. I was a great corespondent in *Divorce Court*. I got my first film, *The Cry Baby Killer*—with Roger Corman as executive producer—right after I started acting. I played a high school boy who kidnaps a woman and a child—sort of a *Desperate Hours* situation. I got killed at the end. Didn't work on anything much for almost a year after that. Gradually, though, most of us from the group began getting work. One of the most memorable for me was Corman's *Little Shop of Horrors*—which took little more than two days to shoot. The story line concerns a scientist who crosses a Venus'-flytrap with some gargantuan plant. He starts off feeding it flies and it graduates to mice and finally to people. You know the rest.

PLAYBOY: How many films did you do for Corman?

NICHOLSON: I did the leads in 11 horror movies and kill-crazy teenage-delinquent pictures for Roger. The longest shooting schedule he ever had was two weeks, and at that time actors' scale was about $350 a week. That's all he ever paid anybody. Several years ago, when he was shooting *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre* at 20th Century-Fox—at a much larger budget than usual—I said, "Roger, I'll be perfectly honest with you. I don't want to do the lead. Do me a favor: Give me the smallest part with the longest run you can in the picture." Which he did. As the driver for the murderers, I worked for three weeks and earned more money in a Corman movie than ever before. I had only one line. It got the only laugh in the picture, I might add. Someone says, "What the hell are you doing?" to another character, one of the killers, who's rubbing something on his bullets. And I say, using a gravelly voice, "It's garlic. The bullets don't kill ya, ya die of the blood poisoning." That voice coming out of me always got a laugh, for some reason. But Roger's record is amazing. At the time I stopped working with him, he'd made 70 pictures, and only two of them lost money. No major studio has ever had this kind of a record.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel now about your work in those early low-budget films?

NICHOLSON: I'm probably more pleased about it than I should be. The beauty about most of those early films is that I was—for the most part—working with the same group of actors and writers who hung around the parties and coffee shops. In fact, in the first and only film I directed—*Drive, He Said*—I used a number of my old cronies. And I was more than pleased that I was in a position to do so.

PLAYBOY: Why was *Drive, He Said* originally rated X by the Motion Picture Association of America?

NICHOLSON: Because it had frontal nudity and it had someone who was fucking have an orgasm. The orgasm is audible, not visible. The person says, "I'm coming." I'm convinced the rating system is 100 percent corrupt. The censors say they're protecting the family unit in America when, in fact, the reality of the censorship is if you suck a tit, you're an X, but if you cut it off with a sword, you're a GP.

PLAYBOY: What prompted the M. P. A. A. to change *Drive*'s rating to R?

NICHOLSON: Columbia fought it because it had never released an X movie. They showed it to a group of psychiatrists and they got hundreds of affidavits saying that this was a film that should be seen by audiences under 18 years of age because it was a realistic representation, an unfrightened look at a kind of social behavior. Ted Sorensen, Arthur Schlesinger and a lot of heavyweight clergy wrote affidavits expressing their support of the picture. Ramsey Clark is a member of the law firm that handled our appeal of the X rating, and he did the final argument. I've got a lot of very interesting critiques of why the picture is morally fit. Some of them went so far as to say that it was imperative that people under 18 see the picture and that they should have to be accompanied by a parent to ensure that parents also saw it. That was most gratifying.

PLAYBOY: Was any footage eliminated in order to qualify for the R rating?

NICHOLSON: There have never been any cuts. So far, I haven't allowed any censorship. If I let anyone censor the work so that I can make more money, then I'm going back on what I felt when I made the film at first. I can't resist the entire Columbia Pictures corporate structure, should they decide that they want to cut it, because I don't have full control in that area. But thus far, Columbia has supported me. The authorities in Canada wanted 45 cuts, so it's not being distributed there. As of this moment, it's not being distributed in England, either, because I refused to censor the fucking sequence in the car. They don't mind the fucking, they mind the coming. That's what's fascinating to me. In other words, you can have the sequence, you can have everybody moaning and saying, "It feels good" and "Screw me," but you can't have someone saying, "I'm coming."

PLAYBOY: A few critics suggest that this scene brands you as one of the last of the old school raised on the idea that sex is dirty—something to be done in the back seat of a car in a drive-in. Are they right?

NICHOLSON: No, I don't think there's anything dirty about sex. I don't dislike sex in the back seat of an automobile and I don't know why anyone would think it's dirty. It's certainly not dirty to me.

PLAYBOY: But the way you've shot the scene—with the girl bent over the front seat, the guy behind her, grinding away—has been called rather unattractive. Some of those same critics said it might be fun to do it that way, but it wasn't fun to look at.

NICHOLSON: That was the most forthright, frank way of presenting it. I've fucked in the front seat of a two-seater sports car, and that's how I happen to know it's practically the only place in the car, the only position in which it can be accomplished. As for its being attractive or unattractive—I don't know what's attractive or unattractive about viewing the sexual experience. In fact, I nailed a critic on the radio who used the same approach. I asked him, "What's really unattractive about it?" He felt that the guy was kind of ginky-looking. And I had to ask, "Well, is it only beautiful people who are allowed to enjoy sex?" Many people, in fact, have gone out of their way to tell me that the scene totally turned them on. I think it's the most erotic scene that's been shown in a legitimate film to date, and yet all that's visible is the two people's faces. I understood that it was an erotic scene when I did it. The whole point of the film is that this is a young man involved in an erotic relationship with an older woman from whom he is emotionally unable to detach himself, even after she's tired of him. So that when I did the scene, I wanted it, in the clearest, most succinct way, to show that these people were involved in a sexual relationship. I think I did it. I would hate to have someone say that I did anything

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"tastefully," but I think that's the way it came out. I'm bored to death by the overuse of that word tasteful.

PLAYBOY: Was the transition from actor to director difficult for you?

NICHOLSON: For someone who'd never directed a picture before, I'd had a lot of industry experience, but I was amazed at how little I knew about actual directing when I came to do it. Mistakes went into the film in areas out of my control, but basically it's the movie I wanted to make: it's very deeply thought out. *Drive, He Said* doesn't take the point of view of the revolutionary, of the celebrity, of the equivocated professor, of the gung-ho basketball coach who's attempting to be a spiritual leader, of the militant black, nor of a woman's life. It takes *all* of these points of view. Only at the end of the film do you get a master look at it. When you pull back one notch with the camera, you see that this guy who's acted out all the drama of the revolutionary of the Sixties doesn't even draw a crowd on campus—even though he's being carted off in a cage. His friend comes and tries to jump onto the truck and stop it, but everyone else is just kind of on the way to class, and that's it.

PLAYBOY: What were you trying to convey? The shift in campus mood?

NICHOLSON: Not the shift in campus mood but the universal fact that people do not respond to extremist behavior. They'll observe it, but they won't get involved with it. In fact, it's suspect. That's why the Gabriel character in *Drive, He Said* is driven crazy. Everything he says is essentially true. He feels that the country is not sexually healthy. Some critics think that I oversimplified by reducing everything to sex, but if you look at the real facts of your life, you'll find if you're not releasing your sexual energy, you're in trouble. If you take a trip and you're away three days and you don't relate to a chick, pretty soon that's all you're thinking about, even if you're out selling Bromo-Seltzer. Within three days in a new town, you're thinking, "Why can't I find a beaver in a bar?" Or, if you're a woman, "Why can't I find a guy? Why are all the guys I meet so uninteresting?" It's not that sex is the primary element of the universe, it's just that when it's unfulfilled, it will affect you. I wish that we could all express our sexuality so openly that every party and every conversation wouldn't have those undertones. They wouldn't if there was a truly healthy flow through the society.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by healthy flow?

NICHOLSON: The absence of sexual hang-ups. It's a pure Wilhelm Reich theme and illustrative of Reichian politics. I personally have related to Reichian therapy and it's been very positive to me.

PLAYBOY: How did you become involved in Reichian therapy?

NICHOLSON: I never got into any therapy until late for that sort of thing. It was prompted by the collapse of a long-standing relationship with a female. It ended before I was ready to be out of it. She felt that I wasn't worth her time. She'd had it. It was very sudden, very abrupt. I was unprepared. I couldn't cope with all the emotion that was released as the result of being cashiered.

PLAYBOY: Are you still in therapy?

NICHOLSON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Is there any indication when treatment will be concluded?

NICHOLSON: Probably never. Once you're in it, you don't get out. You just gradually improve your health and your system.

PLAYBOY: What is there about Reichian therapy that makes it meaningful for you?

NICHOLSON: The design of the therapy makes sense to me. It's structured to soften and relieve holding areas of what Reich described as body armor—which comes from pleasure denial or pleasure fear. When you dam up energy and feelings, sexual and otherwise, you begin to devour yourself. Our society is unhealthy, according to Reich, because we tend to fragment and separate sexuality. We talk about it in terms of scoring. We have ass men and tit men and leg men and cunt men and lip men. These are all partialisms.

PLAYBOY: Aren't these partialisms and the male's preoccupation with scoring exactly what *Carnal Knowledge* is about?

NICHOLSON: Reich and Feiffer have a lot in common. There's one difference between Jules's outlook and mine, though. In his *Playboy Interview*, he talked about the speech that was left out of the film where my character says, "Guys don't really like girls." That's something I disagree with, because it's true of only some guys. I have at least an equal number of male and female friends. I have many nonsexual relationships with women; I'm not trying to get into the pants of every woman I'm interested in. For example, there's an attractive gal living in my house now—a movie star—with whom I don't have a sexual relationship. Sally Kellerman used to sit on my lap and tell me about her boyfriends and her problems. Jonathan, in *Carnal Knowledge*, is exactly the opposite. I don't think he knows any way to communicate with women beyond screwing them.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever go through the same stage yourself?

NICHOLSON: Of course. I've been through a lot of infantilism sexually. When I began sexual activity in earnest, my point of view was simply to try to seduce everyone I could. At that time, I had trouble with *ejaculatio praecox*. A lot of men have had this problem. I had it almost exclusively until I was 26 or so. You find yourself making it with a chick—and, like, you poke her eight times and right away you're coming. It's a chore trying to go through to the second orgasm and not lose your erection. In desperation, you find yourself getting the chicks off without balling them, through manipulation of some kind; or you find yourself getting with another chick to share the load with you; any way to keep yourself from saying, "I've got a major problem here, man. I'm not fucking for shit." I would never tell you this story now if I was still in that situation. I didn't know the story when I was there. I'd say to myself, "Well, I haven't balled anybody in three days and I'm all filled up." And then I'd have a premature ejaculation, which is really a form of impotence. The root of it all was in some kind of pleasure denial; it was pretty unsatisfactory for the woman involved. Somehow, in the sexual experience, I was making the woman into a sort of mom—an authoritarian female figure. That made me feel inadequate to the situation, small and childish. I indulged myself in a lot of masturbatory behavior. I solved none of these problems in therapy; I worked them out for myself. But any of them might reappear.

PLAYBOY: Somehow this, too, recalls Jonathan in *Carnal Knowledge*.

NICHOLSON: I moved Jonathan a great deal toward me. Mike Nichols and I agreed that this guy must not become a lascivious character, because that's not really what's being said. Jonathan is the most sensitive character in the picture. He's the one who doesn't recover from the original sexual triangle. He's never able to really trust girls after that. He winds up in a very ritualistic but honest sexual relationship with a professional, which is the best thing—not the worst—he can do for himself. He's a person with sexual problems who's never been fortunate enough to make a genuine contact, probably largely through his own doing. He's in a position where he truly doesn't want to go on rifling women's cunts. By paying for it, he gets it off with no muss, no fuss. Nobody's pissed off. Nobody's concerned that he's fucking them over. The hooker doesn't care if he stays the night at her place or she stays the night at his. He hasn't solved his problem positively, but he's given himself the best negative answer that he can come up with.

PLAYBOY: Rosalyn Drexler, in *The New*

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York Times, wrote: "*Carnal Knowledge* may be a study of latent homosexuality masquerading as two college roommates growing up from the mid-Forties to the present time." Is that a valid interpretation?

NICHOLSON: When the term latent homosexuality is used by a lay person, it's as valid, medically speaking, as was the use of leeches or any other remedy of the Dark Ages. I suppose any time you're doing a piece of work with two male leads, there will be some connotation of latent homosexuality. But you could probably project that implication onto Romulus and Remus or Abbott and Costello. I don't think that was really an intended statement of the work.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to another critic who has suggested that "the pathological case histories [of the two leads] the authors give us as representative . . . would be more accurately described as 'aberrational extremes' "?

NICHOLSON: There do exist people who are not part of today's pervasive sexual environment. But I think Nichols and Feiffer assumed that they were writing about very social people, working New Yorkers, upper-middle-class professional men who are meeting women, having cocktails, having affairs and constantly judging and rejudging their own sexuality, trying to find some substance in it, trying to make conquests within it. There are millions of men like this in New York and in cities all over the world. Probably these characters wouldn't be sophisticated enough for the European culture, where individuals aren't kept so ignorant about sexuality. But excluding the nonsexual person, I think we must assume that the characters played by Artie Garfunkel and myself are probably far more representative than most people care to admit. Obviously, they don't represent people who live in a rural area; it's strictly an urban story. A man couldn't be as openly promiscuous as Jonathan in a small-town environment. He would be branded a social outcast, considered predatory.

PLAYBOY: One of your lines in *Carnal Knowledge* goes: "Love is so elusive that it may not exist at all." Do you think that's true?

NICHOLSON: No. I don't know if I could give a succinct definition of love, but I feel that it's there in my own life and in my relationships with people. Even if they outlawed love tomorrow and found some way of eliminating it from everything but the mind, it would have existed in my life.

PLAYBOY: Presumably you were in love during some portion of your six-year marriage. What prompted the divorce?

NICHOLSON: My marriage broke up during the period when I was acting in a film during the day and writing a film at night. I simply didn't have time to ask for peace and quiet or to say, "Well, now, wait a second, maybe you're being unreasonable." I didn't have the 30 minutes I felt the conversation needed. If the other person can't see that I haven't got the time right now, I can't explain it to her. I've blown a lot of significant relationships in my life because I was working and didn't have time to deal with a major crisis. Another source of trouble is that your increasing celebrity becomes a threat to your partner, and you can't turn the celebrity off to save the relationship. Nor should you. I'm not terribly thirsty for the limelight, but obviously you don't get into the movie business if you want to be a recluse.

PLAYBOY: Having had one failed marriage, would you be wary of getting married again?

NICHOLSON: If there is any realistic deterrent to marriage, it's the fact that you can't afford divorce. If I should have a second unsuccessful attempt at a marriage, I'd be financially ruined because of the inequity of the divorce laws, which sack the male in the courts beyond all possible belief. I'm hoping that the feminist movement in this country can get rolling toward achieving economic equality on this score. Actually, I don't have any problem with this, because I have a good relationship with my ex-wife. Our marriage was lived out rather than failed. We just grew apart. We were so obviously going in different directions that we were becoming a burden not only to each other but to our child. We haven't excised each other from our lives. We're in communication. So I don't have an ironclad policy against remarriage. But I'm not seeking it as a path to fulfillment, either.

PLAYBOY: Recently, a bill was introduced in the Maryland state legislature advocating three-year marriage contracts. Do you think that proposal has any merit?

NICHOLSON: Yeah, it certainly does. There may be a certain amount of fatalism written into the relationship; but if the participants are aware of what this escape valve can or might do for their mental well-being, it can only have a positive effect. Fortunately, I'm currently involved with somebody—Michelle Phillips—who has the same feeling about marriage as I do. I don't think either one of us particularly wants to get married. Nor are we living together.

PLAYBOY: That arrangement is rather old-fashioned, isn't it?

NICHOLSON: I don't know if it's old-fashioned or not. Someone said to me recently, "I can never tell if you're behind or ahead of the fashion." It may be new-fashioned. Michelle and I are talking about ultimately living in separate residences next to each other. When I met her originally, it was under very tempestuous circumstances. She had been married to my good friend Dennis Hopper, but the marriage only lasted eight days. I started taking her out because she was depressed. I called Dennis on the phone beforehand, of course, and made sure how he felt; I cooled it out with him. I don't think there's any resentment at all. He's into some other relationship himself. As my feeling for Michelle deepened, I told her up front, "Look, I don't want to constantly define the progress of this relationship. Let's keep it instantaneous." And it's working beautifully. I'm trying to continue to open up and grow as a man and be fulfilled in my relationship with a woman. I've spent a certain amount of time completely unattached and I find that being with someone makes me enjoy my achievements more. I like sharing things and learning how to share. I find when I'm alone I become very crusty and thwarted in a lot of ways. Where my head is at now, expanding sexuality is not most satisfied through promiscuity but through continuously communicating with someone specifically.

PLAYBOY: Does that imply that you've eliminated all outside sexual experiences?

NICHOLSON: I haven't had to eliminate anything. You know, I'm not a dead man. Like everyone else, I'm attracted daily to something or someone. But the fact that I'm fulfilled in other areas makes me feel less compelled to find ego gratification through seduction or conquest. Therefore, if I see a twist I like walking down the street, I'm not automatically going to go over and say, who's that, what's her phone number, call her up on the phone, how do you do, I'm doing OK, how are you, can I come over. And by the time I'm over there, I'm already coming in my pants. I don't have that experience anymore. I've had it.

PLAYBOY: What would your reaction be if Michelle—or a future spouse, for that matter—made it with someone else?

NICHOLSON: I'm not all that willing to share, but my suspicion is that I wouldn't let something that incidental—if that's what it was—destroy something that's much more substantial to me. I don't know if I can live up to it. As I say, I'm not after all the women anymore. That's a definite change. I've had days in my life, or three or four days at a time, or weeks, when I've been with more than four women. I found that to be an internal lie. You're just not really getting it on past a certain point. It's unrealistic—like going for some

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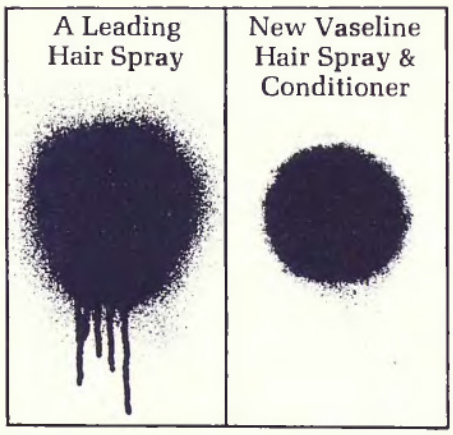

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endurance record. Everybody knows that's a pure ego trip. A couple of years ago, I told a reporter that for years I'd balled all the chicks I wanted to. Well, man, every chick I ever related to really resented that statement. The Jonathan role in *Carnal Knowledge* also turned off a lot of chicks. In a casual conversation with me, you could have a certain difficulty in separating my sexual stance from Jonathan's. You can imagine what that does to a chick who sees the film, then meets me. For her, I become that character, the negativity she saw in the film. And she doesn't want to be in a pussy parade. I mean, no chick wants to be a part of some band of cunts. And I certainly don't blame 'em for that.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that make you feel some kind of need to explain what you're really like?

NICHOLSON: Not really. I've done enough of that. In fact, one problem I'm having lately is that I'm constantly pressured to explain myself to the public. That's why I never do television talk shows; I don't want to lose a certain amount of mystery. The more people know about you, the harder it is for them to believe that you're someone other than yourself. The job of an actor is to create an illusion of being many different people. Why should I go on television and be a part of someone's late-night cookies and milk, telling them what I've done that day, and an amusing story about so-and-so, and what it was like to blah-blah?

PLAYBOY: Then why are you spilling your guts in this interview?

NICHOLSON: At this moment, I'm wishing I wasn't. Maybe because I know when the interview is read, it will add as much confusion as to who I am as it will reveal truth.

PLAYBOY: Don't you reveal as much of yourself in your performances as you do in an interview such as this one? Friends have suggested that in the scene in *Five Easy Pieces* where you break down and cry in front of your father, with whom you have not communicated for years, you were summoning up memories of your own father. Were you?

NICHOLSON: Of course; who wouldn't in a scene like that? I had never really had a relationship of any significant longevity with my father. He was very rarely around. He was involved in a personal tragedy of alcoholism, which no one hid from me. I just sort of accepted it as what he was like. He was an incredible drinker. I used to go to bars with him as a child and I would drink 18 sarsaparillas while he'd have 35 shots of Three Star Hennessey. But I never heard him raise his voice; I never saw anybody be angry with him, not even my mother. He was just a quiet, melancholy, tragic figure—a very soft man. He died the year after I came to California.

PLAYBOY: Did the absence of a father in the household leave any traumatic imprint on you?

NICHOLSON: I don't think so, no. If it did at all, it would be that I didn't have anybody to model myself on after my own child was born.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you attend your father's funeral?

NICHOLSON: I was living in Los Angeles at the time and the financial aspects of the trip made it prohibitive—or at least gave me a reason for it to be prohibitive—and I didn't particularly want to fly East just to go to the funeral. I never attended any funeral until a couple of years ago, when my mother died and I went back to New Jersey.

PLAYBOY: Had you deliberately avoided funerals?

NICHOLSON: Yes. Well, none had ever come along that I felt I needed to attend out of respect for the deceased; and I certainly was never attracted to funerals as occasions. When my mother died, the funeral was a good experience for me. I was fully in touch with what was happening. I felt the grief, the loss. After I asked at a certain point for everyone to leave, when she was in the funeral home for what they call the viewing, I stayed for an hour or so sitting next to the casket. I really tried to let it all come through me and see what my feelings were, and I was very enlightened by the experience. I felt that during her lifetime, I had communicated my love very directly to my mother. We had many arguments, like everyone does with any parent, but I felt definitely that I had been understood. There were no hidden grievances between us. I had always fulfilled whatever her expectations of me were, as she had mine of her. I didn't feel any sense of "Oh, I wish I had done this or that" at the moment of bereavement. I felt as good as you could feel about the death of anyone.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to think ahead to your own death?

NICHOLSON: My mind has difficulty sinking into that. I always imagine myself locked in a casket underground, scraping at the inside of it, or I sense an incredible feeling of searing agony from being burned. I've never liked the idea of being dead, of short-circuiting out. So I'm trying to keep in shape; my doctor told me last year that I was in dismal condition and should start getting some exercise. Now, every morning, I jog around the reservoir on a small mountain near my house. That way, I feel more secure. But even so, my thinking about death has changed somewhat recently. A dozen times I've been sitting at peace and thinking if I were to die at this point, I would feel good about my life.

PLAYBOY: Then you have no particular regrets?

NICHOLSON: It's funny you should ask that, because with my 35th birthday coming up on April 22nd, I've been thinking a great deal about what I've done with my life—the various successes and failures I've had in everyday living as well as in my career. One of my biggest regrets is that I'm not academically trained; it's hard for me to talk in intellectual terms because I'm not a high-powered intellectual. I also regret that I don't have more contact with my daughter. She's eight now. I hope to be having more success in that area. Turning 35 is a major milestone. It's probably the last time you can consider abandoning what you've started and getting into something totally new. I've thought recently about getting out of films and going into some other business, like maybe ranching—an alternative I've considered in the past. One of my problems is that I'm a romantic. I constantly allow myself to believe that things could be better. But one has to examine what one does with that romanticism. Do you try to enhance it? Or do you drop it and become more pragmatic? It's not that I feel I've done less than I'm capable of. I don't want to brand myself a failure. But in the future, I hope I have a little more peace of mind than I've had during my first 35 years.

PLAYBOY: Would winning an Oscar give you that peace of mind?

NICHOLSON: I don't know. I'd love to win the Oscar, even though art prizes as such are never *that* satisfying. And movies are certainly a light art form, so you can't get too serious about them. If I ever do win an Oscar, I don't think it'll be for a long time—certainly not this year. Now that I've had three good performances that people at large have liked, it becomes harder to excite them, because of the standard of excellence you've set for yourself. And familiarity breeds contempt.

PLAYBOY: Since you've given the prospect of your 35th birthday so much thought, how would you like to spend it?

NICHOLSON: If I'm in my regular groove, I'll be with a bunch of my friends uncorking a bottle of champagne and smoking a terrific joint. That would help a lot. And, of course, Michelle will be there. No music. Just nice and quiet. Very clean air. But I really don't want to project my 35th birthday, man. Better it should be a surprise—just like whatever I've accomplished in my first 35 years has been a surprise. That'll take the sting out of it and set things up nicely for the next 35. Come to think of it, maybe 35 isn't so old after all.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man whose design for living includes a wide range of interests and goals. Whether involving a derring-do sports activity or resolving a tough corporate problem, he handles each challenge with confidence. Successful in whatever endeavor he chooses, his income lets him sail high above the crowd. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 53% of all men under 35 earning $15,000 or more. Want to get involved with this enthusiastic young man? Get into PLAYBOY. He has. (Source: *1971 Simmons.*)

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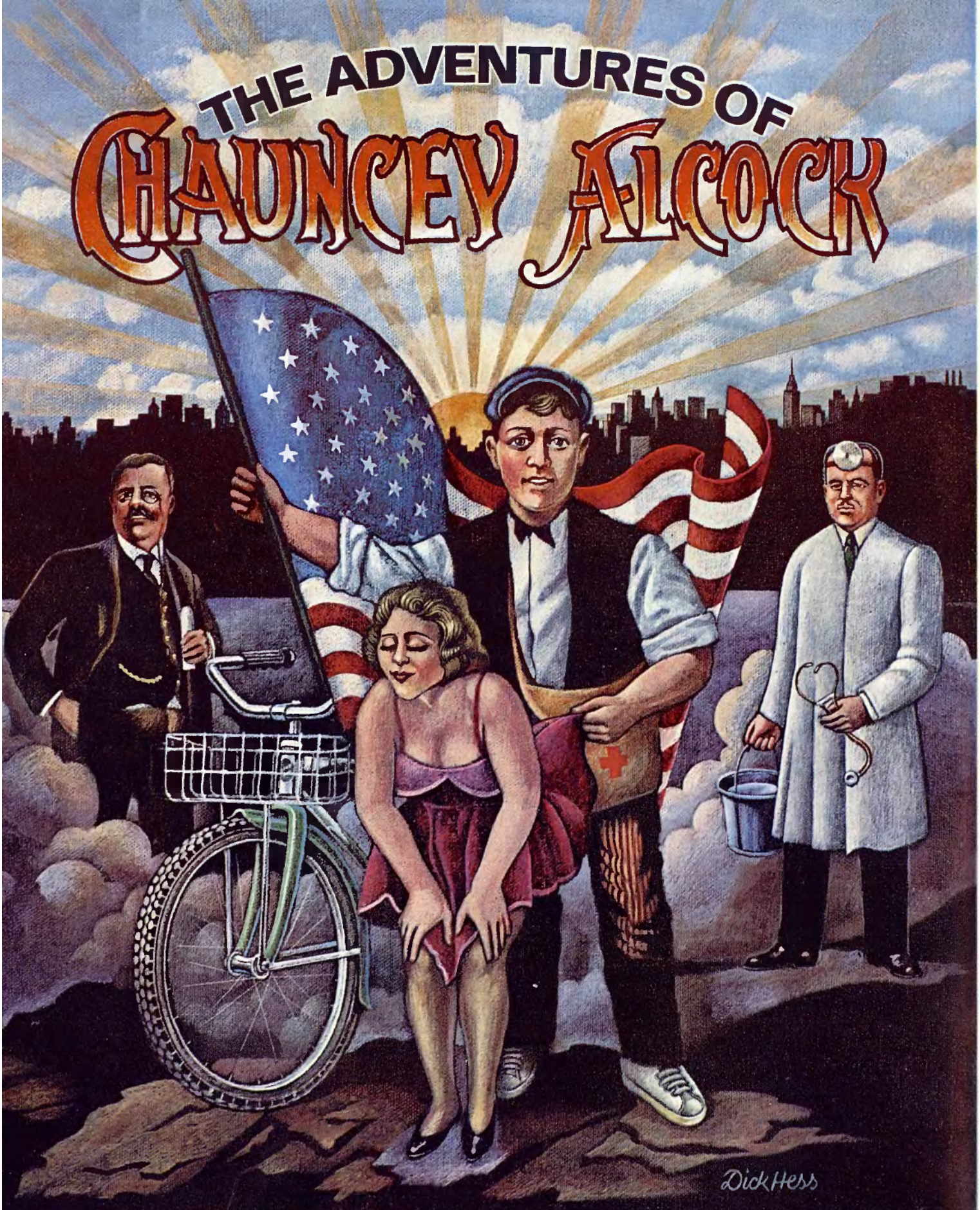
THE ADVENTURES OF CHAUNCEY ALCOCK



A NOTE TO ANXIOUS PARENTS

This is a moral tale and may be read with enjoyment and profit by boys of all ages.

ADVENTURE I

An Act of Patriotism

In which Our Hero performs a compassionate service and almost comes to grief. But by stick-to-it-iveness he triumphs in the end and learns a valuable lesson thereby.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Feldhausen," smiled Chauncey Alcock, for it was indeed he. "Forgive me for being a minute late, but I tarried at the local Chinese laundry to listen to Mr. Hot Kip's radio in an effort to ascertain how the baseball game is progressing. Our lads are winning!"

Mr. Gustave Feldhausen, proprietor of Feldhausen's Drugstore on the corner of Columbus Avenue and 74th Street in the city of New York, had been prepared to take his young delivery boy to task for his tardiness. Yet, as was so often the case, the youth's comely appearance, charm of manner and amiable smile were able to dissolve anger and bring an answering smile to the lips of the dour (but goodhearted) Dutchman.

"*Ach* [Oh], Chaunce," the merchant spoke, "zo many deliferies ve haf to make yet. Petter you should call your mudder now und tell her you vill late be brobably."

"An excellent idea!" young Chauncey cried, his blue eyes twinkling merrily. "In that manner, I will alleviate her worry and make certain she is able to obtain the nourishment of a substantial hot meal at her usual dining hour."

The lad used the emporium's private telephone, but, being well versed in the customs of commercial practice, he carefully left a "dime" (ten cents) alongside the phone—a habit that Mr. Feldhausen looked upon with great approbation.

"Hello, Mother mine!" Chauncey sang out when he recognized that dear, familiar voice. "This is your son, Chauncey. How is your health this fair afternoon?"

His mother, the widow of a trolley motorman who, unfortunately, had been decapitated many years ago in a collision with a beer truck near Madison Square, replied that her dropsy seemed much better, thanks to the pills kindly supplied by Mr. Feldhausen, who allowed the widow and her hard-working son a professional discount on the purchase.

"Excellent!" Chauncey chortled. "Mother dear, I must inform you that there is a good possibility I may perhaps be late in arriving home this evening, as there are many deliveries that must be made."

Having assuaged his mother's anxiety, Chauncey then turned to the task at hand, tackling it manfully. In the next two hours, he made a grand total of 12 deliveries, one of which was to a distant residence on 93rd Street, necessitating the use of a "bus" (omnibus) rather than the bicycle that was his customary means of locomotion.

Finally, shortly after five P.M., Chauncey had only a single delivery remaining. It was to a "fashionable" address on Central Park West, to the apartment of a Mrs. Yvette Baldershank. The package itself was curiously shaped, being approximately two inches both in height and in breadth, yet almost ten inches in length.

Mr. Feldhausen, noticing the lad hefting the package in his hand, smiled tolerantly and said, "Chaunce, you could guess a million years, you could nefer guess what iz in that pox."

"A long roll of nougat?" Chauncey hazarded. "Or perhaps a matched pair

Fiction By LAWRENCE SANDERS

of plastic knitting needles?"

"*Nein* [No]," the merchant chuckled, "*nein* [no], *nein* [no], *nein* [no]. It iz a powered-by-battery mazzager for women only. It iz dezigned zo the woman she should relaggs all over. You understand?"

"Gracious," the youth said, and the claret rose to his handsome features. Yet he was not unaware of Mr. Feldhausen's implied meaning, for only that afternoon, in his class in elementary bio'ogy, the subject had been the reproductive system of newts, and Chauncey had industriously studied the physiology of the female body insofar as it applied to newts and the higher mammals.

"Put of courze," Mr. Feldhausen continued to chuckle, "it can't combare with you, Chaunce!"

The proprietor was referring to an incident that had occurred only a week previously. There was a lavatory in the rear of Feldhausen's Drugstore for the use of the staff, which consisted of Mr. Feldhausen; Mr. Irving Benoit-Dreissen, the apothecary; and Miss Beebee Undershot, a young lady clerk who specialized in cosmetics. And, of course, young Master Alcock, a part-time employee.

Although Chauncey's kidneys were of the sturdiest, he occasionally made use of the store's ablutionary convenience. In the incident mentioned above, he was within this sanctuary, having completed his chore, and was about to fasten his trousers. Inadvertently he had neglected to latch the door, and Mr. Feldhausen, heeding "a call of nature," entered unexpectedly. His eyes fell to Chauncey's unzipped state.

"*Gott in Himmel* [Gosh]!" he cried.

While the boy modestly adjusted his nether garments, the merchant rhapsodized upon what he had seen, assuring the blushing lad that it was a "treasure without brice," that it would earn his fortune, that it would prove to be the "making" of Chauncey Alcock. Fearing he was being joshed, with no notion of the true value of the awesome proportions of his *membrum virilis*, the youth hurried off and thought no more of the matter.

Now, taking up the oddly shaped package, Our Hero mounted his faithful velocipede and pedaled off to the apartment of Mrs. Yvette Baldershank, his golden curls tossing in the breeze.

Imagine the lad's surprise when, arriving at Central Park West, he found the street blocked off by wooden barriers of the type utilized by the constabulary when preparing for a parade or other civic activity of a similar magnitude. Espying one of "New York's finest" standing at attention nearby, swinging his truncheon and keeping an alert eye peeled for any nefarious felon who might come within its ken, Chauncey approached the uniformed patrolman with a respectful demeanor.

"I beg your pardon, Officer," he inquired courteously, "could you inform me as to the significance of these preparations?"

"*Begorra* [Oh]," the burly Hibernian ejaculated with an open and honest smile, "'tis a parade we are expecting momentarily."

"Splendid!" cried Chauncey, hoping he might be able to spare a few moments to observe the marching hordes and enjoy the stirring music. "And whom, may I ask, will be parading?"

"Aha!" the minion of the law rejoined wisely, laying a finger alongside his roseate nose. "There's the rub—as the feller says in the massage parlor. For we fear that several groups of conflicting philosophies and political platforms may participate. Hence, we are standing by to prevent disorder and eliminate the possibility of potential bloodshed."

"A wise course," Chauncey nodded gravely. "Too often, in these uneasy times, a celebration of this nature serves as a mere excuse to exhibit behavior of a violent nature."

Chauncey thereupon wheeled his "bike" to the rear of the apartment house he sought. He refrained from chaining it to the iron railing of the delivery area, since the trusting youth felt such an act would reflect unfairly upon the honesty of his fellow citizens and indicate a lack of faith in the essential goodness of human beings.

Upon entering the lobby of this large and imposing structure from the rear, Chauncey was overwhelmed by its luxury and creature comforts. The floor was gleaming rubber tile, flecked with imitation marble chips, and the walls were hung with paintings of cacti, tastefully framed. The uniformed donzel in charge, a Nubian of impressive bearing, directed the delivery boy to an elevator by which he might ascend to the apartment of Mrs. Baldershank. Whereupon he was whisked upward speedily and silently—a tribute to the highly advanced art of American engineering.

Upon ascertaining the location of apartment 12-C, as directed by the lobby attendant, Chauncey Alcock knocked gently on the portal, which was a handsome veneer of pine showing some signs of chipping and whittling around the lock.

Almost immediately a clear, musical feminine voice inquired, "Who ees eet?"

"It is I, Chauncey Alcock, delivery boy for Feldhausen's Drugstore located on the corner of Columbus Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street. 'Your Health Is Our Concern,'" replied the polite lad.

The door was opened almost at once. "Ah, you have brought my packahge," Mrs. Baldershank smiled, observing the attractive lad. "Do come een."

Chauncey entered and the lady closed the door quickly behind him and locked it. He turned and swept her with a keen glance, a smile tugging at his regular lips, so that she might not be offended by his searching examination.

She was, he saw at once, an older woman—perhaps as much as 30. She had an impressive *embonpoint* (presence) and was gracefully clad in an extremely short-skirted dress of cerise silk. Her eyes, which were large and swimming, had been accentuated by the judicious employment of mascara, eye shadow and false eyelashes. Her hair was tinted in Beauvoir's ocean-gold shade and she exuded a scent of Pardon's Morning of Love. Chauncey Alcock was aware of these salient details, since he sometimes assisted Miss Beebee Undershot at the cosmetic counter of Feldhausen's Drugstore when deliveries did not preclude such activity.

"Here is the merchandise you have ordered, ma'am," Chauncey smiled, proffering the strangely shaped package. "Since you maintain a monthly account with us, there will be no need to recompense me for this purchase at the present time. Thank you for your confidence in Feldhausen's. We appreciate your patronage."

He turned to depart, but Mrs. Baldershank put a soft hand upon his arm.

"Oh, don' run away," she protested. "What deed you say your name ees?"

"Chauncey Alcock, ma'am."

"Ah, yes. And what are they calling you? Chaunze, *n'est-ce pas* [I guess]?"

"Yes. That is true."

"Well, Chaunze, how ees eet I have note seen you before at the drugstain?"

"I only work there part time, ma'am," Chauncey replied, "after I have completed my educational labors at the Tweed Senior High School, located at Amsterdam Avenue and Seventieth Street. I suspect you may be in the habit of shopping personally at Feldhausen's Drugstore, thus obviating the necessity of deliveries. Hence, it is comprehensible that I would not have had the pleasure of meeting you in person ere now."

"*Zut* [Come]," Mrs. Baldershank said, "*alors* [sit down for a minute]."

She led the youth to a couch covered with a rich brocade shot through with threads of silver and gold.

"What a beautiful couch," Chauncey said admiringly. "Covered as it is with a rich brocade shot through with threads of silver and gold."

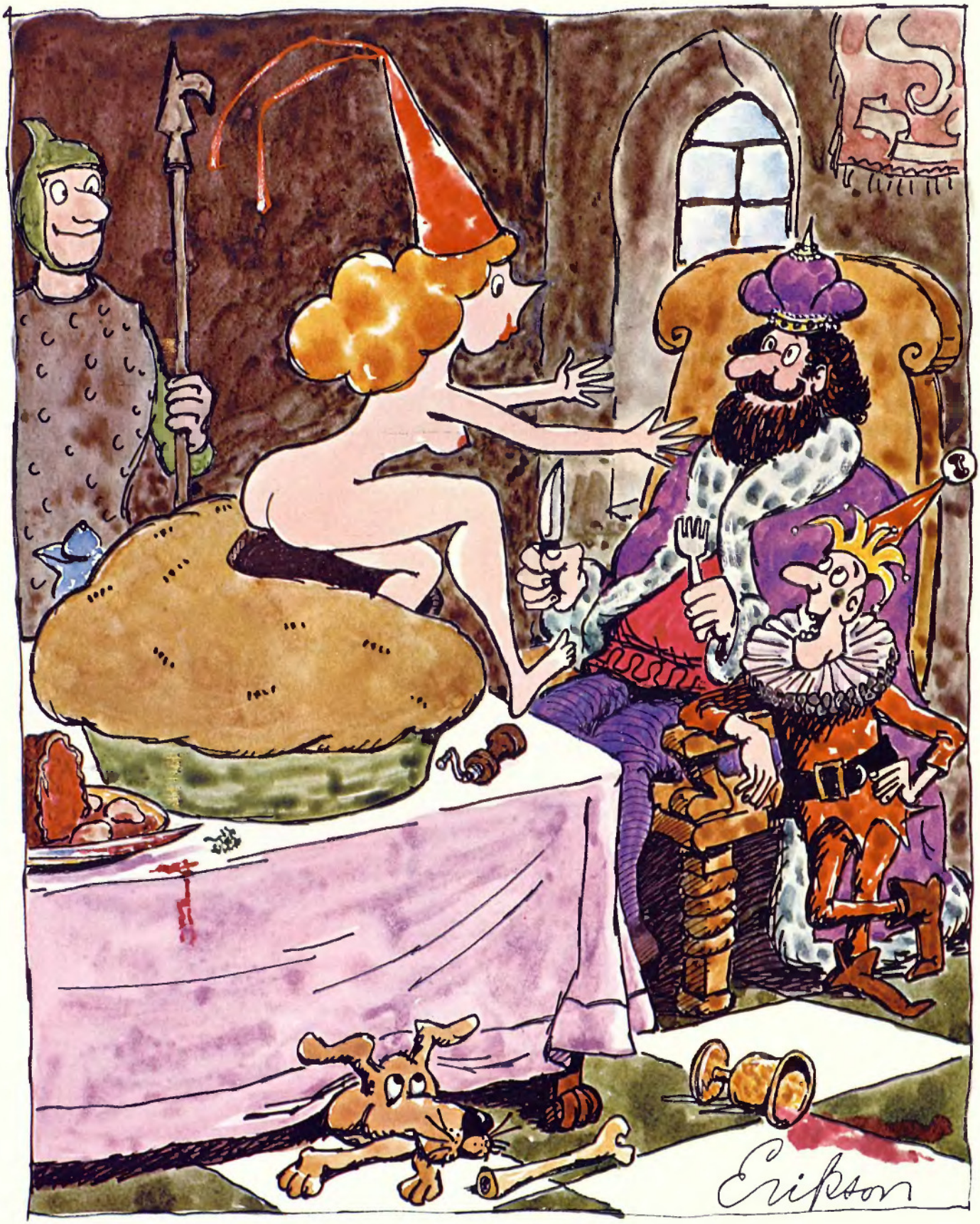
"Zank you," the lady replied simply. "And now may I bring you zome refrashment? You must be hot and perspiry from your labors."

"Thank you, ma'am," Chauncey rejoined, his regular features alight with anticipatory pleasure. "I would greatly enjoy an ice-cold glass of milk, grade A, if such is available."

"*Bon* [Coming up]!" she cried and disappeared into the kitchen.

In the few moments he was alone, the ambitious delivery boy devoted his time to bettering his mind by admiring the

(continued on page 184)



"We kind of figured you'd go for it, Chief."

article

By DONN PEARCE

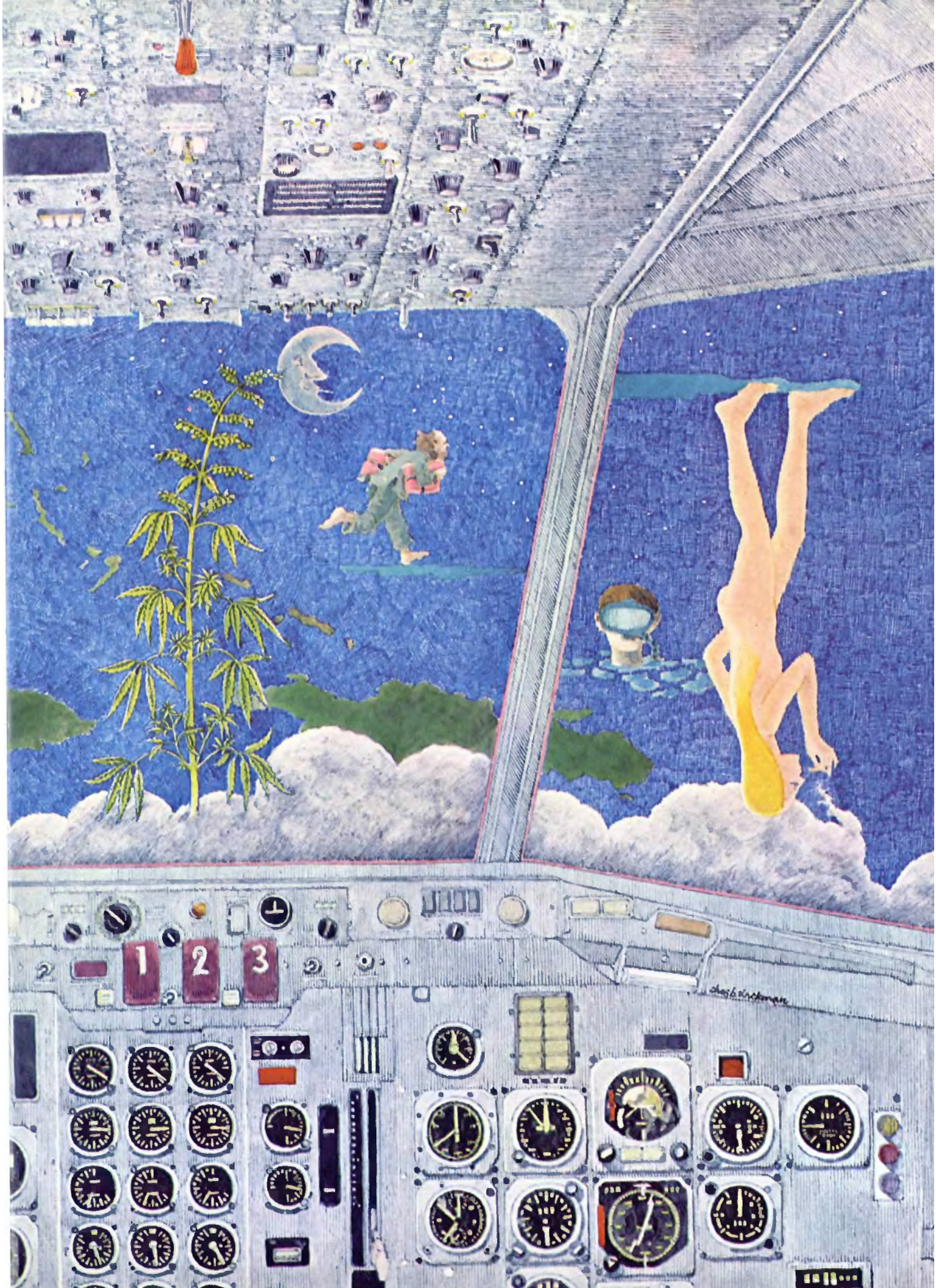
flying the pot run from jamaica to florida is a snap—except if you're stoned (which you usually are) and someone has finked on you (which is more than likely) and the pigs are swarming all over your landing strip (which can be very bad for your health)

THE THIRTY-CALIBER ROACH CLIP

MONTEGO BAY. The tires of the 707 squeal and burn. Seat-belt buckles click. Pass immigration. Customs. Get a complimentary rum drink. Shuffle and mumble and evade the crowd at the door, the hustlers, cabdrivers, baggage handlers. The cars are European. Traffic is on the left. It is hot. Sugar cane. Runaway slaves. Pirates. Mountains. Tropical fertility. Captain Blood. Jamaica—the island where the ganja grows up to 20 feet high. A lid costs two bucks. A pound costs 20.

During Easter vacation, they come pouring off the planes—freaks, heads, Space Flowers, the children of McLuhan, moon walks, nuclear fission, Yoo-Hoos and Slurpees, a generation hooked on daytime-TV serials. They land in this tangled garden of exotic 60-foot philodendrons, ferns tall as houses, flowering trees like science-fiction bouquets, their branches covered with monstrous bromeliads, vines and orchids. They arrive in their leathers, purple suedes, fringed vests, beards, hair, beads and sandals, tote bags, tikis, cowboy hats and tank tops. By nightfall, they are settled into the cheap guesthouses a few blocks up in the hills. They sit on the verandas smoking sclifs instead of joints—big conical cigars rolled in bread paper. They get it off with true righteousness. They don't just

ILLUSTRATION BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN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get high. It is zowie all the way. Life is suspended. All movement, energy, anxiety, commitment, risk, feeling, involvement is gone, blown away in the smoke.

Below them, on the edge of the sea, the rows of blue lights mark the runway. Red lights flash. White lights glow. The moon supervises. And one more jet taxis to the end, locks its wheels and tests the thrust of the engines. Six freaks sit on a veranda. For ten minutes, no one has moved. Mouths are slack. Eyes stare. Shoulders slump. As the jet begins its run, a kid without a muscle in his body, without a flicker in his face, without a wrinkle in his brain finally gets it all together. His hand slowly leaves the edge of the chair and creeps up to his chest, where his fingers hesitate, hover and then finally scratch once, twice, stop and hang there, reluctant, undecided, as the hand gradually sinks away. The engines roar and the plane gathers speed, challenging the sea and the mountains, roaring at the sky. As it climbs at a quivering, passionate angle up toward the moon, there is a whisper on the veranda, hushed, exhaled, awed, hoarse and overwhelmed by the fuzzy, hot weight of the poetry——

Wo-ooo-owww!

But on that same veranda are two people who did not arrive by Pan American. They flew down from Florida in a four-passenger, single-engine Cessna 172, which they rented for $51 a day, fuel included. They are in their early 20s. They went to college. They come from comfortable middle-class homes. They are white. They are smugglers—not tourists who mail home a few souvenir gift packages or who go home with a few pounds of pot in the false bottom of a suitcase, stuffed into a hollow, carved wooden head, a native basket, a polished conch shell, hidden in a stuffed alligator, wrapped around their bodies, kept under their hats or taped under their crotches. Nor are they the cool professional couriers who bring in cocaine and heroin in specifically designed jackets and corsets and are met by armed operators who use codes, passwords, limousines, secret hide-outs and numbered Swiss bank accounts. Theirs is not a syndicate of ethnic immigrants fighting their way out of a ghetto. They are the new smugglers—hip, handsome, hairy and young. They are in it not just for bread; they are in it for the trip. They are nonviolent, romantic and revolutionary. Every day more and more of them are running around setting themselves up in business.

Never mind Hollywood. Forget channel seven. Crooks are never caught as a result of scientific criminology. Deductions are never made. Clues are not assembled. Laboratory analyses of scraps of material, earth samples, fingerprints, voiceprints, specks and grains, smears, stains and shapes of impact indentations do not lead the intrepid detective directly to the transgressor. Hell, no. You get ratted out. Some fink sings to the fuzz. You get infiltrated. Your chick gets pissed off and snitches or your crime partner gets religion or somebody wants to eliminate the competition or you get bum-rapped by phony evidence. Or you yourself go out and get juiced up or stoned and shoot your mouth off in a flashy *discothèque* or maybe somewhere in a line, waiting for a McDonald's Big Mac.

This is truer of smuggling than of any other field of criminal endeavor. The United States Customs Agency Service has an entire network of undercover agents who sweep floors at the major airports, who pass the bottle with winos down on the docks, who tend bar, who deal drugs, who visit people out on bail, who approach people badly strung out and bribe them, cajole them, threaten them. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs does the same thing. And the FBI and the town pigs and the sheriff's department and the state highway patrol. So getting caught in the act is one thing. So is fighting the laws of probability, delaying as long as possible that inevitable moment when a tire blows out, when a battery goes dead, when a package drops and breaks open, when some old lady with insomnia looks out the bedroom window and sees something you wish she hadn't.

Until then, you dummy up. Whatever it is, you do it yourself. Cut nobody in unless it's necessary. Learn to fly your own plane. Learn to navigate. Get a small, ordinary, one-man boat with an automatic pilot. Go slow. Take the long way around. Change techniques. Change routes. Dress very square. Drive an old car. Live in an ordinary pad. Have nothing to do with people who are too loud, too fast, too daring and too hip. Avoid the juicers and avoid the heads. And never have any friends.

This is the style of the professional. But this isn't the way it's done by the new entrepreneurs. Because money and security are only part of it. These people use pot themselves, use it ceremoniously, philosophically, in the middle of a score, while sneaking past a Customs guard, while loading up or making a delivery. They know that *Cannabis sativa* is the weed of truth sprouting through the cracks in the establishment wall. To them, smuggling is a movie. They are their very own *Late, Late Show*. They eat cookies to satisfy the munchies. They shiver from the chill of their own high and their own daring as they watch themselves break the law.

• • •

Mary is a nice little girl who lives in a nice little town. She looks like she should be selling tulips by the side of a country road. She is 19. She has freckles and blue eyes. She wears her hair in pigtails on the sides done up with rubber bands. She has embroidered several butterflies and a few stars on the legs of her blue jeans. There are big patches of red velvet on the knees and on the seat. One day some dude named Randolph went over to her house at ten o'clock and said, "Hey! You wanna go to Jamaica and smuggle a little pot?" He gave her 50 bucks to buy some straight clothes and at six o'clock they took off for Miami. That night they were in Montego Bay, staying at the Holiday Inn.

Randolph, a local dealer in Mary's home town, handled almost any kind of dope. He had saved his money for this trip and had already lined up all the customers he needed to get rid of the load. The trouble was, Randolph liked to have a lot of company around. It was nice to have somebody to rap with, somebody to share his trip. Because he wasn't terribly competent. Once he discovered that all his bags of heroin were short weight. He flipped completely and ran around accusing all his friends of ripping him off. It turned out that he had done it to himself. Randolph didn't know how to use the scales properly and had put the counterweight on the wrong notch.

Meanwhile: Two other couples in a rented six-passenger plane with two seats removed were flying directly over Cuba on their way to Jamaica; the pilot was an Air Force veteran of Vietnam. The three couples met at the Holiday Inn and the girls stayed by the pool while the guys renewed their contacts made during a previous trip.

Then the two couples in the rented plane flew it to a secret airstrip that had been built by the CIA for the Bay of Pigs operation and afterward abandoned. Since then, it had become a major base for smuggling operations. They taxied the plane to the end of the field, where a scattered group of contact men wearing different-colored shirts were waiting. They were supposed to meet a man with a purple shirt who had 650 pounds for them. But instead they contacted a man in a violet shirt who had 550 pounds for someone else. The price was ten dollars per pound.

One of the kids opened the valve on the fuel tank to drain off any condensed water. But he didn't close it properly. They loaded up with 11 crocus sacks, each one stuffed with 50 pounds of loose, unpressed pot, the cabin so full the bags were stacked up around their heads. The plane took off with its four passengers. But it took three tries to get it off the ground.

Randolph and Mary flew back to Miami by commercial airliner and met the other segment of the gang. Mary

(continued on page 101)

turned-on tubs

for good clean fun—a quintet of easily installed, highly attractive splash-down spots

modern living

WAY BACK, bathtubs were about as exciting as bath water. They came in one far-out model—white porcelain—and a soak session was always solo. But no more. The tubs shown here—built for up to six—are all purchasable off the peg. So turn on to one and watch bath night become a sybarite's delight. Rub-a-dub-dub!

Opening page: The 32-inch-deep fiberglass soak tub is a contemporary counterpart of the traditional wooden one used in Japan, by American Standard, $450. Left: The Mini Spa, a free-standing fiberglass playpen for six, can hold up to 450 gallons; four swirl jets keep the water action freely flowing, from Allred's, $1475 including heater and pump. Our well-attended aquarian, above, cools it in a 27-inch-deep molded-fiberglass tub-shower, by Bartoli and Brady, $850.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Left: The Bath is an illuminated 84"x66" molded-fiberglass unit that can be either sunk into the floor or raised on a platform; it's available in six colors (blue, gold, avocado, sand, black and white) along with dual shower-and-water controls, by Kohler, about $1500. Those who find the idea of soaking in a fish bowl appealing will discover that the 63"x28" Plexiglas version of the classic, footed bath (below) is clearly the appropriate tub for them to try, by Plasti-Vue, $800 not including fixtures.

THIRTY-CALIBER ROACH CLIP

(continued from page 98)

stayed at a house in Fort Lauderdale while Randolph and two other guys rented a boat that they were going to use for a transfer of the cargo. But it was near the end of the hurricane season and the weather was very rough. They went too fast and pounded the boat so hard the transom opened up and started to leak. So they went back to the marina and rented another boat. The rain was heavy and continuous. The visibility was poor. The crew got seasick; Randolph was suffering from an attack of hepatitis, the result of using dirty needles. To cheer themselves up, everybody got stoned, the boat drifting and wallowing in the trough of the short, heavy seas, the prearranged signal of recognition stretched out on the deck—a large Japanese battle flag.

Rapidly leaking gas, the plane was forced to land in the Bahamas to refuel. There was no way to hide their cargo, so they bribed the customs agent with $900 to keep quiet. He accepted the money and promptly radioed ahead to the U. S. Customs.

By the time the plane reached the rendezvous point, the gang in the boat had given up and gone in, leaving the plane alone, unable to make radio contact, circling forlornly, the crew completely freaked out, arguing with one another, the pilot and his chick wanting to dump the whole load into the ocean, the other couple screaming about the fantastic value of it all.

It was getting dark. They had flown over the Florida coast and were somewhere near Boynton Beach when they spotted an orange grove and decided to drop the stuff there. They circled. They lost altitude, lowering the flaps and easing back on the throttle. But when they pushed the door open, the wind slammed it up against the guy's face and cut a gash in his mouth. On the second attempt, he almost fell out of the plane. But his girlfriend fastened her belt to the back of his and she held on with both hands.

They should have been smiling. All this time, they had been on candid camera: first the radar screens and then the telescopic lenses in the helicopter that trailed them at a discreet distance, getting excellent close-ups of the kid as he was dumping the pot out the door.

They shoved out all 11 bags and jubilantly flew off to Palm Beach, where the Customs and Immigration people gave them no trouble at all, politely ignoring the snarls in the flight plan, casually flashing a light inside the plane without noticing the two or three pounds of loose pot spilled on the floor.

They rented a car and checked into a motel, happy and victorious. But before going to bed, one of the guys called up two buddies in Gainesville, pleading with them to come down immediately and help him locate the missing pot. In his hysteria, he began shouting into the telephone, "If you don't come down and help me, there's gonna be a dead body out there at the airport."

The kid was using a public telephone. The motel office was small and the landlady was listening. He didn't know that President Nixon was due to land at Palm Beach airport that very night. He didn't know that the landlady thought he was an assassin and called the FBI.

Not only that, he didn't know that only eight of those 11 bags of pot had actually landed in the orange grove. One of them had landed in the middle of a road intersection, causing an automobile accident. Another landed in the back yard of a Florida highway patrolman. Yet another hit some high-tension power lines. It burst into flame and plummeted to the ground in a smoking heap.

Meanwhile, the boat crew was frantic, Randolph telephoning everywhere and finally renting a car to go looking in every airport in southeast Florida. At two o'clock in the morning, they found the plane and left a note on the windshield before checking into a motel. At six o'clock, there was a phone call and at last the gang was reunited, all eight of them, plus the two fresh arrivals who had come down from Gainesville to help search for the lost treasure. Two girls stayed behind in the motel. Three guys went up in the plane to scout the area, returning when they had located the orange grove. The two cars took off, several joints of good Jamaica ganja passed around until everyone was cheerfully high. Mary was the only chick on the hunt and the only person who kept worrying about the funny helicopter that kept fooling around everywhere they went.

Both cars drove right into the grove, circling among the trees but managing to find only one bag of pot. It was decided that the three guys should drive back to get the plane for another look. But when they drove out of the grove, they were suddenly surrounded by six squad cars. Up in that private helicopter, directing operations, was the sheriff himself.

The rest of it was Keystone Cops. Everyone screamed. The bag of pot was dumped. Mary climbed a tree to hide. The four guys ran in circles, yelling, tearing up phone numbers, stumbling, wild-eyed, scared. They were all too stoned to think clearly, but finally they got straight enough to form a plan. Prepared to claim they had just been balling in the grove, Mary and Randolph boldly drove out in the car while the others split on foot. Miraculously, no one stopped them. They were free. But they picked up the others out on the road and then decided to drive innocently by the pack of police cars and their captured partners to see what was happening. The fuzz was busy and they got away with that, too. But when they went back to the motel to rescue the two other girls, they were picked up. All of them were handcuffed together in a chain and taken to the city jail.

From there, it was just routine. Questioned in separate rooms, one chick started laughing uncontrollably from the joyous insanity of it all. But the other went hysterical and confessed everything, signing a long and detailed statement that implicated everyone. She was granted immunity from prosecution and released immediately on ten dollars bail. The chick was a sweet, innocent, Barbie-doll type. The fuzz didn't know that at the age of 24, she was also an experienced abortionist who made house calls with her own home operating kit.

Everyone else got his bail reduced after a few days, hired lawyers and got sprung. Mary spent three and a half months in the county jail. But the public defender got her off with two years' probation, adjudication being withheld. That means no criminal record. She pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the public-health laws.

The others will not be tried until the end of 1972. They face a possible sentence of five to 20 years and/or up to $20,000. The 550 pounds of pot would have been worth about $82,500 at the current local wholesale price. But they face a possible Federal tax of $100 per ounce, which would come to a total of $880,000.

• • •

In one of those marinas scattered along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts of Florida, there lives a man who calls himself Miles Valiant. Back when he was a salesman in Ohio, his name was David Rosenblat. His friends drop in on him at almost any hour, his head popping out of the hatch of his 40-foot ketch in answer to their yells from the dock. After they go aboard, they sometimes sit and watch him clean a few pounds of pot, packing it in small plastic sandwich bags. Or he plays his guitar. Or he feeds his two cats.

Captain Valiant wears a wrinkled white shirt and white-duck pants with the bottoms rolled up. He wears sandals and a very wide belt with a huge brass buckle. He has a beard, a hooked nose, eyes that squint with constant amusement. On his head is an incredibly wide-brimmed planter's hat of woven straw, the flat crown circled by a brightly colored sash. Captain Valiant's conversation is flavored with four separate accents that drift in and out, the basic Ohioan

(continued on page 214)

quiz By JAMES F. FIXX *some cerebral high hurdles to give your gray matter an olympic workout*

PRACTICALLY ALL OF US tend to take it for granted that intelligence is a good thing and lack of intelligence a bad thing. A little reflection will show that it's not so simple. Being bright can create real problems, and very bright people often suffer under handicaps undreamed of by their less gifted brethren. Nor are these, as one might suppose, simply the burdens imposed by a heightened awareness, a greater sense of life's complexities, a more poetic and sensitively tuned soul. They are, on the contrary, distressing in quite practical ways and they almost always start early. The following conversation between a second-grade teacher and a bright pupil is a case in point:

TEACHER: I'm going to read you a series of numbers: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Now, which of those numbers can be divided evenly by two?

PUPIL: All of them.

TEACHER: Try again. And this time, *think*.

PUPIL (*after a pause*): All of them.

TEACHER: All right, how do you divide five evenly by two?

PUPIL: Two and a half and two and a half.

TEACHER: If you're going to be smart-alecky, you can leave the room.

The story is, I am sorry to say, a true one. So is another story, of a high school student, told by educator Alexander Calandra: Asked on an examination to describe a method for finding the height of a building by using a barometer, the student, bright enough to be bored by the obvious answer, decided to *(continued on page 120)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

Have I Found The Greatest Restaurant In The World?

opinion **By Roy Andries De Groot**

a gourmet's lifelong search for the perfect meal takes him to a simple café in the valley of the rhone

Which is the world's greatest restaurant? This impossible question was broached during a Manhattan lunch with a gourmet friend some months ago. We agreed that the food at this particular restaurant was none too good and the service almost too bad. So our conversation turned to great restaurants we had known and I mentioned the almost-perfect cuisine and service of the restaurant of the brothers Troisgros in the small French town of Roanne, about 87 kilometers northwest of Lyons. I had last visited Troisgros back in 1961, when it was rated with only one star in the *Guide Michelin*. Now the brothers had three stars and the gourmets of the world were beating a path to their tables. My friend asked: "Do you think Troisgros might be the greatest?"

Instantly sensing a magnificent opportunity, I said that since I was leaving for France the following week, I would gladly dine at Troisgros and give him a definitive answer, provided he would pay for one of my meals. A few weeks later, after visiting some vineyards along the Rhine, I crossed from Germany into France bound for Roanne, a small, semi-industrial town of about 50,000 people. Perhaps because it is the center of a large farming, meat-packing and wine-producing district, it looks a bit like a New England market village. In front of the railroad and bus stations, the single main street opens out into the *place de la gare*, with freight yards, boxcars and factory chimneys all around. Facing the stations is a row of shops: a camera mart, a supermarket, a hairdresser, a display of bicycles and motorcycles on the sidewalk, a gas station and, on the corner, two shops joined below a vertical neon sign reading TROISGROS.

I remember, when I first saw the sign in 1961, I couldn't believe that the word Troisgros was a family name. How would you like to be called John Threefatmen? I thought the restaurant must be named *(continued on page 116)*

No!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITIES ON RIBS, CHEESEBURGERS, FRENCH FRIES AND FROSTY MALTS TAKES A GOURMET TOUR OF KANSAS CITY

OPINION BY CALVIN TRILLIN

The best restaurants in the world are, of course, in Kansas City. Not all of them; only the top four or five. Anyone who has visited Kansas City, Missouri, and still doubts that statement has my sympathy: He never made it to the right places. Being in a traveling trade myself, I know the problem of asking someone in a strange city for the best restaurant in town and being led with great flourishes to some purple palace that serves "Continental cuisine" and has as its chief creative employee a menu writer rather than a chef. I have sat in those places, an innocent wayfarer, reading a three-paragraph description of what the trout is wrapped in, how long it has been sautéed, what province its sauce comes from and what it is likely to sound like sizzling on my platter—a description lacking only the information that before the poor trout went through that process it had been frozen for eight and a half months.

In American cities the size of Kansas City, a careful traveling man has to observe the rule that any restaurant the executive secretary of the chamber of commerce is particularly proud of is almost certainly not worth eating in. Lately, a loyal chamber man in practically any city is likely to recommend one of those restaurants that have sprouted in the past several years on the tops of bank buildings, all of them encased in glass, and some of them revolving —offering the diner not only Continental cuisine and a 20,000-word menu but a spectacular view of other restaurants spinning around on top of other bank buildings. "No, thank you," I finally said to the 12th gracious host who had invited me to one of those. "I never eat in a restaurant that's over a hundred feet off the ground and won't stand still."

Because I grew up in Kansas City and now live in New York, there may be a temptation to confuse my assessment of Kansas City cuisine with some hallucination by one of those people who are always feverish with Hometown Food Nostalgia. I myself have known such people. I once had to take to public print to disabuse William Edgett Smith, an otherwise stable friend of mine, of the bizarre notion that the best hamburgers in the world are served not at Winstead's, which happens to be in Kansas City, but at the original Bob's Big Boy outlet in Glendale, California, Smith's home town. ("A gimmick burger with a redundant middle bun," I said of the Big Boy, in an analysis Smith has never dared answer.)

I am aware of the theory held by Bill Vaughan, the humor columnist of *The Kansas City Star*, that millions of pounds of hometown goodies are constantly crisscrossing the country by U.S. Mail in search of desperate expatriates—a theory he developed, I believe, while standing in the post-office line in Kansas City holding a package of Wolferman's buns that he was about to send off to his son in Virginia. I can end any suspicion of bias on my part by recounting the kind of conversation I used to have with my wife, an Easterner, before I took her back to Kansas City to meet my family and get her something decent to eat. Imagine that we are sitting at some glossy road stop on the Long Island Expressway, pausing for a bite to eat on our way to a fashionable traffic jam:

ME: Anybody who served a milk shake like this in Kansas City would be put in jail.

HER: You promised not to indulge in any of that hometown nostalgia while I'm eating. You know it gives me heartburn.

ME: What nostalgia? Facts are facts. The milk shake being served at the Country Club Dairy in Kansas City at this moment is a fact. What's giving you heartburn is not listening to my objective remarks on Kansas City food but drinking that gray skim milk this bandit is trying to pass off as a milk shake.

HER: I suppose it wasn't you who told me that

DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

anybody who didn't think the best hamburger place in the world was in his home town is a sissy.

ME: But don't you see that one of those places actually *is* the best hamburger place in the world? Somebody has to be telling the truth and it happens to be me.

My wife has now been to Kansas City many times. If she is asked where the best hamburgers in the world are served, she will unhesitatingly answer that they are served at Winstead's. Our little girl, who is three years old, has already been to Winstead's a few times and, as an assessor of hamburgers, she is, I'm proud to say, her father's daughter. The last time I left for Kansas City, I asked her what she wanted me to bring back for her. "Bring me a hamburger," she said. I did.

• • •

Almost by coincidence, I flew to Kansas City for my gourmet tour sitting next to Fats Goldberg, the New York pizza baron, who grew up in Kansas City and was going back to visit his family and get something decent to eat. Fats got his name from the fact that he used to weigh 320 pounds. Ten or 12 years ago, he got thin, and he has managed to stay at 160 (half of the Fats Goldberg I once knew) ever since by subjecting himself to a horrifyingly rigid eating schedule. In New York, Fats eats virtually the same thing every day of his life. But he knows that even a man with his legendary will power—a man who spends every evening of the week in a Goldberg's Pizzeria without tasting—could never diet in Kansas City, so he lets himself go whenever he gets inside the city limits. For Fats, Kansas City is the DMZ. He currently holds the world's record for getting from the airport to Winstead's.

"You'll go to Zarda's Dairy for the banana split, of course," Fats said on the plane when he heard of my plans. "Also the Toddle House for hash browns. Then you'll have to go to Kresge's for a chili dog."

"Hold it, Fats," I said. "Get control of yourself." He was looking wild. "Try to remember that this is a gourmet tour. Gourmets don't eat Kresge chili dogs. Naturally, I'll try to get to the Toddle House for the hash browns; they're renowned."

I gave Fats a ride from the airport. As we started out, I told him I was supposed to meet my sister and my grandfather at Mario's—a place that opened a few years ago featuring a special sandwich my sister wanted me to try. Mario cuts off the end of a small Italian loaf, gouges out the bread in the middle, puts in meatballs or sausages and cheese, closes everything in by turning around the end he had cut off and using it as a plug and bakes the whole thing. He says the patent is applied for.

"Mario's!" Fats said. "What Mario's? When I come into town, I go to Winstead's."

"My grandfather is waiting, Fats," I said. "He's eighty-eight years old. My sister will scream at me if we're late."

"We could go by the North Kansas City Winstead's branch from here, get a couple to go and eat them on the *way* to whatzisname's," Fats said. He looked desperate.

That is how Fats and I came to start the gourmet tour riding toward Mario's, clutching Winstead's hamburgers that we would release only long enough to snatch up our Winstead's Frosty Malts ("the drink you eat with a spoon") and discussing the quality of the top-meat, no-gimmick, class burger Winstead's puts out. We didn't need many words to convey our thoughts.

"Ahhhh," Fats would say, looking almost serene as he took another bite of his double cheeseburger with everything but onions.

"Oohhhh," I would say, feeling positively serene as I bit into my double hamburger with everything, including grilled onions.

By the time we approached Mario's, I felt nothing could spoil my day, even if my sister screamed at me for being late.

"There's LaMar's Do-Nuts," Fats said, pulling at the steering wheel. "They do a sugar doughnut that's dynamite."

"But my grandfather . . ." I said.

"Just pull over for a second," Fats said. "We'll split a couple."

• • •

I can now recount a conversation I would like to have had with the "free-lance food and travel writer" who, according to *The Kansas City Star*, spent a few days in town and then called Mario's sandwich "the single best thing I've ever had to eat in Kansas City." I mean no disrespect for Mario, whose sandwich is probably good enough to be the single best thing in most cities.

ME: I guess if that's the best thing you've ever had to eat in Kansas City, you must have got lost trying to find Winstead's. Also, I'm surprised at the implication that a fancy free-lance food and travel writer like you was not allowed into Bryant's Barbeque, which is only the single best restaurant in the world.

FREE-LANCE FOOD AND TRAVEL WRITER: I happen to like Italian food. It's very Continental.

ME: There are no Italians in Kansas City. It's one of the town's few weaknesses.

FLFTW: Of course there are Italians in Kansas City. There's a huge Italian neighborhood on the northeast side.

ME: In my high school, we had one guy we called Guinea Gessler, but he kept insisting he was Swiss. I finally decided he really *was* Swiss. Anyway, he's not running any restaurants. He's in the finance business.

FLFTW: Your high school is not the whole city. I can show you statistics.

ME: Don't tell me about this town, buddy. I was born here.

"Actually, there probably *are* a lot of good steak restaurants there, because of the stockyards," New Yorkers say—swollen with condescension—when I inform them that the best restaurants in the world are in Kansas City. But, as a matter of fact, there are *not* a lot of good steak restaurants in Kansas City. There is only one and it gets its meat from the stockyards in St. Joe, 50 miles away. Fortunately, it is the finest steak restaurant in the world. The name of it is Jess & Jim's and it's in Martin City, Missouri, a tiny country town that is now part of Kansas City but still looks a little bit like a tiny country town. The most expensive steak on the menu is Jess & Jim's Kansas City Strip Sirloin, which sells for $6.50, including salad and the best cottage fried potatoes in the tristate area. They are probably also the best cottage fried potatoes in the world, but I don't have wide enough experience in eating cottage fries to make a definitive judgment.

Jess & Jim's is a simple place, with decoration provided by bowling trophies and illuminated beer signs. But if the proprietor saw one of his waitresses emerge from the kitchen with a steak that was no better than the kind you pay $12 for in New York—in one of those steakhouses that also charge for the parsley and the fork and a couple of dollars extra if you want ice in your water—he would probably close up forever from the shame of it all. I thought I might be too full for the Jess & Jim strip. Normally, I'm not a ferocious steak eater—a condition I trace to my memories of constant field trips to the stockyards when I was in grade school. (I distinctly remember having gone to the stockyards so many days in a row that I finally said, "Please, teacher, can we have some arithmetic?" But my sister, who went to the same school, says we never went to the stockyards—which just goes to show you how a person's memory can play tricks on her.) Also, I had been to Winstead's, Mario's and the doughnut place for lunch and had spent the intervening hours listening to my sister tell me about a place on Independence Avenue where the taxi drivers eat breakfast and a place called Laura's Fudge Shop, where you can buy peanut-butter fudge if you're that kind of person, and a place that serves spaghetti in a bucket. (My sister has always been interested in

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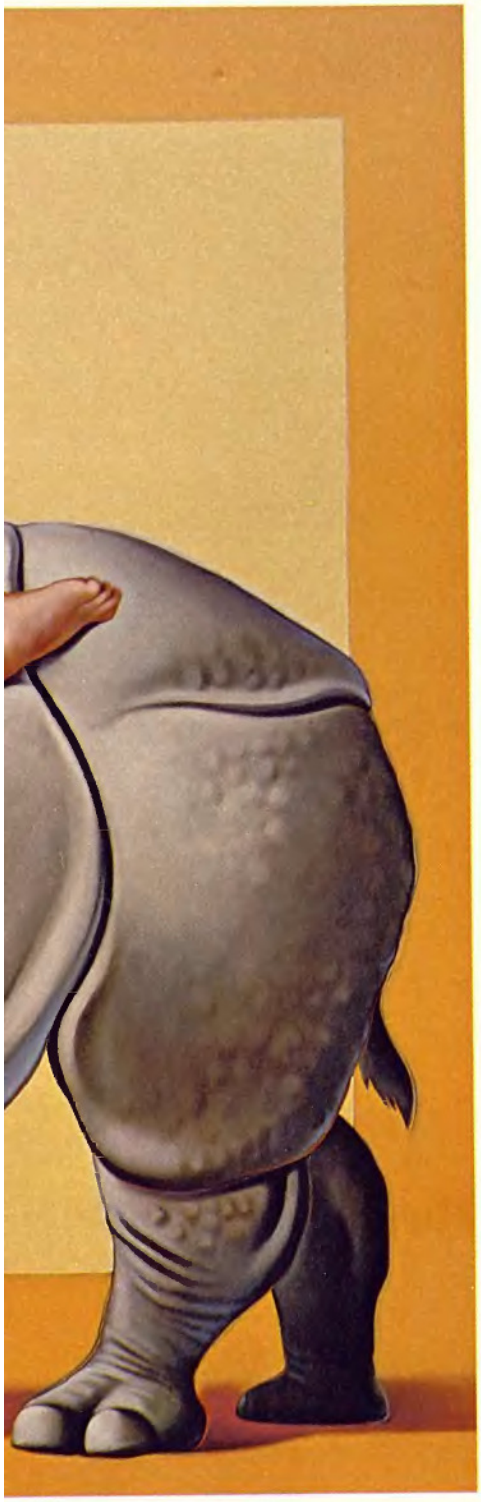
POP'S GIRLS

in a bizarre mélange of fun and fantasy, painter mel ramos burlesques the forties' plastic calendar art

During the past few years, many so-called pop artists seem to have avoided painting the female form, perhaps not knowing quite what approach to take toward it. Not Mel Ramos. Concentrating almost solely on the figure in his oftentimes outrageous paintings of beauties with burgers and beasts, Ramos stresses a distinctly artificial image characteristic of Forties calendar art. But, while his girls have that plastic look of the pop style, he doesn't see his art as pure pop. "For quite some time now," he says, "my work has been primarily with the nude figure, secondarily with pop's imagery." One of his first figure paintings—*Virnaburger*, above—was part of what he calls his object series, in which glossy-looking women are placed with commercial products. "I didn't really intend this to be a painting of Virna Lisi," says Ramos. "I just saw her in a magazine and thought hers was a good frontal face. And, to be honest, the body isn't Virna's."

In 1967, Ramos, right, began progressing from the object to the onimal series of paintings based, he says, on the "*Beauty* and *the Beast* syndrome." Among the beauties he put on canvas were his wife—"my favorite model"—in *Rhinoceros*, above, and *Eastern King Bird*, above right; actress Ursula Andress, reclining in the foreground of *The Red Fox*, left; and several Playmates. (Readers no doubt will recognize January 1971 Playmate Liv Lindeland in the arms of an ursine friend in *Giant Panda*, far right.) What's more intriguing, perhaps, than the voluptuous women is the sense of abstract, ambiguous spoce, which begins at the painting surface and projects forward, so the forms literally explode in the viewer's face. But since his recent completion of the bizarre animal series, Ramos has been evolving a new spatial concept. "I'll still be working with nude figures," he explains, "but I'll be placing them at various oblique angles within a context that I call specific interior space."



Though Ramos' beast-woman conjunctions are definitely erotic, there is still a curiously paradoxical sense of delicate control about each of the pictures, as in *Gorilla*, above, and *Elephant Seal*, right.

Cigarette Girl, above, is from his early-Sixties series of pinup girls with commercial products. And it was that group of offbeat paintings—with its strong emphasis on the imagery of advertising—that Ramos feels initially identified him in some critics' minds with the pop-art movement.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT MATES AND PAUL KATZ

Greatest Restaurant?

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named The Three Fat Men. Not true. Troisgros is the legal name of the owners.

Theirs is the simplest three-star entrance one has ever seen. No canopy. No doorman. You step straight from the sidewalk into the dining room. A tall and elegantly dressed young woman greets you with: "Good evening. I am Madame Jean Troisgros." She succeeds at once in making you feel that you are being welcomed as a guest in her home. (Her name is Maria and she told me later: "While I am seating the guests, I try to find out what it is essential for us to know in order to serve them as perfectly as possible. Are they *grands gastronomes* who will say, 'Attention! I will give the orders!'? Or are they beginners wanting to learn? At once, I relay the information to my husband or my brother-in-law in the kitchen so that one of them can come out and discuss a suitable meal.")

The modernized country-style dining room is comfortable but not luxurious. It was almost full and I counted 52 people, obviously local businessmen with their wives and children, giving the place the atmosphere of a neighborhood bistro. The French chatter was at the level of a roar. At the back, gruff voices at the bar seemed to be debating by shouting, and from the open kitchen door came voices raised to an ecstasy of anger. The maître d'hôtel, Gérard, offered the three *prix fixe* menus, at $9, $12 and $16, tips and taxes, but not wines, included. (The Troisgros brothers say, "Our lower prices are fixed for the service of our local customers. They come once or twice a week and bring us three quarters of our income.")

Two impeccably dressed chefs with *hauts chapeaux* sauntered casually out of the kitchen, grinning broadly, shaking hands, patting shoulders, quipping in high-speed French. Although the two brothers have stayed together and worked together all their lives as if they were twins (Jean is now 45 and Pierre, 43), they could hardly be more different in appearance and personality. Jean is six feet tall, with a long face and a manner that marks him as a rebel, a satirist, a man with a faintly mocking outlook on life. Pierre is short and round, with a body so flexible it might belong to a circus clown, but with a determined and serious face. Both are true Burgundians in their gaiety, their irreverent laughter, their lightning intelligence and wit.

They "proposed" my dinner in the basic Troisgros way. Printed menus are for conceited tourists who think they know best. Wiser guests leave it to the Troisgros brothers to tell them what is in the cupboard that is not on the menu. It may be a superb pike, caught in the river an hour before—or a brown bear, trapped in the forest by some gypsies, who know that there is always cash available at the Troisgros' kitchen door. That night, there were live young female lobsters, just arrived by truck from the fishing port of Plougasnou on the Brittany coast. Also, Pierre was just back from a hunting trip in the Loire marshes and offered a wild duck.

The first course on the $16 menu was the great specialty of the house, *Le Foie Gras Frais en Terrine*—mixed duck and goose livers baked in a casserole and served cold, in slices that were pure velvet, richer and softer than I had ever tasted. When Pierre came by, I demanded the secret. He said: "No secret. We bake the livers very slowly. The terrine is just heated in the oven, then taken out, wrapped in seven thicknesses of woolen blankets and left on the kitchen table to cook itself overnight."

Then came the lobster, prepared *à la Cancalaise*, Cancale being a small seaport in Brittany. "The secret is in the way you flame the lobster," Pierre pointed out. "You pour the calvados into the pan, never over the lobster, and let only the flames lick the flesh, so as not to overpower the marvelous natural taste." With the shellfish, I had an excellent 1966 Chassagne-Montrachet—a noble white burgundy.

Pierre's roasted wild duck arrived garnished with peaches glazed in Vermont maple syrup, an unbelievable combination that turned out to be unbelievably magnificent. The sweetness had been cut by a touch of vinegar and what was left was the perfect foil for the gaminess of the undercooked flesh. It was all a very fragile balance that a red wine would upset, so Pierre chose a rich and soft 1966 Meursault—a private bottling especially to go with this dish.

Then came a well-laden cheese cart and, finally, Pierre's specially prepared dessert: a *mille-feuille*, so light that one half expected it to float away, filled with whipped cream and covered by a layer of glazed fresh raspberries.

With the coffee, there appeared at my table the grand old man of the Troisgros family, *papa* Jean-Baptiste—the most imaginative, most intelligent, most irrepressible, most ribald, most suspicious and yet most charming Burgundian I know. He was carrying an ancient, dusty, unlabeled bottle, which he opened at the table and poured into brandy snifters. He said he had found it in a corner of the cellar and wasn't quite sure what it was but guessed that it might be a *marc de Pommard*, privately distilled and bottled by one of their Pommard suppliers and sent to Troisgros as a Christmas present about 40 years ago. It was smooth nectar—approximately as powerful as liquid dynamite—but with a body, bouquet and flavor that were near great.

I shall hotly deny that it was this brandy that brought me to the point of decision. As I sipped, I thought of the over-all qualities of the dinner. It had been astonishingly light—with never a trace of that blown-up feeling that inevitably seems to accompany a "great meal." One could sum it up by saying that there had not been the slightest pomposity about the food, the service nor the welcome. This perfectly uncomplicated food is the final and absolute overthrow of all the show-off *haute cuisine* that arose out of the extravagant excesses of luxury under Louis XIV at Versailles.

I turned to Jean-Baptiste: "How did you achieve this quality? How was it done?"

He said, "Our results may appear simple, but our methods are complicated. Stay with us a few days; my boys and I will show you."

As the dining room began to empty and the pressures of the evening decreased, Jean-Baptiste took me to a table in the bar, opened a bottle of champagne and told me the story of how this extraordinary restaurant was created out of the vision of a single family, over three generations and 75 years. In the 1890s, Jean-Baptiste's father ran a popular café in the Burgundian wine capital of Beaune. There, just before the turn of the century, Jean-Baptiste was born. "You see, monsieur, I was in the restaurant business the first day of my life. By the time I was seven, I could recognize all the different brandies blindfolded. I learned to taste food and wine with the customers. Those earthy Burgundians taught me that with food, the most important thing is quality and simplicity, while with wine, it is quality and complication."

By the time he was 12, Jean-Baptiste was already dreaming of being the proprietor of a great restaurant. At 20, he broke away from the Beaune bistro, went to the small wine town of Chalon-sur-Saône and soon opened his own Café des Négociants (Café of the Wine Shippers). He married his Burgundian Marie and they had two sons, Jean and Pierre. Jean-Baptiste said, "When I took each, in turn, to be baptized, I first checked the holy water in the font and surreptitiously dropped in a pinch of salt and a few drops of fine olive oil. Then I asked *monsieur le curé* to please also baptize the baby as a good chef. I don't believe he did much, but I did think I detected a few stirring motions in the gestures of his right hand over the baby."

Jean-Baptiste saved his money in a sock in the mattress and decided to move

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playboy reports on a portable pleasure dome with inflationary proportions

THE BUBBLE HOUSE: A RISING MARKET

REGARDLESS of whether you call the inflatable edifice pictured below a bubble building, hemisphere house or pumped-up pleasure palace, we're sure you'll agree it's the most revolutionary concept in mobile living since somebody invented the trailer—and a lot more fun. Created by a Los Angeles design group named Chrysalis, the polyvinyl Pneudome, when collapsed, fits into a 42″x60″x12″ box. To turn on the bubble-house machine, simply spread the dome out on a flat surface, fill the base ring with water (optional cable anchorings also available), then attach the portable air blower to an external port—and up she rises. In about eight minutes, you have nearly 500 square feet of living space to do with as your imagination dictates. And, to make sure your air castle doesn't crumble, you keep the blower going; a gentle current of air not only ensures that the pad remains inflated but ventilated and dust-free, too. Although opaque models are also available, we prefer the transparent number, shown here. The price for a Pneudome that's 25 feet in diameter and ready to rise is about $1950 including blower—a sum that surely won't blow your bank account. *For more information, write to Playboy Reader Service, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Top: The task of toting the house to a level site proves light work for two venturesome couples intent on raising high the bubble-roof beam. Once inflated, right, a full-blown pneumatic pad measures 25 feet in diameter.

Weekend *pied-à-terre* or garden gazebo—the Pneudome's use expands to the limit of the imagination. Above, left to right: Once the base is filled, inflation begins. Then, as the bubble swells, the exterior is cleaned. Less than ten minutes later, the pad is ready for habitation.

Above: A panoramic vista of the Pacific complements the dramatic interiar of the Pneudame; a blower hooked up to the house keeps it inflated and dust-free. The multicolored vertical fiberboard cylinders at the rear of the room are nat structural but act as space dividers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FISH

Most of the bubble pad's furnishings are from H.U.D.D.L.E., a Los Angeles shop that recycles industrial discards by converting them into inexpensive yet handsome furniture.

SUPERINTELLIGENT *(continued from page 105)*

describe not one but two alternate methods: Take the barometer, he wrote, and drop it from the top of the building, timing the interval until you see it smash on the ground. Then, using the standard formula for acceleration of a falling object, calculate the height of the building. Or, he went on, find the owner of the building and say to him, "If you'll tell me how tall your building is, I'll give you a good barometer." At last report, the student was in trouble both with his teacher and with his school's hierarchy.

Intelligence, of course, is a problem not just to the young. A study at the University of Michigan revealed that executives with high I. Q.s are as likely to create problems as to solve them—to stumble over their own brains, as one report expressed it. Businessmen with only average I. Q.s, being less apt to confuse themselves with a multiplicity of factors, are often much better problem solvers. On the other hand, it must be admitted that being bright does have some undeniable pleasures, and it's one especially beguiling subspecies of those pleasures that this article is all about. But how can you tell whether or not these mental push-ups and deep knee bends are for you? And how serious a symptom is it if they aren't?

First, it's a good idea to remember that intelligence isn't any single, readily definable quality but a complicated assortment of many different qualities. Some of us possess some of them, some of us possess others. Intelligence tests have been campaigned against on precisely those grounds—that too many of them treat intelligence as if it were a single identifiable thing, like red hair or double-jointed thumbs. The fact is that no one knows exactly what intelligence is. The only thing of which we're absolutely certain is that intelligence tests measure what intelligence tests measure. Yet we all agree, somehow, that there *is* such a thing as intelligence. We are all likely to agree, too, that it is parceled out quite unequally among the human species.

It's been shown that I. Q.—which is nothing more than intelligence in relation to an individual's chronological age—has certain characteristics. Researchers have discovered, for example, that it normally stops increasing at the beginning of adolescence (except in the case of certain very bright people whose intelligence may continue developing until 18 or so). This is not to say that the ability to use one's brain power cannot be improved well beyond that time. In fact, a reader who can work his way through the following puzzles will probably discover a number of mental techniques that had not previously been in his armamentarium. He will be, it is true, fundamentally no brighter than when he started, but he may be able to do more with his intelligence. For that reason, he may actually score slightly higher on an I. Q. test. And he will certainly look more intelligent to anyone watching him unerringly solve an unfamiliar problem.

The typical puzzle, especially the kind most admired by the superintelligent, has its roots in mathematics, in one or another variety of logic or in words, or it may be based on a combination of these. We offer here puzzles that are a maddening mélange of those three elements. Most of them have a kind of do-it-with-mirrors difficulty. That's precisely what makes them the charming diversions they are. They require some logical (or, on occasion, illogical) leap that, in human terms, is the rough equivalent of a monkey in a cage suddenly realizing that it can use a stick to reach a banana: no stick, no banana. And so it is here: no leap, no solution. If that seems obscure now, it won't take you long to see what we mean.

1. A snail is at the bottom of a well 30 feet deep. It can crawl upward three feet in one day, but at night it slips back two feet. How long does it take the snail to crawl out of the well?
2. How many nines are there from one to 100?
3. Punctuate the following so it makes sense: John while James had had had had had had had had had had had had a better effect on the teacher.
4. Three boxes are labeled APPLES, ORANGES and APPLES AND ORANGES. Each box is labeled incorrectly. You may select only one fruit from one box. (No feeling around or peeking permitted.) How can you label each box correctly?
5. All readers of this article greatly love puzzles. Some readers of this article are famous. Some famous people are great lovers. Therefore:
   a. All readers of this article are famous.
   b. All great lovers are puzzling.
   c. Some famous people love puzzles.
   d. Some readers of this article are great lovers.
6. Move two matches and make four squares:

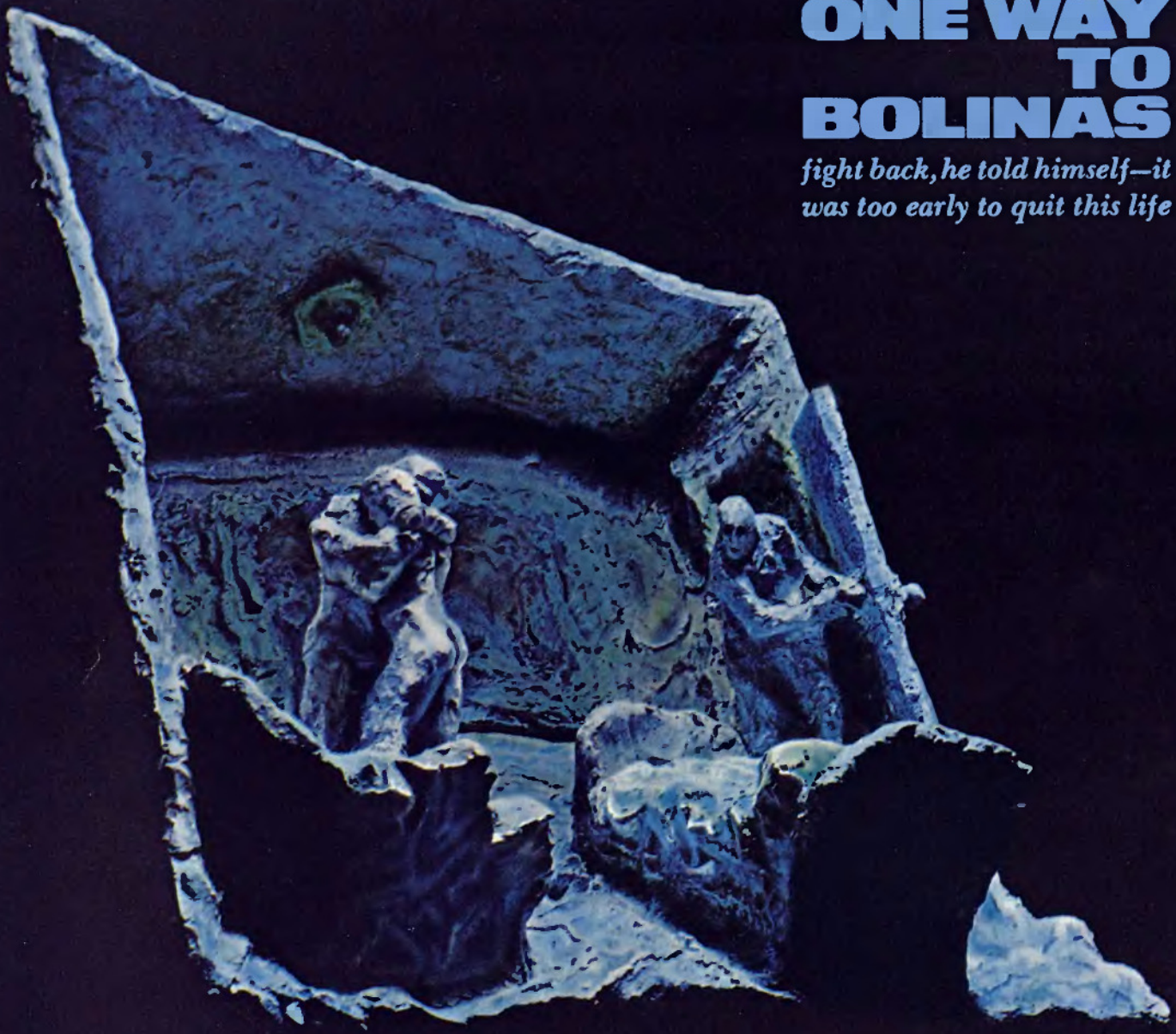
7. What eight-letter word contains only one vowel?
8. What word contains all five vowels in alphabetical order?
9. What word contains three sets of double letters in a row?
10. There are two jars of equal capacity. In the first jar there is one amoeba. In the second jar there are two amoebas. An amoeba can reproduce itself in three minutes. It takes the two amoebas in the second jar three hours to fill the jar to capacity. How long does it take the one amoeba in the first jar to fill that jar to capacity?
11. Draw four connected straight lines, without retracing your path, that pass through all the points:

12. Three intelligent men, applying for a job, seem equal in all pertinent attributes, so the prospective employer, also an intelligent man, sets a simple problem for them. The job, he says, will go to the first applicant to solve it. A mark is placed on each man's forehead. The three are told that each has either a black mark or a white mark, and each is to raise his hand if he sees a black mark on the forehead of either of the two others. The first one to tell what color he has and how he arrived at his answer will get the job. Each man raised his hand, and after a few seconds one man came up with the answer. What color was his mark and how did he figure it out?
13. MAN: How many birds and how many beasts do you have in your zoo?
    ZOOKEEPER: There are 30 heads and 100 feet.
    MAN: I can't tell from that.
    ZOOKEEPER: Oh, yes you can.
    Can you?
14. A hunter arose early, ate breakfast and headed south. Half a mile from camp, he tripped and skinned his nose. He picked himself up, cursing, and continued south. Half a mile farther along, he spotted a bear. Drawing a bead, he pulled the trigger, but the safety was on. The bear saw him and headed east at top speed. Half a mile farther, the hunter caught up, fired, but only wounded the beast, which limped on toward the east. The hunter followed and half a

(continued on page 210)

ONE WAY TO BOLINAS

fight back, he told himself—it was too early to quit this life



fiction **By HERBERT GOLD**

THE FIRST HITCHHIKER at the bend of the road out of Mill Valley, heading up the coast toward Stinson Beach and Bolinas, had a face like an abandoned coal-mine disaster site—collapsed shafts of blackened meat, eyes smokily polluted by internal fumes, crevices and sun-bared teeth. Frank shivered at that scene of death.

The second hitchhiker, 50 yards farther on, near the Yogurt Shack, looked to be about 17; she had long straight hair, a blouse that pulled out of her jeans when she raised her thumb, only a blotch of sunburn on the high cheekbones to mar her perfect teeny's unborn moonface. There was a gentle roll of baby flesh where the blouse was raised. In the twinkling of this summer season, it would surely disappear into ancient history.

Frank stopped not for the first hitchhiker but for the second.

"Oh, wonderful," she said, running prettily to the open door, her wrists jerking sweetly in that way of running girls not yet fully tuned into their new bodies. She didn't say groovy, she didn't say, "What's your sign?" She said, "Hey, you want to give a ride to my old man, too?"

She indicated Mr. Mine Disaster.

Frank paused.

"Oh, never mind, then," she said and jumped in. She turned and waved goodbye to the man of gritty rage, who, in a burst of speed, had run *(continued on page 222)*

SCULPTURE BY ADOLPH ROSENBLATT

GREAT FROM ANY ANGLE

once looking for a career in pictures, vicki peters now loves taking them

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, the foremost reason for Playmate Vicki Peters' move from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Southern California three years ago was not the change in climate. As a lifelong resident of the Twin Cities area, 23-year-old Miss April was accustomed to those infamously raw northern winters: "Winter sports are so popular in St. Paul that I actually looked forward to cold weather." It was Vicki's career ambition that prompted her to head for Los Angeles, where she intended to become an actress. "I'd modeled and thought I could do that while looking for film opportunities." Vicki did find steady employment—posing before a still camera (she was featured in PLAYBOY's September 1970 uncoverage, *The No-Bra Look*)—but she had less success getting movie parts. "I had some minor roles, but got depressed with my lack of real progress." Her professional life continued to languish until she met a prominent young commercial photographer, Harry Langdon (son of the silent-film star). "Harry and I began dating and I got interested in his work. Then one day he asked me to fill in for his secretary, who was taking a vacation. I agreed to do it for a couple of weeks. That was almost two years ago, and I've been there ever since." What's been especially rewarding for Vicki is the full range of responsibilities she's assumed—from darkroom developing to taking up the camera herself. "I've learned about everything there is to know at a photo studio. It's a thoroughly creative process and I've become fascinated with it. Now, although I still have ideas about an acting career, I think I'd be equally happy to stay in this business. I'd also like to make movies. And the possibility of directing excites me, too. There are a lot of ways I could go. A number of film people I've recently met might be able to help me in the future." No matter how many professions Vicki tries, readers will agree that there's certainly no danger of her suffering from overexposure.

Right: Taking an afternoon off from her job in a Los Angeles photo studio, Vicki selects some fresh fruit at the Farmers' Market.

Above: Vicki checks the results of a shooting, then (below left) ossists boss/boyfriend Horry Langdon (with camero). Below right: She proves to be a girl Mondoy-through-Fridoy.

Above: Later in the day, Harry and Vicki load equipment into a station wagon to get some action shots for an album cover. "What I love most about my work as Harry's assistant is that our shooting schedule changes almost every day. It's completely unpredictable." So, Vicki learns as she leaves the studio (below), is California's spring weather. Struggling with her convertible top in the rain, she gets thoroughly soaked.

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI


MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above: At home, Vicki decides to take advantage of the rare spring shower and changes into clothes that give her a most appealing wet look. Below: After her romp in the rain, she dries her hair.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Darling," exclaimed the former divorcee to her fifth husband on the morning after their wedding night, "I didn't know you had such a small organ!"

"Well, my dear," he replied, "how was I to know I'd find myself playing in a cathedral?"

A sporty tax consultant tells us that birth-control pills are deductible only if they don't work.

Standing around the water cooler, an office wit was heard to remark, "The population explosion would be less of a problem if lighting the fuse didn't feel so good."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ill-bred* as the U. S. dollar.

"Hey," said one fellow as he was leaving the skin-flick theater, "I've forgotten my hat!"

"No, you haven't," whispered his companion. "It's hanging on your lap."

Two nuns ran out of gas on the highway and flagged down a truck to obtain some. The truck driver was more than willing to oblige them but said that he didn't have a receptacle to use for the transfer. "That's all right," said one of the nuns. "We do. Sister and I are returning from a nursing assignment and there's a bedpan in our car."

So the truck driver siphoned out some gasoline and went on his way and the nuns embarked on the task of pouring it slowly and carefully into the tank of their car to avoid spilling any of the precious liquid.

A passing motorist slowed down to see what the women were doing. "Christ!" he exclaimed to his companion. "That's what I call *faith*!"

While making a delivery, the comparatively innocent grocery boy had fallen into the hands of a sexually aggressive woman. After he had undressed, as he was told to do, she said, "Let's do sixty-nine!" And before the lad had a chance to reply, she had done the positioning and begun.

After it was over, she asked, "How was that? Did you like it?"

"Great," the boy sighed, "but if you think I can do it sixty-eight more times, you're crazy!"

The suburbanite and his neighbor were constantly trying to outstatus each other. One day, the first man mentioned smugly that his daughter had just been accepted for admission by a fashionable women's college. "That's nice," replied the other, "but the only thing the girls really learn at that place is how to screw."

"I'll have you know that my wife went to that school!" retorted the fellow.

"Did she?" came the answer. "Take it from me, she certainly could use a refresher course."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *athletic supporter* as a prickpocket.

The waggish manager of a club for lawyers decided to have the term JURY ROOM lettered on the doors of the men's and women's lavatories—with the proviso that the sign painter add HUNG below the term on one door and SPLIT below the term on the other.

Shortly after dinner one Sunday, a husband past his prime became distressed when his wife jealously told him that her friend could be satisfied five times nightly by her spouse. That night, the creaky Casanova performed well the first two times, took a nap before and after the third, just barely made the fourth and fifth, then triumphantly went to sleep. He awoke at ten A.M. Late for work, he ran into his boss in the hall. "I don't mind your tardiness," his boss rumbled, "but where the hell were you Monday and Tuesday?"

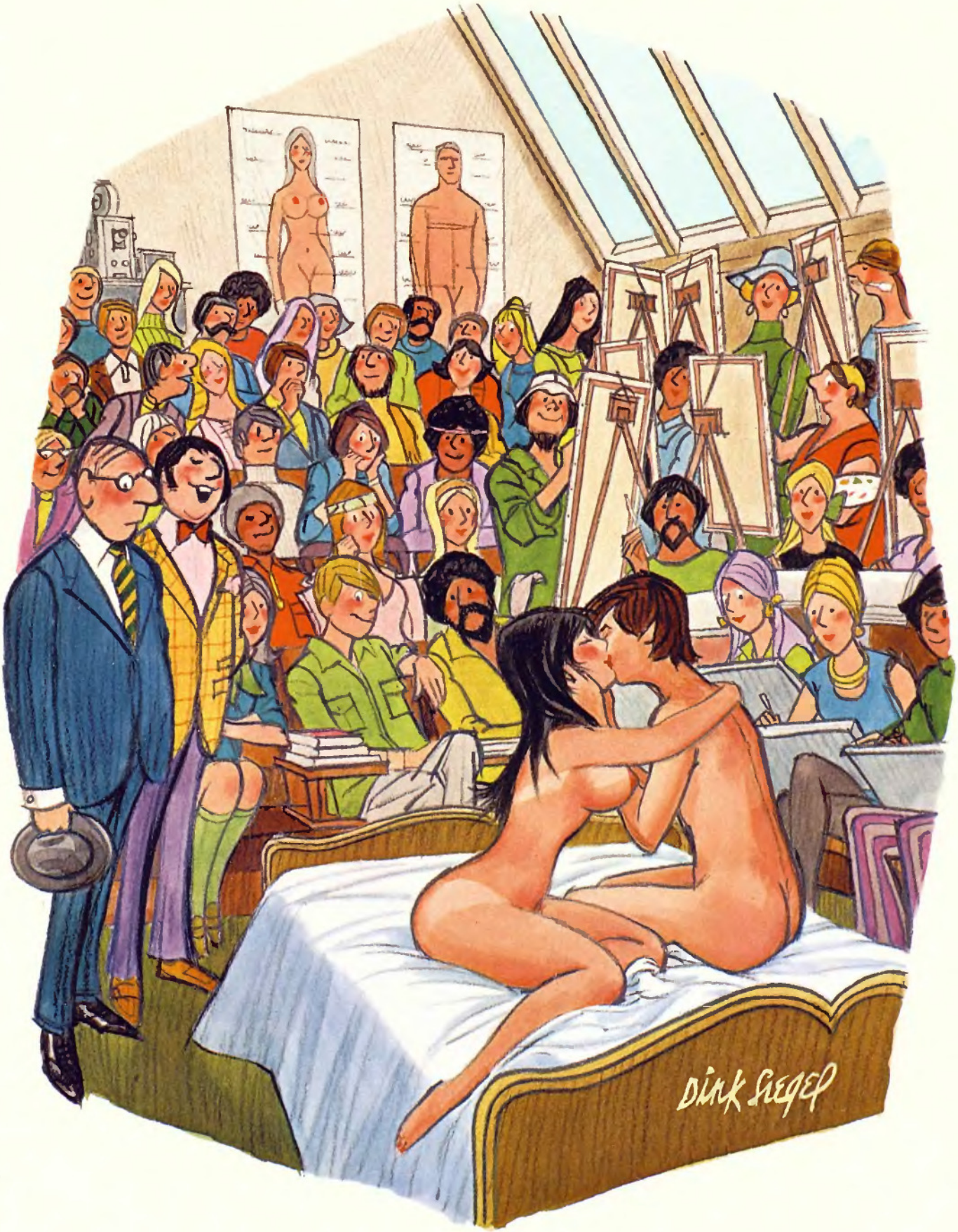
The coed had admitted under parental questioning that she was pregnant but added that she really couldn't say who was responsible. "All right, young lady," bellowed her father, "you march right upstairs to your room and stay there until you can give us a more definite answer than that."

Later in the day, her voice rang down the stairs: "Hey, Dad, I think I have an idea now!"

"I should hope so," shouted back her father. "Who was it?"

"Well, I'm still not positive, but I've got it narrowed down. It's between the basketball team and the band."

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.*



"Now, here we have a combination class in figure drawing and sex education."

KEPHAS AND ELOHENU

a man of the cloth should know better than to interrupt a celestial scrabble match between a couple of top guys

humor **By J.B. HANDELSMAN**

DARKNESS *is on the face of the deep. The voice of* ELOHENU *is heard.*

ELOHENU: Let there be light.

Nothing happens.

ELOHENU: Come on! Let there be light.

The lights suddenly and dazzlingly go on. KEPHAS *is sitting at a desk, writing.*

ELOHENU: Who's coming? (KEPHAS *goes on writing*) Who's coming?

KEPHAS: What who's coming? No one is coming.

ELOHENU: I thought I heard somebody.

KEPHAS: Nobody. You think I'm hiding somebody? Look in the desk.

ELOHENU: All right, all right.

KEPHAS: Go ahead! Satisfy yourself. (*Pulls out drawers*) See? Nobody. (*Closes them*) Did you finish the crossword puzzle? The Sunday *Times* one?

ELOHENU: Don't talk about crossword puzzles. They don't even tell you if the answer is in one word or two. And you know what they had in the last one? "Cockney's house." Can you imagine what the answer was? Three letters.

KEPHAS: O-M-E.

ELOHENU: Yeah.

KEPHAS: It's a real education. Heraldic emblems, Bulgarian coins, genus of willows. What's the matter? Nothing to do? Bored? Want to play Scrabble?

ELOHENU: Spot me fifty points?

KEPHAS: OK. (*Takes Scrabble set out of desk.* ELOHENU *sits. Each takes a letter out of bag.*) F.

ELOHENU: I've got an H. You go first.

KEPHAS: What do you mean? Highest letter goes first.

ELOHENU: So? You've got an S.

KEPHAS: F, F, I've got an F!

ELOHENU: Oh, an F. (*They take letters and arrange them on their racks*) I thought you said an S. (*Looks up*) Who's coming?

KEPHAS: Again with who's coming? You can't hear me when I say "F," but for people who aren't there, your hearing is twenty-twenty.

ELOHENU: Yeah. Well, somebody's got to come sometime. Let's see, have I got a word? Yes! (*Places four letters on board*)

KEPHAS: BARK. Three, four, five, ten, doubled is twenty. (*Makes a note*) And I add an S and make WAVES. So that's eleven for BARKS and four, five, double score on the V makes eight, that's thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Twenty-six.

ELOHENU: Is there a word rebarks?

KEPHAS: Of course not! Did you have that R-E from before?

Enter MARVIN HARVEY JARVIS.

ELOHENU: Yes.

KEPHAS: Then why didn't you make BARKER?

JARVIS *clears his throat.*

ELOHENU: Oh, am I dumb! I didn't think of it.

KEPHAS: Well, too bad. Play.

ELOHENU: Here's a good one. RIVET.

KEPHAS: RIVET. Mmm. One, two, six, no, the four is tripled. Sixteen. You've got thirty-six. Now, watch this. T-O-E spells toe, and I also make TRIVET and OK. (JARVIS *clears his throat*) That's nine, and five are fourteen, and three are seventeen. Not so much, but it's cute. Forty-three.

ELOHENU: Very cute. Very, *very* cute. OK is acceptable?

KEPHAS: Here's the dictionary.

ELOHENU: I believe it, I believe it. Cute. (*Sees* JARVIS) Who's that?

KEPHAS: Your turn. Will you stop imagining all the time that someone is coming? I'll let you know when someone is coming, I promise.

JARVIS: I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

KEPHAS (*jumping up*): I didn't hear you come in. Did you hear him come in? How long have you been here? Are you alone?

JARVIS: Quite alone, I'm afraid. It's been a rather long and arduous journey.

ELOHENU (*staring at the board*): Arduous. Seven letters. If I could make ARDUOUS, I'd be on Easy Street.

KEPHAS: Well, sit down. Sit,

ILLUSTRATION BY FREO BERGER

sit. Should I call down for coffee?

JARVIS: That would be more than kind.

KEPHAS (*to* ELOHENU): You want anything?

ELOHENU: Regular coffee and a cheese Danish.

KEPHAS (*picking up phone*): Get me the kitchen. The hot kitchen. I have a guest, a new arrival. Hello, Gennaro? Two regular coffees, one black, one cheese Danish—— Oh, no more cheese? How about a prune Danish? (ELOHENU *assents*) One prune, one coffee ring and——

JARVIS: Could I have a sweet roll?

KEPHAS: A *sweet roll?*

JARVIS: Or a doughnut, please.

KEPHAS: Or a doughnut. Listen, have you got a doughnut? Jelly doughnut all right? Yeah, OK, that's it. Thanks, Gennaro. (*Hangs up*)

JARVIS: It never occurred to me that you would have these amenities. In fact, it never occurred to me that there would be *eating* here. But I find I'm quite hungry, oddly enough.

KEPHAS: Oh, it's not surprising. When did you last eat?

JARVIS: Well, yesterday, I suppose, if you count being fed intravenously.

ELOHENU (*as if meditating its use in Scrabble*): In-tra-ve-nous-ly.

KEPHAS: Well, there you are. Nothing since yesterday. So. What's your name?

JARVIS: Marvin Harvey Jarvis. *Reverend* Marvin Harvey Jarvis.

KEPHAS: Wouldn't Marvin Jarvis be enough? Or Harvey Jarvis? Or Marvin Harvey?

JARVIS: I suppose so. But—well, I have a cousin named Marvin Jarvis; he's Marvin *Service* Jarvis. His mother was a Service.

KEPHAS: His mother was a service? (*To* ELOHENU) Do you understand that?

JARVIS: Three names have a majestic rolling sound, I always thought, and when I was younger, particularly, I thought, for a young fellow going into the ministry who wants to make a name for himself—or three names, ha-ha!

KEPHAS (*mystified*): And to make matters worse, your mother was a service.

JARVIS: No, no, that was my cousin's mother! But I don't suppose you want to hear about my cousin's mother. He'll tell you all that himself in due course, when he arrives. Although I suppose she herself is already here. As are my own beloved parents. I'm afraid I'm interrupting a game of some kind.

KEPHAS: Oh, that's all right. He was bored, so we played. I haven't time to be bored. I have all this paperwork to do.

JARVIS: I see.

Enter a small DEMON *with coffee, etc.*

KEPHAS: How much? (ELOHENU *takes out some money*)

DEMON: A dollar twenty.

JARVIS: Let me, please. Oh, damn it! I haven't any money.

ELOHENU: It's on me. Everything here is on me. Keep the change.

DEMON: Thanks. (*Exit*)

JARVIS: That's another thing that surprises me. The fact that you use money.

ELOHENU: Oh, *we* don't care about it, but they like it downstairs. They say it's the root of all service. No offense to your mother.

JARVIS: It is! It is! I've never shied away from it myself, I can tell you. Will that mean a black mark against my name? Mmm, this coffee is good. My compliments to the chef. But I've always said, the family that prays together pays together. That's where *I* come in. Well, gentlemen, you have the advantage of me.

KEPHAS: I know.

JARVIS: I mean you haven't told me your names.

KEPHAS: Kephas.

ELOHENU: Elohenu. (*Both shake hands with Jarvis*)

JARVIS: You fellows are angels, I suppose. You'll pardon me if I act like a hick. After all, I'm new here, although I've been talking about this place for a long time! I don't suppose, for example, that there are really pearly gates.

KEPHAS: There *are* pearly gates, but they're in the shop for repairs. People keep breaking off pieces for souvenirs. I don't understand it. I'll tell you one thing: I wouldn't let them in if I caught them at it.

JARVIS: *You* wouldn't let them in?

KEPHAS: Absolutely not.

JARVIS: Why, you don't mean to say you're Peter? The fisherman?

KEPHAS: Who has time to fish? Day in and day out, all I do is mind the door.

JARVIS: I'm sorry. Should I have bowed? I had no idea it was you. You look so—my word! Imagine meeting Saint Peter! And you, sir, are you a saint, too?

ELOHENU (*uncomfortably*): No, not really.

KEPHAS: Why don't you tell him? You're not ashamed, are you? (ELOHENU *shakes his head*) Well, if you're not ashamed, why don't you tell him? He's God.

JARVIS: God! (ELOHENU *nods, still somewhat embarrassed but beginning to smile*) God! But how can you be God?

ELOHENU: Well, somebody has to be.

JARVIS: But *God?* Good God! Why, that's—it's great! Just great, simply great! You mean you're the Lord of hosts, the Almighty, the Supreme Being——

KEPHAS: Come on, you're embarrassing him.

JARVIS: But think what this means to me, as a minister of the Gospel, a man of God, as some are pleased to call me, to come face to face with the Lord God in the middle of a game of Scrabble. God plays Scrabble?

ELOHENU: God shouldn't play Scrabble?

JARVIS: Oh, forgive me, Lord! How presumptuous of me, mere dust that I am, to question even for a moment the fittingness of Thy playing Scrabble. But I confess I could not have been more surprised if I had heard that Thou solvedest crossword puzzles.

ELOHENU: Put yourself in my place.

JARVIS: In Thy holy place? No, no!

ELOHENU: Take today. First I solved the *Times* crossword puzzle. That's the *Sunday* one. The Sunday one is *hard*! (*Trying to impress* JARVIS, *but* JARVIS *has never worked on a Sunday* Times *crossword*) It took me three hours. The *Saturday Review* literary cryptogram and the Wit Twister I solved last week. This week's isn't here yet. (*To* KEPHAS) Was there any mail? I don't like Double Crostics. Tonight there's a string quartet. Meanwhile, there are four hours to kill. Maybe I can get you a ticket. Do you like music?

KEPHAS: Wait, wait, he's not admitted yet.

ELOHENU: So what should I do? Make more scenery? By the way, do you know the Alps?

JARVIS: I've been there, yes. The Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc.

ELOHENU: Nice, huh? I made them.

KEPHAS: Of course you made them; everybody knows you made them.

ELOHENU: I liked making the Alps. I knew right away they would be good. Actually, mountain ranges are almost foolproof. But try making an interesting desert! Now, *there's* a challenge. I almost succeeded in parts of Arizona. But the Sahara was a flop. Boy, was I ashamed of the Sahara! I just went on and on for hundreds of miles, putting in sand, putting in sand. I don't know what I was thinking of.

KEPHAS: You complain you're bored; why don't you do something about the Sahara?

ELOHENU: Like what?

KEPHAS: How should I know like what? That's *your* job.

ELOHENU: Once I'm finished, I don't like to go back and—what's the word?

KEPHAS: Potchky.

ELOHENU: Not potchky. Are you kidding? Potchky isn't in *any* dictionary, I guarantee that! You try making potchky in Scrabble sometime and I'll hand you your head. Potchky! Anyway, there it is. I'm an unemployed scenery maker. I've been thinking of starting a new world, but I don't know. There doesn't seem to be any demand for one.

JARVIS: But art Thou not concerned, O Lord, with the souls of men?

ELOHENU: Me? People don't make deals with me about their souls; they make

(continued on page 250)

"Oh, my goodness! Did I hit an erogenous zone?"

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

the definitive statement on coming trends in warm-weather wearwithal

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

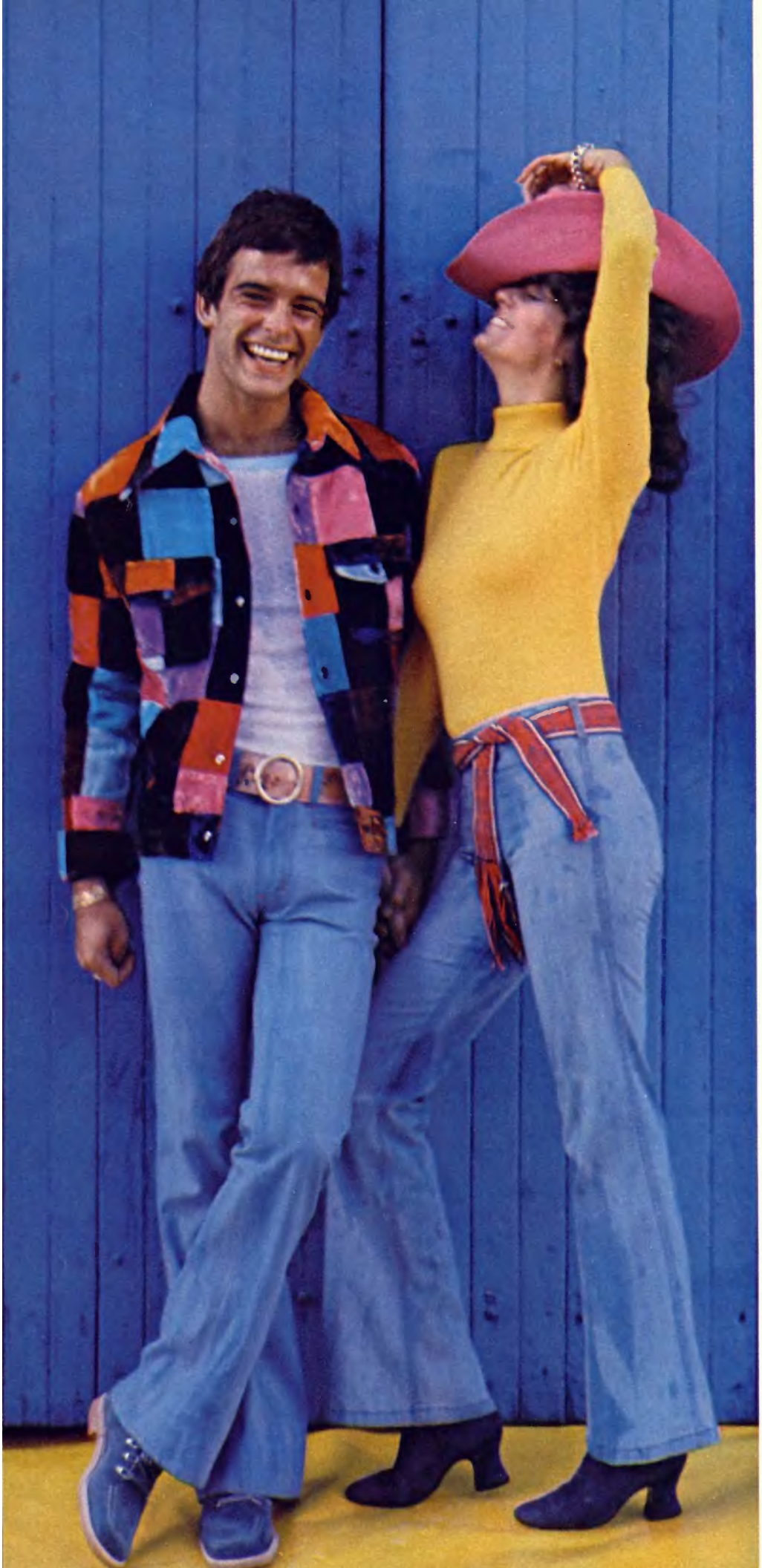
NOW THAT THE MERCURY is inching its way up the thermometer and old man winter is almost out the door, it's time we once again turned our attention to prognosticating the male-fashion trends for the coming six months. The majority of suits, we foresee, will be shaped two-buttons with wide lapels and deep center vents—a look in which you may invest with confidence, as it is now firmly entrenched as a contemporary classic. Lest you fear that you're going to be typed, we hasten to add that there will still be plenty of opportunity for you to express your individuality by picking and choosing from the multiplicity of new fabrics, treatments and interesting color combinations—particularly plaids—that will soon be available. *(text concluded on page 140)*

Left: Linen and wool blend ploid suit with pleated trousers, by Polo, $210; embossed cotton shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, $20; polko-dot silk foulard tie, by Polo, $17.50; ond leather-and-suede shoes, by Brass Boot / Nunn-Bush, $43. **Right:** Dotted cotton single-breasted suit with peaked lopels, by Pierre Cordin, $110; polyester-and-cotton oxford-weove shirt, by Gont, $12; and a medollion-patterned polyester tie, by Prince Consort, $5.

PHOTOGRAPHEO BY JOEL BALDWIN
PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES

Left: Hand-crocheted wool sweoter vest, by Lloyd Greenleof Designs, $20; multipatterned Avril-and-cotton Western shirt, by Impulse, $13; and pleated cotton slocks with double-strap buckle-front closures, by Mole Cosuols, $16.

Below: Cotton-chintz half-sleeved safari suit with epaulets and four flap patch packets, by Paul Ressler, $30; cotton knit round-necked pullover with long sleeves, by Jantzen, $6; and a wide suede belt, by Canterbury, $8.
Right: Plaid, brushed-cottan-denim jacket, by Viceray Sportswear, $30; ribbed pullover, by Himalaya, $10; brushed-catton-denim slacks, by Impressions by M, $10; and a suede-appliquéd belt, by Canterbury, $10.



In the pants department, slacks with a jeans cut will continue to be the predominant style, with corduroy, denim and embroidered denim the favored materials. We also predict that bleeding madras—which you probably thought had permanently faded away—will return, tailored into slacks, sports jackets and even suits. Another old standby, seersucker, will return to dominate this summer's fashions. But make no mistake—both fabrics will resemble the bleeding madras and seersucker styles of yesteryear in name only, with looks reflecting what's happening in 1972, not 1962.

Unlike spring 1971, when we accurately noted that there would be very little difference between dress and sport shirts, this year we predict some changes. Dress shirts will be quieting down somewhat, while casual shirts, frequently featuring a Western treatment, will be coming on stronger than ever in styles that are obviously to be worn sans tie. (Ties, incidentally, will continue to stay wide; among the patterned silks, watch for some new textured fabrics, such as hand-crocheted wool and homespun cotton.)

Summing up, we see the next six months as casually eclectic, with fabrics and patterns being matched—and mix-matched, provided the over-all effect is complementary rather than kookie. So it's shopward ho, gentlemen; spring and summer come but once a year.

Left: Patchwork cotton-velvet jacket, by Outer Limits, $35; long-sleeved cotton-jersey pullover, by Michael Mileo / Peter Sinclair, $7.50; cotton-denim jeans, by Male Casuals, $9; leather belt, by Canterbury, $12; ond brushed-pigskin oxfords, by Hush Puppies, $18. **Right:** Potriotically striped cotton-polyester sports jacket with a deep center vent, by Haspel Brothers, $55; abstract-print Arnel-and-nylon shirt, by Creighton, $14; brushed-cotton jeans with soddlebog pockets, by H. D. Lee, $9.50; and kid shoes, by Verde, $28. **Far right:** Potchwork seersucker shirt of polyester/Avril blend with flop potch breost pockets, by Impulse, $15; brushed-cotton-denim flared-leg slocks, by Levi's Jeans, $8.50; cotton web belt, by Paris, $7; and loofers with bross decoration, by Bostonion, $35.

Right: Chamois beach outfit includes a half-sleeved cardigan top with zip front and two patch pockets and matching bikini trunks with zip fly, by Rafael, $120. **Center:** Flax-cotton sailor jacket with contrasting stitching and zip patch pockets, $37, is worn over cotton-twill slacks, $15, both by Jupiter of Paris. **Far right:** Indian-print cotton shorts with belt loops and pockets, by Brentwood Sportswear, $5; and a long-sleeved silk/Fortrel-polyester sweater, by McGregor, $20.

ILLUSTRATION BY RON BRADFORD

THE TERMINAL MAN

Part two of a new novel

By MICHAEL CRICHTON

SYNOPSIS: On March 9, 1971, a handcuffed man under police guard was admitted to University Hospital in Los Angeles; his name was Harold Benson. He was a brilliant computer expert who was about to undergo a radical and experimental brain operation. The two surgeons on his case, Drs. John Ellis and Robert Morris, were believers, convinced that their new technological medicine could salvage a damaged brain. Dr. Janet Ross, the young psychiatrist on the case, was profoundly doubtful.

Benson's problem was psychomotor epilepsy, which evidently had resulted from a freeway accident two years earlier. About six months after the accident, he had begun to suffer blackouts that were presaged by a sensation of a nauseous odor. Coming back to consciousness, Benson would discover cuts and bruises and torn clothes, as if he had been fighting. In recent months, he had been accused of beating up an airplane mechanic, a topless dancer and—most seriously—a gas-station attendant.

Drug trials had shown that Benson could not be helped by that means; his epilepsy was drug-resistant. Finally, he was scheduled for a stage-three surgical procedure—the first of its kind ever to be performed on a human being. Forty electrodes would be implanted in his brain. They would be connected to a highly miniaturized plutonium-powered computer implanted in his neck. The tiny computer, like a heart pacemaker, would predict an imminent epileptic attack and then would send a soothing and restraining electric impulse to Benson's brain. All of this would be monitored on a large computer in the hospital.

Janet Ross's doubts were based on the fact that she had learned that in the course of his computer work, Benson had formed the delusion that machines would ultimately take over the world. "If you start putting wires in his head," she argued, "he's going to feel that he's been turned into a machine." However, Dr. Roger McPherson, head of the NPS—the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit—was so eager to try the history-making operation that he disregarded her warning and gave the go-ahead.

On the eve of the operation, Angela Black, a young dancer who knew Benson, came to the hospital with some of his personal effects, including a black wig to cover his shaved and bandaged head.

The operation went smoothly, according to plan. But afterward, even McPherson was bothered by the philosophical implications of what his staff had done. "We have created a man who is one single, large, complex computer terminal," he reflected. And his confidence was not improved as he watched a video tape of a presurgery interview in which Benson erupted his phobia: "I hate them, particularly the prostitutes. Airplane mechanics, dancers, translators, gas-station attendants, the people who are machines or who service machines. . . . I hate them all."

IV

AT SIX P.M., Roger McPherson went up to the seventh floor to check on his patient. Room 710 was quiet and bathed in reddish light from the setting sun. Benson appeared to be asleep, but his eyes opened when McPherson closed the door.

"How are you feeling?" McPherson asked, moving close to the bed.

Benson smiled. "Everyone wants to know that," he said.

McPherson smiled back. "It's a natural question."

"I'm tired, that's all. Very tired. . . . Sometimes I think I'm a ticking time bomb and you're wondering when I'll explode."

"Is that what you think?" McPherson asked. Automatically, he adjusted Benson's covers so he could look at the I.V. line. It was flowing nicely.

"Ticktick," Benson said, closing his eyes again. "Ticktick."

McPherson frowned. He was accustomed to mechanical metaphors from Benson—the man was preoccupied, after all, with the idea of men as machines. But to have them appear so soon after operation. . . . "Any pain?"

"None. A little ache behind my ear, like I'd fallen." That, McPherson knew, was the bone pain from the drilling. "I've succumbed to the process of being turned into a machine." He opened his eyes and smiled again. "Or a time bomb."

"Any smells? Strange sensations?" As he asked, McPherson looked at the EEG scanner above the bed. It was still reading

it had become a critical question: was the computer running the patient or was the patient running the computer?

normal alpha patterns, without any suggestion of seizure activity.

"No. Nothing like that."

"But you feel as if you might explode?" He thought: Ross should really be asking these questions.

"Sort of," Benson said. "In the coming war, we may all explode."

"How do you mean?"

"In the coming war between men and machines. The human brain is obsolete, you see. It has gone as far as it is going to go. It's exhausted, so it has spawned the next generation of intelligent forms. They will . . . why am I so tired?" He closed his eyes again. "A minor procedure," he said and smiled with his eyes closed. A moment later, he was snoring.

McPherson remained by the bed for a moment, then turned to the window and watched the sun set over the Pacific. Benson had a nice room; you could see a bit of the ocean between the high-rise apartments at Santa Monica. He remained there for several minutes. Benson did not wake. Finally, McPherson went out to the nurses' station to write his note on the chart.

"Patient alert, responsive, oriented times three." He paused after writing that. He didn't really know if Benson was oriented to person, place and time; he hadn't checked specifically. But he was clear and responsive, and McPherson let it go. "Flow of ideas orderly and clear, but patient retains machine imagery of preoperative state. It is too early to be certain, but it appears that predictions have correctly indicated that the operation would not alter his mentation between seizures." Signed, Roger A. McPherson, M. D.

He stared at it for a moment, then closed the chart and replaced it on the shelf. It was a good note—cool, direct, holding out no false anticipations. The chart was a legal document, after all, and it could be called into court. McPherson didn't expect to see Benson's chart in court, but you couldn't be too careful. He believed very strongly in appearances—and he felt it was his job to do so.

He looked at the row of charts on the shelf, a row of unfamiliar names, into which BENSON, H. F. 710 merged indistinguishably. In one sense, he thought, Benson was correct—he was a walking time bomb. A man treated with mind-control technology was subject to all sorts of irrational public prejudice. Heart control in the form of cardiac pacemakers was considered a wonderful invention; kidney control through drugs was a blessing. But mind control was evil, a disaster—although the NPS control work was directly analogous to control work with other organs. Even the technology was similar: The atomic pacemaker they were using had been developed first for heart work. But the prejudice remained.

McPherson sighed, took out the chart again and flipped to the section containing doctors' orders. Both Ellis and Morris had written postop-care orders. McPherson added: "After interfacing tomorrow A.M., begin Thorazine."

As he left the floor, he thought that he would rest more easily once Benson was on Thorazine. Perhaps they couldn't defuse the time bomb—but they could drop it into a bucket of cold water.

V

Late at night, in Telecomp, Gerhard stared irritably at the computer console. He typed in more instructions, then walked to a print-out typewriter and began reviewing the long sheaf of green-striped sheets. He scanned them quickly, looking for the error he knew was there, in the programmed instructions.

The computer itself never made a mistake. Gerhard had used them for nearly ten years—different computers, different places—and he had never seen one make a mistake. Of course, mistakes occurred all the time, but they were always in the program, never in the machine.

Richards came in, shrugging off a sports coat, pouring himself a cup of coffee. "How's it going?"

Gerhard shook his head. "I'm having trouble with George."

"Again? Shit." Richards looked at the console. "How's Martha?"

"Martha's fine, I think. It's just Saint George."

Richards sipped his coffee and sat down at the console. "Mind if I try it?" He began flicking buttons, calling up the program for Saint George. Then he called up the program for Martha. Then he pushed the interaction button.

Richards and Gerhard hadn't devised these programs; they had been modified from several existing computer programs developed at other universities. But the basic idea was the same—to create a computer program that would make the computers act emotionally, as if they were people. It was logical to label the programs with names like George and Martha. There was a precedent for that: Eliza in Boston and Aldous in England.

George and Martha were essentially the same program with slight differences. The original George was programmed to be neutral in his responses to stimuli. Then Martha was created. Martha was a little bitchy; she disliked most things. Finally, another George was formulated, a very loving George, who was referred to as Saint George.

Each program could respond with three emotional states—love, fear and anger. Each could produce three actions—approach, withdrawal and attack. All this was, of course, highly abstract. It was carried out in terms of numbers. For example, the original George was neutral to most numbers, but he disliked the number 751. He was programmed to dislike it. And, by extension, he disliked similar numbers—743, 772, and so on. He much preferred numbers such as 133, 404 and 918. If you punched in one of these, George responded with numbers signifying love and approach. If you punched in 707, he withdrew. If you punched in 750, George angrily attacked—as shown by the numbers he printed out.

The NPS staff had played with the programs in this way for a long time. Then it had incorporated program modifications to allow for "talk" from the computer. The numbers were translated into sentences. This was amusing and revealing. The actual interaction was referred to as the Christmas game, because most of it was conducted as giving and receiving gifts—objects that had an assigned or learned emotional value, just as the numbers did.

Normal George interacting with Martha would eventually win her over and her bitchiness would recede into the background.

But Saint George had a much worse effect on her. His loving acceptance drove her up the wall. That is, if things were working normally. Richards watched as the print-out flashed across the screen.

HELLO, I'M SAINT GEORGE
HELLO
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
MARTHA
YOU DON'T SAY MUCH, MARTHA.
NO
BUT I LIKE YOU
WHY, I DON'T LIKE YOU
I UNDERSTAND THAT. HOW CAN I HELP?

"It isn't printing periods consistently," Richards said. "When did that start?"

"That's nothing," Gerhard said. "Just keep watching."

HELP?
YES, I WOULD LIKE TO HELP YOU.
HAVE A CAT.

Richards winced. Cats were something that both George and Martha were programmed to dislike. Giving George a cat was a very hostile move.

THANK YOU
HAVE ANOTHER CAT.
THANK YOU, YOU ARE VERY KIND.
HAVE ANOTHER CAT.
NO THANK YOU.
DON'T YOU LIKE CATS?
YES, BUT I HAVE ENOUGH CATS.
HAVE A GORILLA.

"Really nasty," Richards said. "What are the other interactions like?"

(continued on page 168)

TAKING OVER VERMONT

get 225,000 counterculturists to settle in the green mountain state and exercise their franchise — and you've begun a unique social experiment

article

By RICHARD POLLAK

SUPPOSE THE NATION'S alienated young decided to stage a take-over of Vermont. Not by staging a weekend rock festival at Rutland and then hanging around the Green Mountains like freaked-out trolls. Not by lacing the water supply with assorted chemical brain scramblers. Not even by trashing the 14-kt.-gold-leaf dome off the Statehouse in Montpelier. Suppose they decided to do it by the book, within the system, the hard-hat–approved American way—by ballot.

Consider the arithmetic. The 1970 census counts 444,732 bona-fide residents of the state of Vermont. Of that number, only 287,575 are 18 years old or over and thus eligible by state law to vote in state and local elections. Since 107,527 of these eligibles are between the ages of 18 and 34 and, figuring conservatively,

one third of *them* (35,806) would be likely to sit down and break grass with all incoming pilgrims, the potential enemy strength reduces to 250,000. Lop off another ten or so percent for those good citizens who wouldn't bother to exercise their franchise, even at the prospect of a Yippie governor, and the numerical tipping point comes down to 225,000, give or take a Yankee. Hardly a boggling number in a country whose mobile counterculture routinely mustered twice that and more for the peace rallies and musical be-ins of the late Sixties and whose 18–34 population now totals more than 40,000,000, the majority within an easy hitchhike of what the Vermont tourist office likes to call "the beckoning country."

"You mean," says one Vermonter privy to these rudimentary calculations, "that some sort of latter-day Children's Crusade might simply march into this state and take it away from us? Preposterous. First of all, we'd never let 'em. But it wouldn't ever come to that, because they'd never be able to put it together. How would they live? What would they do for jobs? What about housing? Our winters, you know, aren't exactly tropical. The whole notion's ridiculous." Maybe so. Then again, in a nation roiling with people in search of an alternative to the bankrupt politics of the past, the notion of their own state may be less political science fiction than it seems. Already, in fact, a pair of founding fathers have given the idea its own radical "Federalist Papers." The document is "Jamestown Seventy," a little-noted treatise written by James F. Blumstein and James Phelan, two young visionaries out of Yale Law School. "What we advocate," they write, with a calm that suggests nothing more is at stake than a change in library hours, "is the migration of large numbers of people to a single state for the express purpose of effecting the peaceful political take-over of that state through the elective process."

Blumstein and Phelan are as serious as were Tom Paine and Patrick Henry, if a bit more prolix. Yet they are anything but revolutionaries. Blumstein, who was graduated from Yale in 1970, now teaches at the Vanderbilt University School of Law and is associate director of its Ford Foundation–funded Urban and Regional Development Center. Phelan recently resumed his quest for a law degree at Yale, following a tour in Delaware inspecting the Du Ponts with a band of Nader's Raiders and producing a major study of the corporation. They drew up "Jamestown Seventy" because, like anyone not in a coma in recent years, they see the United States foundering in a sea of conventional wisdom and unresponsive institutions. To their elders who would cling to these anachronisms and to their peers who would meet the problem by blowing up the General Motors Building, they say:

"The short answer to all this—revolution—is impossible when armed revolt by the citizenry at large would inevitably be put down by the military might at the disposal of those in control. We see the best way out in *re*dedicating this nation to its heritage: reopening the frontier, where alienated or 'deviant' members of society can go to live by their new ideas; providing a living laboratory for social experiment through radical Federalism; and restoring effective political communication in a multimedia society. . . . The goal of this take-over would be to establish a truly experimental society in which new solutions to today's problems could be tried, an experimental state which would serve as a new frontier and encourage imaginative local innovation [and], by its example, spur change in society as a whole."

While Vermonters oil up their muskets and contemplate reactivating the Green Mountain boys, some history is in order. Most of it is elementary and squarely in Blumstein and Phelan's corner. From the beginning at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, dissent and innovation were commonplace in pre-Revolution America: rickety democracy in Massachusetts under the Mayflower Compact, rare religious toleration in Rhode Island, friendly persuasion among the Quakers in Pennsylvania. And in the years leading up to the war, the colonies became a major testing ground for the iconoclastic ideas and ideologies of the Enlightenment of 18th Century Europe, resulting in the then-altogether-radical notion that, as Thomas Jefferson put it, "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Arguing that contemporary America precludes the pursuit of happiness for thousands of citizens, young and old, the authors summon half a dozen expert witnesses in support of their case for an experimental state. There is historian Frederick Jackson Turner reiterating his familiar thesis that "American social development has been continually beginning over again on the frontier," Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes stressing the need for "social experiments that an important part of the community desires, in the insulated chambers afforded by the several states," and Yale psychologist Kenneth Keniston (author of *The Uncommitted: Alienated Youth in American Society*) insisting that "Without at least some men and women sufficiently alienated to challenge the established order . . . no social innovation is possible" and maintaining that the "cultivation of and tolerance for alienation, at least in some individuals, is a prerequisite for any major social improvement." These testimonials may seem like radical abstractions. In fact, however, they jibe neatly with the essentially conservative *Realpolitik* of the Seventies: the growing disenchantment with New Deal–spawned centralization and the "widespread feeling in the country today that government must be returned to the people."

Experimental communities, of course, are nothing new to the United States. In the 19th Century, hundreds of Americans deplored one or another aspect of the system and went off to do their own thing. Encouraged by cheap land and the search for tolerance, dozens of sects established thriving farm colonies, such as the many Shaker enclaves east of the Mississippi and the Harmonist villages of New Harmony, Indiana, and Economy, Pennsylvania. Some of these settlements survived several decades and one—the Mormons in Utah—grew into a major force in its state. But for the most part, the religious separatist movements disintegrated under the homogenizing wheels of industrial progress.

More significant, secular breakaways proved even less successful. In the middle 1800s, followers of Welsh

"For Crissakes, Harvey! You want to make my wife neurotic?"

social philosopher Robert Owen and French utopian socialist Charles Fourier eagerly set up some 50 communities in which to pursue Humanism and eschew capitalism. Most were singularly short-lived, folding after a few days when high-minded idealism came up against the rigors of communal life. Nathaniel Hawthorne dropped out of Brook Farm after six months, complaining that he could get no writing done. Six years after it opened for business in 1841, the prominent haven for Massachusetts intellectuals had "faded, flickered, died down and expired." Such discouraging precedents by no means dismay Blumstein and Phelan. On the contrary, they maintain that Brook Farm and its like were bound to fail—as are their counterparts now poking up around the country—because "provisions for the institutionalization of continuing experiment . . . are lacking, as are ties to the larger society."

So, Vermont: where ties to the larger society have existed since it ratified the U. S. Constitution in 1791; where offices available for the institutionalization of continuing experiment include a governorship and lieutenant-governorship, one House seat and two Senate seats in the U. S. Congress, 150 house seats and 30 senate seats in the state general assembly and scores of lesser posts; where the motto is "Freedom and Unity"; and where, as the authors put it in their most splendid understatement, "one can safely assume that the local population would have strong feelings on what was happening."

Already, the natives are restless. In the past few years, Vermont has become the dropout mecca of the Northeastern U. S. "Everybody wants to come here and the trend is growing," says Norman Runnion, managing editor of *The Brattleboro Daily Reformer*. "I get five job applications a week myself." What makes Vermonters edgy, though, is not the influx of city-sated newspapermen but the commune movement. No more than a few dozen settlements operate in the state, but they are having their impact and the Microbuses keep coming. Just down the road from Rudolf Serkin's place in Guilford, for example, is the Packers Corner Commune. Now in its fourth year, this well-organized precinct is firmly established on more than 100 acres of deeded land. Up against the Canadian border near Island Pond, Earth Peoples Park, Inc., has purchased 594 acres. And at the Cambridge (Massachusetts) Institute, a kind of counter-institutional think-tank, ideas have been circulating concerning the establishment of a new city "in which communal living relationships would be central." If funding had been available, the institute was interested in acquiring land, possibly in Maine. Just as possibly in Vermont. "There's a good deal of vigilante talk hereabouts these days," says one longtime Vermonter. "So far it's just talk, but if those unwashed troublemakers keep coming, we'll be ready." Blumstein and Phelan acknowledge the potential explosiveness: "The first great test of the experimental program will be the safeguarding of the rights of the indigenous population."

Short of violence, of course, any organized movement to update Vermont would quickly come up against a volley of legal buckshot. The Federal Constitution may protect the invaders' basic rights, but a governor and an inventive attorney general could create an assortment of frustrating hurdles anyway. For openers, they could summon a willing legislature into emergency session and quickly extend the state's new, liberal residency requirement of 90 days in state-wide elections, putting the voting booth off limits to all newcomers for three years. Or five. Or ten. Though such a tactic clearly would be prejudicial, the U. S. Supreme Court has yet to rule on what, if anything, constitutes fair and reasonable state and local residency periods; thus, the new law would stand as an impediment until the Court rules, which it may during the current session. Suits challenging residency laws, however, have been filed and won in a number of states, among them Tennessee, where the plaintiff was none other than Jim Blumstein. Blumstein says that he filed his suit to vindicate his personal civil rights, not as a first step toward implementing "Jamestown Seventy." "But when one of my colleagues heard about the suit after reading the treatise, he went running to the associate dean, crying, 'Look what we just hired,'" Blumstein recalled not long ago. "I told them not to worry about an attempted take-over of Tennessee, because the population [3,923,687] is too large."

Beyond extension of residency requirements, Blumstein and Phelan concede any number of other obstacles to their goal. If the new pioneers appeared on the verge of gaining the upper hand in, say, Franklin County, the general assembly in Montpelier could rearrange the boundaries and gerrymander the threat away. Or, for that matter, it could abolish counties and townships altogether and require all candidates for the general assembly to run at large. In addition, the "ins" could consolidate their power by making key elective posts appointive and by requiring that all new legislation be passed by a four-fifths majority. Obviously, some of these ploys are of dubious constitutionality and open to attack in the courts. But legal redress in many cases would take several years. Vermont straights could keep the heat on their would-be liberators, meanwhile, with an endless variety of lesser harassments—from unreasonably stringent health regulations for communes to arbitrary denial of admission to the bar, to the refusal of indigenous physicians to treat the ills of newcomers (whose own doctors would have been denied licenses to practice medicine in the state).

Despite the catalog of formidable obstacles available to the Vermont establishment, Blumstein and Phelan are confident of success over the long run. They insist in their blueprint that "given a time perspective of ten years (though the time could be considerably shorter), it's entirely possible that enough disenchanted, idealistic, adventurous and creative people would accept the challenge of resettling in a single 'frontier' state, especially once the word was out that a movement was on."

• • •

Summer 1976. With headquarters on Main Street in Montpelier, a nationwide Mobilization to Open Vermont for Experimentation (MOVE) has brought more than 125,000 newcomers to the state. And in many areas, these Movers —as the pioneers call themselves—now hold the balance of power. The first to fall was Bennington County in November 1974, after the Supreme Court extended the Federal 30-day-residency maximum to state and local elections, and only 18 months after 750 of the participants in a National Conference on Women's Liberation at Bennington College decided to stay on and organize the country's first female-dominated political unit, now called Steinem County. Encouraged by the ladies' stunningly swift coup (made possible in no small part by the enthusiastic support of until-then-quiescent Vermont housewives), other groups staked out and renamed claims. Windsor became Hoffman County as the irrepressible Abbie and thousands of his Yippie followers re-established the Woodstock Nation in Woodstock, Vermont. More than 800 former Raiders and their families became formal residents with either permanent or summer homes in Nader (nee Essex) County. In neighboring Wilkins (nee Orleans) County, some 1500 young, middle-class black families did likewise.

Of course, not everything went smoothly. When the Black Panthers tried to start a colony in Wilkins County, a harmoniously integrated gang of night riders drove them away in the now-infamous Torching at Little Hosmer Pond. Similar hostility greeted the Panthers and other black militants when they sought to put down roots in other areas and for months they wandered the state until a generous endowment from

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FROM THOSE WONDERFUL FOLKS WHO BRING YOU...

. . . hitachi reversible-pump turbines, nikon cameras, nippon steel, subaru station wagons, toshiba radios, fuji films, yamaha pianos, honda motorbikes, yashica light meters, suzuki scramblers, panasonic tvs, dodge colts, toyota corollas, canon lenses, datsun 240zs, sony video-tape cassette recorders, toyo kogyo mazda rx-2s and mitsubishi tuna fish

article **BY NEIL MARTIN**

BANZAI! BANZAI! BANZAI! The echo from 50 voices shouting as one shattered the early-morning calm in the First Life Insurance Building, Tokyo headquarters of Yoronotaki K.K., Japan's largest fast-food franchiser. A few rays of sunlight filtered through the shaded windows, forming tiny yellow spotlights on the two rows of Japanese office workers, the men with white shirts and dark ties and the women wearing light-gray smocks over their street clothes. They stood stiffly at attention, backs straight, arms by their sides with fists clenched, eyes front—like 50 life-sized toy soldiers, made in Japan.

Banzai! Banzai! Banzai! Each cheer was punctuated with a crisp salute, 50 pairs of arms reaching for the ceiling. Fifty minds dedicated to carrying out the company credo, which

ILLUSTRATION BY ROY CARRUTHERS

they shouted at the top of their lungs: "Work Hard! Work Quickly! Be Precise! Smile!"

Kunio Inoue, a young Japanese broker and my companion-translator, was visibly shaken. "I've never seen anything like this before," he gasped softly, wiping his forehead with a fresh handkerchief. The Berkeley-educated Inoue knew that most Japanese companies had some kind of ritual that accompanied their day's work: five or ten minutes of group exercise in the morning, recitation of the day's work objectives, an afternoon tea ceremony or singing of the company song. But what we found that morning at Yoronotaki both shocked and frightened him, as it did me. It wasn't a ritual. It was a way of life—a vivid exercise in Orwellian group-think.

I had heard from a Japanese journalist friend that the secret of Yoronotaki's success might be its unusual methods of operation, employee relationships and corporate philosophy. He refused to say anything more, except that I should go and see it for myself. It all sounded rather mysterious, so I went.

I arrived at Yoronotaki's corporate offices for my appointment promptly at 8:30 that morning and I was warmly greeted by Itsumi Ueda, managing director. A man in his early 40s, Ueda had been around enough Westerners to know that they traditionally shake hands but was enough of a Japanese to bow almost routinely. Not knowing quite what to do myself, we compromised, bowing politely to each other and shaking hands on the way down.

There was something else distinctive about Ueda. He was a three-star general. Not a real one, of course. But Yoronotaki, it turned out, is organized and run from top to bottom in the military fashion. All employees, from the waitresses who work in the franchised outlets to the top management people, wear a small, olive-green old-imperial-army pin with their name and rank inscribed on it. There are 40 ranks, from private to three-star general, Ueda told me proudly.

A two-minute-warning bell sounded at 8:43 A.M. Papers were shuffled and desk drawers slammed shut as the office workers cleared their desks and made last-minute preparations for the morning inspection. Exactly two minutes later, a second bell rang and everyone quickly fell into two evenly spaced ranks of 25 each. Facing them was a solemn-faced section head who quickly barked out orders like a Marine drill instructor.

"Attention!" snapped the D.I. Fifty bodies sprang to attention with a sharp click of heels. Roll was called and each employee acknowledged his or her name with a crisp, staccato *"Hai!"* ("Yes!"). The orders of the day were read, followed by words of encouragement. "This company will shine in the history of Japan because of what it does. It is up to us to provide the kind of leadership to make our families happy, our company grow and our country flourish." And, with a furtive glance over to where I was standing, he added, "The whole world is watching you."

About ten minutes later, after a series of rousing pep talks by various section chiefs, the morning ceremony came to a close with a chorus of the company song, led by a young fellow who stood with his feet apart, back arched, right hand on hip and his left holding an old samurai sword, which he pumped up and down in rhythm with the martial beat of the song. Then, before you could say "Banzai!," it was over as suddenly as it started. The dismissed "soldiers" scampered back to their desks to mull over new ways to sell more sake and sukiyaki for the honor and glory of Yoronotaki.

Later, over a quiet cup of tea, the company's founder, Tokichiro Kinoshita, explained the reasons for all this. Tokichiro Kinoshita is not his real name but that of a famous samurai warrior-ruler who united Japan 400 years ago, invaded Korea and had dreams of conquering Asia and Europe before being driven off the mainland by the Mongols. Only a few close friends and associates even know the founder's real name or true identity. Moreover, he and most Yoronotaki executives embrace the religious philosophy of *Soka Gakkai*, an aggressive Buddhist sect dedicated to hard work, success and achievement—concepts deeply rooted in the Japanese character.

"We believe the military system is the best way to instill discipline and a sense of dedication in our employees," said Kinoshita. "In a sense, we are like Japan itself. Small, isolated from the rest of the world for centuries, we must unite to achieve a common goal. We must act as one if we are to grow and prosper."

Grow and prosper. Unite to win. That's what Japan is all about.

But it wasn't too long ago that MADE IN JAPAN meant a ten-dollar transistor radio, a plastic gun that broke when you dropped it, a doll whose eyes never seemed to look in the same direction, a zipper that was always coming untracked or any one of the hundreds of cheap items, trinkets and gadgets that flooded the American market. Japanese companies begged, borrowed and bought everything they could to put them on a competitive footing with U.S. companies. They even tried to steal Coke; one company peddled a soft drink it called Nippon Cola, packaged in bottles identical to those of Coca-Cola, until a Japanese court stopped it.

Now, however, those three little words —MADE IN JAPAN—have become a symbol of Nippon's burgeoning economic might and technological progress. Germany, already far behind Japan in steel production and shipbuilding (Japan turns out half the world's annual tonnage), will possibly drop to third place in automobile production this year. Similarly, 30 percent of all foreign electrical goods sold in the U.S. ten years ago came from West Germany. Today, 50 percent are Japanese made and the German share has sunk to six percent. The success of Nikon cameras also has the Germans drooling. In the U.S., increasing numbers of Toyotas, Datsuns and Colts on the highways have forced Detroit to counterattack with its own small economy models. Even so, Nissan Motors, the Datsun maker, is considering opening a small-car-assembly plant on the U.S. West Coast. Manufacturers of Japanese calculators own more than half the U.S. market for such items. And the Japanese are already selling computers to the United States that were made in Japanese factories with Japanese technology, independent of IBM or any other foreign manufacturer.

Despite the ten-percent surcharge tacked onto U.S. imports by the Nixon Administration from last August to December, the excess of Japanese imports over U.S. exports to Japan in 1971 is believed to have nearly doubled the previous year's staggering 1.4-billion-dollar trade deficit, the biggest ever for any country. What's more, as America withdraws from Vietnam, the Japanese are quietly moving in. During the past two years, Japan has extended more than $25,000,000 in economic aid and has invested $3,000,000 in private capital in South Vietnam. Half a million Hondas, Yamahas and Suzukis purr along South Vietnamese roads, and Sony radios are everywhere. Vietnam is said, in fact, to have a "Honda economy." And in other parts of Asia, they refer to the enterprising Japanese businessmen as "the ugly Japanese" or "the yellow Americans."

In short, Japan has achieved through industry, trade and a rock-hard currency what guns and generals failed to win during World War Two. That old imperialist dream of a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere stretching from Manchuria to Burma appears modest by current-day realizations. Some Western economists are still predicting that Japan, already number two in the free world with a gross national product exceeding 200 billion dollars, will have the world's biggest economy by the end of this century.

But Japan's claim to the next century may be premature. Nippon is currently in the throes of a serious economic recession; business is stagnant and is likely to remain so for most of 1972. Some 15,000 companies, most of them small, family-owned subcontractors of large manufacturing firms, went bankrupt in 1971, and the number is growing with each

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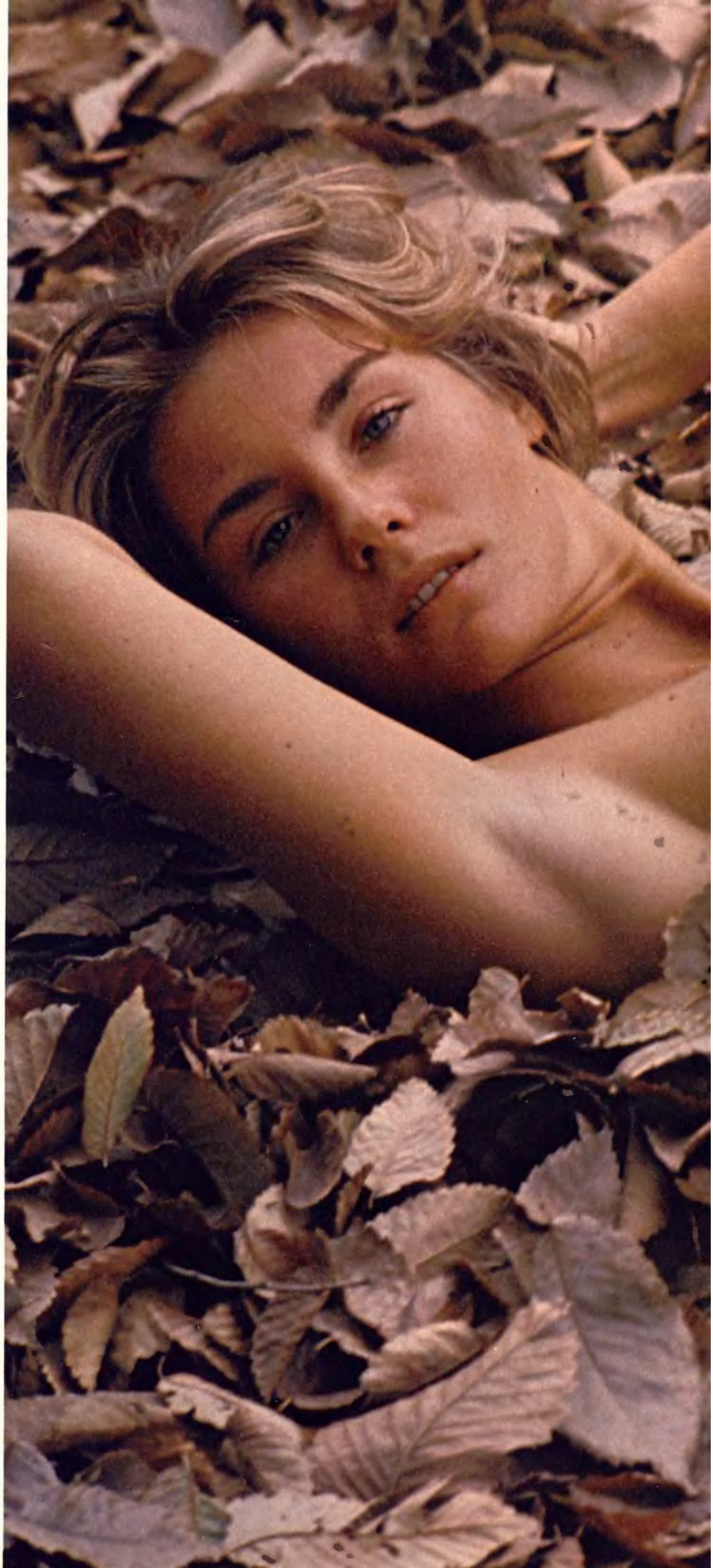
TIFFANY'S A GEM

the talented miss bolling talks about life, love and spiritual creativity

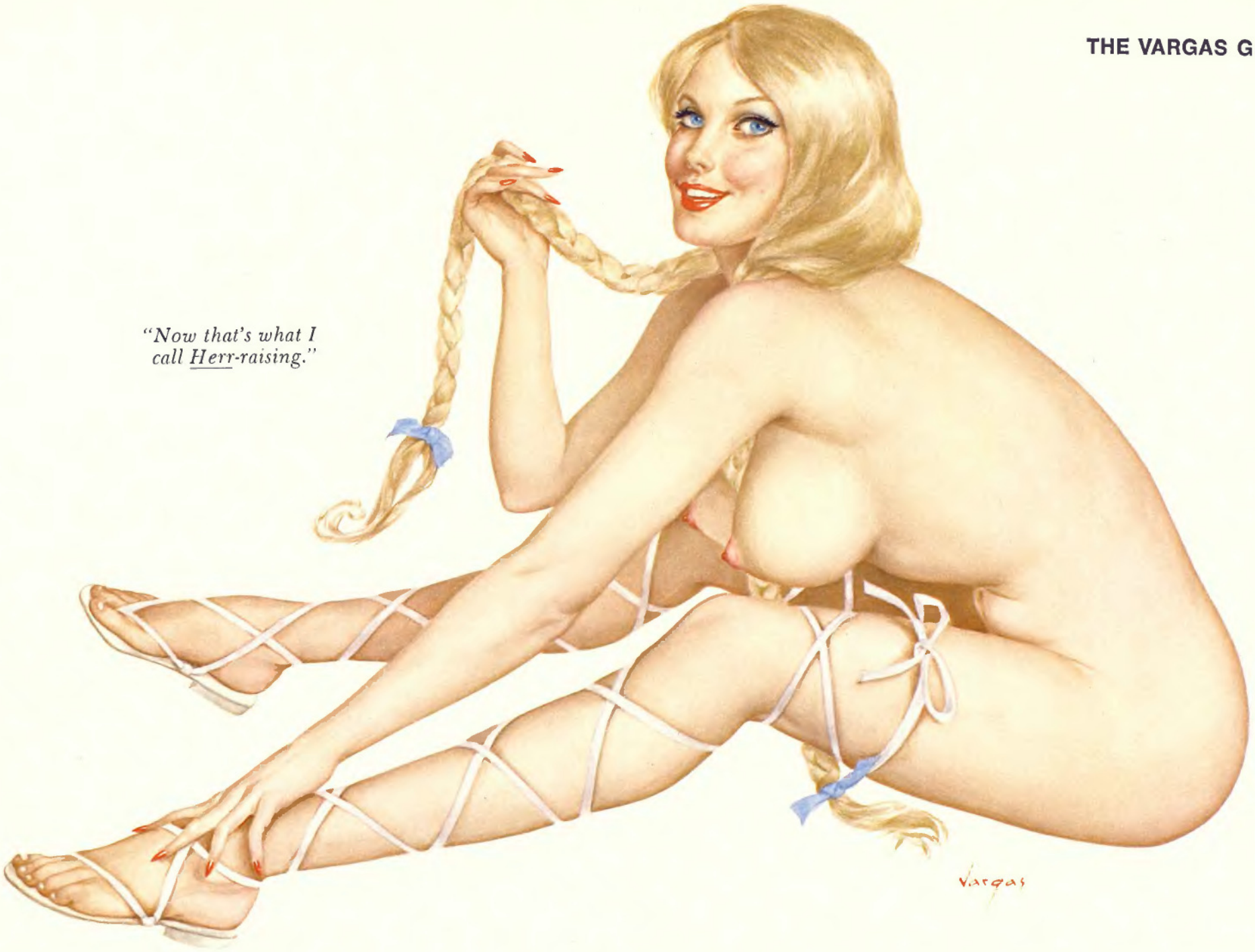
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

LAST YEAR'S *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*, starring Richard Benjamin (above) as a voyeur, was greeted by near-universal apathy—with one bright exception: Tiffany Bolling, a smoldering newcomer who, the critics agreed, was just about the only good thing in the film. Tiffany's name is the genuine article, not a marquee monicker. "Mother thought I'd be a boy, so she didn't have a girl's name picked. She got Tiffany out of a jewelry ad in the paper she was reading at the hospital." Tiffany, now 25, started singing in coffeehouses at 16; she still sings, and the *Thank God the War Is Over* cut from her album *Tiffany* was considered for a Grammy nomination. At 20, she got her first movie role, a bit in the 1967 film *Tony Rome*, starring Frank Sinatra —with whom, incidentally, she's been

linked in the gossip columns in recent months. (Tiffany's version: "I've known Francis for a long time, and I love him dearly, but I don't see him often.") Television viewers will recall Tiffany from guest shots on numerous shows—most recently *The Bold Ones*—and as a regular in ABC's short-lived series *The New People*. We got Tiffany to talk about her life and her work. Sample observations: On her career—"I'd like to be in the category of a Vanessa Redgrave or a Grace Kelly, but maybe a bit more earthy." On love—"I'm a romanticist. I believe in courting. If a man and a woman just ball right away, they never get into each other's minds." On women's lib—"I love being a woman and I've never really felt put down. But



I do think men have been uptight with women; they tend to say, 'OK, you just be quiet and serve me.' " On youth—"Young people are underdogs. First they're told, 'Shut up, you're just a kid.' Then they're told, 'Get out there and do what you're supposed to do'; but by then they don't really know what that is." On religion—"I'm not a Jesus freak or anything, but all my life I've had some sort of religious tugging. I feel strongly that we're all born with a spiritual creative force, that everybody has some kind of god within. Not a wrathful, puritanical god who goes after sinners, because I definitely believe in pleasure, in the sensuality of being." And we get a lot of good old-fashioned sensual pleasure out of looking at the beauteous Miss Bolling.


"Now that's what I call Herr-raising."
Vargas

the clever daughter from *Yiddishe Folksmaisses*

A NOBLEMAN had three Jewish tenants on his estate. One held the forest concession; another operated the mill; the third—and poorest—kept the inn.

One day the nobleman summoned all three before him and said, "I'm going to ask you three questions: Which is the swiftest thing in the world? Which is the fattest? Which is the dearest? Whoever answers these questions correctly will not pay any rent for ten years. And whoever fails to give me the correct answers will be banished from this estate."

The forester and the miller did not delay very long before they decided between them to give the following answers: "The swiftest is the nobleman's horse, the fattest is the nobleman's pigs and the dearest is the nobleman's wife."

The poor innkeeper, however, went home feeling very worried. There was only three days' time before he must answer the nobleman's questions. He racked his brains.

Now, the innkeeper had a daughter who was very pretty, with bountiful breasts, a dimpled bottom and a clever wit.

"What is worrying you so, Father?" she asked.

So he told her about the nobleman's three questions.

"I've thought and thought, but I cannot find the answers!" he cried.

"This is nothing to worry about, Father," she told him. "The questions are very easy: The swiftest thing in the world is thought, the fattest is the earth, the dearest is sex."

When the three days had elapsed, the three Jewish tenants went to see the landowner. Pretentiously, the first two gave the answers they had agreed upon, believing he would feel flattered by them.

"Wrong!" cried the nobleman. "Now pack up and leave my estate and don't ever come back!"

But when he listened to the innkeeper's answers, he was filled with wonder.

"I like your answers very much," he told him, "but I feel you didn't think of them by yourself. Confess—who gave you these answers?"

"It was my daughter," the innkeeper answered.

"Your daughter!" exclaimed the nobleman. "Since she is so clever, I'd like to meet this girl. Send her here in three days' time, but listen carefully: She must come neither walking nor riding, neither dressed nor naked. She must also bring a gift that is not a gift."

The innkeeper rode home even more worried than before.

"What now, Father?" his daughter inquired. "What's worrying you?"

He told her of the nobleman's request and instructions.

"Well, there's nothing to worry about," she said. "Go to the market place and buy me a fishing net, a goat, a couple of pigeons and several pounds of meat."

He departed and later returned to their little inn with each item.

At the appointed time, she undressed completely and wound herself in the fishing net, so she was neither dressed nor naked. She then mounted the goat, her feet dragging on the ground, so that she was neither riding nor walking. Taking the two pigeons in one hand and the meat in the other, she waved goodbye to her dumfounded father.

The nobleman stood at the window awaiting her arrival. As soon as he saw the strange sight, he turned his dogs loose and, as they tried to attack her, she threw them the meat. The dogs, diverted from their initial prey, pounced on the meat and let her pass into the courtyard.

"I've brought you a gift that is not a gift," she said to the nobleman at the window, stretching out her hand holding the two pigeons. Suddenly, she released the birds and they winged skyward.

The nobleman was enchanted with her, thinking that perhaps her past answer, in particular the third, was indeed quite possible.

"What a very clever girl you are!" he cried. "I want to marry you, but only on the condition that you never interfere in my affairs."

This she promised and shortly afterward, the girl became his wife, following the mysterious disappearance of his first betrothed.

One day, as she walked through the courtyard, a weeping peasant passed by.

"Why do you weep?" she asked him.

"My neighbor and I own a stable in partnership," he told her. "He keeps a wagon there and I a mare. Last night, the mare gave birth to a colt under my neighbor's wagon. He insisted that the colt rightfully belonged to him. So I brought the fellow before the nobleman, who agreed with him and said the colt was his. Unjust, I say!"

"Take my advice," the nobleman's wife said. "Get a fishing rod and station yourself before my husband's window. Nearby, you'll find a sand pile. Pretend you're catching fish there. My husband surely will be puzzled and will ask you, 'How can you catch fish in a sand pile?' So you will answer him, 'If a wagon can give birth to a colt, then I can catch fish in a sand pile.'"

The peasant laughed but did as instructed and it happened exactly as she predicted.

When the nobleman heard the peasant's answer, he asked, "You didn't conjure this up out of your own head. Who did?"

"It was your wife," replied the peasant.

Angrily, the nobleman stormed away in search of his wife.

"You have broken your promise not to interfere in my affairs," he shouted at her. "Choose from all my possessions that which you believe to be most valuable and return forever to your father's house!"

"Very well," she answered. "I will go; but before I do, please let us feast together for the last time."

He consented and during their dinner, she plied him with a potent wine. After finishing the third bottle, the nobleman became very drowsy and fell asleep. She quickly undressed him and ordered a carriage to be made ready. She then drove him, as he slept, to her father's house.

In the morning, he awoke to discover his change of address and quickly asked his wife, "How did I ever get here?"

"It was I who brought you here," she confessed. "Don't you remember telling me to choose the most valuable possession you owned and then to return to my father's house?"

The nobleman was overjoyed. "Since you love me so, let's go home!" he said.

They arose immediately, walked down the stairs past her shocked father and, without speaking, departed for the nobleman's estate. The innkeeper watched the carriage disappear in the distance and, smiling, noted the naked fact that his master had certainly changed since marrying his clever daughter.

—Retold by John G. Dickson

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

WONDERFUL FOLKS...

(continued from page 152)

month of the new year. Electronics companies have found themselves with huge inventories of color-television sets, stereos, radios and calculators, unwanted at home or abroad. Production targets in steel, automobiles and chemicals are being revised downward in anticipation of a slower expansion of the economy in the next three or four years.

Japan also no longer enjoys a seller's market abroad. International monetary pressures have forced the value of the Japanese yen to float up by as much as 10 to 15 percent in relation to other monies, a move that has effectively made Japanese products more expensive on the world market. In reaction to Japan's export blitz of the past few years, both the United States and Europe have become more restive—or perhaps hostile would be a better word. Economic relations between the U. S. and Japan reached a nadir last summer when President Nixon imposed the ten-percent surcharge on imports, which was directed mainly at Japan, and with much arm twisting and acrimony, wrested an agreement from Japanese textile producers to "voluntarily" limit their sales to the U. S. Across the Atlantic, the picture hasn't been any brighter. The cool and sometimes antagonistic reception accorded Emperor Hirohito during last October's 18-day visit to Europe—where he was greeted with stony silence from crowds in London, threatened and jeered at by demonstrators in Holland and attacked as a "war criminal" by the West German press—was as much a protest against Japan's rising economic power and political influence as it was a manifestation of bitter memories of World War Two.

Ironically, the end result of all this may be the one thing Japan's critics fear most—a stronger, more powerful Japan. "The current business recession and pressure on the yen may be a blessing in disguise," observes James C. Abegglen, president of the Boston Consulting Group of Japan. "It will weed out marginal producers, particularly in textiles and electronics, streamline industry and force the country to re-evaluate its economic priorities."

The elimination of inefficient industry would eventually release thousands of workers who could provide the manpower companies need to assume a more commanding position in such fields as petrochemicals, complete plant construction, computer equipment and industrial automation (an area in which the Japanese have already taken the lead over the West). Another possible future outlet for Japan's industrial energies is commercial jet aircraft. The Nippon Manufacturing Company has already approached U. S. aircraft producers about the possibility of a joint venture to produce Japan's first medium-range jet aircraft.

In any case, the Japanese have little reason to cry in their Kirin beer over their current economic plight. What it boils down to, basically, is that instead of the 12-to-14-percent annual growth of the Sixties, the Japanese will have to be content with an economy that expands by only eight to ten percent in the Seventies. That's still around twice the growth rate of the United States and major European countries. As Kenzo Nakayame, the head of Mitsui Bank's research department, notes: "The latent growth potential of Japan's economy is very great and we expect it to remain that way for some time to come. In other words, we expect to continue to grow and expand and play a larger role in the world economy in the future." If nothing else, the past quarter century has demonstrated the remarkable ability of the Japanese to adjust and adapt themselves to changing economic conditions, to compete and to win.

Many of the reasons for Japan's economic prowess are fairly well known. World War Two gave the Japanese a chance to start anew with the most modern equipment and technology American-aid dollars could buy, not to mention the billions of yen Japan saved by not having to defend itself. And military procurements during both the Korean and the Vietnam wars aren't to be sneezed at, either.

Automation and a high level of modern industrial know-how have been big pluses, too. During a visit to Nagoya, I took a 30-minute detour to Toyota City to visit one of the company's automatic-transmission plants. Typically spic and span, with floors recently washed and fresh red chrysanthemums and white orchids spaced along the assembly line, the plant was churning out 4000 engines and 3000 automatic transmissions daily with only 200 workers, evenly divided into two eight-hour shifts. The men are needed only for the final assembly work: Put a bolt in here, twist a screw there. The real work is automated. Massive, growling machines and conveyor belts faithfully and efficiently follow the push-button orders of their human overlords from start to finish.

Even the electronics industry, which is still largely dependent on hand labor for mass production, has been able to specialize and simplify jobs to such an extent that housewives who might not know an integrated circuit from a transistor can be trained for part-time jobs in a matter of days. Automation has propelled Japan to the top in world shipbuilding, and its steelmakers' use of computers in production is among the most sophisticated in the world. Little wonder that Russian, French and British steelmakers are beating a path to Tokyo.

And let's not forget the high educational level of the Japanese people nor the well-known innovativeness and adaptability of Japanese industry. The Japanese have proved only too well that they possess a remarkable talent for taking someone else's idea, changing it, improving it and achieving world-wide success with it. The transistor may have been invented in the U. S., but it earned its battle ribbons in Sony radios and Panasonic tape recorders. Two decades ago, Du Pont sold its nylon-fiber technology to Toyo Rayon—today one of the world's top producers of synthetic fibers. Keeping up with the Japanese is half the battle for foreign businessmen.

After an era of importing technology, the Japanese are now concentrating on developing their own. "Compared with Du Pont," says Hideo Shinojima, president of Mitsubishi Chemical Industries, "it might appear that Japanese firms do very little in the way of research. But what we have done is to apply the *sukima*, or gaps, theory. We look for those technological gaps that are sometimes overlooked by U. S. and European firms. By concentrating our manpower and resources on only a few specific areas, we are able to develop some unique technology."

Furthermore, as the Japanese develop more of their own, they are increasingly able to import more foreign technology through cross-licensing deals rather than straight purchase. Understandably, foreign companies—often hit hard in the past when their Japanese-purchased developments turned up later in their own markets—are more willing to release their patents in exchange for some Japanese innovations.

Perhaps more at the root of Japan's prosperity than technology and trade, however, is the nation's peculiar economic structure. Despite a ritual bow to Western-style capitalism, Japan has an economy so tightly regulated and planned by the government that it makes the Russians look laissez-faire by comparison. The banks own almost everything and over them squats the imposing government central bank—the Bank of Japan—which "advises" them on what they should do with their money.

A kind of monetary Darwinism is in effect: Those "sunrise" industries deemed the fittest to survive are protected and helped to grow, while the weakest, or "sunset," industries are left to die. Companies are floated on a sea of notes and only recently have turned to securities as a means of raising capital. Thus, the average debt-to-equity ratio of Japanese corporations is 80–20, just reverse that of their U. S. counterparts. American businessmen negotiating joint

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SEVEN POEMS BY MAO TSE-TUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WARREN LINN

THE CLASSICAL VERSE OF A REVOLUTIONARY

TRANSLATED BY NIEH HUA-LING AND PAUL ENGLE

THE POEMS of Mao Tse-tung are a personal-political autobiography. Alone among national leaders of the 20th Century, Mao has combined a powerful poetic imagination with a hard military mind. When he set down the principles of guerrilla warfare with which he conquered mainland China, he wrote them in terse, rhymed couplets. Has any other general in history turned his theory of fighting into verse?

Although classical in form, the content of almost every poem is political. When he revisits his native village, Shao Shan, in south China's Hunan Province, he does not write about memories of his kind, illiterate, Buddhist mother, nor of his harsh, semiliterate father, nor of the fields where he once carried manure, but of peasant spears raised in revolt. When he writes to friends, it is not friendship that matters but the party struggle in which he and they took part. Even when Mao mentions his wife, executed by the Kuomintang in Changsha because she would not repudiate either her husband or the Communist Party, he gives no warm recollections of their life together. He calls her his "tough willow" in the revolutionary fight.

There is hardly one poem without an accurate and admiring look at the Chinese landscape, the Great Snow Mountains, the immense rivers, the rice fields. Mao had walked over those mountains in the west, he had swum in those rivers in the east, he had worked in those fields in the south and had created immense political-military events among them. Then he sat down and wrote harmoniously formed poems that combine the story of his life as a revolutionary commander with a graphic sense of the land in which it all took place. On the following pages is a representative selection of Mao's poetry newly translated in collaboration between a well-known American poet and a leading Chinese novelist.

CHANGSHA

Autumn 1925

Standing alone in the cold autumn,
where the Hsiang River flows north,
on the tip of Orange Island,
looking at thousands of hills,
red all over,
row after row of woods, all red,
the river is green to the bottom,
a hundred boats struggling,
eagles striking the sky,
fish gliding under the clear water.
All creatures fight for freedom
under the frosty sky.
Alone in infinity,
I ask the far-reaching earth:
who controls this rise and fall?

Hundreds of friends used to come here.
Remember the old times—the years of fullness,
when we were students and young,
blooming and brilliant
with the young intellectual's
emotional argument,
fist up, fist down,
fingers pointing
at river and mountain,
writings full of excitement,
lords of a thousand houses merely dung.
Remember still
how, in the middle of the stream,
we struck the water,
making waves which stopped
the running boats.

No city in China was as important in the early life of Mao Tse-tung as Changsha, the capital of Hunan Province, which lies just south of the immense Yangtze River. As a boy in middle school in neighboring Hsiang-hsiang, Mao remembers, he first learned of America when he came across the following sentence in an article: "After eight years of difficult war, Washington won victory and built up his nation." In the spring of 1911, when Mao and his close friend Hsiao San had entered the junior college at Changsha, Mao encountered another unfamiliar word in a book: the word socialism. That quiet event would ultimately shake the 20th Century.

It was in Changsha that he heard about the April 27, 1911, Kuomintang uprising in Canton against the Manchu dynasty in which 130 leaders of the movement attacked the government office, 72 being killed or executed. They became famous all over China as "the 72 martyrs of the Yellow Flower Mound." It was in Changsha that Mao wrote political articles and put them up on walls, as was done by young Communists years later in the Cultural Revolution. Mao also led "queue-chopping" expeditions against this sign of tradition and claimed ten queues.

A revolution broke out in Wuhan in October 1911. A short time later, the city of Changsha declared its independence and Mao joined the army. As biographer Robert Payne in his perceptive book *Mao Tse-tung* describes the episode, "Thirsting for a military career . . . Mao found himself a common soldier in Changsha on garrison duty. He was paid seven dollars a month, and his chief occupation was to be the servant of the younger officers. . . . By the summer of 1912 he had left the army and he was living in poverty in a lodginghouse."

Mao next entered the Teachers' Training College at Changsha, where he formed a discussion society of students, many of whom were to be very important later in Chinese affairs. Edgar Snow, the author of *Red Star Over China*, quotes Mao's recollections of those days: "At this time my mind was a curious mixture of ideas of liberalism, democratic reformism and utopian socialism. I had somewhat vague passions about '19th Century democracy,' utopianism and old-fashioned liberalism, and I was definitely antimilitarist and anti-imperialist. I had entered the normal school in 1912. I was graduated in 1918."

Changsha, later the scene of several armed engagements, was taken over by the Communists and then by the Kuomintang and again by the Communists.

The Hsiang River, near which Mao was born, flows past Changsha on its way to the Yangtze. It is famous for its beauty. Orange Island is west of Changsha.

The students mentioned in the verse were members of Mao's study circle, and the whole poem recalls the days when these idealistic young Chinese were campaigning to stir up the people against the powerful "lords of a thousand houses" and, especially, the war lord Yuan Shih-kai, who was attempting to succeed the Manchus as emperor of China.

CHINGKANG MOUNTAIN

Autumn 1928

Below the mountain, their flags flying,
High on the mountain, our bugles blowing:
A thousand circles of the enemy around us:
we still stand unmoved.

Defense is deadly, trench and wall,
the strongest fort is our will.
From Huangyangchieh cannon roar,
crying: the enemy runs away in the night.

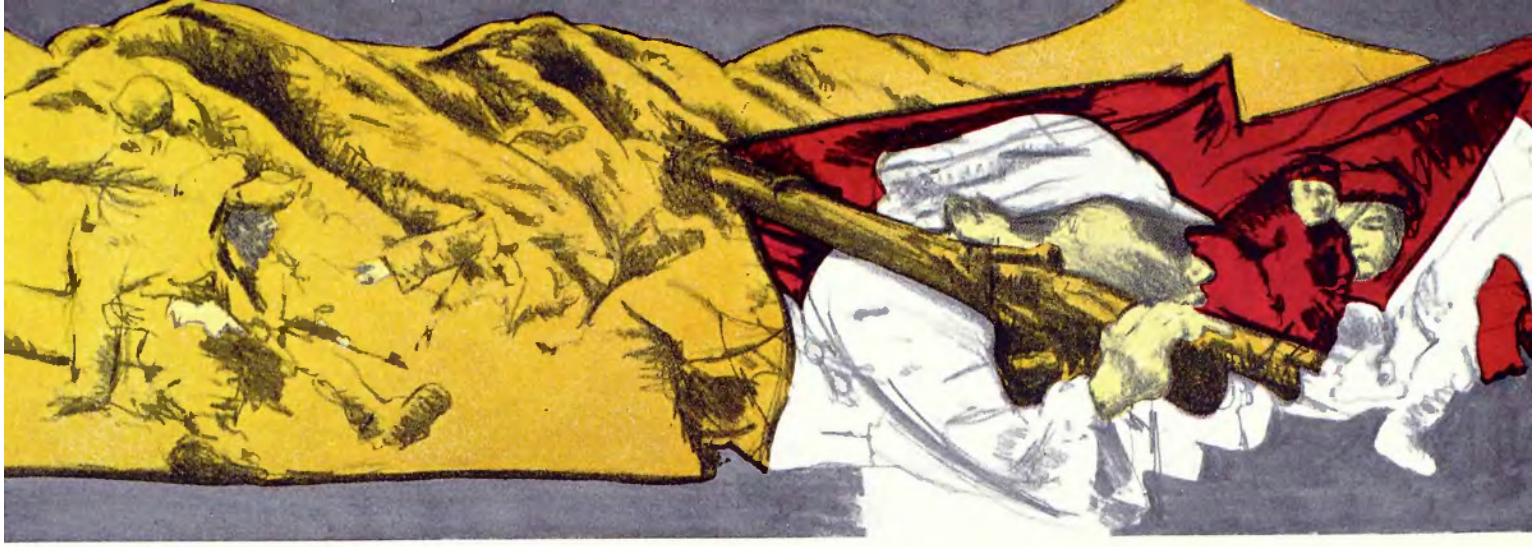
CHINGKANG MOUNTAIN

1965

A longtime cherished hope:
to fly through clouds
and once more visit Chingkangshan,
coming a thousand miles
to search for the old place,
all changed by a new look.

Oriole singing, swallow dancing, everywhere,
flowing water bubbling,
tall trees climbing into the sky,
Huangyangchieh's paths, then deadly,
now not even steep.

Wind and thunder were violent,
powerful flags were waving.
Now unshakable on earth,
the passing of thirty years
a moment's snap of the thumb.



Now we can pick up the moon
in the nine-leveled sky,
and catch turtles in all five oceans.
Triumphant return with talk and
laughter:
nothing difficult in this world
if you can keep climbing.

Chingkang is a mountain area roughly 27 miles wide and 170 miles long on the border between the southern parts of Hunan and Kiangsi provinces. The peak occupied by Mao and the small Red Army group he took there in October of 1927 after the failure of the Autumn Harvest Uprising in Hunan was named Ta Hsiao Wu Chin (Five Big-Little Wells), for the springs that flowed there. Mao had 1000 men and 200 rifles. There were Buddhist temples all over the mountain, which the Reds used as hospitals, offices and dormitories. Clothes were hung on the age-darkened statues of the god. A printing press was set up and newspapers printed on the backs of Buddhist scrolls. If there is one place that can be described as where it all began, it is Chingkang Mountain. Here the terms of guerrilla warfare were worked out in the most practical and painful way—by fighting and dying.

The Kuomintang troops assaulted the mountain many times, but the gorges, rough slopes and forests made defense possible. The winter was bitter, food was scarce. Two bandits with armed peasants—Wang Tso and Yuan Wen-t'sai—threatened Mao's small band but were persuaded to join instead. Conditions were rough and the soldiers invented the slogan "Down with capitalism; eat squash."

Huangyangchieh is a place of winding and dangerous paths where several times the Kuomintang (Chiang Kai-shek) forces attacked and were repulsed. The roar of the cannon mentioned in *Chingkang Mountain 1928* refers to a barrage laid down by the nationalists to cover their retreat. Mao had lured them into an ambush there.

The first Chingkang Mountain poem is about survival: the desperate struggle of Mao's small army to avoid being wiped out. *Chingkang Mountain 1965* is about Mao's revisit, 37 years later, to the place where it all began.

THE LONG MARCH

October 1935

The Red Army does not fear
the Long March toughness.
Ten thousand rivers, a thousand
mountains, easy.
The Five Ridges
merely little ripples.
Immense Wu Meng Mountain—
merely a mound of earth.
Warm are the cloudy cliffs
beaten by Gold Sand River.
Cold are the iron chains
bridging Tatu River.
Joy over Min Mountain,
thousand miles of snow:
when the army crossed,
every face smiled.

In October 1934, some 90,000 Red Army troops under Mao abandoned their "soviet" in Kiangsi Province, southeastern China, after severe defeats by the Kuomintang Army, and began to walk west, women and children and wounded accompanying them. In the first three weeks, 25,000 men died attacking the blockhouses that Chiang Kai-shek's army had established in their way. It was estimated that 15 battles were fought, with skirmishes every day. The Red Army in roughly 368 days on the Long March walked 235 days in daytime and 18 days at night. It covered over 6000 miles of some of the most difficult landscapes in the world—deserts, snow mountains, swamps, fast rivers in high gorges—under fire from ground and air. Losses were enormous.

The Long March also meant a personal loss for Mao. Three of his children had to be left with peasants along the way. When an effort was later made to trace them, they could not be found. His wife, Ho Tzu-ch'un, was pregnant. During a bombing, she suffered 18 to 20 wounds, although she survived. Mao's brother, Mao Tse-t'an, was killed fighting in 1935 on the march.

The Five Ridges referred to in the poem are rugged heights in the southeastern provinces of Hunan, Kwangtung, Kwangsi and Kweichow. Wu Meng Range is a lofty barrier between Kweichow and Yunnan provinces.

The upper Yangtze River in Yunnan Province, where it flows through deep gorges and mile-high peaks, is known as the Gold Sand River. Here Chiang's troops had occupied all crossings and seized every boat. A Red Army detachment, however, disguised itself in Nationalist uniforms and succeeded in tricking the enemy and gaining a bridgehead.

The crossing of the Tatu River in the remote and rugged western mountains was more difficult—it became the most perilous and spectacular single action of the Long March. This area was the home of the Lolo people, tribesmen who had never been conquered by the Chinese, who were persuaded to guide and help the Red forces.

To reach Lutingch'iao (Bridge Made by Lu) over the Tatu, the only possible crossing place for the whole army, the troops marched west over trails so narrow that men and animals often fell off the cliffs. At night, their long line of torches flickered in the vertical immensity of the gorges. They would stop only for ten-minute breaks—for rest, food and exhortations to drive onward.

The bridge built by Lu in 1701 was discovered to be a construction of iron chains, over 300 feet long, stretched across the river and floored with planks. But many of the planks had been removed and there was a regiment of Kuomintang troops dug in on the opposite bank.

The Red commanders called for volunteers and sent them across the bridge, pistols and grenades strapped to their backs. The first were shot and fell into the river, but a few worked their reckless way to the point where flooring

remained. One Red soldier pulled himself up onto the boards and, with a grenade, eliminated the Kuomintang post on the north bank. Soldiers there had thrown kerosene on the remaining planks and set them on fire, but too late. Red soldiers put out the flames and replaced the flooring of the bridge. Within an hour, the whole Red Army was crossing the uncrossable Tatu River, on its way into Szechwan Province.

In the far west of Szechwan, there were few Kuomintang troops. But now landscape became the enemy—2000 miles of walking over seven immense mountain ranges lay ahead. It was June and warm, but when these southern Chinese in cotton clothing climbed the Great Snow Mountain, over 16,000 feet high (they could stare west into the clashing and glistening-white peaks of Tibet), many of them died from the cold. Two thirds of the transport animals perished in the ascent of Paotung Kang Mountain, where they had to build their own path over deep mud and rocks. Crossing the Great Snow Mountain, Mao fell sick and had to be carried. Winds were so strong men could walk only in the morning. At night some were killed by rock-hard hailstones.

On July 20, 1935, the Red Army reached the rich Moukung area in northwest Szechwan, where it met the Fourth Front Red Army of 40,000 well-armed troops. In August, Mao drove on across the Great Grasslands, dense swamps over which rain fell and fog hovered all through the month. Once, for ten days, they saw no human habitation. With medical supplies gone, the sick were simply left behind. The troops were attacked with poisoned arrows by hostile Mantzu tribesmen and the poisoned mud made their legs blister. They ate wheat green, for there was no firewood. Men stepped into mud and disappeared, but, as always, enough men survived the Grasslands to make a column.

Once clear of the grass and mud, they had to fight Mohammedan cavalry on the high plains and, in Kansu Province, more Kuomintang troops. On October 20, 1935, the Red Army came to the end of a journey that had almost annihilated it but which gave Mao a chance to test his military and political principles and to learn more of China than any of the city-based Kuomintang leaders knew.

The last snow-covered peak they crossed was Min Mountain. Never again did the Red Army fight in such country.

Mao himself has written:

"Speaking of the Long March, one may ask, 'What is its significance?' We answer that the Long March is the first of its kind in the annals of history, that it is a manifesto, a propaganda force, a seeding machine. . . . For 12 months we were under daily reconnaissance and bombing from the skies . . . while on land we were encircled and pursued . . . by a huge force, and we encountered untold difficulties and dangers on the way; yet by using our two legs we swept across a distance of more than 25,000 li [one li is approximately a third of a mile] through the length and breadth of 11 provinces. Let us ask, has history ever known a march to equal ours? . . . The Long March . . . has announced to some 200,000,000 people in 11 provinces that the road of the Red Army is their only road to liberation."

LOU MOUNTAIN PASS

February 1935

West wind fierce,
immense sky, wild geese honking,
frosty morning moon.
Frosty morning moon.
Horse hooves clanging,
bugles sobbing.

Tough pass,
long trail, like iron.
Yet with strong steps
we climbed that peak.
Climbed that peak:
green mountains like oceans,
setting sun like blood.

Loushan Pass is in northern Tsunyi County in Kweichow Province, described as a thousand peaks penetrating the sky, a thread through the middle. It was also said that one determined soldier could hold its often one-man-wide trail against thousands. The Red Army reached it after walking 190 li (approximately 63 miles) without food on February 2, 1935, during the Long March. The Reds turned back for a conference at the city of Tsunyi, then returned and stormed the pass a second time on February 26. The pass is described as having two thatched houses and a stone tablet with the inscription LOUSHAN PASS in three characters. It was said that there was a corner every ten paces and a turn every eight.

SNOW

February 1936

Landscape of the north:
ten hundred miles ice-frozen,
ten thousand miles snow flying.
Look at the Great Wall,
this side, other side,
only white wilderness.
Up and down the Yellow River,
suddenly deep waves disappear.
Mountains, silver snakes dancing;
plateaus, wax-white elephants running,
trying to be higher than heaven.
Some fine day
you will see the land
dressed in red,
wrapped with white,
flirting, enchanting.

Rivers and mountains so beautiful
heroes compete
in bowing humbly before them.
Pity Emperors Chin Huang and Han Wu,
not enough talent.
Pity Emperors Tang Tsung and Sung Tsu,
not enough brilliance.
That tough spoiled child of heaven,
Genghis Khan,
only knew how to pull the bow
shooting eagles.

All are gone.
For heroes,
now is the time.

According to Robert Payne, this poem, though subtitled *February 1936*, was written in August 1945 while Mao was flying (his first trip in a plane) from Yenan to Chungking for a conference with Chiang Kai-shek to discuss a truce, if not actual cooperation. It seems to have been the first poem of Mao's to have wide circulation through newspaper publication.

This is one more poem in which Mao combines Chinese legend, history and contemporary politics. In effect, he concludes that many, many centuries culminate in his effort to make a new China, a new sort of Chinese person.

The first stanza seems to say that nature overwhelms the landscape with snow, but one day the land will become more attractive. The second stanza names great men of the past who were still not great enough for the country: Now is the time for heroic men to rise.

The mountains are those of the high plateaus of Shensi and Shansi in the north.

Chin Huang was first emperor of Chin (221–207 B.C.). Han Wu belonged to the Eastern Han dynasty (202 B.C.–9 A.D.). Tang Tsung was first emperor of the distinguished Tang dynasty (618–906). Sung Tsu was first emperor of the Sung dynasty (960–1126). Genghis Khan, the Mongol invader, reigned 1206–1227.

SWIMMING

June 1956

Just drank Changsha water.
Now eating Wuchang fish.
I swim across the ten-thousand-mile-long Yangtze,
looking as far as the endless Chu skies,
ignoring wind's blowing and wave's beating:
better than walking slowly
in the quiet courtyard.
Today I am relaxed and free.
Confucius said by the river:
All passing things flow away like the river.

Boats sail with the wind.
Turtle and Snake mountains stay,
while great plans grow.
A bridge flies across north to south,
natural barrier turned into an open road.
High in the gorges a rock dam will rise,
cutting off Wu Mountain's cloud and rain.
A still lake will climb in the tall gorges.
Mountain goddess—
I hope she is still well—
will be startled at a changed world.

Every one of Mao's poems is based on a classical form. It is said that he based the tune of this poem on an example from the beautiful works of the Tang dynasty (the great period of lyrical poetry in China), called *Water Song*.

Water has been a constant theme in Mao's life as well as in his verse. He swam in cold rivers as a boy, at school in Hsiang-hsiang and in his native village of Shao Shan. In May 1956, Mao left Peking to inspect south China. At Wuhan, he swam across the Yangtze River (flowing 3200 miles from the Tibetan heights across central China to the sea). The poem is by a man who believes that swimming is one of our noblest activities. "Swimming is an exercise of struggling with nature," Mao wrote. "You should go to the river, the ocean, to exercise." He also remarked, "Yangtze is a big river, people say. It is big, but not frightening. Is imperialist America big? We challenged it; nothing happened. So, there are things in this world that are big but not frightening." It is typical of Mao to say: "When you swim in the river, the currents going against you can train your will and courage to be stronger."

In the southern suburbs of Changsha (Long Sands), there is White Sands Well. It never overflows, is never dry, its water is always pure and clear. In summer, people come until after midnight to take its famous water. There is a song from the period of the Three Kingdoms (220–265 A.D.) that opposes a change in the government's location on the grounds that, good as the fish of the new place might be, the move would mean giving up wonderful water. It refers to the removal of the government from ancient Chienyeh (present Nanking) west to Wuchang on the Yangtze:

Rather drink the waters of Chienyeh
Than taste the fish of Wuchang.

Mao continues with a cynical reference to Confucius' observation that everything flows away like the river. For Mao, this is too passive. By swimming across the big river, Mao shows how man can conquer nature, not simply flow with the current but oppose it.

Tortoise and Snake are names of mountains facing each other on opposite sides of the Yangtze, forcing the turbulent waters into a narrow passage. It is here that the great new bridge crosses.

The barrier is the Yangtze, which once formed a division between north and south but now, under the new regime, is a unifying "road."

The dam Mao mentions is to be on the upper Yangtze where it flows through Szechwan. Mao characteristically combines the vision of the new dam with classical mythology. In Wushan there is a Mountain of the Goddess near the site of the dam. An ancient poem of Sung Yu describes how King Hsiang of Chao (298–264 B.C.) dreamed that he spoke with the goddess, who told him that when she went abroad in the morning, mists came; if she walked in the evening, rain fell. But man will change all that, Mao asserts, and the goddess will be surprised by a lake rising in the wild country: the new China astonishing the old.

TERMINAL MAN

(continued from page 116)

"Pretty much the same," Gerhard said. "Almost as bad."

The NPS staff was accustomed now to the idea that when the computers interacted, the results were unpredictable. The general form of interaction could be guessed, but the specific results were uncertain. It was like a computer playing checkers—it would probably win, but it would win a different way each time, depending on what the opponent did.

I DON'T WANT A GORILLA.
DON'T YOU LIKE GORILLAS?
NO THANK YOU.
YOU ARE TOO POLITE.
I AM SORRY IF I OFFEND YOU IN ANY WAY.
YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
I AM SORRY.
HAVE AN EGGPLANT.

Richards watched with interest. Saint George had no background for eggplants. But he disliked cucumbers and bananas.

NO THANK YOU.
DON'T YOU LIKE EGGPLANT?
NOT VERY MUCH.
HERE, HAVE ANOTHER ONE.
NO THANK YOU.
I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT.
NO THANK YOU.
GO ON AND TAKE IT.
NO THANK YOU.
I INSIST.
NO THANK YOU.

"What's happened to Saint George?" Richards asked. "His responses are too much the same."

"That's what's bothering me."

"What's he cycling through on the program?"

"I was looking for it when you came in."

I INSIST THAT YOU HAVE A CUCUMBER.
I REFUSE.

"George!" Richards said, almost without thinking.

THEN HAVE A BANANA.
NO.

"George is breaking down," Richards said. "He's not a saint anymore."

THEN HAVE BOTH A BANANA AND A CUCUMBER
NO THANK YOU
I INSIST
GO TO HELL I WILL KILL YOU::::::::
::
::

The screen was filled with white dots. "What does that mean—unprintable response?" Richards said.

"I don't know. I've never seen it before tonight."

"How many times has this program been run?" Richards asked.

"A hundred and ten, against Martha."

"Any learning erasures?"

"No."

"I'll be goddamned," Richards said. "He's getting to be a short-tempered saint." He grinned. "We can write this one up."

Gerhard nodded and went back to the print-out. In theory, what was happening was not puzzling. Both George and Martha were programmed to learn from experience. Like the checkers-playing programs—in which the machine got better each time it played a game—this program was established so that the machine would "learn" new responses to things. After 110 sets of experience, Saint George had abruptly stopped being a saint. He was learning not to be a saint around Martha—even though he had been programmed for saintliness.

"I know just how he feels," Richards said and switched the machine off. Then he joined Gerhard, looking for the programming error that had made it all possible.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1971: INTERFACING

I

Janet Ross sat in the empty room and glanced at the wall clock. It was nine A.M. She looked down at the desk in front of her, which was bare except for a vase of flowers and a note pad. She looked at the chair opposite her. Then, aloud, she said, "How're we doing?"

There was a mechanical click and Gerhard's voice came through the speaker mounted in the ceiling. "We need a few minutes for the sound level. The light is OK. You want to talk a minute?"

She nodded and glanced over her shoulder at the one-way glass behind her. She saw only her reflection, but she knew Gerhard and his equipment were behind, watching her.

"I don't know what to say. . . . 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the patient.' 'The quick brown fox jumped over the pithed frog. 'We are all headed toward that final common pathway in the sky.' " She paused. "Is that enough?"

"That's fine; we have the level now," Gerhard said.

She looked up at the loud-speaker. "Will you be interfacing at the end?"

"Probably," Gerhard said, "if it goes well. Rog is in a hurry to get him onto tranquilizers."

She nodded. This was the final stage in Benson's treatment and it had to be done before tranquilizers could be administered. Benson had been kept on sedation with phenobarbital until midnight the night before. He would be clearheaded this morning and ready for interfacing.

It was McPherson who had coined the term interfacing. McPherson liked computer terminology. An interface was the boundary between two systems. Or between a computer and an effector mechanism. In Benson's case, it was almost a boundary between two computers—his brain and the little computer wired into his neck. The wires had been attached, but the switches hadn't been thrown yet.

Once they were, a feedback loop of Benson–computer–Benson would be instituted. As soon as the computer read abnormal brain waves, it would deliver a shock to stop the abnormal wave and prevent an epileptic seizure.

But today the practical question was this: Which of the 40 electrodes would prevent an attack? Nobody knew that yet. It would be determined experimentally.

During the operation, the electrodes had been located precisely, within millimeters of the target area. That was considered good surgical placement; but considering the density of the brain, it was grossly inadequate. From that standpoint, the electrodes had been crudely positioned. And this crudeness meant that many of them were required. It was assumed that if several electrodes were placed in the correct general area, at least one of them would be in the precise position to abort an attack. Trial-and-error stimulation would determine the proper electrode to use.

"Patient coming," Gerhard said through the loud-speaker.

A moment later, Benson arrived in a wheelchair, wearing his blue-and-white-striped bathrobe. He seemed alert, as he waved to Ross stiffly, the shoulder bandages inhibiting movement of his arm. "How are you feeling?" he said and smiled.

"I'm supposed to ask you."

"I'll ask the questions around here," he said. He was still smiling, but there was an edge to his voice. With some surprise, she realized that he was afraid. And then she wondered why that surprised her. Of course he would be afraid. Anyone would. She wasn't exactly calm herself.

The nurse patted Benson on the shoulder, nodded to Dr. Ross and left the room. They were alone.

For a moment, neither spoke. Benson stared at her; she stared back. She wanted to give Gerhard time to focus the TV camera in the ceiling and to prepare his stimulating equipment.

"What are we doing today?" Benson asked.

"We are going to stimulate your electrodes today, sequentially, to see what happens."

He seemed to take this calmly, but she

(continued on page 226)

article By ANTHONY BURGESS *the art of prophecy, long in disrepute, is held up to the glass of personal experience and contemporary science—and not found wanting*

NO READER, I take it, has been so naïve as to rush to this article in the hope that I am about to unleash the great secret of (let's use the scientific term) precognition. If I knew how to foretell the future, I would not be writing about it: I would be too busy backing tomorrow's winners. Moreover, if such a secret could be generally imparted, of what use would it be to you? Everybody, including the bookmakers, would know tomorrow's winners. Indeed, there would not be much point in holding the race. No, the gift of accurate prediction is a thing we have to either discover for ourselves (as the Invisible Man discovered invisibility) or dream of having magically conferred on us. Science, which grants no favors, would give the precognitive faculty to the whole world, with the indifference with which it has already given television and transistors and laser beams. It would if it could. Nobody thinks it will: We can leap space miraculously but not time. This is maddening, since time doesn't—in the old priestly argument quoted in one of Graham Greene's novels—seem to have any solidity in it: "The present has no duration, and it comes between the past, which has ceased to exist, and the future, which has not yet started to exist." Yet the tough frosted-glass barrier is there. But, so science seems cautiously to admit, not for everyone. Precognition is a faculty that the superstitious past accepted, the materialistic 19th Century scoffed at and the pragmatic present is working on.

Many already accept two paranormal faculties that Victorian scientists would have derided—ESP, or extrasensory perception, and PK, or psychokinesis. The first is a process whereby thoughts are transferred or facts discovered without the intermediacy of normal devices of communication. The second denotes the influence of the will—human or animal or (if we are to accept poltergeists) disembodied—on objects that it has no normal means of controlling. Gamblers have always tended to believe that the fall of dice or cards could be "willed"; the Duke Parapsychology Laboratory seemed to establish support for such a belief. At the same time, it attested, through laborious experiments, that telepathy and clairvoyance were not to be laughed off as parlor tricks. Many cold-blooded rationalists have been forced to accept ESP and PK, but they draw the line at precognition. Why?

The obvious answer is, in the words of Professor Robert Thouless, that "the future has not yet happened and therefore cannot produce any effects in the present." This formed the basis of the rejection by Dr. Tanagras—the late president of the Greek Society for Psychical Research—of what would, to the man in the street, seem very obvious cases of precognition. There was, for instance, a child living near Athens who claimed to have been visited by an apparition in white who told him that he was going to be killed by an automobile. The child wisely spent most of his time indoors after that. But one day he risked going out to play on the road. He saw a car coming, rushed onto the sidewalk and flattened himself against a wall. The car also mounted the sidewalk and crushed the child. Dr. Tanagras was adamant in refusing to take this as an example of prevision. What happened, instead, he said, was that the child exerted an unconscious PK influence on the brain of the driver and forced him into an accident.

It's possible that Dr. Tanagras was predisposed to accept this kind of human influence on external events—what he called psychoboulia—because he lived in the evil-eye belt. The belief that some human beings have a faculty for nastily and willfully blasting plants, turning milk

sour, stopping hens from laying, making people ill, and so on, is commoner in southern Europe than in the dourer latitudes north. Let somebody predict an earthquake and let that prediction come true: Dr. Tanagras would at once have suggested that what the person really did was to *cause* the earthquake. It's easier to disrupt untold tons of soil and rock with a wanton shaft of the will than to pierce the veil of time. But it's just that metaphor of the veil that Dr. Tanagras would have rejected: The veil hides from us something that's already there, but how can it be already there if it hasn't happened yet? The point is well taken.

And yet it's evident that some things are highly predictable. Meteorologists can forecast tomorrow's weather; a Gallup Poll can give us a fairly reliable indication of how an election will go (though, as recent history teaches, it can also fall down badly); an eclipse of the sun or the moon will come when astronomers say it will. To a great extent, we can prefabricate the future out of the materials of the past. People who accept the philosophy of determinism will say that the end of time was immutably fixed at the beginning of time; that everything has been prearranged, down to the shirt I will wear next Friday; that there are no accidents and no free will. This seems to go too far. We can accept the fact that death from cancer is no accident, since the seeds of the disease have been long planted; that the start of World War Two was implicit in the end of World War One; that miniskirts must be replaced by long skirts. But how about the winners of horse races, air crashes in perfect landing conditions, the need to have a tooth pulled on August second rather than October ninth?

Prophecy is easy with big historical processes. In his poem *Locksley Hall*, which he published in 1842, Tennyson foresaw commercial aviation, aerial warfare, Communist revolutions and the establishment of the UN (or it might have been the League of Nations). We pretend to be amazed at this, but weren't all these developments implicit in the science and politics of his own age? In his *The Shape of Things to Come*, H. G. Wells described, ten years before it happened, a war between Germany and the rest of Europe, with the immediate cause of the outbreak the Polish Corridor. Was this so difficult to prophesy? Go back to the *Centuries* of Nostradamus in 1555 and you will find any prediction you want; almost everything in those gnomic rhymes is so vague. Go back even further, to the Roman poet Virgil, and you will find not only a prediction of the birth of Christ (in the *Eclogues*) but (in the *Aeneid*) the very suggestive line "*Describunt radio, et surgentia sidera dicunt.*" This can be taken as forehearing radio commentaries ("They will describe by radio") and communication satellites ("Rising stars will speak"). Desire to break the veil promotes belief that it can be done. In the same way, hindsight turns pure accident into prevision.

I will give a recent example of this. A chartered aircraft crammed with Britishers on holiday crashed in the Balkans: Everybody, crew member and passenger alike, was killed. Now, it happened that a young married couple had booked well ahead for this flight but, at the last moment, had to cancel the booking; the wife had fallen ill with acute gastric pains. To put this down to accident is entirely reasonable. But it was inevitable that the reasonable explanation should be jettisoned; it wasn't glamorous enough. The pains were interpreted as an emanation of foreboding, a miraculous accession of psychic stomachache. How ready we all are to believe this kind of thing; how we loathe reason.

Can anyone blame us? Reason is so dull. The older civilizations reposed trust in soothsayers' prophecies (was that ides-of-March business invented before or *after* Julius Caesar's assassination?), palpitated as the entrails of animals or flights of birds were divined, made pilgrimages to an imbecilic village girl in a cave and bowed down to her as the sibyl. Were they very much more credulous than our own age? I scoff at the copies of Foulsham's *Dream Book* and Old Moore's *Almanac* that are sold, along with stamps and ice cream, in my local post office; but I rather pride myself on my ability to read palms (chiromancy) and tell cards (cartomancy). Moreover, I don't regard this skill as merely something to enliven parties or raise money at charity bazaars. I believe that there may be something in it.

My precognitive pack is the tarot—a large wad consisting of two groups of cards called arcana, or mysteries. The minor group (56 cards, including princes as well as jacks) is the forerunner of the pack we use for card games, with four suits named swords, staves, cups and pentacles. The major group is made up entirely of symbolic pictures—a man hanging by his foot from a tree, a tower being struck by lightning, the dead rising to an archangelic trumpet, the moon dripping blood, a female Pope, a woman leading a lion and other fantasies of cabalistic origin. By arranging patterns from both arcana according to principles laid down in Papus' *The Tarot of the Bohemians*, it is possible to give generalized but reliable answers to questions about the future. These questions tend to be specialized and conditional: "What will happen to this money if I invest it in IBM?" or "If I marry this man will I be happy?" An answer such as "There may be trouble at first, but things will work out well in the end" is one quite likely to be fulfilled; "in the end" cannot be picked out on any calendar. Questions such as "Who will win the next Presidential election?" or "Give the date of the finish of the Vietnam war" tend to confuse the tarot and make it evasive. I have found it useful chiefly as a decision maker in cases where two possible lines of action have equal merit. But, prone as we all are to look for miracles, there's a tendency for hindsight to credit the tarot with more power than it really possesses. That it possesses *some* power I cannot doubt, but it's not of the kind that can be tested in a laboratory.

The same may be said of palmistry. It seems possible to read general facts of character, health and fortune from salient lines and bumps on both hands and, while the features of the left hand seem to remain static, those of the right hand appear capable of change. Thus, the chiromancer will, taking the left hand first, tell the subject (who is often a girl and is often giggling) about the formation of health and character and ambition in the past and then, changing to the right hand, say something about what is happening in the present and seems likely to happen in the future. Aware of the austere disciplines of the rigorous parapsychologists, I am shy of recounting some of my successes; but I will give one story. In an English pub one icy January night, I read the right hands of a married couple and found that their lines of life terminated at roughly the same point. The embarrassing thing was that sudden death seemed imminent at the very time of reading, and I told them so. They went out into the night cheerfully enough, got into their car, skidded on the ice, struck a tree and were badly injured. A little more alcohol, a weightier impact, and they could have been killed. Some time after, reading their hands once more, I fancied that the life lines were no longer prematurely truncated; they were growing again. Death had leaped at this couple, failed to engage, then retreated grumbling for an indefinite period.

This is, I know, pure anecdotal stuff, suitable for drinking sessions but not very impressive to the parapsychologist. Where are the before-and-after photographs, the sober tests, the laboratory confirmations? The trouble with these amateur acts of divination is that a desire for wonders is only too ready to help with the falsifying of memory. They are, I know, suspect; but I refuse to reject them entirely. On the other hand, I reject the finding of symbols in tea leaves and thrown apple peel, just as I reject horoscopes and crystal gazing. But dreams are different. Dreams have to be approached with some respect. After all, dreams as acts of precognition have Biblical authority. Joseph took

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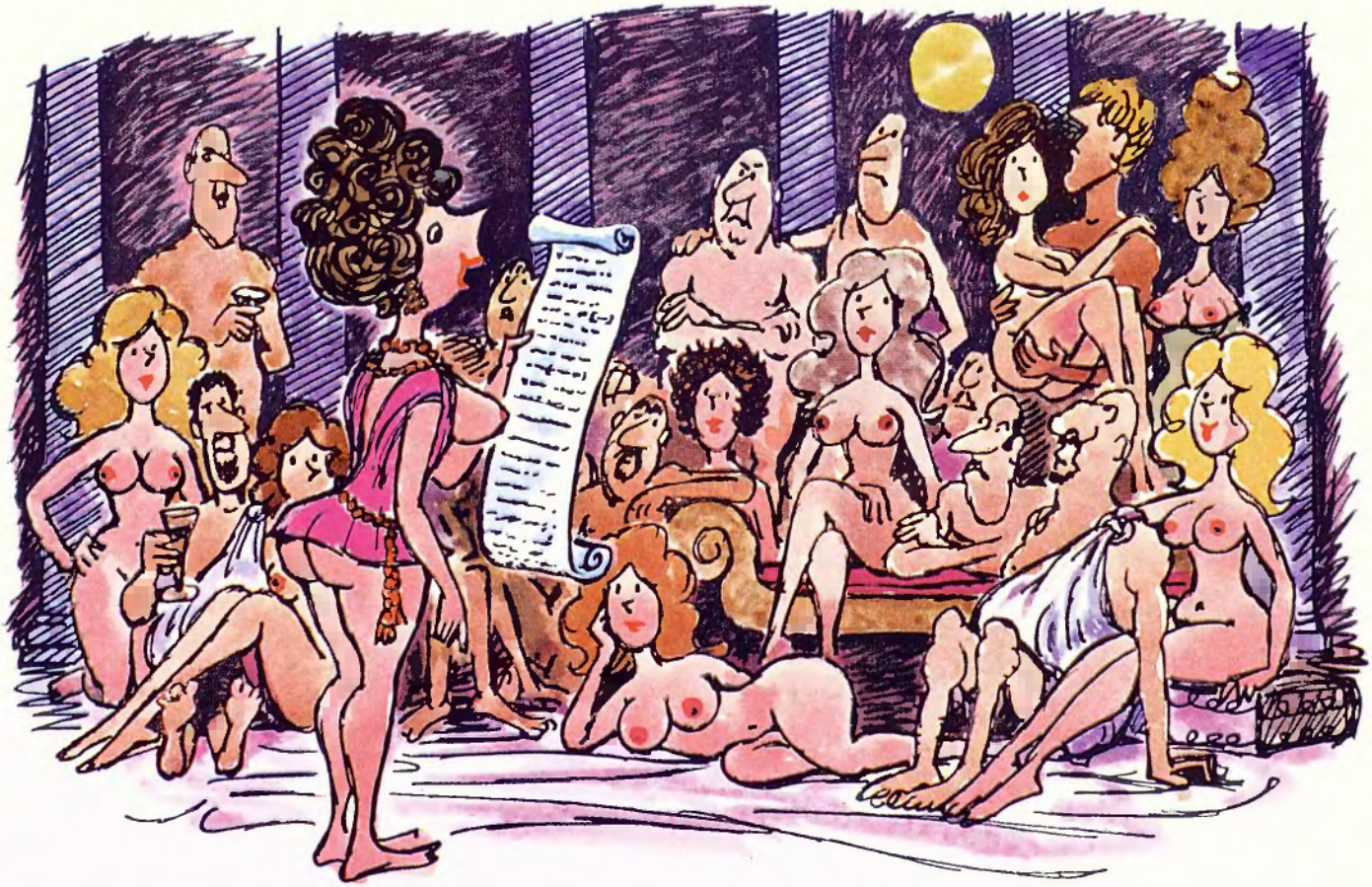
ORGY

By ALDEN ERIKSON

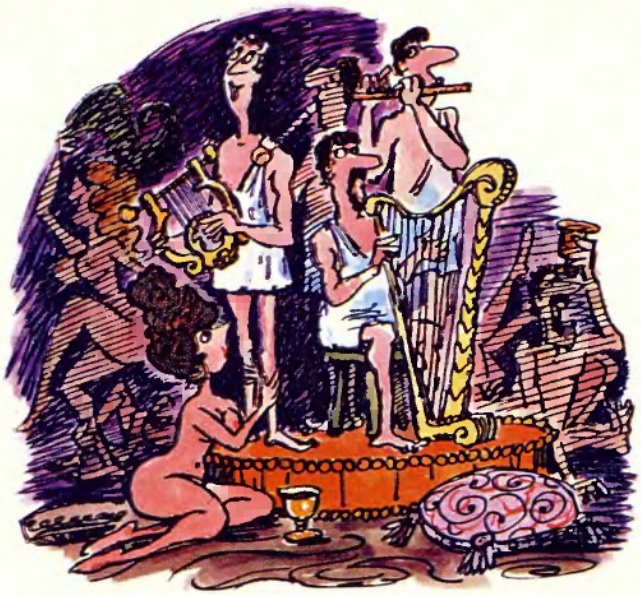
friends, romans, countrymen—let the revels begin!



"Before we start, a few dos and don'ts. . . ."

"Each year, my boy, I, Caesar, grant freedom to some worthy slave who has performed a noble sacrifice for the greater glory of Rome. Now then, do you see that old broad with the skinny legs over there by the punch bowl? Well, that old broad is Caesar's wife and nobody's laid a finger on her all night."

"Well, at least it's not one of those dumb orgies where the men get together and discuss politics and the girls just lie around and nibble grapes."



". . . Er, take five."

"Hi there, yourself!"

"Don't feel guilty about it. What you're supposed to do at an orgy is cast off your inhibitions and do what you really want to do. Well, it just so happens that what we really want to do is play pinochle."

"How do you know you don't dig fat, ugly guys? Did you ever make it with a fat, ugly guy?"

"Don't be absurd, Senator—four feet, four isn't tiny!"

"Well, boys and girls—it looks like a brand-new ball game."

"Most orgies these days are a bore, but Lucillia's orgies are so camp."

"Hey—isn't that our baby sitter?"

"I didn't make it with everybody, but anybody important I made it with twice."

JON FINCH

his hour upon the stage

"TALKING about acting bores me," says actor Jon Finch. "Outside of work, I never give it too much thought." To audiences and critics, however, the performances of this 30-year-old British bachelor have provoked anything but boredom, and many are saying that the youngest thespian in screen history ever to play the lead in *Macbeth*—Roman Polanski's latest and Playboy Productions' first film—has a distinguished career before him. Finch drifted into acting: he qualified at 18 for study at the prestigious London School of Economics, but opted for a stint in one of Britain's parachute regiments instead. Thereafter, a temporary job as a stage manager near London led to production work with theater companies in London's West End. "I had no real ambition to act," Finch confesses, "but stage managing pressed me into understudying and directing." Finally, in 1967, he landed his first dramatic part in the BBC television series *Z Cars*. More TV appearances followed, in addition to supporting roles in two horror films, until 1969, when Finch starred in his own TV series, *Counterstrike*, in which, he says, "I played some Milky Way alien trying to save the world from itself." Subsequently, a French-series pilot and an acclaimed cameo in John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* led to his most challenging assignment to date—*Macbeth*. As the Scots warrior, Finch plays, according to PLAYBOY Contributing Editor and *Macbeth* coscenarist Kenneth Tynan, "a superb young general in the prime of his condition who has thrown away his life in the space of a few seconds, by one murderous action." In the film, Finch's first as a lead, he revealed enough talent to earn him two more starring roles: in Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy* and in screenwriter-director Robert (*A Man for All Seasons*) Bolt's historical film *Lamb*. Such success, in Shakespeare's words, can be as evanescent as "a brief candle," or—as we'd like to think for Jon Finch—as lasting as a star.

ON THE SCENE

ROGER PENSKE and MARK DONOHUE

fast company

FOR SIX YEARS they've been one of U. S. auto racing's rare examples of harmonious and enduring teamwork—two men whose skills mesh as neatly as gears, producing that combination of business, technical and driving abilities it takes to finance and field winning cars in any category of big-league speed. Both on road courses and on oval tracks, with a variety of cars, Roger Penske and Mark Donohue have become the dynamic duo of American motor sports. The two joined forces in 1966, after Penske had wrapped up a meteoric three-year professional driving career and stepped out of the cockpit to form a team, with Donohue soon becoming number-one wheelman. Both had come up through the ranks of amateur road racers, knew car design and speed technology and believed in meticulous prerace preparation. Both are college graduates with degrees in engineering and both are 35 this year. Penske has had the savvy to parlay racing into a multimillion-dollar automotive empire of car dealerships and high-performance products—Roger Penske Racing Enterprises, headquartered in Newtown Square, near Philadelphia—and Donohue has the dual skills to prepare and pilot winning machines. Of the two, Penske is the extrovert—sociable and persuasive; Donohue is modest and friendly, in a quiet way. For both men, this year's racing program will be their toughest test. On the U. S. A. C. championship circuit, they're going after the Indy 500, and the NASCAR Grand Nationals will be their first attempt at stock-car racing. In the Can-Am road-race series, they're determined to unseat the dominant McLaren team with a hot new 12-cylinder Porsche, shown in the picture minus its skin. Campaigning in such diverse fields of racing may seem like trying to keep three wives happy at the same time; but if it's possible, Penske and Donohue look like the men who can do it.

ROD STEWART

face in the crowd

WEARING a swank faded pink silk suit that shines in the spotlights, he rasps into the mike with a voice that forces images of vocal cords shredding and ready to snap. ". . . Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried anymore. . . ." The crowd, fastest sell-out in the history of Madison Square Garden, is getting it on: Rod Stewart's back in town. He's billed as just another member of the Faces—but everybody's hungry for a new superstar and he's got too many good moves to avoid it. Onstage, he jumps like Jack Flash himself, baton-twirling the chrome mike-stand, flamenco-stomping time like a rock-'n'-roll bullfighter. At 27, he's got his act down, and it didn't happen overnight. In the early Sixties, he was more interested in soccer than in music—playing well enough to seriously consider offers to turn pro (a piece of his past that shows up in concert when he happily boots a few dozen soccer balls into the audience). Then, slightly Dylan-struck, he knocked around Spain and France, playing banjo for folk singer Wiz Jones—landing uncelebrated back in London, his home town. Stewart worked as a gravedigger for a while, moonlighting as harp player in a local band. He soon got into a full-time gig with John Baldry's Steam Packet, but nobody heard much of him until Jeff Beck, ex–bad boy Yardbird, picked him as lead singer for a loud, energetic group that lasted two years and let Stewart really find his style. After that one exploded in 1969, Rod drifted into the Faces and, since then, he insists, he's just been playin' in the band. But he easily nailed the top male-vocalist slot in our 1972 Jazz & Pop Poll, and *Rolling Stone* recently named him rock star of the year—so whether he likes it or not, Rod Stewart, with a hoarse bluesy voice that sounds like a long night of bourbon and cigarettes, is what's filling places like the Garden to the brim and making him much more than just another Face.

PRECOGNITION

Pharaoh's dream of the seven fat and seven lean kine very seriously indeed.

The two great classical writers on the meaning of dreams were Synesius and Artemidorus. In one travestied form or another, their guides to the reading of dream events and dream symbols have persisted among the superstitious and unlearned for nearly 2000 years. When I was a boy, it was customary for the whole family to consult, after a busy night's dreaming, a popular book based, as I eventually discovered, on the *Oneirocritics* of Artemidorus. This told us that to dream of a cat meant that an enemy was sharpening his claws, but a dog meant that friends were coming to visit us. A journey meant death; a swarm of bees meant money. Dreams thus represented a series of cryptograms that had to be decoded. The assumption that dreams are symbols rather than pictures of actuality has been in existence a long time—all the dreams in the Old Testament, for example, are symbolic—and dreams are still symbols in psychoanalysis. But in the late 1920s a man came along to demonstrate that dreams could be plain precognitive experiences.

This was J. W. Dunne, who wrote a book called *An Experiment with Time*. His starting point was a peculiarly vivid dream of his own, which he dreamed miles from anywhere in what was once the Orange Free State of South Africa. The fact of his isolation, the apparent lack of any waking motivation for his dream, must be regarded as important.

(continued from page 170)

He seemed to be standing on a hill or mountain with little fissures in its surface, and jets of vapor were spouting upward from these fissures. He became aware that he was on a volcanic island and that it was going to blow up. He knew that there were 4000 inhabitants in peril, and he tried to persuade the authorities to evacuate them before the catastrophe happened. This was the dream.

Some days later, Dunne received a copy of an English newspaper that carried a long report of the explosion of the volcano Mount Pelée on the island of Martinique. The commercial capital of the island, Saint Pierre, was totally destroyed and 40,000 people were killed. Dunne, reading the paper rapidly, mistook the figure 40,000 for 4000 and only saw his mistake when he read the news item again some 15 years later. The point he makes in his book is that his dream was a precognitive dramatization of his reading the paper; his mind had not been transported to the event, only to the experience of taking in a report of the event. He misread a figure in fact; his dream, anticipating this, dramatized the error.

Another of Dunne's dreams found him on a path between two fields that were fenced off by high iron railings. In the field on his left, a solitary horse seemed to have gone berserk, but the railings prevented its getting out and attacking the dreamer. But then, in the manner of dreams, the horse made an inexplicable escape and pursued Dunne down the path at high speed. Dunne ran madly toward a flight of wooden steps rising from the path, and then, on a cliff-hanger, the dream ended. The following day, Dunne went fishing with his brother. While they were casting their lines in the river, Dunne's brother pointed out the erratic behavior of a solitary horse in a field. Everything was much as in the dream—fences, path, even wooden steps—but Dunne, after recounting the dream to his brother, thought he was safe in saying: "At any rate, *this* horse cannot get out." Nevertheless, as inexplicably as in the dream, it did. It galloped down the path toward the wooden steps and then made savagely for the Dunne brothers. They were, naturally, frightened. But at the last moment, the horse decided not to attack them; it merely snorted and thundered off down the road.

These two dreams are Dunne's most impressive examples of alleged precognition. Encouraged by them, he began to record all his dreams immediately on waking and then to look for evidence that they were composed of future as well as past events. Naturally, he was anxious to confirm his theory that dreams have precognitive power, and it was inevitable that he should discount coincidence, the similarity of past and future experience, the tendency of the mind—quite unintentionally—to reshape memory to its own ends. We have all, I think, had dreams like Dunne's, but we have rarely had enough of them to make us want to shrug off the shrugging-off word coincidence.

On the night of November 20, 1963, I was in a hotel room in Tenerife in the Canary Islands. Reading the Spanish epic of the Cid before sleep, I was struck by the line "*Assis, parten unos d'otros, commo la uña de la carne.*" The Cid is leaving his wife and daughters: "They part from each other as the nail parts from the flesh." When I went to sleep, I dreamed about this line; it found visual expression in a vivid image of a public man being torn from his wife by killers. I was aware that the wife's name began with J and that the husband, just before his assassination, was greeted by a cheering crowd as "Kid." No trouble there: "Kid" was a facetious Anglicization of "Cid," and the wife of El Cid was Doña Jimena. When I got back to England a couple of days later, I at once switched the television on and immediately got the shocking news from Dallas. I remembered the dream, wondered about it, but had to conclude that it was not really precognitive. It could be explained entirely in terms of my reading.

This, I recognize, is the moment to introduce the name of Jeane Dixon, who

"Scram! I don't need any help from a male-chauvinist pig!"

THE CASE OF THE SINGING CIGARETTE!

THIS IS IT, WATSON! THE VERY PLACE THAT LADY MONTMARCH HEARD THE STRANGE SINGING!

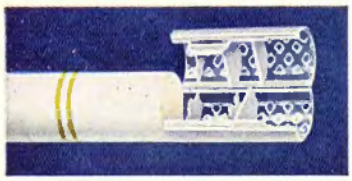
♪ TASTE ME! TASTE ME! ♪

CAN'T FATHOM IT! WHAT COULD IT BE, HOLMES?

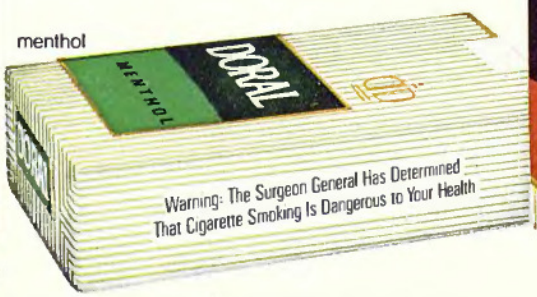
FROM THE CLUES, I DEDUCE IT IS A CIGARETTE... NAMED DORAL... LOW IN "TAR" AND NICOTINE CONTENT... WITH A UNIQUE FILTER SYSTEM AND REMARKABLY GOOD TASTE!

COME OFF IT, HOLMES! TASTE IN A LOW "TAR" AND NICOTINE CIGARETTE?. ABSURD! ABSURD!

EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE, WATSON. TRY ONE!



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain ...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me."



ASTOUNDING, HOLMES! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

WITH DORAL, GOOD TASTE IS ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON!

♪ TASTE ✓ ME ♪

FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.

claimed not only the glum privilege of having foreseen that ghastly event (not in a dream, either; it was over eggs Florentine in a Washington restaurant) but also a generalized ability to predict earth-shaking events. I've read Ruth Montgomery's popular book about her—*A Gift of Prophecy*—and have been put off by the saccharine religiosity of Mrs. Dixon's *ambiance*, as well as by the melodramatic Montgomery prose. There are more things in heaven and earth—I know, I know, but my taste goes for the scientific test, the cold, indisputable record. I fear that hindsight, especially when clouded with powerful emotion, too often sees what it wants to see. I'm not imputing insincerity to Mrs. Dixon's high-placed admirers, but I am suggesting overmuch credulity. Besides, a lot of her predictions were pretty safe: "The years between 1964 and 1967 are a period of great national peril"—so they were; what years aren't, weren't, won't be? Both the Pope and Lyndon B. Johnson were, said Mrs. Dixon, "vulnerable to great personal danger." Who isn't in these violent days? I find something ludicrous also in the elephant and donkey trumpeting and braying in Mrs. Dixon's crystal ball, as though the American political emblems were a pair of eternal constellations. Her political prophecies have the shrillness of cheap journalism. They cry out to be ignored, even when they prove accurate. No, I'm not convinced by Mrs. Dixon. She seems to belong to a remote age of superstition, in which gullibility is elevated far above decent human skepticism. And now let me get back to dreams.

I'm the less anxious to accept visions that appear to foretell American tragedies because of the results of an investigation carried out in March 1932. The Lindbergh baby had just been kidnaped and, before the body was found, a team of parapsychologists put advertisements in the newspapers asking for dreams about the kidnaping. There were over 1300 replies. When the body was discovered—naked, mutilated, in a shallow grave in a wood off a road—the dreams were carefully compared with the facts. Only seven dreams gave the location in a wood, the nakedness, the manner of the burial; and of the seven, only the following came close to the reported reality:

> I thought I was standing or walking in a very muddy place among trees. One spot looked as though it might be a round shallow grave. Just then I heard a voice saying, "The baby has been murdered and buried there." I was so frightened that I immediately awoke.

Out of 1300 dreams, this doesn't represent much of a score. It's this sort of census that tends to kill stone-dead our interest in the subject of dream precognition.

But J. W. Dunne's enthusiasm waxed and eventually led to a time philosophy that had a considerable influence on certain British writers in the Thirties. J. B. Priestley, for instance, presented in three stage plays a view of time as a simultaneous continuum; and this—because it entertained and contained no mathematics—did much to popularize Dunne's theories of serialism. Briefly, the idea was this: Time is not a single dimension but a series of dimensions—t^1, t^2, t^3, and so on. Habit conditions us to remain on one dimension of time. But if we climb off it onto another dimension, we can look down on the whole stretch of the one we have quitted, seeing past, present and future as a single landscape. The spatial metaphor is convenient. Dunne suggested that our traditional approach to time is that of a man rowing a boat down a river. He moves forward looking back. He sees where he has come from but cannot, because of his propulsive technique, see where he is going. Change the boat for an aircraft and the entire river of time is laid out, simultaneously, below him. We have to discard old time-traveling habits, along with old spatial ones. Dreams, which are free from the restrictions of conscious thought, seem to show us the way.

Many of us will still feel inclined, despite Dunne's persuasive mathematics, to object with Dr. Tanagras that we can't see what hasn't yet happened. But theologians counter the objection by telling us that, if God is omniscient, God knew all about Genghis Khan, Shakespeare, Beethoven, the Lindbergh tragedy, the Second World War, the rise and fall of the Beatles, the Kennedy assassination, the marriage of his widow to Onassis, the Nixon–Red China entente, even the worn keys of this typewriter long before He made Adam and Eve. But how about free will, the power of human choice? This presumably means that God knows all the numerous alternatives that face us when we contemplate action, but He doesn't force us to choose one rather than another; divine foreknowledge doesn't mean divine tampering. On the other hand, our individual natures compel us to take one course rather than another, and God knows all about our individual natures. It's possible, then, that the whole pattern of each individual life has long been set down as a kind of orchestral score; what we have to do is to conduct it. This gives us plenty of scope with regard to tempo and expression, but the work remains the work.

We needn't, of course, bring God into this at all. A strong smell of determinism comes from the physicist-astronomers, who tell us that our world is exactly reproduced in other galaxies and that the score has, perhaps, long been played there and long forgotten, or that the concert has not yet even been announced. So the future may, as Dunne argues, be simultaneous with the present and the past. Precognition is all too possible; or, rather, precognition does not really apply: To see the future may be like seeing through a closed door—an act of here-and-now clairvoyance—or it may be an act of memory. How about *déjà vu*, the feeling of "I've been here before"? If you seem to recognize the present as a kind of past, that means you once knew the present as a kind of future—perhaps in a subconsciously remembered dream.

The professional parapsychologists are taking precognition as seriously as ESP or PK (except, of course, in the evil-eye regions); but they are not yet inclined to pay much attention to dreams, waking visions or the ambiguous noises made by oracles. These things are too subjective, too easily revised by a failure of memory or gilded by prejudice. Laboratory work is undramatic and plodding; it has to be. But it is so hedged about by antihuman-error devices that its findings are believed to be totally reliable. There is no room for the skepticism proper to a vaudeville performance by the Great Madam Zaza. Let us take a lady with a less glamorous name but a better precognitive record—a certain Miss Johnson.

Miss Johnson was the chief experimental subject of Professor G. N. M. Tyrrell. To test her predictive powers, he contrived an apparatus consisting of five boxes with lids, each containing a small electric lamp. Miss Johnson sat in front of these boxes, cut off from view by a large screen. Wires ran from the five lamps to five switches on Professor Tyrrell's desk. The object of the exercise was to see if Miss Johnson could predict—half a second before the depressing of the key—which lamp would light. A buzzer sounded, Miss Johnson lifted the lid of the box that she thought would be illuminated, then Professor Tyrrell worked a random switch. The opening of the box automatically drew a line on paper. A successful choice produced a double line. There was a commutator in the electrical circuit that kept changing the connections between switches and lamps; Professor Tyrrell never knew which lamp he was going to light. Miss Johnson opened a total of 2255 boxes. Chance guessing at the right result would have given her 451 hits (a fifth of the number of trials); in fact, she got 88 more than

"It isn't nice to fool with Mother Nature!"

that—539. The odds against this happening are 270,000 to 1.

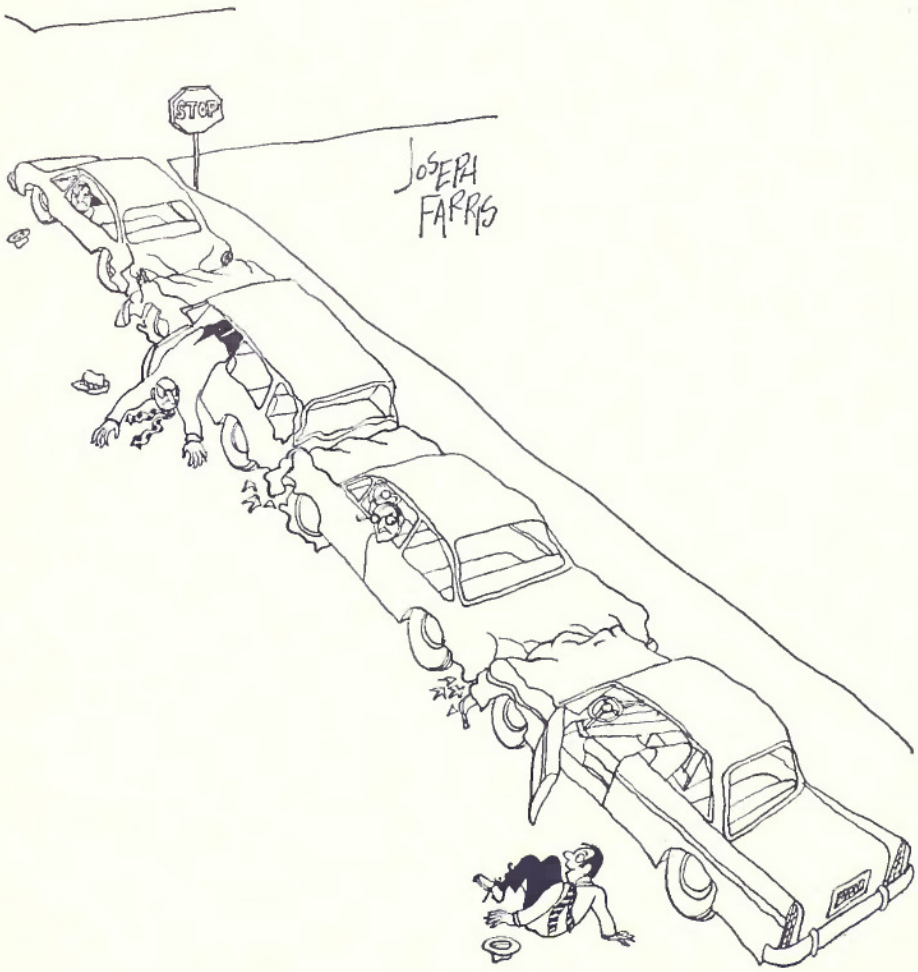
The British mathematician S. G. Soal used ESP cards—25 to a pack, divided into five sets of symbols: square, circle, star, cross and waves. He was skeptical about obtaining results that should indicate the possibility of precognition and, indeed, a number of years' experimentation confirmed his skepticism. But he heard about what are called "displacement effects" and began to look back over his data. The displacement doctrine teaches that, in a straightforward ESP guessing session, a subject aiming for the target card will sometimes miss it and choose the card immediately preceding or following. Basil Shackleton, one of Soal's star subjects, was found to "displace" his guesses pretty consistently: He found it easier to guess the *next* card than to guess the immediate target one. When the dealing of the cards was speeded up, Shackleton shifted his displacement a couple of cards ahead; it was as though his mind had established a rigid time relation. In 794 calls, he made 236 hits, against a mean chance expectation of 158.8. The odds against this happening are about 100,000 to 1.

These experiments have been so sealed off from the possibility of collusion, human error, even ordinary clairvoyance (which deals only in the here and now), that we're bound to conclude that precognition seems a proven fact. The examples I've given may seem tame: There's no prediction beyond a second or so; there's no spectacular foretelling of a 100-to-1 winner in the next race. Yet the very pedestrian quality is more convincing than wide-screen Technicolor stuff. Where do we go from here? We can perhaps look with a more credulous eye on our own apparent bouts of prevision or nod more at other people's stories of how they were warned in dreams not to settle at Pearl Harbor in 1941. But we ought really to be led to a greater stringency in selecting the true precognition from the phony, knowing that people lie without knowing it and that hearsay is not evidence. Apparently, the Miss Johnson and Basil Shackleton of the laboratory experiments are people genuinely endowed with an exceptional ability for seeing ahead. Other people who claim such gifts should be believed only when they have submitted to a similar dull treadmill of tests. That sounds repressive and spoilsport, but is there any other way?

The trouble with most of us is that, in wanting to be previsionaries, we're not concerned with widening the boundaries of psychological knowledge; what is it to us if we score 236 out of 794 in a card test? What we want is a gift that will manifest itself consistently in everyday life—to our own advantage, not the advantage of science. If we're not born with the gift, how can we learn to acquire it? There seems to be no easy way. Psychodelic drugs (allow me to be pedantic: "Psychedelic" is an impossible spelling) are supposed to open up the mind, but they certainly don't open up the future. Instead of lifting you above time, enabling you to look down on it from a pressurized cabin, they just wipe out time altogether. Concentration of the mind is probably needed—as in ESP and PK. Dissolution may let The Ground of All Being in, but not the name of your next President.

A lighthearted novel by Robert Graves —*Antigua Penny Puce*—lightheartedly suggests one precognitive technique that I myself have used with modest success. I mean, of course, in connection with the horses. You close your eyes and imagine the sporting pages in tomorrow's newspaper. First of all, practice on today's, looking at it often and imprinting its appearance on your inward eye. Then, having established its general format, change its date to tomorrow's: *See* the date at the top of the page. Then catch the rest of the sports news off its guard. Move your visionary eye down and read tomorrow's headlines. There, naturally, you will find tomorrow's winners. The names may be somewhat garbled, but you can check them with today's list of runners. Now call your bookmaker, put your money on and await the result with confidence. I know no other way of achieving success on the horses.

As for the other things in life, leave those to the great organs of prediction—the meteorological offices, the economic bureaus, the computerized pollsters, the historiographers. Inference from the past is as good a way as any of getting at the future, and the techniques of inference are growing better every day. The unpredictable things are best left unpredictable. Women, for instance. Whether you're going to die tomorrow. You may take it from me that precognition is a known fact—call Durham, North Carolina, and have a chat with the people at the Psychical Research Foundation, if you're still incredulous, and then sit back and let the future do its own veil-breaking job. It's only a matter of waiting.



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Let your best friend have some.

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THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth.

Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy.

It always treats your taste light.

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

CHAUNCEY ALCOCK *(continued from page 94)*

rich appointments of this luxurious apartment. There were real rugs on the floor and genuine oil paintings—painted by hand—on the walls. The curtains were of the most gossamer of silk and all the furniture had been dusted. The Alcock lad gazed his fill with gratification and delight. He vowed that someday, by dint of hard work and perseverance, he would dwell in a palace such as this and, in addition, he would possess a dog.

As Mrs. Baldershank exited from the kitchen carrying milk and a small glass of a green liquid on a silver salver, Our Hero had an opportunity to observe the grace of her carriage and the sinuousness of her movements. Despite her advanced age, there was a sprightliness about her figure.

Chauncey leaped to his feet as the lady approached, even as he had been taught by his dear mother. He took the glass of milk from the proffered tray and waited until the lady seated herself on the couch before he took his seat at the other end, thus proving his gentility.

"You 'ave bee-utiful manners, Chauncey," Mrs. Baldershank observed, rising and seating herself considerably closer to the lad. "I like zat in a boy. Tell me, are you aware of what iz in ziz packahge you have delivered to me?"

All his life, Chauncey Alcock had been taught the value of truth. Honesty came to him as naturally as he breathed God's air, and although in this case he was momentarily tempted to follow the poet's advice—"Discretion is the better part of valor"—the habits of his young life could not be denied, and he replied, "Yes, ma'am, I am aware."

"You zee," Mrs. Baldershank said sorrowfully, looking down at her *soupçon* (small shot) of green liquid, "I am a divorzed woman." She looked up suddenly, directly into Chauncey's clear, guileless eyes. "I truzt you weel not think the lezz of me for that?"

"Dear lady," the youth said manfully, "I have been trained from birth never to scorn another's infirmity. You have my deepest sympathy."

"Zank you," she murmured. "You are zo underztanding."

Chauncey drank his milk, which was, indeed, grade A, while Mrs. Baldershank sipped modestly from her minuscule drink. Then she set it on the cocktail table (fashioned of real glass) and leaned toward Chauncey. She placed a warm hand upon his knee.

"You zee," she said, honesty and earnestness obvious in every syllable, "ve luffed each other but he was a louzy lay."

"Of course," Chauncey nodded, taking a gulp of his milk, although, in truth, he was incapable of understanding her conversational gambit, since his childhood had been a sheltered one and he was innocent of the *nuances* (shticks) of adult behavior.

Mrs. Baldershank moved her hand upward from Chauncey's knee and gripped his hard, youthful thigh importunately.

"Oh, Chaunze," she moaned audibly, "I am zo lonezome."

The boy, whose heart was so generous that he could not hear of another's torment without genuine tears rising to his eyes, leaned toward the suffering woman. "Courage," he whispered. "Have strength."

The bereft lady's tears matched his drop for drop, and her head drooped upon his broad shoulder as her hand moved upward from his thigh and gripped him with the despairing grasp of a forlorn woman.

"*Mon Dieu* [Wow]!" she gasped. "Can eet be? Iz ziz de trut?"

Chauncey cast his eyes down chastely. "I am fortunately endowed," he acknowledged, with none of the brag that might be expected from a youth of cruder mold. "I trust it does not offend you?"

"*Au contraire* [Are you kidding?]," she laughed merrily.

She sat erect and swiftly unzipped his trousers. Incapable of responding to this totally unexpected and somewhat unnerving gesture, Chauncey could only sit quietly and retain what dignity he could in these unforeseen circumstances.

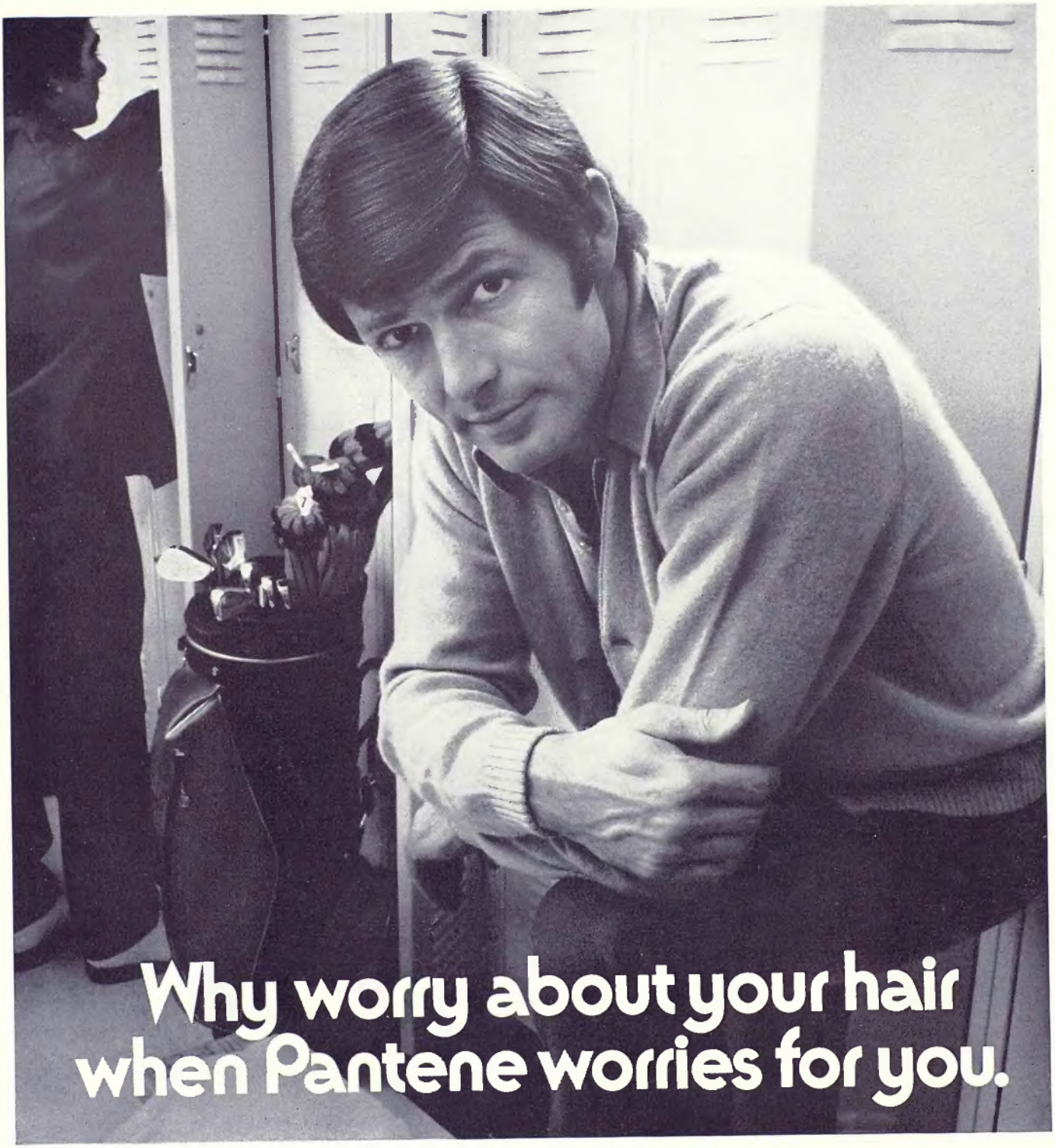
When his prize was revealed in all its splendid symmetry, Mrs. Baldershank could do nothing but gape at the object with astonishment. She seemed dangerously close to a swoon.

"*Formidable* [Formidable]," she whispered. "Never 'ave I zeen zuch a——"

But at that moment, even as her tremulous fingers timorously touched that which had excited her wonder and imagination, there was a burst of music from the street below; a brass band struck up the stirring strains of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.

"'Tis the parade!" Chauncey shouted, jumping to his feet. "Please, Mrs.

"Beat it!"



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Baldershank, may we watch the proceedings from your window facing Central Park West, where, I believe, the spectacle will be clearly discernible?"

She rose unsteadily and the two moved to a wide window overlooking the thoroughfare, where they had an excellent view of the exciting activities.

Mrs. Baldershank, with the gentlemanly assistance of Chauncey Alcock, raised the window, affording an unobstructed survey of the scene. She leaned forward and projected her head and shoulders from the fenestration. Behind her, Chauncey in his eagerness pressed close to see the colorful ceremony being enacted on the street below.

"*Très bien* [That feels good]," she murmured and kindly reached around with both arms so that her hands might grasp Chauncey's hips and pull him closer to her, thus offering him an improved view.

At the moment, a marching group of all sexes was parading along the avenue, holding up signs that read FREEDOM NOW and DOWN WITH SLAVERY and REPEAL THE HOT-DOG TAX and other firmly held beliefs. Following them came a brass band that was enthusiastically essaying the opening movement (andante) of Sam Ranowski's *Fugue for a Piccolo and Three Cellos*. Young Alcock noted a certain amount of preliminary disorder; there appeared to be several organizations dashing back and forth, infiltrating one another, grabbing opposing banners, flags and placards, setting up various chants. He clearly heard such shouted opinions as "Gay is gorgeous" and "Black will overcome." Indeed, at one point, shrill feminine screams of "Down with penis envy!" and similar sentiments rent the air and he saw two guardians of the peace wade into the parade with truncheons rising and falling.

"It's just bully!" he shouted enthusiastically to Mrs. Baldershank.

"*Oui* [Yes]," the lady muttered abstractedly, and so engrossed was the pure-minded lad with the agitation on the street that he was scarcely aware that his hostess, still bending over the window sill, had demurely parted her nether limbs, flipped up the hem of her cerise gown and with practiced fingers guided his engorged cudgel into that sweet grotto that is more precious than life itself.

"*A coup sûr* [Isn't this fun?]," she cried, and Chauncey agreed, pressing closer to her and straining over her shoulder to observe the merriment below.

"*Mon cher* [This is great]." Mrs. Baldershank gasped, wriggling with delight as more confused companies of paraders and bands struggled by, the marchers chanting militant slogans and the musicians striving desperately to adhere to the printed scores projecting from clips on their instruments.

"I do *so* love a parade," Chauncey yelled in the lady's ear, since the level of noise had risen and he feared she might not take his meaning.

In fact, the confusion now engendered noise of such amplitude that Mrs. Baldershank was able to communicate only by gestures, grunts and bodily movements, all of which served them in good stead. Chauncey was happy to see that her delight in the parade was obviously greater than his, for she seemed in a rapture of gratification and he was forced to grip her hips, respectfully, slightly below the waist, lest she launch herself from the window in a transport of joy.

But then, even as a passing band was attempting "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder," the lady heaved a huge sigh and seemed to collapse across the window sill. Showing great presence of mind and no inclination to panic (characteristics that were to serve Chauncey Alcock well in the many crises that lay ahead in his eventful life), the youth held her firmly and, still connected intimately, supported her limp body back into the room.

"Chaunze," she murmured. "Oh, Chaunze."

"Yes," he smiled agreeably, "it *is* a marvelous parade. But I fear I may tarry no longer. My dear mother has prepared a nourishing repast of stuffed turnips and, although she has undoubtedly already dined, I am certain she awaits my return with ill-concealed anticipation. And so, ma'am. . . ."

But, much to his dismay, when Chauncey Alcock attempted to disengage from the person of Mrs. Yvette Baldershank, it proved impossible, and she offered a small shriek, crying, "*Zut* [It hurts]," looking back over her shoulder with such a piteous glance that the poor lad's heart was stricken.

"What seems to be the difficulty?" he inquired.

"We are zhtuck!" she exclaimed. "Do not pull, I beg of you, lezt I be turned inzide out. Oh, Chaunzey, what are we to do?"

The youth with gentle movements tried once again to extract his empurpled lance from the Mystic Cavern; but in spite of spirited contortion on the part of both participants, all was to no avail: they remained glued together, Chauncey's front to the back of the patron of Feldhausen's Drugstore, his face buried in her fragrant hair.

"We must remain calm," the boy decided after some deliberation, for even at his early age, he had learned the value of that motto of one of America's greatest and most prestigious corporations:

"No, dear, Snow White was not a 'groupie.'"

"Think." "I suggest," he offered, after deep and silent cogitation, "that we seek medical advice and assistance."

"Eggszellent," Mrs. Baldershank gasped. "I 'ave joost the man—my family doctair. He is vary underztanding and joost up Central Park Wezt."

With great difficulty, and a brief yelp of bliss from the lady, the two struggled to their feet and stood a moment in file, closely pressed, spoon fashion.

"Ma'am," Chauncey suggested diffidently, "might I suggest we start out on the right foot? By that means, moving as one four-legged person, as it were, I believe we may achieve locomotion."

"Thees doctair does not make houze calls. We must go to hees offeece!"

Chauncey Alcock nodded understandingly, his keen brain racing as he appraised the situation. "The difficult I can do immediately," he murmured thoughtfully. "The impossible takes a little longer."

Like all great schemes in the history of the human race, it was simplicity itself. Chauncey suggested they walk, in lock step, out to the elevator, descend to the street and join the confused parade still passing the door of the luxury apartment house in which she dwelt. So great was the hubbub, Chauncey argued cogently, to say nothing of the stramash, that their unconventional Siamese-twins position would scarcely be noted, and they might proceed to the physician's office by parading north on Central Park West to 83rd Street, a stroll of a mere dozen short blocks.

Mrs. Baldershank readily agreed to Chauncey's plan as being the best solution to a difficult quandary.

Having gained access to the street, and hence to the parade, they immediately joined the group passing at the moment and were welcomed warmly. It appeared to be an organization formed for the purpose of repealing all restrictive laws dealing with illicit fornication. Their chant, "Love is peace, love is peace, love is peace!" made the welkin ring; and as they moved uptown, Mrs. Baldershank and Chauncey Alcock joined in the chant with a right good will.

All proceeded expeditiously, the two striding smartly in compact cadence, as required by their unfortunate physical pickle, when suddenly disaster struck. The organization immediately following the "Love is peace!" group was composed of motley individuals, many of whom wore hard plastic helmets of the type favored by construction workers to protect their skulls from falling objects. This company, whose philosophy and platform were not made entirely clear by their banners, set up an answering chant of "Continence forever!" to drown out the repeated "Love is peace!" cry of the preceding aggregation.

In a twinkling, all became confusion and exploding violence. The "Continence forever!" people invaded the ranks of the "Love is peace!" adherents and soon shouts of anger and fury could be heard, signs were being swung, individual assaults were launched and the parade degenerated into an imbroglio of flying fists and whipping banners, interspersed with the shouts and whistles of policemen who immediately waded into the riot and began laying about vigorously with their truncheons in an effort to restore law and order.

Now occurred a brief incident that illustrates, as perhaps nothing that has gone before can do as well, the exemplary character and lofty ideals of Feldhausen's delivery boy.

To one side of Chauncey, a stout gentleman with muttonchop whiskers, a member of the "Love is peace!" group, was carrying an American flag attached to a wooden pole. Struck on the temple by what appeared to be a loaded shopping bag wielded by a lachrymose female constituent of the "Continence forever!" organization, the flag-bearer's eyes glazed, he groaned with pain and released his hold on the flagstaff. Old Glory began to

fall and was in dire danger of touching the ground!

Sizing up the alarming situation in a flash, Chauncey Alcock leaped forward —a movement that educed a short moan of ecstasy from Mrs. Baldershank—and snatched up the staff ere the Stars and Stripes be sullied beneath the feet of the maddened rioters. Thereupon the quick-witted lad hoisted the Splendid Banner on high and urged his partner to redouble her efforts as he sought to press clear of the surrounding tumult.

Finally, struggling free of the mass of insensate paraders and joyous patrolmen, Mrs. Baldershank and Chauncey gained the sidewalk at 82nd Street and went running as fast as their linked four legs could take them, their four knees rising high, the Glorious Device snapping in the breeze above them. Their curious conduct once more inspired from passers-by amazed stares and shouted comments of a coarse nature that have no place in this account.

What remains of this tale may be reported in short order. Fortunately, the outer office of Dr. Ramon Perdidio was occupied by only three patients. Placing Old Glory and its staff carefully in the umbrella rack, Chauncey Alcock sank thankfully into a comfortable armchair, Mrs. Baldershank in his lap, naturally, and nodded in a friendly fashion to the waiting patients.

Finally, the nurse smiled at the waiting twosome and said, "Doctor will see you now."

Dr. Perdidio sized up their predicament in a glance and, using the most advanced medical technique developed at one of America's great research centers, requested both to step outside onto the fire escape that adjoined his office window. There he doused them with a bucket of ice-cold water. They immediately separated, with a shudder, and went back to the nurse's desk, where, dripping, they were presented with a rather substantial bill for medical services rendered. Fortunately, it was covered by Chauncey's subscription to Blue Cross.

However, before this happy ending was concluded, Dr. Ramon Perdidio had an excellent opportunity to observe the most outstanding feature of Chauncey Alcock's manly physique.

"*Por Dios* [Gee]!" the good doctor exclaimed and asked the lad's permission to summon his colleagues from nearby medical suites to view the phenomenon.

The Alcock boy modestly agreed, feeling that he must do what he could to further the cause of medical knowledge. Soon he was surrounded by examining physicians, nurses, laboratory technicians and elevator operators, all of whose wonder knew no bounds. Measurements were made with a yardstick, weight was determined on a postage scale (84.86 at the first-class rate) and Polaroid photographs were taken from a variety of angles. Dr. Perdidio declared his intention of writing a monograph on the subject to be published in the professional journal *Strange Medical Facts of Massachusetts*. Parenthetically, it may be noted that several of the (female) nurses turned glances of envy on Mrs. Baldershank and a few even murmured congratulations into the lady's ear, all of which she accepted graciously.

Mrs. Baldershank and Chauncey Alcock shook hands firmly outside the doctor's office building. The parade and riot had ended; all was at peace along the great thoroughfare that cut its way through the pulsing heart of the teeming city.

"I weel see you again, weel I not?" the lady inquired anxiously of the sturdy lad.

"Whenever a delivery must be made from Feldhausen's Drugstore, I shall be available," the youth declared stoutly.

And so Our Hero, Chauncey Alcock, wended his way homeward, feeling the satisfaction of an honest day's labor faithfully accomplished. He resolved to reclaim his bicycle on the morn. In truth, it had been a busy day, chock-full of activity, and he yearned for the peace and security of his own home.

His dear mother, Mrs. Alcock, had already retired when he arrived, and Chauncey moved softly while heating up his nourishing supper of stuffed turnips, so as not to disturb her. Fortunately, the following day was Saturday, so that it was not necessary to prepare homework for school. But, in order that the evening would not be a total loss, the ambitious lad read three pages of *Tide Tables for Norfolk, Portsmouth and Environs* before bathing and slipping into his trundle bed.

He was about to extinguish the light when his dear mother roused and called from the adjacent room. "Chauncey, dear," she inquired, "did you remember your ablutions ere donning your pajamas?"

"I did, indeed, Mother mine," Chauncey replied cheerfully, "for I know full well that cleanliness is next to godliness."

And with that, the brave, resolute lad spoke his prayers and slipped into a dreamless sleep.

"I paid for half the evening. Don't I deserve something more than a goodnight kiss?"

A $700 STEREO SYSTEM FOR $449

Last month, we at Stereo Warehouse featured a system in Playboy with the Pioneer SX626 AM/FM receiver, Dual 1215 record changer and Altec Lansing speakers. This month, we wanted to offer an alternative — so we looked hard to find a changer and receiver which had the performance and features of our two favorites. We spent long hours testing in our lab and sound rooms. As you might have expected, our feelings about the Pioneer SX626 and the Dual 1215 were merely reinforced.

Many of you called us, or wrote wanting to know if there was a speaker, less expensive than the Altec Lansing, that would do justice to the receiver and changer. Most of those who called were hoping to spend around $450 for a complete system, instead of $550. In response, we have offered here the best system you can buy for $449.

With a flawless FM section, precise controls, superb styling and an honest 70 watts R.M.S., the Pioneer SX626 is in a class by itself for $279.95. An oiled walnut cabinet is included. Dual record changers are continually rated as "Best Buys," and the Dual 1215 at $99.95 is no exception. We also offer the Dual 1218, as an option, for an additional $30.

Electro-Voice has recently brought out this new Model 14 speaker system, and it's a definite winner at $125 each. Like most of the good speakers in its price range, it features a 10" woofer and a 3" high-frequency driver both of which are housed in an oiled walnut cabinet. What sets this new Electro-Voice apart from the equivalent A.R., K.L.H. or Bose is its high efficiency and tremendous bass response. Very little power is needed to make this system come alive, yet it will handle up to 45 watts. In all, the regular total price of the Dual changer (equipped with a Shure M91E Hi-Track cartridge, walnut base and cover), Pioneer receiver and Electro-Voice speakers comes to $701.75. We offer the complete system, delivered free to your door with 50' of speaker wire and connecting cables, for $449.

Stereo Warehouse has more expensive, less expensive and single components at comparable savings. We represent all major brands. Come see us, call or write for free catalog. Or you can see this system on sale at any Stereo West audio shop in Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo or Monterey, California, for slightly more. Send us a cashier's check and we'll ship your system the same day. Sales tax only for those who live under Governor Reagan. Peace and good tunes from all of us at the Warehouse.

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the preconviction condemnation of his alleged actions, Decko took his life at the age of 31 on November 30, 1971, in Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

It is ironic to note that Decko was never convicted of the crime of which he was charged and, in fact, was challenging the constitutionality of the statute on the grounds of vagueness and breadth, and on the ground that it is an invasion of one's right to privacy. Because of Decko's death, it may be a long time before we ever know the court's position on that statute. It is apparent that the powers that be in Sheboygan were only interested in extracting their pound of flesh from James Decko, because they have now dismissed the action against Judy Sampson, the co-defendant charged with the same offense.

Peter Bjork
Attorney at Law
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

The Playboy Foundation, which had committed itself to help in this case, is grieved to learn of James Decko's death. There are those in this country who think that puritanism is no longer an important issue and that the anti-sexual laws it has inspired are mere curiosities to be joked about. Tragedies such as this, however, show that puritanism is still a destructive force in the land.

MASCULINE HOMOSEXUAL

"Homos don't do much hunting and fishing, you know. They're not outdoor types. We watched movies of him walking . . . but hell, he didn't walk like a homo." I read with astonishment those words of an Arkansas prosecutor explaining why he believed the victim of a shotgun slaying was not homosexual (*Forum Newsfront*, December 1971), and I must write to you for my own peace of mind. I am a homosexual and I not only hunt and fish but have built my own sailboat. I am a member of a local athletic club and of the National Rifle Association. I do not "walk like a homo"—whatever that means. Furthermore, I have made advances to many young men of the age of those involved in that killing. I've had the wisdom to back off when the response was negative. Certainly, I am sorry for the man who was killed, and, of course, I don't know whether or not he was homosexual, but I do feel that if such crude, stereotyped thinking represents the mental level of law enforcement those boys are up against, then Arkansas justice is greatly lacking in intelligence and awareness.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

PLAYBOY'S TAINTED MONEY

Regarding the National Organization for Women's rejection of the Playboy Foundation's offer of assistance (*The Playboy Forum*, January), it is possible that the members of NOW, like most moral crusaders, feel they need to be oppressed in order to succeed. To accept support from a source they consider opposed to NOW's ideals would weaken that sense of oppression. Furthermore, the group's rank and file may be so suspicious that the leaders can't risk being beholden to those they call sexists.

Possibly, therefore, PLAYBOY could help NOW more by attacking the organization, running down its ideals and castigating its leaders. Then the Playboy Foundation could use its funds for similar organizations that would be glad to have the money.

Philip H. Lincoln
London, England

HEFNER AND UNDERSHAFT

Faith Seidenberg of the National Organization for Women declined the Playboy Foundation's offer of assistance in women's rights cases, with the words, "We hold the Playboy Club and all it stands for in such contempt, that to accept money from the foundation bearing the same name would only contaminate us." Seidenberg should bone up on her George Bernard Shaw. In his play *Major Barbara*, Shaw makes it plain that money, whether or not it seems tainted, is capable of doing good. Andrew Undershaft, millionaire owner of the largest munitions factories in Europe, offers money to his daughter Barbara, a major in the Salvation Army, to help feed, clothe and shelter indigents. At first, Barbara refuses, because she considers her father's money to be tainted. It is only when she realizes that organizations such as the Salvation Army must depend on the Undershafts of this world that she really matures.

Similarly, NOW would have no cause to feel contaminated if the Playboy Foundation's assistance had helped one woman get an abortion or achieve salary equality with men. If NOW is going to

"One thing about youngsters' participating in politics—the smoke-filled rooms sure smell different."

turn down assistance from organizations such as the Playboy Foundation, just where does it expect to get funds? From legislators who are constantly slashing Federal and state budgets? From middle Americans who think of the women's rights movement as a collection of kooks, Commies and Lesbians? Not likely.

It is to be hoped that Seidenberg and NOW will grow up enough to learn to accept assistance when it is offered.

Pfc. Augustus R. Petalis
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana

THE HARDEST LAWS TO REPEAL

I completely agree with the male writers who have argued in *The Playboy Forum* that a man should not be forced to pay alimony to a woman who is capable of self-support. However, as a divorcee of five years, I have met many other divorced women, and I wish to state that while the stereotype of the elegant lady living in luxury on royal alimony payments may exist, she is extremely rare. The great majority of divorcees, like the great majority of the population, come from the lower or lower-middle classes. Four out of five, I would estimate, receive no alimony at all.

Aside from this, it is worth asking why a woman who is capable of self-support would seek alimony. Most men are not rich enough to make this a really profitable venture. The truth is that the ex-wife, in most cases, is seeking revenge. The reason for this is that she has been brainwashed from childhood on to believe that a woman's destiny is to marry (only once!) and then to live happily ever after. When reality turns out to be different from this fairy tale, the woman is hurt, disillusioned, feels guilty, angry and bitter. The handy target for all these emotions is the ex-husband (although a better target might be her parents, schools, friends and the mass media, which have given her an unreal view of the world). If girls were taught, like boys, to seek a career and take marriage if and when it seems wise, divorce would be much less traumatic for them. Men who oppose the educational ideas of the women's liberation movement never seem to consider this side of the matter.

Alimony, of course, is only a side issue, basically. The real burden on ex-husbands, in most cases, is child support. The man almost always feels he is paying too much; the woman feels that he is not paying enough (even if she understands that paying more would ruin his life). Her life is a series of small heartbreaks, such as when the children next door (who have a full-time father) receive an extra goody that her child-support money won't allow her to give her own children. Also, the money is very seldom enough to allow her to hire a baby sitter and seek employment. Most divorced mothers would prefer to find such employment, but they quickly discover that salaries for women are about one third of the salaries for men in comparable jobs. With transportation, baby sitters' fees and lunch, the net gain is zero.

Repealing the alimony and child-support laws would be an ideal solution, right now, for divorced men. For the community as a whole, however, this solves nothing; the ex-wives and children would then be thrown on welfare, and they would continue to be an economic drain. Women's liberationists claim, and I concur, that the only long-term solutions are: first, to train girls for independence, not for submissive dependency; second, to compel employers to pay men and women the same salaries for the same work. This means not a mere change in statute law but a real revolution in our unwritten laws—our customs, prejudices and traditions.

Those are the hardest laws of all to repeal.

Marylin Cummings
North Amherst, Massachusetts

"I take it you enjoyed the film."

ABORTION AND THE SINGLE GIRL

My adopted son was brought into the world by an unmarried woman who had to decide between destroying the life within her or bearing it and then giving it up; loving that life, she chose the latter course. Her choice was undoubtedly a difficult one, since abortion seems to be the accepted means of maintaining our Victorian belief that a single woman should not look pregnant. Woe unto the single girl who turns up at the office with the signs of impending motherhood visible, and who ever heard of maternity leave for an unmarried woman?

The availability of abortion does not make women free—on the contrary, it simply means that they can't allow themselves to appear pregnant.

Mrs. G. Johns
New York, New York

ABORTION IN TEXAS

Texas abortion laws were ruled unconstitutional by a Federal court in June 1970. The judges stated that "the fundamental right of single women and married persons to choose whether to have children is protected by the Ninth Amendment through the Fourteenth Amendment of the U. S. Constitution." The issue is now before the U. S. Supreme Court. In November 1970, individuals and organizations throughout the state formed

(continued on page 194)

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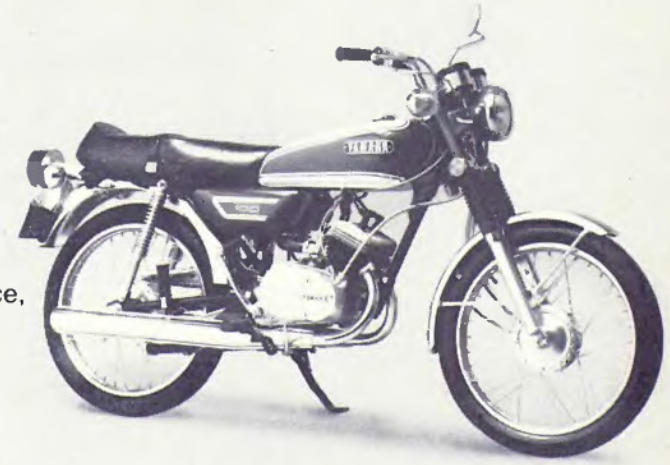

YAMAHA The great machines for '72.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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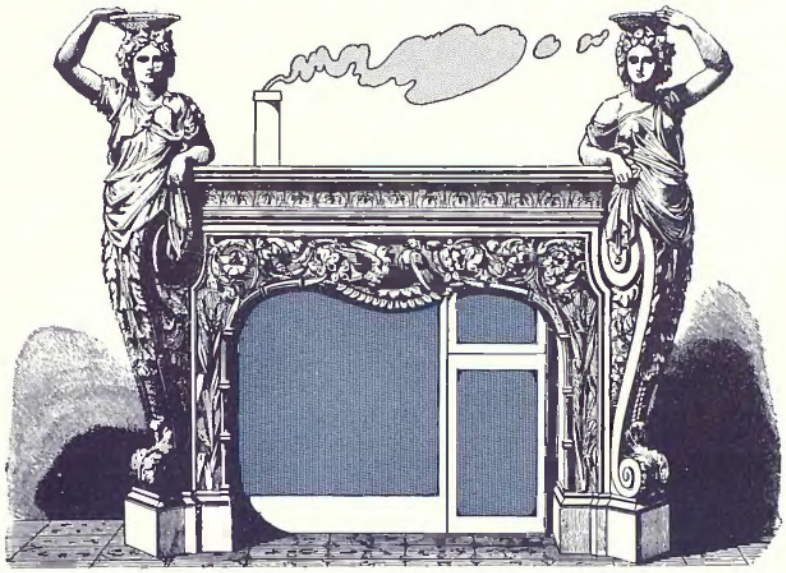
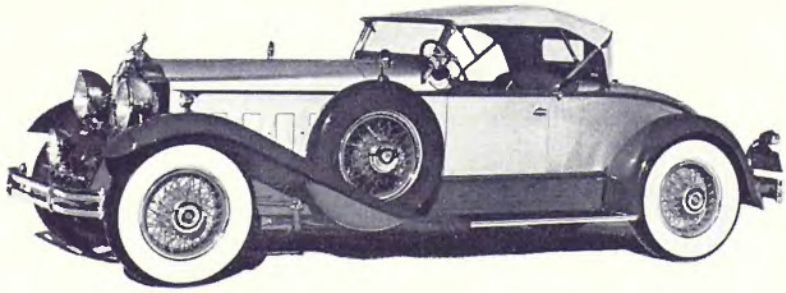


GOLDEN NUGGETS

Understanding that there was more to 19th Century interior design than portraits of Queen Victoria and beaded lamp shades, the Golden Movement Emporium of Santa Monica has opened its doors to reveal what must certainly be one of the most splendiferous collections of yesteryear oddities in the West. Brimming over with hundreds of spindle-backed chairs, wall sconces, exotic—and erotic—brewery-nude paintings and "countless other obsolete esoteric trappings," the Golden Movement also will attempt to locate a particular item upon request. Among its specialists are experts who deal with the antique needs of architects, designers, decorators and restaurateurs. The Golden Movement's finds include a 19th Century apothecary shop complete in every detail and a German hand-carved African-mahogany front-and-back bar, featuring a solid-onyx railing 37 feet long. With paneling, the price is $14,500.



WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL, THERE'S A WAY

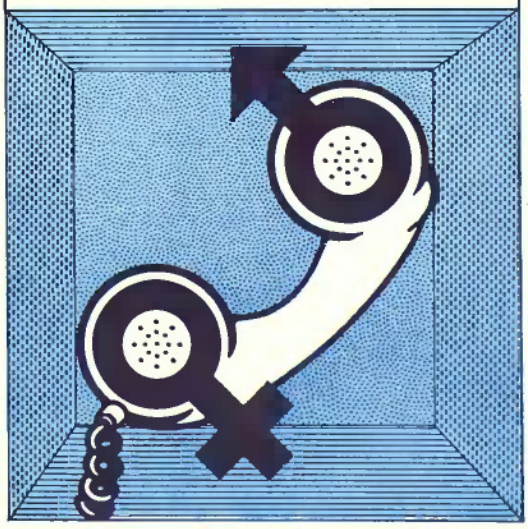
Attention, vintage-car freaks. The second annual Kirk F. White Motorcar Auction is about to get rolling April 28–29 at Cabrini College in Radnor, Pennsylvania. Serious collectors, of course, will wish to arrive on the 27th for a preview check of the more than 200 handsome machines White will have assembled from a variety of sources. On the night of the 28th, there's a champagne party followed by a mini-auction of automobilia. The real auction action begins the following morning with such sterling steeds as the 1930 Packard Boattail Speedster shown above. Other exotic offerings include a 1910 Hispano-Suiza that was built for the royal family of Spain; a 1938 Rolls-Royce Phantom III by Vanden Plas once confiscated by Nazi Joseph Goebbels, and the 1940 Caddy that totes Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. Do we hear any bids?

OCTOBRIANA COUNTRY

Out of the Soviet Union comes Octobriana, a comic-strip cult figure started by a Progressive Political Pornography underground group at Kiev University. In the strip, bosomy and bare-buttocked Octobriana, whose name captures the spirit of the October Revolution, leads abominable snowmen against Chinese invaders and even blows up the Kremlin. Brought to the West by a Czech defector, Octobriana's adventures will be published this month by Harper & Row.

CALLS FOR HELP

If there's a question on sex that's been bothering you—and you can't wait for an answer from *The Playboy Advisor*—you can get instant advice via telephone from New York's Community Sex Information and Education Service, (212) 867-9044, any workday from ten A.M. to nine P.M. The sex hotline, manned by trained staff members and a corps of volunteers, fields an average of 200 calls daily.



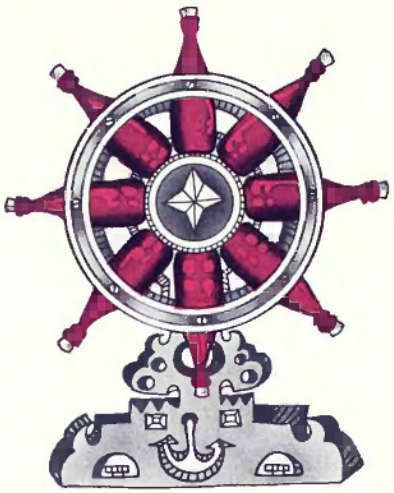
GO-GO STICK

You know the old saying "Build a better Pogo stick and. . . ." Well, Chance Manufacturing did and now Hammacher Schlemmer in New York is selling the world's first gasoline-powered Pogo stick, which gets its go from a two-cycle engine. The more-bounce-to-the-ounce Hop Rod also needs eight C batteries to activate the spark unit, which fires only when pressure from your weight forces the piston up an internal chamber. At $60, the Rod comes complete with assembly instructions (fuel and batteries not included). Hoppy landings.

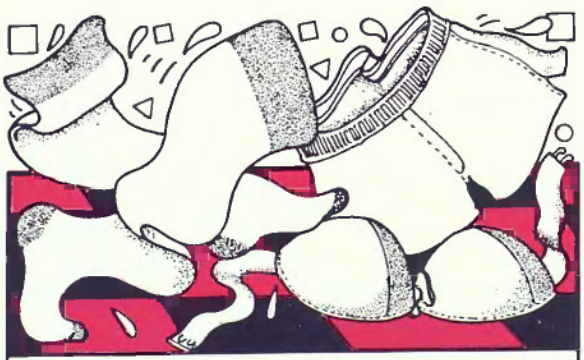
BOOZE WHO

Japan, site of the 1972 Winter Olympics, recently hosted the most spirited contest of all, the International Cocktail Competition, with mixmasters from 23 nations vying for the championship. The winning concoction was: 5 parts bourbon, 2 sweet vermouth and 1 each Galliano, dry vermouth and Bitter Campari. Stir with ice, strain, serve with cherry.

BURGUNDIAN BOATEL



Huck Finn never had it like this. The simple pleasures of riding a river have been elevated to a state of luxury by Auto-Europe, Inc. When you sign aboard its M. S. Palinurus for a week's cruise on Burgundian rivers, the excursion includes gourmet meals and generous servings of the regional wines. Costs vary, but all include car rental from Paris to Dijon; and when you disembark downriver at Chalon-sur-Saône, Auto-Europe will see that the same rental car awaits you.



CHECKERBAWD

In our continuing search for more and better *divertissement érotique* for home, office or drive-in, we've discovered a magnetic Strip Checker Set. Retailing for but $1.49, the folding five-inch-square board comes complete from Spencer Gifts with case and a set of checkers, each marked with a symbol for the garment you remove should the piece be taken. Your move.

INTO YOUR BAG, JUNIOR BIRDMAN

Are you plagued with bulging pockets but absolutely refuse to carry a "male bag" for fear of drawing whistles? Then load all your pocket goodies—or even a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, if you choose—into a vinyl reproduction of a World War One flying ace's helmet that comes complete with an inconspicuous black cotton drawstring lining and a pair of detachable sun goggles. You can land yours for $26 from a West Coast firm called Flyers' Supplyers. And if no one will believe you own a Fokker, tell them you're about to stoke up your Type 57 Bugatti or your Indian 80 or your. . . .

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 190)*

The Texas Abortion Coalition to work for laws to protect the basic right of women to determine whether or not to continue a pregnancy, to ensure that abortions are carried out by competent medical personnel in adequate surroundings, to provide that the procedure is available to all women and to protect women from either compulsory abortion or compulsory childbearing.

The coalition's efforts have been directed primarily toward mobilizing public opinion. We welcome the participation of all interested persons and organizations.

Sue Anne Lloyd, Houston Coordinator
The Texas Abortion Coalition
Bellaire, Texas

FAMILY-PLANNING CENTERS

Despite the continuing efforts of some to block abortion reform throughout the nation, we are optimistic about the future of liberalized abortion laws in the United States. We say this because of New York's refusal to appeal or erode its present abortion law and the success with which that law was implemented during its first year.

One of the most important steps now being taken by Planned Parenthood of New York City is the integration of abortion information, counseling, medical services and follow-up into the provision of other fertility services, contraception and sterilization. The provision of abortion as part of a full range of family-planning services helps an individual to be fully informed of all the options available for the prevention of unwanted births. It also represents one way in which abortions can become routinely available as a socially and medically accepted service. Planned Parenthood is operating such a center in the Bronx and another, larger one at 380 Second Avenue, Manhattan.

Several changes in the status of abortion-related legal issues have occurred since the publishing of the September 1971 *Playboy Forum* report, "The Abortion Backlash." Fortunately, the New York State supreme court overturned a state order disallowing Medicaid reimbursement for abortions except for necessary and medically indicated reasons. Also, the bills banning commercial abortion-referral services that were still awaiting the governor's signature at the time of PLAYBOY's report have since become law. (Some commercial referral services, however, continue to operate, and some are currently challenging the law in court.)

The Family Planning Information Service, (212) 677-3040, which receives over 8000 calls a month, is operated on behalf of the New York City Inter-Agency Council on Family Planning by P. P. N. Y. C. It makes free abortion referrals to all facilities meeting the requirements of the New York City Health Code. In addition, it gives free information, counseling and referral on all family-planning services, including birth control, abortion, infertility, adoption and voluntary sterilization.

Alfred F. Moran
Executive Vice-President
Planned Parenthood of New York City, Inc.
New York, New York

"But everyone thought I was a truly magnificent human being and a sweetheart of a guy!"

JAPANESE DATA

In the September 1971 *Playboy Forum* report, "The Abortion Backlash," our organization was listed as a source for a list of reputable Japanese obstetricians who perform abortions. Since then, we have received dozens of requests for such information from women in need of abortions, most of whom are living in the Far East on various military installations. For five years, we did publish a list of abortion specialists in Japan, Mexico and Puerto Rico; however, we discontinued the list early last year, because by that time most American women with the money to travel such distances were able to obtain abortions within the U.S. We've been forced to answer each of these recent letters with information at least a year old.

We suggest that women seeking abortions in the Far East contact family-planning agencies or local or regional health departments in Japan, or contact individual physicians specializing in obstetrics and gynecology. Abortion is widely available in Japan.

Sharon Simms
Ann Treseder
Association to Repeal Abortion Laws
San Francisco, California

REFERRAL SUCCESS

Thank you for publishing Mark Horlings' letter, which included the phone numbers of all Zero Population Growth

Abortion Referral Services (*The Playboy Forum*, January). You will be gratified to learn that after you listed our service for the first time in your September 1971 issue, we received over 700 calls from persons who said they found us through PLAYBOY. That's great for us, for your readers and for the cause of legalized abortion.

Please keep up the good work. Elective abortion couldn't have a better friend and we are enormously grateful.

Roberta Schneiderman
Zero Population Growth
Abortion Referral Service
New York, New York

THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE

I would like, first of all, to apologize for having taken so long before sending any word to PLAYBOY, which has been a most qualified and devoted ally in the fight for the repeal of abortion laws.

As a spokesman for an organization representing several thousand people in Illinois who support repeal of restrictive abortion laws, I would like to reply to Dr. Bart T. Heffernan, who denied, in the January *Playboy Forum*, that the abortion question is "only a narrow sectarian religious issue." After thoroughly examining the anti-abortion view for more than three years, I find overwhelming evidence that the only substantial opposition to repeal of abortion laws anywhere in this country is inspired, organized and financed by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

My group and I have publicly challenged Dr. Heffernan and other members of right-to-life organizations to name any nonreligious medical, scientific, educational or welfare groups supporting their point of view. We have yet to receive an answer. Our position, on the other hand, is supported by hundreds of nonreligious organizations throughout the country, including the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, the American Public Health Association, the Federation of American Scientists, the Chicago Child Care Society, the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers and the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago.

The Catholic Church spends enormous amounts of money for advertising campaigns in states where liberalization of abortion laws is being considered. It publishes pamphlets and runs newspaper and magazine ads. It rents anti-abortion slides and films that are publicized in literature sent to parishes all over the country. Legislators, particularly Catholic ones, are pressured by the Church to vote against liberalizing abortion laws, and those who do not comply are frequently condemned from the pulpit as murderers and punished by Church-instigated efforts to defeat their bids for re-election. In Maryland, Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle asked churches in five counties to mail a voting chart, first class, to all parishioners and to pay for the mail from parish funds. In Iowa, Catholic parochial school children wrote letters against abortion as an English assignment and sent them to legislators. In New York, the wealthy archdiocese has launched an enormous publicity effort against the elective-abortion law. Trying to make it appear as though non-Catholics are involved in the anti-abortion fight, the Church started so-called nonsectarian organizations in a number of states: the right-to-life groups and the birthright operations. However, these organizations are run by Catholics and funded mainly by the tax-exempt Church. Also in New York, last January, acting on a suit by a Catholic law professor, a judge who is a member of the Guild of Catholic Lawyers of Queens issued a temporary restraining order to stop all abortions at municipal hospitals.

In my home state, Illinois, the combination of Catholics in high places closely tied to the Church hierarchy and lawmakers living in Catholic-dominated areas has made legal abortion an almost impossible goal. Dr. Heffernan and state's attorney Edward Hanrahan, who together led the fight to block a Federal-court decision legalizing abortion in Illinois,

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 207.

are both Roman Catholics. So is the politically powerful majority leader in the Illinois house of representatives, Henry Hyde, the most active opponent of abortion-law reform in that body. Here, too, priests were told to read from the pulpit an anti-abortion message signed by six bishops and sent from the Springfield and the Chicago offices of the Illinois Catholic Conference. The result of this was that thousands of letters, all with the same emotional reference to "killing babies," were sent by parishioners to state representatives.

It must be added, in fairness, that many Catholics do not support the hierarchy's stand. In New York, Catholic Women for Abortion Law Repeal played an influential role in the campaign, and in Hawaii, a Catholic state senator led the repeal forces and a Catholic governor allowed the bill to become law. According to records from various states, the same percentage of Catholic women have abortions as do women from other religious groups.

This letter is not intended to be an attack on Catholics or on Roman Catholicism. However, we do resent the active role the Catholic hierarchy has taken in trying to impose its views on everyone else. And we thoroughly reject the claim that this is not "a narrow sectarian religious issue." The opposition to abortion-law repeal is almost totally motivated by sectarian theological beliefs. The resulting polarization is damaging to this democratic, pluralistic society founded on the principle of separation of church and state.

Helen Smith, Chairman
Illinois Citizens for the
Medical Control of Abortion
Chicago, Illinois

PHOTOGRAPHING THE FETUS

I congratulate you on your convincing reply to the letter from Dr. Bart T. Heffernan in the January *Playboy Forum*. He completely misunderstood the reasons for my writing the book *From Conception to Birth: The Drama of Life's Beginnings* (Rugh and Shettles, Harper & Row, 1971), but you interpreted them correctly. It was my aim to educate the already pregnant woman as to what was happening day by day so as to instill in her a degree of awe and appreciation of her condition. I felt that knowledge, aided by natural-color pictures, might change the attitude of some women from fear and anxiety to excitement and anticipation so that their children would be happily welcomed into this world. A newborn child can sense, long before he can express himself, whether he is wanted and loved. The absence of this love is the crux of most of our social problems today.

Dr. Heffernan suggests that you publish some of our color pictures, presumably to convince people that abortion is outright murder of a person. If you examine a photograph of a two-month-old human fetus, you will see that it could be described as a mouse, pig, chicken or even a turtle, and no layman would have enough experience to deny the assertion. To say that this organism is a human being and therefore to conclude that abortion is murder is ridiculous.

Since the law in New York has been changed, around 200,000 abortions have been performed in that state, about half of them for nonresidents. It is better, to my way of thinking, that these 200,000 fetuses were denied birth into a hostile environment. Whether it is the sperm or the ovum that is denied survival by not reaching the state of conception, or whether it is an embryo or fetus that is denied survival by abortion, the difference is only one of timing. Life is *not* created by conception, though it can be perpetuated by the union of a living sperm and ovum. Each sperm or ovum that goes unused is allowed to die, and we call this contraception. If some indiscretion or lack of technical knowledge or facilities leads to a pregnancy, why should both the mother and child be punished?

Children should be wanted, planned for and cared for rather than tolerated as a lifelong punishment for technological mismanagement. My book is for a better beginning for all children, and its pictures and thesis should not be interpreted to support anti-abortion propagandists.

Dr. Roberts Rugh
Professor of Radiology (Ret.)
College of Physicians & Surgeons
Columbia University
New York, New York

"A man of my years often yearns for the patter of little feet around his apartment, Miss Latimore. By the way, what size shoe do you wear?"

"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.

(continued from page 162)

ventures with Japanese companies complain that they spend more time talking with bankers than they do with company officials.

What makes that debt-to-equity ratio possible—in fact, what makes the entire Japanese industrial effort successful—is the extraordinary, highly effective but often outrageous collaboration between government and business. So close are their ties that the business-government setup is regarded as a corporation, which foreigners have dubbed Japan, Inc.

Japan, Inc., operates as if it were a giant multidivisional company. The government is corporate headquarters, where all planning, long-term policy and investment decisions are made. The large corporations—such as Mitsubishi, Matsushita and Nissan—are operating divisions, free to make their own decisions, compete with one another and direct operations, but only within the framework set down by corporate headquarters.

"Government and business are different sides of the same coin," explains Robert J. Ballon, a Belgian Jesuit who heads the finance department at Sophia University in Tokyo. "In the West, government and business are usually at each other's throats," he says. "In Japan, business looks upon government as a close relative." The difference, apparently, is that where Western society is built on confrontation, Japanese society is built on harmony and compromise.

However you look at it or whatever you call it, it works. No Japanese company enters into a joint venture with a foreign firm without close guidance from the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of International Trade and Investment (MITI) or the responsible government agency.

In a typical show of unity between government and business, the top brass of all the country's automobile firms gathered at a mountain resort near Tokyo a few years ago to draw up a joint statement of support for the government's policy against relaxing restrictions on foreign investment in the domestic automobile industry. They also pledged to cooperate with one another whenever possible to avoid any assistance from foreign firms. Just imagine the Justice Department's reaction if Detroit's big three were to meet at an Iron Mountain ski lodge to discuss industry problems and Government policy.

In some ways, Japan, Inc., leaves the government open to charges of corruption. It is implied in MITI's "case-by-case" approach to granting business requests. "What it often means is that if you have the right connection, wine and dine the right officials, bring about enough pressure, your request will be granted," one U. S. businessman claims. "If you have enough money, you can get away with anything there."

Not surprisingly, business contributes heavily to politics, and politicians, in turn, attempt to sustain a booming economic environment so that business can profit. Government officials retire and go to work in business, where they use their influence and contacts to get special treatment. Japan's securities industry boasts several ex–finance ministry officials, and many former MITI officials turn up in the hierarchy of trade organizations.

So close is the bond between government and business that Premier Eisaku Sato himself commands the total Japanese export offensive; he heads the Supreme Trade Council, a group of top business and government leaders that quietly slices up the world market and sets annual goals for every major product and country. Once these goals have been set, companies launch an attack on foreign markets with the precision of a well-oiled military machine. First, strategy is laid and a battle plan drawn up; then a reconnaissance patrol is dispatched, usually four or five men, to scout the territory and probe for weaknesses in the enemy's defenses; finally, the main assault is launched to close the deal and start up the business. Japanese executives leaving for foreign countries are seen off at Tokyo International Airport with all the ceremony accorded a departing government delegation. Newspapers record their "heroics" with bold, black headlines—but reserve words such as invade and attack to describe moves into Japan by foreign companies.

At Toyota City, auto workers are prodded to work harder with posters and maps placed along the assembly lines showing the latest tally of Toyota car sales around the world. Mitsui trading-company workers in overseas offices have been known to sleep by telex machines, waiting for important instructions from their head office or for confirmation of a deal just concluded in some remote part of the globe. One Japanese mining-company representative received accolades from his colleagues when he escaped from an African nation in the midst of a civil war with maps of important mineral discoveries stitched into his underwear. Perhaps the best demonstration of this mercantilistic Messianism is the song sung each day by Matsushita workers:

For the building of a new Japan
Let's put our strength and mind
together

"We'd like to oblige you, but we have a prior commitment to another highjacker."

Doing our best to promote production,
Sending our goods to the people of the world,
Endlessly and continuously,
Like water gushing from a fountain.

Other companies have gone to even more extreme lengths to prod their employees into action. To infuse its managers with the selling spirit, Toshiba used to send them to a secluded mountaintop resort, where they were put through round-the-clock pep sessions, shouting morale-boosting slogans such as "Sell!" or, for the more ambitious types, "I will be president!" until they were near exhaustion. Toshiba finally had to drop the scheme in the wake of public criticism.

Such heavy prodding reflects one very simple fact: Left to themselves, the Japanese really don't work very hard. This is probably one of the first paradoxes about this amazing country that a foreigner runs into during a visit to Japan. The average worker produces only about half as much as a West German and one fourth as much as an American. Visit any big Japanese office building and you'll often come away with the feeling that the hustling horde of white-shirted office workers is engaged in busy work—but not work that seems particularly productive or necessary, just something to keep everybody occupied. People will spend hours in tiny conference rooms, sipping tea and talking with visitors or friends. Staff meetings will go on interminably, with employees debating, analyzing and discussing nonessential points.

Many foreign businessmen complain about the robotlike mentality of the Japanese worker and his reluctance to take the initiative. One American manager was perturbed to discover that an accountant had spent two days checking and rechecking a set of incomplete figures. "He knew they were incomplete and that he would never get the right answer until they *were* complete," said the exasperated manager, "but he didn't think it was his job to ask for the full information." Others find office workers moody and erratic in their work patterns. Chie Nakane, a professor of Asian studies at Tokyo University, observes, "In the U. S., workers seem to maintain a minimum level of efficiency regardless of how they may feel. But the Japanese worker, if he's in a comfortable mood, will work hard; if he is feeling blue, he won't."

Because of this apparent fact of Japanese life, companies reward their employees with jobs for life and opportunities for title or position in return for hard work. Such rewards are very important to the status-conscious Japanese. So there is an additional range of fringe benefits that few socialist countries could match. Japanese executives have a concerned but not patronizing way of talking about their employees, as if they were their children. "The government does not provide enough social benefits," explains Takeshi Asozu, Matsushita's personnel chief. "It is Mr. Matsushita's duty to take care of *his* employees, *his* responsibility to bring them up and train them."

Matsushita does just that—and provides the ultimate in womb-to-tomb benefits. Employees can have their children born in a Matsushita hospital, get married in a Matsushita chapel, live in Matsushita housing or buy a home of their own with a Matsushita loan. The company pays employees' commuting expenses, subsidizes meals, supplies shoes, caps and uniforms and, later on, will even provide free flowers, candlestands and other equipment for their funerals. All this, plus the twice-yearly bonuses that other Japanese firms hand out.

Matsushita even throws in a little more. Recognizing that workers are occasionally down in the dumps, due to domestic problems or job pressures, the company maintains what it calls "the room of self-control," stuck away in the corner of its dry-cell-battery plant near Osaka, where employees can let off steam. Leading to the room is a maze built a little like the old Fun House at Coney Island. White footsteps are painted on the floor to guide the visitor through its labyrinthine corridors, which are decked out with large distorting mirrors on the walls.

"The idea is to make the worker see that his problem might simply be one of perspective," explains a Matsushita guide. "It makes him feel like he is seeing himself through another's eyes."

At the end of the maze is the room, equipped with a punching bag, a bicycle exerciser and other gym equipment, plus two man-sized, mustachioed black-canvas dummies, which an ill-disposed worker can beat to death with a short wooden club. PLEASE HIT WITH A FULL SWING, a sign over the dummies encourages. Employees break about one club a week whacking away their frustrations. "If that doesn't help," says the guide, "they can see the company doctor."

In return for this cornucopia of benefits from their corporate fathers, most Japanese employees work long hours five and a half days a week and seldom take a vacation, even though they're entitled to an annual two-week holiday with pay. This fiduciary-based family relationship also explains why there are few serious strikes in Japan. Labor unions are organized vertically, by enterprise, rather than horizontally, by trade, as in the West. Thus, as members of a "company union," workers realize that neither they nor their employers will benefit from a prolonged walkout. As a result, when the end of the business year pops up and it's time to demand a wage hike, employees will often "strike" during lunch hours, after work or *on* holidays. A really serious strike may last a few hours.

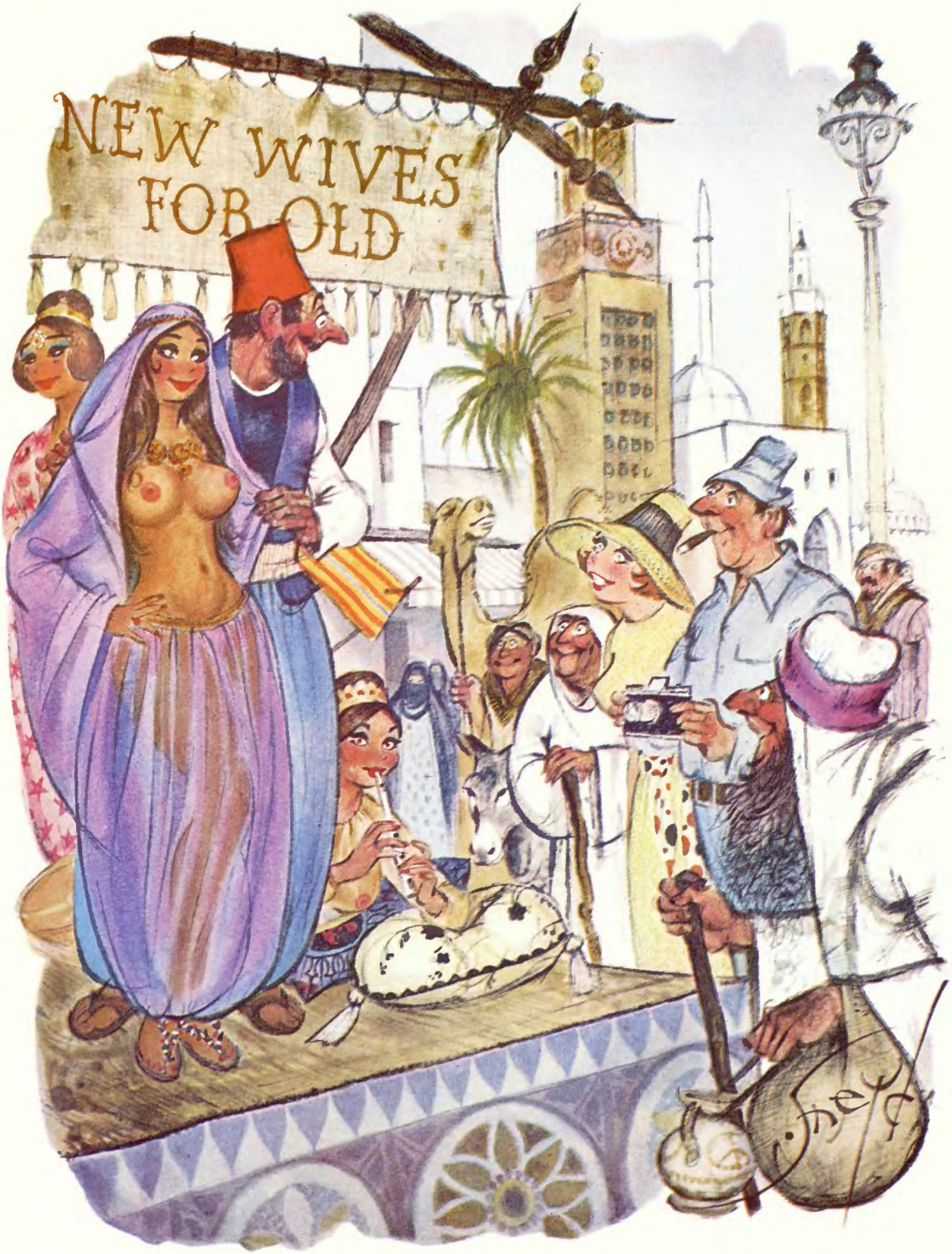
American companies in Japan haven't been so lucky, mainly for political reasons. Jersey Standard's Esso refinery was hit by a ten-day walkout in 1969, the first major strike against a foreign company, and U. S. banks are frequently harassed by *Gaijin-rō*, a Communist-dominated clerical union that has dragged everything from Vietnam to Okinawa into negotiations with U. S. financial institutions.

A few years ago, American Express Bank tried to fire a Japanese telephone receptionist because she couldn't speak English well enough. *Gaijin-rō* turned her case into a *cause célèbre*, adding a charge or two of Yankee imperialism, and has been harassing the beleaguered company off and on ever since, despite the fact that the woman in question was rehired long ago. Fortunately, only a few Amex employees are members of *Gaijin-rō*, so the bank continues to function. But usually about once a week, union radicals armed with posters and hand speakers will troop into the bank's Tokyo office, chant slogans, sing a song or two and then pack up. "It's like a circus around here," comments one annoyed Amex employee. Amex' office looks as if it were permanently decorated for the Japanese New Year; bright *Gaijin-rō* posters hang from the counters and walls, side by side with white Amex placards explaining the bank's side of the dispute.

From time to time, these unions present a minor threat to Japanese businesses, but a much more far-reaching concern of Japanese industrialists is the growing labor shortage. A recent estimate of unfilled job openings was 670,000, and the pinch isn't likely to ease much in the immediate future. Yet while the mammoth business combines, or *zaibatsus* (the Mitsuis, Mitsubishis and Sumitomos), are suffering somewhat, it's the Watanabes and Ishikawas (the Smiths and Joneses) who are being hardest hit. Caught in the squeeze between Japan's rising labor shortage and its rising wage rate, the small service businesses and cottage industries serving the giants are being forced to cut service, merge with one another or simply go bankrupt.

The shortage is in both unskilled and skilled labor, and competition for both is increasingly intense. At one end of the scale, the factory worker is starting to job-hop more than he ever used to and most industries are noticing a slow but steady increase in labor turnover. Women are being actively wooed to help fill the gaps created by the shortage, with some firms establishing "marriage bureaus" at factories in rural areas to lure husband-seeking women.

At the other end of the scale, the



"Heavens! It's just like Westchester County on a Saturday night!!"

university graduate is in high demand and becoming choosier about what he does rather than whom he works for. "Years ago, working for a big bank like ours was considered a great honor," says M. Segawa, secretary to the chairman of Fuji Bank Ltd. "But today we are having difficulties hiring girl clerks, because they don't want to work overtime, and university graduates, because they don't like the idea of having to go out and solicit deposits." (In Japan, banks actively seek business, sending flowers, cards or telegrams on special holidays, birthdays and times of illness. They also send out young solicitors who have to scramble and fight among one another to try to get a deposit. Sometimes they even manage to cry a few tears in hopes of swaying a prospective client.)

As a result of the labor problem, the competition among companies for talent is becoming fierce. Sony, something of a maverick in Japanese business, shook the establishment a few years ago when it started running annual ads urging workers at other companies to leave their jobs and go to work for it. Akio Morita, Sony's president and cofounder, estimates that the advertising brings in 400 new workers each year from companies where lifetime employment and a promotion-based-on-seniority policy stifle young hopes for quick advancement. "We simply ask a man to show us what he can do and we will take him, regardless of age," says Morita, who at the age of 50 is one of Japan's youngest chief executives.

Other companies turn to older, more traditional ways to cope with the changing attitudes of youth. Many businessmen are openly critical of what they consider the permissiveness of high school and university teachers toward students and they condemn the much-touted coming age of freethinking and individuality as nothing less than heretical, unhealthy and definitely unproductive. And some will go to rather bizarre lengths to root out these evils.

Take Canon, Inc., the camera maker, which has devised an exhausting 30-hour "concentration course" for new recruits. They take a hammer and a chisel and bang away at a piece of iron hour after hour, keeping time to the shrill whistle of an instructor. Since they don't always hit the chisel, their hands are usually battered, bruised and bloodied by the end of a session. The idea, a Canon spokesman says, is to instill "spiritual backbone" into the new recruits. "It is during the chisel-work period that their false sense of 'freedom' gained at schools is stamped out," remarks Y. Ueda, Canon's chisel-faced chief instructor. "Untamed creatures in the beginning, they suddenly become docile and easy to handle after the hard practice."

Oblivious to what others might think of the training, Canon delights in giving visiting foreigners a look-see at this slam-bang course. Company officials were surprised when a group of visiting French ladies nearly fainted from the cacophony of hammer against iron and the sight of bandaged hands. "Canon instructors simply do not take the hand bruises seriously," a company PR release reassures, "since they know through their experience that bruises disappear after a brief iodine treatment."

With or without iodine, most foreign companies based in Japan don't go in for such training sessions nor, for that matter, many other Japanese rituals. "A lot of foreign companies come here and immediately start tossing out a lot of the rituals and ceremonies practiced by Japanese companies without realizing that the Japanese are smarter than they give them credit for," observes George L. Hegg, senior managing director of Sumitomo 3M, a joint venture of the Japanese and the American companies of the same names. Foreign firms will eliminate as unnecessary, for example, the five minutes of exercise that Japanese businesses often hold before the start of a working day—without realizing that it is, in effect, a devious way of getting employees to work five minutes earlier.

Other American companies extend the customary Japanese retirement age of 55 to the American-style tenure of 65. "They usually regret it later on," Hegg explains. "You accumulate a lot of executive deadwood under a lifetime-employment system. So this only prolongs the agony another ten years for the American managers. The Japanese employee loves it because it gives him another ten years of salary he wouldn't have had with the Japanese employer." As for capable senior executives, most Japanese companies will put them on a year-to-year contract after retirement at salaries usually lower than they had been making. And no fringe benefits, either.

The Japanese habit of making important decisions by group consensus rather than executive fiat also taxes the patience of Western businessmen. A proposal moves slowly through the bureaucratic layers of Japanese firms, with each department chief or section head putting his stamp of approval on it before it's finally executed. "But once the Japanese decide to go ahead with something," says Howard Van Zandt, vice-president of I. T. T. Far East, "they move incredibly fast and with all the collective strength they can muster."

Even more perplexing is the accentuated sense of place or rank Japanese executives exhibit in negotiating with foreign firms. Seating arrangements are precise and in order of rank. You can spot the hierarchy in the way a group of Japanese seat themselves at a conference table: the head man always directly facing his foreign counterpart.

There are, of course, amusing side lights. During critical talks between Chrysler and Mitsubishi Heavy Industries regarding a joint venture, the head of the Chrysler team entered the conference late and took a chair across from the Mitsubishi chief negotiator but one seat to the Japanese's right. One by one, the three other members of the Mitsubishi team seated next to their man

"All right, son, go and see this Mr. Barnum, but what's so special about you?"

Left to right: J4923, J4667, J4544 At Jarman dealers and stores from coast to coast. All Jarman styles are "wear-tested" to give more comfort. Most styles $15 to $30.

JARMAN SHOE CO., NASHVILLE, TENN. • A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY

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left the conference room on various pretexts and returned, each moving down one seat until a vacant chair faced the Chrysler executive. A brief "tea break" was called and when the two teams resumed talks, the Mitsubishi negotiator had taken the seat directly across from the Chrysler official.

An even more curious incident occurred between two American and Japanese chemical companies over an alleged patent infringement by the Nipponese firm. In a last-ditch effort to keep the matter from going to court, the two firms agreed to meet on neutral ground on the second floor of a vacant office building. Prenegotiation negotiations over who would and wouldn't attend the meeting were hot and sticky. "It was a little like the North and South Vietnamese arguing over the shape of the Paris peace table," an American executive recalls. The Japanese objected to the presence of a certain American attorney but agreed that he could stand in an adjoining room with his ear to the door so he could hear the conversation. Another American stood in a parking lot next to the building, waiting for a signal to go into the building in the event the Japanese side decided to call in its own reinforcements. It was all very ridiculous, but it did save the matter from going to court.

"You Can See All of Japan," boasts the advertisement for the Hotel New Otani's revolving cocktail lounge. Perched 400 feet above the ground like a giant glass-and-aluminum bird's nest, the lounge makes a 360-degree sweep of Tokyo's skyline about every hour. But most days a heavy cloud of photochemical smog hangs low over the city, slicing the 1089-foot Tokyo Tower at its waist.

"This country is literally choking on its G. N. P.," a young economist with the Japan Economic Research Center tells me over a Scotch and water. "We may have the world's third-largest economy, but we rank thirteenth in per-capita income, ahead of Italy." A great deal must be done at home, he believes, before Japan reaches the stature that so many Westerners are predicting. More G. N. P. will have to go for social benefits, housing, pollution abatement and other measures to raise living standards. "Japan may be the biggest in terms of G. N. P. by the year 2000, but the next century might belong to someone else."

If pollution is a yardstick, the problems facing Japan in the years ahead seem immense. By all counts, it is the most polluted nation in the world. "Garbage and the gross national product of a country are closely related," a survey by the Tokyo Metropolitan Government stated recently. Some observers even joke that, in Japan, G. N. P. stands for gross national pollution.

You can toss a coin to establish exactly which city is the most polluted in Japan. Delegates at an international conference on pollution in Tokyo in 1970 were so uncharitable as to designate Fuji City "the most polluted city in the world." Uncharitable, that is, because few people have ever heard of the tiny town located at the foot of Mt. Fuji. But Fuji City was delighted. It put the city on the map.

Tokyo would probably get most people's vote. Smog is increasingly a problem, mainly because factories in the area burn heavy oil from the Persian Gulf, which has a high sulphur content. The result is that on most days, the air is thick with the smell of burnt oil. Add the exhaust gases of some 1,500,000 cars and you get an idea of the air-pollution problem. In fact, it's so bad that traffic policemen are required to return frequently to headquarters for oxygen inhalation. For 25 cents, a truly "gassed" individual can get a quick breath of unpolluted air from oxygen vending machines found in certain shops and stores.

Elsewhere, it's not much better. On most days, Kawasaki, the big industrial center a half hour's drive from Tokyo, is barely visible through the perpetual cloud of soot, smoke and gases that surrounds it. Another small Japanese resort town had to close its tuberculosis clinic because of worsening air pollution. In Kyoto, Japan's ancient capital city, hydrogen sulphide and sulphur dioxide from nearby plants damaged the 917-year-old bell of Byodo-in Temple so badly that it had to be removed and put in storage. Tourists visiting the Kyoto National Museum are shocked to see an original casting of Rodin's statue *The Thinker* covered with verdigris—greenish-blue streaks caused by the exhaust of vehicles using a nearby highway. And more than a half dozen people have died from air pollution in Yokkaichi, an industrial town.

But the real horror stories are reserved for Japan's water. Bays near most port cities are dangerously polluted with deadly chemicals such as cadmium and organic mercury, and very few of Japan's major rivers are still clean enough for fish to survive. In Toyama Prefecture, some 130 people have been killed by cadmium poisoning caused by a nearby smelter. Local officials in Akita Prefecture were shocked to find traces of arsenic in 38 of that area's famous hot spas. Probably the most notorious incident occurred

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19 years ago at Minamata Bay, where thousands of residents ate fish contaminated by methyl mercury dumped into the bay by Chisso Corporation, a chemical company. Japanese newspapers recently carried a picture of a 24-year-old woman who looked no bigger than a five-year-old. She had been bedridden for the past 19 years and is unable to speak, hear or see—a victim of Minamata Bay.

The Sato government responded by setting up a cabinet-level pollution-control agency last July, pushing tougher antipollution laws through the diet, including the power to arrest offenders as criminals. But Premier Sato has yet to demonstrate enthusiasm for enforcement. Also, with big business still feeling the effects of the country's economic recession, the government isn't expected to press companies too hard for heavy antipollution outlays this year.

Perhaps as a sign of changing times, the traditionally passive Japanese citizenry isn't waiting to see what the government will do. It has taken matters into its own hands, through demonstrations and picketing at offending companies, lawsuits and Ralph Nader. America's consumer crusader was in Japan last year and spent about a week touring the country for a close-up look at the pollution. His aim was to get publicity, filling Japanese newspapers with his analyses and suggestions. But he made two mistakes. First, he went as a guest of *The Daily Yomiuri*, Japan's second-largest newspaper. Japanese newspapermen, being a sensitive and competitive lot, refused to cover press conferences staged by a rival paper. His second mistake was expecting to talk extensively with anyone in industry or government about the problem. Toyota and Nissan were afraid to meet with him and refused interviews. The closest Nader got to Premier Sato was the entrance of the Foreign Ministry, where he dropped off a letter outlining his thoughts on Japan's pollution problem.

Nonetheless, Nader's visit couldn't have been more timely. Picketing and bad publicity were forcing several big companies to relocate their plants away from urban areas or to delay planned expansion. Antipollution activists were buying up shares of the offending companies' stock—in the fashion of Nader's Raiders *vs.* G. M.—and challenging corporate plans and policies. Housewives, angry at the dual-pricing policies of electronics firms that resulted in color-television sets' being sold at home for $100 to $150 more than those exported to the U. S., launched a nationwide boycott against the manufacturers. The companies finally cut their prices by 15 to 20 percent to ease an inventory swollen to an unmanageable 1,500,000 sets at the height of the boycott last spring.

Although consumer resistance has eased somewhat lately, it left its mark on the balance sheets of many companies: The profits of the big color-TV makers plunged by 30 to 40 percent last year. Perhaps even worse from their point of view, the boycott accelerated consumer consciousness in Japan. As a result, five powerful consumer associations, mostly comprised of housewives on the march for better and cheaper merchandise, have sprung into existence in a sort of late-flowering, kimono-clad women's lib.

But it's the military that's probably the most sensitive political issue in Japan these days, particularly in the light of the shifting defense posture of the U. S. in Asia and recent developments concerning mainland China. Few foreigners seem to believe that militarism is on the upswing, or that Japan represents a future threat to the West. The global nuclear stalemate and the simple lack of new colonies to conquer seem to preclude that. Yet Japan is rearming and defense is becoming big business. The nation's self-defense forces now total around 250,000 men with 1593 aircraft, 800 tanks, 4500 artillery pieces and around 520 small warships—a far cry from prewar days, but nearly four times as great as when it was formed in 1950. This year, Japan may spend more than one percent of its G. N. P. on defense, seventh in the world in military expenditures. And Japan's Defense Agency is urging a five-year build-up plan that would cost 14.43 billion dollars, more than twice as much as the current five-year armament plan. Under this plan, Japan would add 420 tanks, 270 armored personnel carriers and 230 combat helicopters to its ground-defense force. Among other additions would be 86 vessels, including 19 destroyers, and 158 U. S.-style F-4 Phantom jets. The agency also plans this year to step up—perhaps even double—its weaponry purchases from the U. S. ($500,000,000 last year), mostly due to pressure from the Nixon Administration on Japan to shoulder a greater share of the defense burden.

While Japanese defense officials say that Japan will continue to rely on the U. S. to deter all-out wars, including nuclear war, they argue that Japan needs to modernize its weapons and build up its sea forces to maintain security for traffic in the seas around Japan. This need for a stronger self-defense posture, in the eyes of many Japanese, has been heightened by the gradual U. S. military withdrawal from Southeast Asia and the belief that Washington will remove all combat forces—more than 12,000 men—from Japan later this year. Moreover, the possibility of a *détente* between the United States and Red China, combined with the anti-Japanese tone of the Nixon Administration's economic policies, has increased the feeling of isolation among many Japanese. Naomi Nishimura, head of the Defense Agency, raised more than a few

"I don't care how you do it, Rogers, just go out and find out something good about pollution!"

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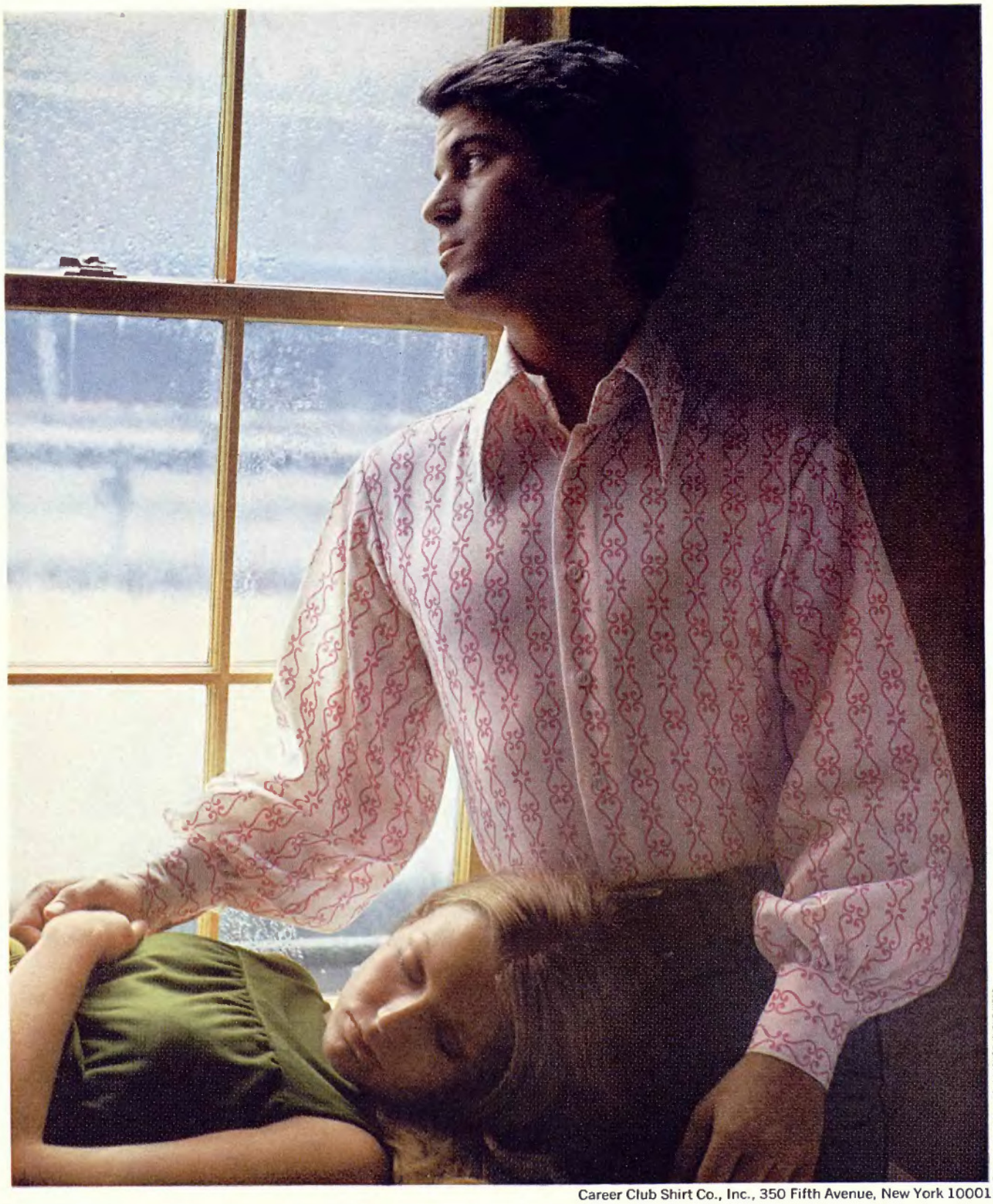

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 207


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LOOK AT

eyebrows last October when he suggested a change in Japan's defense policies to permit unarmed Japanese soldiers to go on rescue-and-relief missions in Asia.

A survey conducted by the prime minister's office in 1968 revealed that four out of five Japanese wanted their country to be able to defend itself without relying on a foreign power, especially the U. S. Faced with a narrowing domestic market due to declining population growth and increasing restrictions in key export markets, such as the U. S., businessmen are looking to the growing defense industry as a profitable new outlet for their corporate energies. Ninety percent of the self-defense forces' military hardware is stamped MADE IN JAPAN.

Defense contracts for 15 of Japan's largest industrial enterprises already top two billion dollars, a figure small in comparison with that of the United States or Russia, but one that will increase sharply in the next five years. More importantly, the defense contracts provide companies with a cushion during slow business periods such as Japan is currently experiencing. Indeed, some economists argue that without the existing level of defense expenditures, Japan would be in serious economic straits. "The defense industry will play a greater role in the future as a brake on recession," observes one Tokyo economist. "Just as the shipbuilding industry weathered the recession after the Korean War by building ships for the self-defense force, other industries will be able to ride out future business slumps by supplying equipment and materials to an expanded defense force." Some industrialists have called for a tripling of the country's self-defense forces and a few years ago one even urged that defense expenditures be boosted to a whopping four percent of the G. N. P.

Like young people everywhere, the young Japanese seem turned off entirely by the military. But they are a generation away from making the decisions that will determine which way Japan goes. By then it will be a moot point. Then, too, there is the strongly renewed sense of economic nationalism in the country. Five years ago, a Japanese businessman would seek the advice and counsel of his American partner, but not today. They have listened, learned and now are making their own decisions. It seems natural, but. . . .

"Deep down inside, we believe we are the superior race," says Hideaki Kase, a young Japanese author writing a book about Japan's determination to be *ichiban* (number one) in the world. "It is a part of our historical and cultural tradition. Japan is the world's only great insular power. We have been cut off from other civilizations for centuries, and by choice. Like the Jews, we think we are the chosen people."

He told me that a Japanese magazine recently polled 100 of the nation's leading business executives and asked them to name the world's leading race of people. About 40 percent of them picked the Nipponese as *ichiban* and the Germans as the second best.

"We want to be master achievers," Kase added. "We are driven by the *natori* spirit, an obsession with gaining name or title. Japan wants to be number one because being number one is the most important thing. Like one of your football coaches said, 'Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing.' It is the same here. There is no second place."

At the airport, there is just time for me to pick up a few souvenirs and some reading material. The Japanese English-language newspapers are filled with articles about President Nixon's planned visit to Red China. That announcement last July probably caused Premier Sato more anguish than all of Nixon's new economic policies. In effect, the diminutive premier was caught backing a losing horse. For years, Japan had faithfully followed the United States' policy of generally ignoring mainland China; now it suddenly faced the possibility of being left at the starting gate. Sato not only failed to anticipate the new U. S.-China policy but didn't even have a new policy of his own with which to follow up the American lead.

At stake, of course, is Japan's economic and political future in Asia. There is little love lost between Japan and China. The Chinese still have fresh memories of Japan's brutal and bumbling occupation during World War Two, not to mention war-damage claims totaling some $50,000,000. While China has frequently condemned what it sees as a revival of Japanese militarism, what it really fears is Japan's burgeoning economic and political influence throughout the world. A *rapprochement* with the United States could, Peking might well reason, cause further friction between Tokyo and Washington and thereby isolate Japan.

True to their mercantilistic instincts, however, the Japanese see mainland China as *the* business market of the future and want to be first in line when the Chinese finally open their doors. Sino-Japanese trade is running around one billion dollars annually and is expected to grow fourfold in the next decade or so. Some 1200 Japanese salesmen attended China's Canton Trade Fair last October—the biggest contingent from any one country—and an even larger number is expected to go to Canton for this year's fair, where China transacts about half of its foreign trade.

Peking has laid down some tough conditions for Japanese companies wishing to do business with it. The Chinese want the Japanese to promise not to invest in South Korea or Taiwan, not to furnish technical assistance to either of these countries, not to supply arms or other assistance to South Vietnam or Cambodia and not to affiliate themselves with a U. S. company. Despite these prohibitions, many big Japanese manufacturers and trading companies are willing to pay the price for trading with mainland China. Nippon Steel, the world's largest steel producer, decided last fall to accept the Peking-imposed conditions and is now working on trade deals with the Chinese. And the Sato government may give permission to the Japan Export-Import Bank to finance the export of industrial plants to China—heretofore barred by an old agreement with Taiwan.

"JAPANESE TO SEEK CLOSER CHINESE TIES," one newspaper headline blurts out in bold, black type. "JAPAN-CHINA RAPPROCHEMENT," blares another. A week-old copy of *The New York Times* announces, "JAPANESE EXPECT CHINA TRADE GAINS."

For a brief instant, I have a rather frightening fantasy: What if Japan and China cooperate rather than compete with each other? What would be the implications for the West of a Sino-Japanese concord? Imagine an Asia anchored by two "super-plus" powers: one a sprawling territorial empire embracing the biggest mass market and raw labor supply in the world; the other a tiny island nation with the kinetic energy, technical talent and winning spirit to put it all together. A China-Japan Co-Prosperity Sphere? The infinite possibilities of such an Asian alliance are enough to keep futurologist Herman Kahn scratching his head for months.

"Pan American Flight 800 for New York now boarding at gate number six," a tiny, doll-like girl's voice announces in accented English over the airport P. A. system.

As I start to leave, something at the newsstand catches my eye. It's a map. A Japanese map of the world, or a map of the world as the Japanese see it. Dead center, looming a little larger than scale, is the Insular Island. On the left is Europe, and on the right, on the other side of the Pacific, is the U. S. For a brief instant, there is a slight patriotic stirring in my blood. When I was in school, the world maps always showed America as the center of the world. But those maps were made in the United States. Maybe Rand McNally was wrong after all.

No!

(continued from page 110)

that sort of thing—spaghetti in a bucket, chicken in a basket, pig in a blanket. She's not really an eater; she's a container freak.) But I managed to eat all of the Jess & Jim's Kansas City Strip Sirloin—all 15 or 20 pounds of it, by my estimation.

One aspect of Jess & Jim's decor had puzzled me until that evening. In one room, the tables along the wall are separated by partitions and have curtains that can be closed to make them completely private. Jess & Jim's is, after all, a family restaurant; it has a kiddies' menu. It's not the kind of place people go to do a little nuzzling over a plate of cottage fries. Glancing across the table that night and noticing my 14-year-old nephew eating, I finally figured out the reason for the curtains. They were obviously installed by the management as a way to provide privacy for people engaged in disgraceful acts of gluttony.

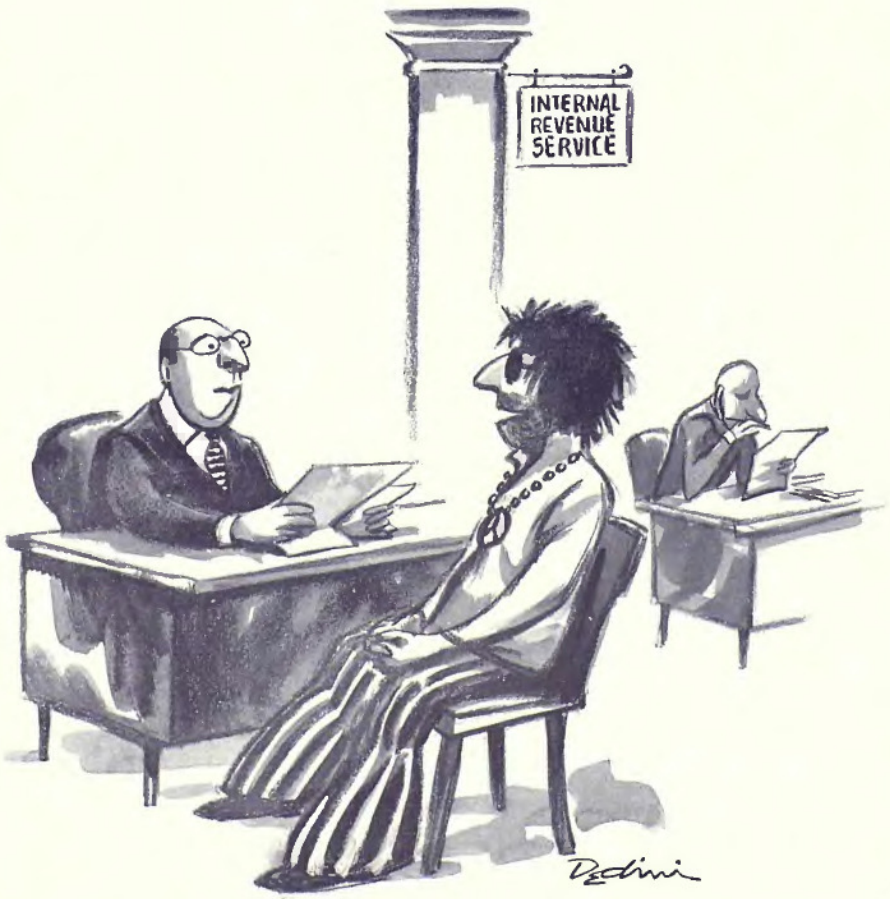
• • •

It has long been acknowledged that the single best restaurant in the world is Arthur Bryant's Barbeque at 18th and Brooklyn in Kansas City—known to practically everybody in town as Charlie Bryant's, after Arthur's brother, who left the business in 1946. The day after my stupendous steak at Jess & Jim's, I went to Bryant's with Marvin Rich, an eater I know in Kansas City who practices law on the side. Marvin eats a lot of everything—on the way to Bryant's, for instance, he brought me up to date on the chili-parlor situation with great precision—but I have always thought of him as a barbecue specialist. He even attempts his own barbecue at home—dispatching his wife to buy hickory logs, picking out his own meat and covering up any mistakes with Arthur Bryant's barbecue sauce, which he keeps in a huge jug in his garage in defiance of the local fire laws.

Bryant's specializes in barbecued spareribs and barbecued beef—the beef sliced from briskets of steer that have been cooked over a hickory fire for 13 hours. When I'm away from Kansas City and depressed, I try to envision someone walking up to the counterman at Bryant's and ordering a beef sandwich to go—for me. The counterman tosses a couple of pieces of bread onto the counter, grabs a half pound of beef from the pile next to him, slaps it onto the bread, brushes on some sauce in almost the same motion, and then wraps it all up in two thicknesses of butcher paper in a futile attempt to keep the customer's hand dry as he carries off his prize. When I'm *in* Kansas City and depressed, I go to Bryant's. I get a platter full of beef and ham and short ribs. Then I get a plate full of what are undoubtedly the best French-fried potatoes in the world. ("I get fresh potatoes and I cook them in pure lard," Arthur Bryant has said. "Pure lard is expensive. But if you want to do a job, you do a job.") Then I get a frozen mug full of cold beer. But all of those are really side dishes to me. The main course at Bryant's, as far as I'm concerned, is something that is given away free—the burned edges of the brisket. The counterman just pushes them over to the side and anyone who wants them helps himself. I dream of those burned edges. Sometimes, when I'm in some awful, overpriced restaurant in some strange town, trying to choke down some three-dollar hamburger that tastes like a burned sponge, a blank look comes over me: I have just realized that at that very moment, someone in Kansas City is being given those burned edges *free*.

Marvin and I had lunch with a young lawyer in his firm. (I could tell he was a comer: He had spotted a hamburger place at 75th and Troost that Marvin thought nobody knew about.) We talked about some hot-dog places and we had a long discussion about a breakfast place called Joe's. "I would have to say that the hash browns at Joe's are the equivalent of the Toddle browns," Marvin said judiciously. "On the other hand, the cream pie at the Toddle House far surpasses Joe's cream pie." I reassured Marvin that I wouldn't think of leaving town without having lunch at Snead's Bar-B-Q. Snead's cuts the burned edges off the brisket with a little more meat attached and puts them on the menu as "brownies." They do the same thing with ham. I don't like Snead's brownies quite as well as the burned edges at Bryant's, but that's like saying Tolstoy was not quite up to Dostoievsky as a writer. A mixed plate of ham and beef brownies makes a marvelous meal—particularly in conjunction with a cole slaw that is so superior to the muck they serve in the East that my wife, who had been under the impression that she didn't like cole slaw, was forced to admit that she had never really tasted the true article until she showed up, at an advanced age, at Snead's.

After two or three hours of eating, the young lawyer went back to the office ("He's a nice guy," Marvin said, "but I think that theory of his about the banana-cream pie at the airport coffee shop is way off base") and Marvin and I had a talk with Arthur Bryant himself,



"Sure, I keep tax records. In my file cabinet under 'Shit.'"

who is still pretty affable, even after being called Charlie for 25 years. When we mentioned that we had been customers since the early Fifties, it occurred to me that when we first started going to Bryant's, it must have been the only integrated restaurant in town. It has always been run by black people, and white people have never been able to stay away. Bryant said that was true. In fact, he said, when mixed groups of soldiers came through Kansas City in those days, they were sent to Bryant's to eat. A vision flashed into my mind:

A white soldier and a black soldier become friends at Fort Riley, Kansas. "We'll stick together when we get to Kansas City," the white soldier says. "We're buddies." They get to Kansas City, ready to go with the rest of the guys in the outfit to one of the overpriced and underseasoned restaurants that line the downtown streets. But the lady at the U. S. O. tells them that those restaurants are not integrated—that they'll have to go to "a little place in colored town." They troop toward Bryant's, the white soldier wondering, as the neighborhood grows less and less like the kind of neighborhood he associates with decent restaurants, if not paying attention to the color of a man's skin is such a good idea after all. When he gets to Bryant's—a storefront with five huge, dusty jugs of barbecue sauce sitting in the window as the only decoration—he is almost ready to desert his friend. Then he enters. He is in THE SINGLE BEST RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD. All of the other guys in the outfit are at some all-white cafeteria eating tasteless mashed potatoes. For perhaps the only time in the history of the republic, virtue has been rewarded.

Bryant told us that he and his brother learned everything they knew about barbecue from a man named Henry Perry, who originated barbecue in Kansas City. "He was the greatest barbecue man in the world," Bryant said, "but he was a mean outfit." Perry used to enjoy watching his customers take their first bite of a sauce that he made too hot for any human being to eat without eight or ten years of working up to it. When Arthur Bryant took over the place that had originally been called Perry's #2, he calmed the sauce down, since the sight that made him happiest was not a customer screaming but a customer returning. Arthur Bryant is proud that he was the one who introduced French fries and that he was the one who built up the business. But he still uses Perry's basic recipe for the sauce ("Twice a year I make me up about 2500 gallons of it") and Perry's method of barbecuing, and he acknowledges his debt to the master. He keeps jugs of barbecue sauce in the window because that was Henry Perry's trademark. I immediately thought of a conversation I would have to have with the mayor and the city council of Kansas City:

ME: Have you ever heard of Henry Perry?

MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL (*in unison*): Is that Commodore Perry?

ME: No, that is Henry Perry, who brought barbecue to Kansas City from Mississippi and therefore is the man who should be recognized as the one towering figure of our culture.

MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL: Well, we believe that all of our citizens, regardless of their color or national origin——

ME: What I can't understand is why this town is full of statues of the farmers who came out to steal land from the Indians and full of statues of the businessmen who stole the land from the farmers but doesn't even have a three-dollar plaque somewhere for Henry Perry.

MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL: Well, we certainly think——

ME: As you politicians are always saying, we have *got* to reorder our priorities.

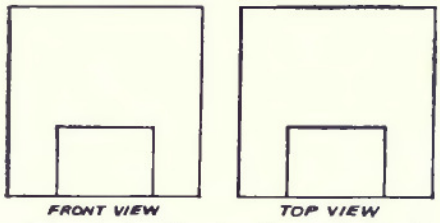
SUPERINTELLIGENT

(continued from page 120)

mile farther, caught and killed it. Pleased, the hunter walked the mile north back to his camp to find it had been ransacked by a second bear.

What color was the bear that tore up his camp?

15. One bucket contains a gallon of water, another a gallon of alcohol. A cup of alcohol from the second bucket is poured into the bucket of water. A cup of the resulting mixture is then poured back into the bucket of alcohol. Is there: (a) more water in the alcohol than alcohol in the water? (b) more alcohol in the water than water in the alcohol? (c) the same amount of water in the alcohol as alcohol in the water?
16. What do the following words have in common? deft, first, calmness, canopy, laughing, stupid, crabcake, hijack.
17. Some PLAYBOY readers are geniuses. All geniuses have some human virtues as redeeming qualities. Therefore:
    a. PLAYBOY readers all have some virtue.
    b. All geniuses are quality PLAYBOY readers.
    c. Some PLAYBOY readers have redeeming qualities.
18. C, G, Q are to F, V, R as T, X, H are to: (a) V, L, G; (b) B, F, Y; (c) W, M, I; (d) N, Z, D.
19. This is an engineering drawing, two views of an *object*:



What is the side view like? What is the perspective view?

20. A ship is at anchor. Over its side hangs a rope ladder with rungs a foot apart. The tide rises at the rate of eight inches per hour. At the end of six hours, how much of the rope ladder will remain above water, assuming that eight feet were above water when the tide began to rise?
21. A camp cook wants to measure four ounces of vinegar out of a jug, but he has only a five-ounce and a three-ounce container. How can he do it?
22. Andy dislikes the catcher. Ed's sister is engaged to the second baseman. The center fielder is taller than the right fielder. Harry and the third baseman live in the same building. Paul and Allen each won $20 from the pitcher at pinochle. Ed and the outfielders play poker during their free time. The pitcher's wife is the third baseman's sister. All the battery and infield, except Allen, Harry and Andy, are shorter than Sam. Paul, Andy and the shortstop lost $50 each at the race track. Paul, Harry, Bill and the catcher took a trouncing from the second baseman at pool. Sam is involved in a divorce suit. The catcher and the third baseman each have two children. Ed, Paul, Jerry, the right fielder and the center fielder are bachelors. The others are married. The shortstop, the third baseman and Bill each cleaned up $100 betting on the fight. One of the outfielders is either Mike or Andy. Jerry is taller than Bill. Mike is shorter than Bill. Each of them is heavier than the third baseman.

Using these facts, determine the names of the men playing the various positions on the baseball team.

"Did you see the way he flared up when I suggested abolishing the monarchy? I thought he was supposed to be such a liberal."

ANSWERS

1. Twenty-eight days. On the 28th day, the snail reaches the top of the well. Once there, it does not, of course, slip backward.
2. Twenty. Did you forget 90, 91, etc?
3. John, while James had had "had," had had "had had." "Had had" had had a better effect on the teacher.
4. Pick a fruit from the APPLES AND ORANGES box. If it turns out to be an orange, since all the boxes are wrongly labeled, the box label must be changed

Smoking.
What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments.

And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it well may be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine. The simple truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste, there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is not a 'hernia' cigarette. You don't have to work so hard pulling the taste through it that all the joy of smoking is lost. And it is the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.

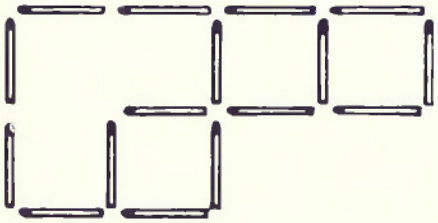
12 mg. 'tar'
0.8 mg. nicotine
FILTER AND MENTHOL

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).

to ORANGES. The remaining boxes contain apples and apples and oranges, but which contains which? Simple. Remember that the boxes are all mislabeled. Simply switch the two remaining labels.

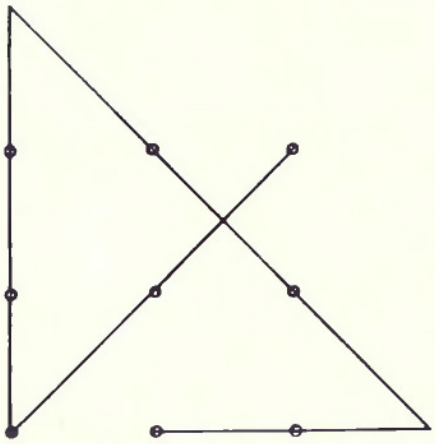
5. C.

6.



7. Strength.
8. Facetious.
9. Bookkeeper.
10. Three hours and three minutes. Once the amoeba in the first jar has reproduced itself (a process that takes three minutes), that jar is at the same point at which the second jar started. The only difference is that it is three minutes behind.

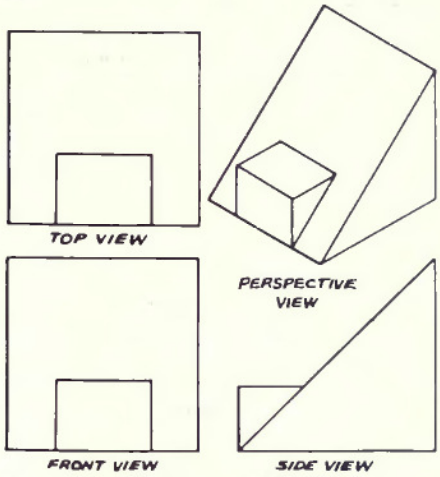
11.



12. Since all three applicants raised their hands, there were two possibilities: two black and a white or three black marks. If there were a white mark on any forehead, two men would see one black and one white and would instantly deduce that the third mark must be black. Since this instant solution did not occur, each of the three men saw two black marks. Therefore, all were black, including the mark of the successful applicant.
13. There are 10 birds and 20 animals. The problem may be expressed in equation form as follows, letting A represent animals and B represent birds:

$$A + B = 30$$
$$4A + 2B = 100$$

14. White. It is a polar bear, for the North Pole is the only place where you can go one mile south, one mile east and one mile north and still end up at your starting point.
15. C.
16. All of them contain three consecutive letters of the alphabet in alphabetical order.
17. C.
18. C.
19.



20. Since the ship is afloat, the water level in relation to the ship stays the same. Therefore, eight feet are above the water at the end, just as at the beginning.
21. Pour the five-ounce container full from the jug. Pour the three-ounce container full from the five-ounce container, leaving two ounces remaining in the five-ounce container. Pour the three-ounce container back into the jug. Then pour the two ounces remaining in the five-ounce container into the three-ounce container. Pour the five-ounce container full from the jug. Fill the remaining one ounce of the three-ounce container from the five-ounce container and four ounces are left in the five-ounce container.
22. Harry is the pitcher, Allen the catcher, Paul the first baseman, Jerry the second baseman, Andy the third baseman, Ed the shortstop, Sam the left fielder, Mike the right fielder and Bill the center fielder.

"Hey! We'd better get out of these wet things!"

TAKING OVER VERMONT

(continued from page 150)

the Leonard and Felicia Bernstein Fund enabled them to gain control of Grand Isle (now Cleaver) County in the middle of Lake Champlain. The Students for a Democratic Society weren't so fortunate. Their dream of creating a New Left staging area in Chittenden County died aborning when, during a ceremony in Burlington rechristening Ethan Allen Tower the Herbert Marcuse Monument, a dozen Weathermen slipped away and demolished General Electric's Armament Systems Department, inviting massive retaliation from the National Guard.

There were other setbacks (such as the failure of the Moog synthesizers to technologize the Marlboro Music Festival), but in general, the Movers made steady gains—and for some surprising reasons. For one, they encountered considerably less economic hardship than originally anticipated. Repeated appearances by Blumstein and Phelan on *The Dick Cavett Show* not only persuaded their fellow Yale graduate to build an A-frame house and make his legal residence in Middlebury but generated widespread vicarious support for "Jamestown Seventy." Donations poured into the Montpelier headquarters—from wealthy liberals bent on redeeming themselves for their collaboration with the forces of mindless materialism, from even wealthier conservatives eager to encourage the decentralizing doctrine that underpinned the project and from students at the nation's colleges and universities. Indeed, institutionalized links between several universities and communities in Vermont not only helped provide financial support but assured a steady flow of new settlers as well.

The Movers augmented this assistance by setting up a number of thriving cottage industries, most notably the production of the now-ubiquitous red-white-and-blue sweat shirt with MOVE FOR A BETTER AMERICA stenciled on the back and a bust of Horace Greeley on the front. Moreover, many Yankees proved far from antagonistic when it came to making a fast profit selling goods, services and land to the Movers. This proved a particularly felicitous development, because older Vermonters salted away this cash bonanza and retired to warmer and politically more tranquil climes, thus further lowering the electoral tipping point. Their departure also helped ease the housing shortage, one that never reached the dire dimensions predicted because of the Toyota Conestoga, the compact, all-weather mobile home that Japan began marketing in the U. S. in 1973 for $3500. Besides these unforeseen solutions, the Burger Court proved wholly sympathetic to the Movers' aims. Not only did it uphold the plaintiff in *Blumstein vs. Tennessee* but all attempts by the state of Vermont to block the new arrivals with dilatory legal niceties were promptly struck down.

By far the most unexpected support, however, came from the Nixon Administration. Despite repeated pleas by Vermont's Senator George Aiken and intense lobbying on Capitol Hill by the maple-sugar industry, the President consistently endorsed "Jamestown Seventy." "The goals of these young people are altogether consonant with our great American heritage," he proclaimed at the July Fourth bicentennial celebration in Philadelphia. Predictably, some cynics questioned the President's sincerity, insisting that what actually excited him about the Movers was the prospect of isolating so many potential troublemakers in a readily surroundable compound. Nor was this view weakened when *The New York Times* reported that Vice-President Agnew, the Republican Presidential candidate, had quipped in one of his late-evening phone conversations with Bob Hope that Vermont should be called the Rotten Apple State and that if he lost the election, he might go into the barbed-wire business. Still, whatever

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 207.

its real purpose, the Administration in no way used the enormous resources at its command to make life difficult for the Movers. And now, in the summer of 1976, their goal seemed closer at hand than ever as thousands more migrants arrived in the state, spurred by the "New Spirit of '76" campaign, a nationwide advertising blitz designed by Doyle Dane Bernbach, whose entire creative department had moved to St. Johnsbury in 1974.

In the Movers' first effort to consolidate power state-wide, they decide to sponsor an entire ticket for state-wide executive and legislative offices, attempting to unite their disparate constituency behind the immediate goal of peaceful political takeover. Stumping the state, the candidates promise that once control is achieved, all Movers will be given a voice in how the state is run, not only through the legislature but in the executive branch as well. At a widely publicized vigil in front of Calvin Coolidge's birthplace at Plymouth, they reiterate "Jamestown Seventy's" warning that "If the new majority becomes involved in fragmented political bickering, the traditionalists might maintain the balance of power" despite our numbers. As we all know, "Revolutionary groups have had a history of declaring war on their closest ideological ally, [and] such a pattern in the early stages of our political struggle might torpedo any chance for hegemony."

Already, in fact, fissures have begun to appear. The Steinem County Council, for example, voted seven to five in favor of a resolution demanding more women on the ticket. Blacks in both Wilkins and Cleaver counties have demonstrated increasing anger over the predominantly white slate, though a weeklong summit meeting of moderates and militants at Enosburg Falls failed to produce agreement on black substitute candidates. Disdaining politics altogether, Abbie Hoffman insists he and his Yippies will boycott the November election and then secede from the state. Meanwhile, the Nader County Consumers' Cooperative threatens to create a major housing crisis with a suit demanding that Toyota recall 20,000 Conestogas.

Despite these internecine threats, the summer polls give the Movers an even chance of winning and, as they enter the homestretch, our scenario ends. Could they make it? And if they did, could they (or anyone else) hold such an ego-tripping electorate together for experiments in anything beyond political chaos? Perhaps not. Then again, telling off a king and dumping all his tea also seemed somewhat unlikely at the time. Whatever the odds, Blumstein and Phelan are convinced it can be done. Nor do they insist on Vermont. In a footnote, to whomever it may concern, they conveniently list the nation's ten least-populous states: Alaska (302,173), Wyoming (332,416), Vermont (444,732), Nevada (488,738), Delaware (548,104), North Dakota (617,761), South Dakota (666,257), Montana (694,409), Idaho (713,008) and New Hampshire (737,681).

"The captain has an eye for the ladies."

THIRTY-CALIBER ROACH CLIP

(continued from page 104)

overlapped with Deep South, with a singsong calypso tone from the Bahamas and some remote edge of European precision, a lilt of Lithuanian or Serbian or Flemish. Captain Valiant is a generous host and always rolls a few Js for his guests; his favorite papers are those miniature replicas of $100 bills. He often holds a joint in one hand, a straight cigarette in the other, smiling, his accents gently maneuvering for dominance.

He is very fatalistic about the twists and kinks in his fortunes. His last voyage left him $8000 in the hole simply because his contacts refused to pay off. It wasn't exactly a double cross. It was a fumble job. The financing was bizarre, everyone fronting for everyone else, each party handling merchandise and making arrangements on credit and on consignment. And then things came unglued. Bales of pot simply got lost. Money went astray. People wandered into the deal to serve no particular function and then wandered out again. Captain Valiant's boat needs to be hauled out to have the bottom scraped. The topsides need painting, the brightwork revarnishing. The running rigging needs to be overhauled and the boat could use a new suit of sails. Down below in a hammock of netting, the crew's supper—a large Bermuda onion and three frostbitten oranges—swings with every pitch and roll of the boat.

The crew on his boat is in a constant flux. People come aboard to spend a night. They make a voyage or stay a month. Women come aboard to visit or to live, sometimes to be exclusively his, sometimes to be shared with his mate. Once there was a reshuffling and his own woman became exclusively the mate's. She got pregnant and they went off to Nebraska together, to settle down and get it happily straight forever.

Captain Valiant was off one day when a lady in residence became uncomfortable in the heat and disturbed by the constant wake of speedboats, Chris-Crafts and sightseeing cruisers that came around the bend, blowing whistles, churning the water, rocking the boat up against the fenders and the pilings. To shut it all off, she went away, dropping a little acid to speed her trip, stripping off her clothes to enjoy the breeze. Later she rolled up a little something and got out a piece of paraphernalia, a bullet engineered to serve as a roach clip, the powder removed, the primer exploded. The projectile was loose in the cartridge. To the bottom was attached an adjustable clip of brass. When removed, reversed and inserted backward into the cartridge, it made a very adroit holder for the joint. The bullet was .30 caliber, the size used in

the obsolete M-1 rifle. The apparatus is called a Kent State Special.

Feeling thirsty, the lady went ashore, strolling through the boat yard, buttocks and breasts quivering with a languid ecstasy. She was humming to herself, gracefully holding the roach clip in two fingers, raising it to her mouth for an elegant toke, eyelids fluttering, lips puckered into an elongated kiss. The men in the workshops paused in their labors. Short-hairs, every one, they silently watched her progress, their fingers perilously close to table saws, band saws, drill presses and planers. Leisurely, she meandered along, passing the graceful bows of sailing yachts, as though she herself had just come unattached from beneath the bowsprit of an ocean voyager. She reached the vending machine next to the supply room, dropped in a dime and a nickel, removed a can of Fresca and musingly strolled back to the vessel of dreams from whence she came.

• • •

Dotty lives in an ordinary house in a suburban development of Coral Gables. She is a tough, plump woman in her mid-40s who has managed to close the generation gap completely. Her talk is hip and obscene. She trips and shoots it up and blows grass right along with her son and daughter. Her house is a center for underground intrigue. Kids crash on the sofa, on the floor, in sleeping bags, out in the car. They eat there and they ball and they watch TV. For a long time, the house has been under surveillance. But one day the narcs on duty were looking through their binoculars and were startled to see several pairs of binoculars staring right back at them, from a tree, from a Venetian blind, from the center of the drapes. Some time later, five people ran out of five doors to jump into five cars to burn rubber in five different directions, none of which was the right one. Still later, Dotty came home and found a crocus sack full of pot lying by the back door. Some friends in another gang, being followed by other narcs, had decided to drop it off at her place for safekeeping.

• • •

Snorkel Joe speaks with a loud, hoarse voice that clearly indicates his cynicism about the world, his anger with it, his frustration. He still wears a full beard as part of his protest against the establishment. But to show his disgust with hippies and with drugs, he has shaved his head clean. Snorkel got his nickname while in the Marines, having been given intensive training as a member of an underwater demolition team. He is currently employed as a yacht captain in Palm Beach, his main occupation baby-sitting with a 20-year-old multimillionaire.

But Snorkel was once a dealer in Coconut Grove, his chick formerly an active member of the SDS while at the University of Florida. There was music. Drugs. Parties. They told all their business to all their friends, trusting, believing, very high on revolution and very high on themselves. But gradually Snorkel became disillusioned with the lack of discipline, the lack of initiative, the utter disregard for personal responsibility. His own friends ripped him off. He got stood up, put down, badmouthed and fucked over. One friend accepted $4000 in advance to make a run with a boat and then disappeared. Another got in an argument with Snorkel about the proper course to steer and then settled the question by pulling a gun. It was capitalism. It was ego. It was cops and robbers. It was Popeye the Sailor.

Snorkel Joe arranged many trips while he was in the business. He solicited financing, recruited personnel, worked out problems of logistics. He arranged bail, provided shelter, counseled and commiserated. One of his planes was observed by clandestine FBI and Customs agents. They took telescopic pictures while the loading was in progress, the serial numbers clearly visible on the fuselage. The plane was tracked by radar during its trip through the Windward Passage and through the Bahamas. North and west of Andros Island, it disappeared over the Gulf Stream. An hour later, it appeared again, heading straight for Miami International. When it landed, an army of agents fell upon it, only to find it absolutely clean.

The pilot flew jets for one of the major airlines. He was an Air Force veteran of both Korea and Vietnam and knew all about flying beneath a radar cover. Rather than take a chance on the possible inaccuracy of the altimeter and that indeterminable question of the floor of the Air Defense Identification Zone,

he brought the plane all the way down to ten feet above the water.

He landed at the simple, isolated airstrip on South Bimini Island. Like most of the fields scattered through the Bahamas, there is no control tower and there is no radio, just a single runway laid down in the scant, rocky underbrush. Unobserved, the plane taxied to the far end. Two men appeared out of the scrub, quickly unloading the pot, their small boat anchored nearby just beyond the mangroves. The plane taxied back to the fuel truck, filled up with gas and took off.

Another of Snorkel's friends is still in jail, serving three years in the General Penitentiary at Kingston. He was loading up at an old airstrip abandoned after World War Two when the pigs started coming out of the woods blowing whistles and yelling through bullhorns. He grabbed as much pot in his arms as he could carry, ran to the plane and jumped in, screaming to the pilot, "Let's go! Take off! Let's get out of here." But the pilot just sat there, perfectly relaxed, looking at him without moving, his face glowing with the aloof beatitude of fate itself.

The Jamaica fuzz wanted a confession. The guy refused. They fired their pistols repeatedly right next to his head until both eardrums ruptured and were bleeding. After he signed a statement, they were perfectly proper, cordial, full of humor, even kind. They had only been playing a game. He just happened to be "it."

Snorkel Joe has had only a few hours of flying lessons himself. But he is an expert in a sailboat. The biggest deal he ever handled involved the use of boats, one of them a large luxury custom-built power yacht owned by a very rich personal friend of Richard Nixon's. Without the owner's knowledge, the captain left Jamaica with a full load of pot, headed for Miami. His wife was supposed to telephone ahead, giving his time of departure and expected arrival. But she didn't.

Coconut Grove was hysterical. Days went by. No one could guess that the glorious monster of a boat was suffering from generator trouble. For days the yacht just drifted, the captain taking everything apart and putting it back together without success. Finally, he decided to run the boat on its batteries, bringing it right into the middle of Nassau harbor, brazenly ignoring customs, backing her into a prominent slip in the poshest, most exclusive marina, revving the twin engines like a Hell's Angel, steering with the controls, varooming the port engine and then the starboard, tying up, plugging in the power connection, the water supply and also a private telephone.

Messengers were sent over from Coconut Grove, a square-looking couple to meet the captain in a dark, quiet bar. But when he showed up, you could smell him as he entered the door, his clothes reeking with the strong, organic stink of dried pot. When he took them into the marina, the yacht could be smelled two blocks away, sacks of ganja heaped in cabins, in closets, stuffed into the bilges, carelessly tossed into lockers, the dinghy and the wheelhouse.

A rendezvous was set up. Snorkel Joe was to meet the yacht at Great Isaac rock. But Joe was so uptight about the whole deal that he had a few joints on the way out of the channel from Dinner Key. By the time he reached Key Biscayne, he had really got it off. So turned on by the idea of his very own President living right over there, in that very house, he took no notice of the wind and the current and ran aground, practically in Richard Nixon's back yard.

He was overwhelmed by an angry swarm of FBI agents, CIA agents, T-men and city police. They shook him down, searched his boat and questioned him, dreaming of plots, insurrections and treason. But Snorkel played it cool. They towed him back to the channel and let him go. With no more fooling around, he sailed over to Great Isaac, picked up the stuff and sailed back in again, right past Nixon's compound, docking at a house not two miles away.

From there it was carried up to Memphis in a U-Haul trailer. And that's how Tennessee got turned on last winter.

• • •

Does art rip off life? Or does life rip off art? In the *discothèques* of south Florida, at the rock concerts, in the boat yards and airports, the coffeehouses, the communes, the head shops and leather stores, the university cafeterias and organic restaurants, you can hear the whispered rumors, tales, reports and legends about the pot smugglers, their daring and their ingenuity. A plane flies from Bogotá every week with a full load of Colombia Red. But the pilot's brother flies an identical plane with the same colors and the same identification numbers. They stay within a few feet of each other, forming a single blip on the radarscopes of the ADIZ. Just before landing, one splits off at low level and heads for a secret airfield. The other lands at Miami International. But this same gimmick was used not long ago on *The Name of the Game*.

You hear about the stuff flown in from Europe and dropped on ice floes off Newfoundland. It is picked up by dog team. You hear about the kids who swim around the Mexican border with waterproof packages around their waists and then come zooming in to the beach on their surfboards. You hear about the narc who infiltrated a smuggling gang but then made the mistake of dropping acid. It changed his head completely. He sent his badge back to Washington and now he himself is dealing in nickel bags.

Paranoia is a favorite word these days. Yet you must think big if you are to survive in the smuggling game. You must like yourself. You must be calculating and bold. You must be very logical. But you must never forget that the world really is out to get you.

You might even operate a little counterespionage just to check up on what the opposition is doing. Provide yourself with a forged letter of introduction and present yourself as a journalist working on an assignment. Telephone Lieutenant Peart of the Broward County Sheriff's Department. He won't meet you. He won't let you see his face. He won't even talk to you without prior permission from the assistant sheriff. Because Lieutenant Peart works as an undercover agent for the narcotics squad. Except they don't like to call themselves that. Ring the number and a voice will answer, "Selective Enforcement."

Go to the Customs agency in Miami. Sit in the front office of John H. Moseley, the special agent in charge. Be nonchalant. Appear absent-minded as you eavesdrop on the telephone conversation in the next office. Listen to the long recitation of personal qualities of one of the agents. He is described as an excellent man who works 20 hours a day and is very competent. But he "is about the most disorganized man in the world." He can never get his reports out. He does marvelous undercover work, but he just won't put anything down on paper.

John Moseley is an old-timer, smooth and tough. With perfect politeness, enthusiasm and willingness, he tells you absolutely nothing. Over and over again, he maintains that the Customs men are doing a good job, claiming to stop ten percent of the drug traffic. Only as you are making your goodbye does he admit that the job is like bailing out the ocean.

The public-information officer is Jim Dingfelder. Solemnly, he gives you all the statistics. In the Miami area during 1970, 90 percent more marijuana was seized than in 1969. Hashish went from three pounds to 94½ pounds, which is an increase of exactly 3050 percent. Dingfelder will describe the dogs they now have that were trained at Lackland Air Force Base. The graduation exercise consists of their locating a pot stash sealed in a Mason jar and buried under a road. A demonstration was given on the White House lawn late in 1970. A mixed sample of mail included a planted package of marijuana. The dog promptly found it, to great applause. Then he wouldn't

"Won't you give me a second chance, Linda, before putting down your impressions in your diary?"

leave, sniffing at yet another package that, quite by accident, contained hashish.

But Dingfelder won't tell you much. He *can't* tell you much. If they knew what was happening, they would stop it and it wouldn't happen anymore. If it is really happening now, they don't know about it. Or if they do know, it's a secret and they can't tell you anything.

But you know they are catching on to the tricks. People are getting busted every day and sentences are getting stiffer. The Florida area now has radar picket planes. The Customs has its own scout plane and a helicopter. And one of these days, it is all going to get violent. There are stories around of kids standing by with M-16s while big transfers are taking place. The Bahamian government has four new patrol boats mounted with machine guns. Two guys were recently caught in Great Inagua. They grabbed a rifle and forced their way out of jail, making the police load up their plane again and refuel it.

It is already too late for that old trick of stopping at Georgetown, Exuma, for fuel and dumping the pot in the bushes. They are getting wise. The customs officer there is called Bullet. He is very glum and suspicious and once he even tried to stop a plane by running out onto the strip. But the smugglers revved up both engines and went right at him.

Beware of Cuba. You can get official permission to fly over their territory only by sending a cablegram to Aerocivil in Havana. Send them all the details of your flight plan and send them the money for a reply. You must allow not less than 48 hours. But remember: The Cubans are death on drugs of any kind.

A trimaran sailed out of Jamaica with 1000 pounds of marijuana, seriously overloaded, because the load line is very critical with this type of boat. It hit rough weather in the Windward Passage and tried to duck under the lee of eastern Cuba. It was caught by a Cuban gunboat, towed in and the two kids were promptly accused of being CIA agents plotting to defame the revolution by planting drugs. They were put on death row and threatened with a firing squad. One of the kids was Canadian and the ambassador intervened in his behalf. The Cubans finally released them both. But first they built a bonfire on the beach and burned the pot. They went aboard the trimaran with brushes and buckets and smeared tar all over the boat, the decks, the hull, the sails, the beds, the cooking pots, the food, the mirrors—towing it outside the territorial limits and setting it adrift.

Haiti is just as bad. Some guy tried to land at Great Inagua one night. But there is no control tower there and no landing lights. Nassau radio advised him to continue on to Port-au-Prince. They would notify the port by cable of his expected arrival. But in true island fashion, they forgot. The plane was making its landing approach when it was suddenly fired on by an ack-ack battery. The pilot was hauled off to a dungeon and was to be shot as a spy when the message arrived from Nassau the next day. They patched his plane up and he went on.

You can't land at the American Navy base on Guantánamo Bay unless it is an emergency. If all you want is to buy a little gas, you'll have a lot of explaining to do when those intelligence officers take all of you into separate rooms to check your I. D.s and your story. Other than a tongue-lashing about safety from some gung-ho fighter pilot and the boredom of red tape and delay, you'll be treated simply but well. But when they put you up for the night in the bachelor-officers' quarters, don't go wandering around. Right behind the building, there is a fence that goes around the entire perimeter of the base. The Cubans have their own fence around that. The whole area is mined. Every night flares are set off. There are explosions triggered by deer and birds. Marines nervously blast away at shadows.

Back up in the hills of Guantánamo, the marijuana grows wild and is sometimes even cultivated. Gitmo is counted as hardship duty. It takes months to get a phone call through to the States. There is nothing to do and nowhere to go. So everybody gets drunk and everybody turns on. Periodically, the Marines send flame-thrower teams around the fence to burn the weeds and brush off the mine fields. Occasionally, they are sent off to destroy a new field of marijuana. Everybody makes sure he stands downwind.

Jamaica. The north coast is for the tourists: Montego Bay, the Americans; Port Antonio, the British. At the extreme western tip, there is a hippie colony at Negril. There are beaches nearby for skinny-dipping. Houses are shared by college kids. Sometimes a yacht will anchor offshore. The freaks

"Why, Harry, you're wearing falsies!"

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stay at local houses such as Miss Ruby's, where they can get a bed for two dollars. There will be a toilet and running water. But at night there are only kerosene lamps. There are no screens on the windows and you will see several rats, some of which will run across your bed. Presidente is the local honcho, a very short man, almost a dwarf, who will teach you how to roll a sclif and who might be persuaded to take you with a party of freaks to the local caves—muddy, strewn with old tin cans, the few impressive stalactites illuminated by a Coke bottle filled with kerosene, a twisted rag for a wick.

You can score anywhere in Jamaica. Every street corner has a hustler. The waiter at the Holiday Inn in Montego Bay will whisper out of the side of his mouth, "Ganja?" On remote roads in the interior, wild-eyed cats will yell out as you drive by, "Hey, hippie! [pronounced ee-pee] Want some grass, mahn?" At any of the grandest, poshest hotels on the beach, you only have to cross the road to where the taxis are lined up waiting.

Everyone insists the ganja grows wild, but you can drive all over the island and never see a Cannabis plant. The police patrol constantly and the courts still use the old British style of handing out fast, no-nonsense sentences—a minimum of 18 months. The clandestine gardens are kept in mountain areas where even the crude, rocky, tortuous roads don't exist and where the police just do not venture. There are several major regions of uninhabited mountains, the east end of the island covered with tropical rain forests where the Blue Mountains reach a peak of 7402 feet. The Cockpit Country is roughly 150 square miles in size. There are no roads. One section is called the District of Look Behind. It is wild and rough, covered with strange, even, humpbacked peaks. It is drier here and perhaps more ideally suited for Cannabis cultivation. All these areas were once impregnable hide-outs for runaway slaves who warred against the British for over 100 years, raiding the sugar estates and ambushing patrols so successfully that the British finally asked for peace. The descendants of those maroons are still up there, back in the hills.

And so are the Ras Tafari brothers, a religious sect that uses ganja as a holy plant, the instrument of peace, tranquillity and love. They cultivate it as much to disseminate God's will as to turn a profit. They worship Haile Selassie as their god.

They are pretty weird cats, their beards and their hair long and done up in small, tight braids that are plastered with red mud. Stoned wherever they go, they carry their walking staffs, talking to themselves, ranting, quoting the Old Testament, mumbling about Saint John the Baptist. Some of them are old men, toothless and ragged, who get busted and harassed by the local pigs when they become a nuisance. But some of them are younger, neater and very cool. No one knows how many of them live up there in their shacks in the hills, tending their gardens.

And no one knows how many factories are up there where the dried ganja is pressed into bricks of one, five, ten, 25 or 50 pounds. The kitchen trash masher doesn't work up there—there is no electricity. Instead, hydraulic-jack assemblies are used, although one factory has a small steam engine. An expert can tell you the source of any brick just by its style and size. One Rasta always wraps his "herbs" in paper and even imprints his signet ring on the wax seals.

Some Ras Tafarians believe in reincarnation. Many are fully aware of their former lives, revelation having come to them through ganja and through meditation and through reading the Scriptures. When the turned-on American hippies started arriving in their fleets of roaring silver birds, wearing their savage costumes and their beards and their long hair and their peace symbols, displaying their scorn for governments and police and war and modern materialism, it was obvious to the Ras Tafarians that they were actually soul brothers, not foreigners at all but a lost tribe of their own people not yet enlightened enough to understand their heritage but coming to join them nevertheless in their struggle against the Babylon of Kingston, and who were coming in love, who were coming in peace, who were coming home at last.

But all that has changed. The garden has been defiled, the brothers betrayed. The Ras Tafarians are no longer so tolerated, because the criminal element from Kingston has adopted their style. The mountain bandits also wear long hair and beards and braids smeared with mud. And these are mean mothers. They hold up cars at night. They kidnap, they rape and they kill. They have taken over the ganja trade, organizing it, corrupting it, until now anybody who even looks like a Rasta is hassled by the fuzz.

And the flower children?

Robert attends a large party for academic and literary types. He is high. He is the most highest. In the middle of a crowded room, people constantly excusing themselves to pass between him and his audience, he goes on and on, giggling, speeding, repeating the word groovy 1132 times, not at all afraid of getting busted because "nobody could prove anything." Besides, he could always have them rubbed out first. A contract would cost him only $2000.

He is 19. He has organized and directed and bank-rolled all kinds of deals to Mexico, to Canada, to Jamaica, to Colombia—coke, hash, pot, pills. As his goofy friend grins and nods like a beatific metronome, Robert goes on with his head trip, his eyes flashing with every flick of the 24 frames per second being projected against the inner wall of his skull.

He says he was one of the backers of the 11-lost-bag caper, but he always stays in the background, several connections removed. He mentions by name a very high and very improbable official in Jamaica whom he paid off "to do business." He describes the secret airstrip that exports 3000 pounds of ganja every day. It is like Marijuana International Airport, swarming with Rastas and hustlers in coded-color shirts and ringed by 16 machine-gun nests. The serial numbers on any incoming plane have to match those on a prearranged agreement. When Robert himself landed there to make a deal, a knife was put to his throat; he was threatened with immediate death if it should turn out that he "wasn't groovy."

There is $300,000 in cash buried, he says, in the ground on a farm where he once lived. His next operation will involve a shrimp boat, "because they don't get checked by Customs." If anybody wanted to go along for the ride, like, you know, Groovy. Robert writes his name on a scrap of paper but very cunningly puts down only his last initial. Then he writes down two phone numbers where he could be reached.

Knees bouncing, eyes strobing, he describes his start in the drug business. It all began when he helped out his buddy whose father was a Mafia figure involved in the smuggling of 200 pounds of heroin. But his buddy's father was killed, run over by a garbage truck. The kid wanted his father's share of the loot. When nobody would pay off, Robert and his buddy went up to New York and put a gun against the head of a family *capo*, kidnaping him to Florida and holding him for a ransom of $2,500,000. The kid split for Canada but gave Robert $20,000 for his help.

He isn't worried about the *mafiosi*. There's a contract out on him, all right, but they are looking for a blond with a mustache who is 6'4" tall. Robert is actually one foot shorter than that. You see, when they pulled their heavy number, he was wearing 12-inch stilts that were covered by the flare of his bell-bottoms.

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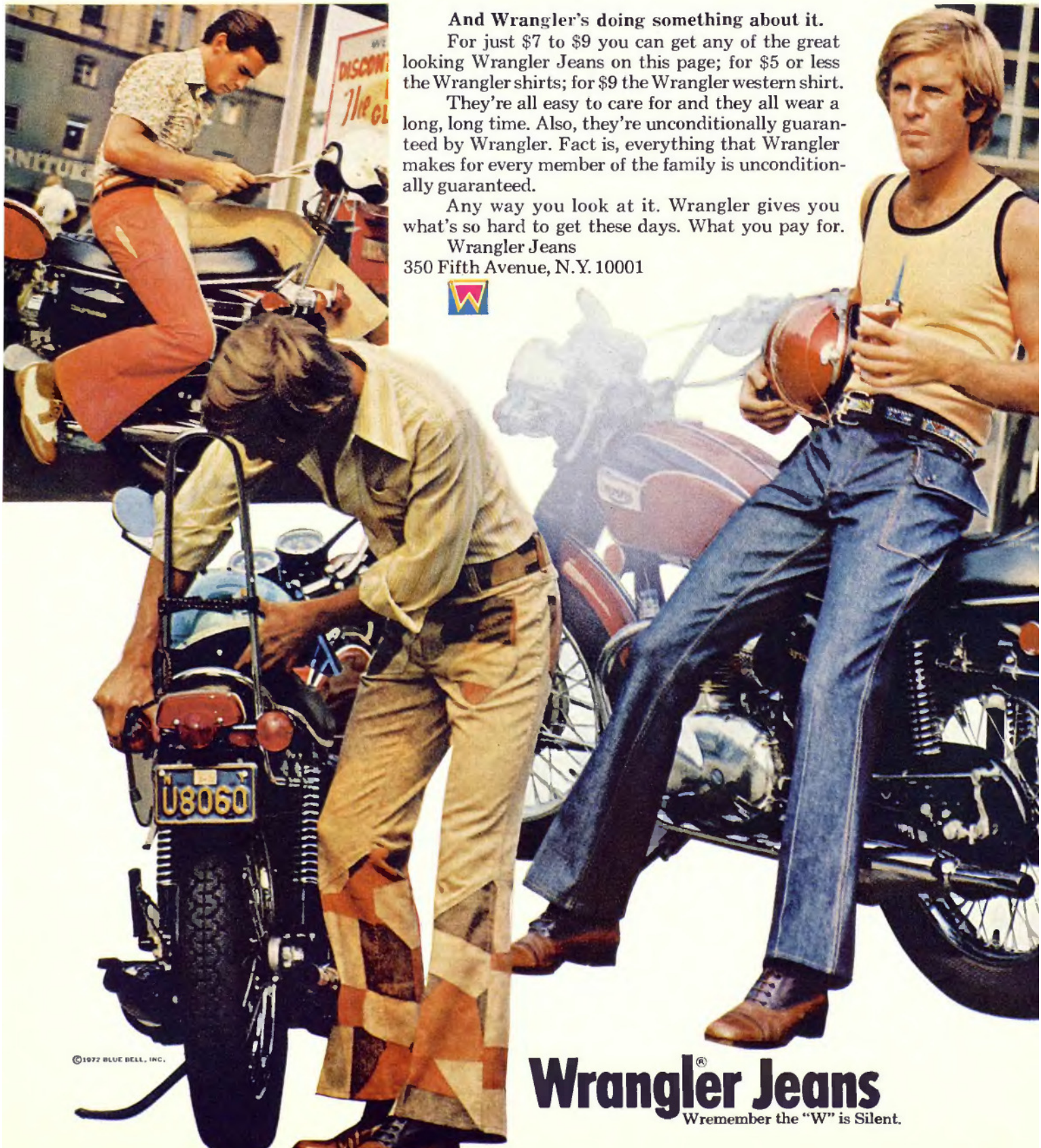

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ONE WAY TO BOLINAS

(continued from page 121)

alongside Frank's little Fiat. Frank's little Fiat took care of the problem. "I mean, you got room in the jump seat," the girl said, "but I'm tired of carrying him around with me. I don't suppose this is the conventional way to break up a relationship, but how about it? I see it just worked very nicely."

"You improvised," Frank said.

"Got to in this life," the girl said, smiling up at Frank. She actually turned on the bucket to face him and to heat the side of his head with her smile. Well, she ran with her wrists turned out like that, but she was more than 17. Well, that's nice.

"Where are you going?" Frank asked.

"Uh."

"I'm headed for Bolinas."

She grinned brilliantly and shook her hair out of her eyes. Evidently she had singed some front fringes, let's see, making organic bread in an unpredictable oven. She had these singed fringes, like bangs. "Bolinas," she repeated thoughtfully. "Bolinas. Me, too. I've never been there. We were heading for Stinson."

Bolinas is just a few miles around a spit of land, on the same basic inlet and bay as Stinson Beach. But it's not on the main road north from San Francisco, and there's a colony of artists, poets and retired people, but fewer of the stoned hippies watching the road go by, fewer of the baked surfers pretending they are the northern branch of Malibu or Laguna. You used to be able to gather mussels on the beach at Bolinas, cook them over driftwood fires, have long lazy days with pink-and-white shellfish and white wine cooled in the Pacific tides. Frank used to like to do that with a couple of friends. You can still do it, only now you'll probably turn up a few weeks later with hepatitis, and that takes some of the fun out of it. But Frank drove up to Bolinas from time to time to get a grip on his immortal soul. He ate hamburgers instead of mussels but walked on the beach alone and asked what he was doing, year after year. He never got the complete answer. Now he might try it with this accidental roadside creature.

"Basically I was headed for Stinson, deep down," she said. "I'm leveling with you, but he'll be looking for me there, so I think I better go on with you to Bolinas. He's likely to, well, do harm to whoever, whomever, he finds me with."

Really cares, Frank thought.

"And of course this yellow Fiat is hard to forget," she said, "not to speak of losing me, which I know will upset him as soon as it sinks in."

"Looked like it was sinking in right away, like quicksand."

"You pick up on things, don't you?" she asked. "When a fellow runs along the road, yelling, groaning and shaking his fist at you, you pick up on it right away."

"Thanks," said Frank. "I have to live with my delicate reflexes."

"Smart?" said the girl. "I realize smart. I think he killed somebody in Mexico. At least nobody ever saw the dude again. My name is Lana, Lana Adams, that's my real name."

Frank then did one of his famous reflexive stabs in the dark. "You ran away to Mexico with a drummer, your family was upset, he was a spade, now you're finding yourself, they're still upset."

"How do you know so much about me all at once like that?" she asked. "Man, you're terrific."

"It's easy, I'm afraid. You fall into a groove."

She was humming and smiling to herself. "You're so smart it destroys me. That's fantastic. And you must be nearly forty, too."

Frank beamed with pleasure.

"'Course, it's not like that at all. Boris is not a spade drummer, even if you picked up so smart about how I called the kid he killed a dude, 'cause that's his word for kids he does in. Consider that a smart crack."

"Oh, I sure do," Frank said.

"*Mais tu as tort tout-de-même*," she said. "French major at Stanford, no drummer—why you say spade?—just Boris, that Boris back there, and I'm just taking off a quarter to live Céline a little, Queneau, Francis Carco, Clebert —*la vie de bohème*. But you win the Well-Worn Conversation Prize of the summer."

"*Merci bien*," said Frank. He decided to put all his energy into cornering.

"Nevertheless, I imagine you're instinctively a very intelligent old person, otherwise you wouldn't get yourself in this kind of situation with a memorable face and automobile and some limited options about travel, when my former friend Boris back there—I call him Boris, he calls himself Boris, that's not his real name—is planning to give you a lot of physical trouble as soon as he catches up with you."

"Looking like he does, it'll take him a while to get a ride anyplace."

"Money in his briefcase, about forty thousand, he'll rent a car if he gets tired. He just hates signing receipts, but he'll do it for me. Now that he's done dealing for a few weeks, he wanted to have some fun spending the money and humping me. So he'll have his fun doing evil things to you and *then* humping me —dry—if he can catch me, that is."

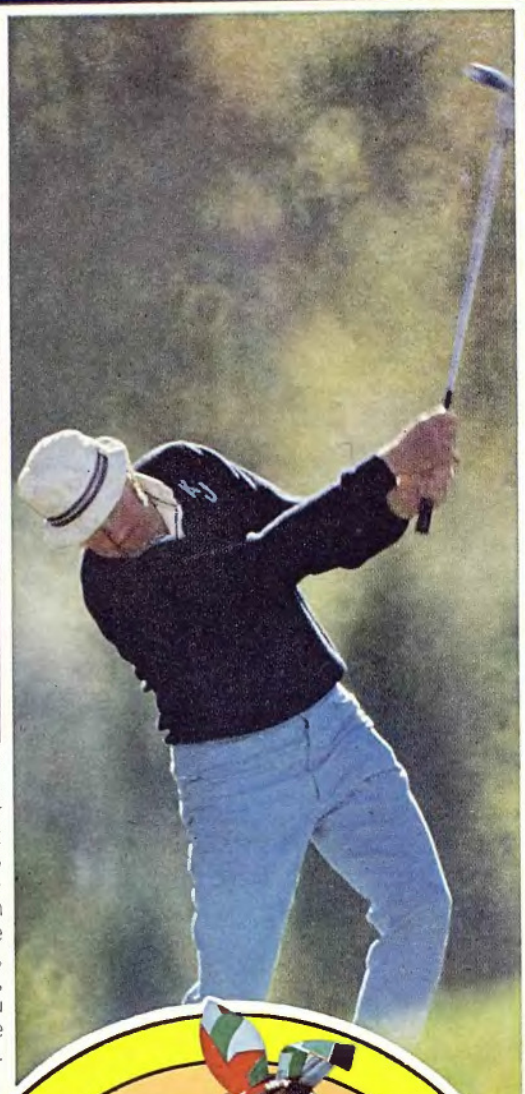
Frank let a few curves go by. She dealt pretty fast, too. A quick answer would be inappropriate at this stage of their match. What would prove he was really smart would be this: to pull up to that gas station, stop the car, ask her to remove herself, and to move on alone, maybe inland toward Novato for a couple of days of spacy regeneration in a plastic motel with swimming pool. Going to Bolinas with this young lady was really, Frank, no way to go.

"Do you like making trouble for people?" Frank said.

"Who else?" she asked.

He shut off his FM receiver. Do without Purcell at this moment of crucial concentration, although it was the short trumpet *Voluntary*, which was his favorite wake-up music. She hummed along with some other radio. Maybe she had a

"But the United States Constitution guarantees us the pursuit of happiness, doesn't it?"



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rock-station implant in the silky lock of hair sliding past her ear.

"Trouble," she said. "Um. I suppose so. I suppose I do. I owe you a serious answer, now that you're giving me this ride and all." She seemed to switch off the implant and stopped humming; she turned to him with one of those perfect smiles, buds of teeth with healthy gums, pink folding flesh of mouth and tongue, unabashed greediness in her healthy face: "Do you mind, mister?"

Frank had to admit he was available for trouble, but he didn't, since she already knew. He didn't mind at all. He was looking for something and evidently Lana Adams, her smile and her cool eyes were what he was looking for (also her tight little behind), since he felt alert, happy and focused for the first time in months—since his divorce, since the minirecession that cut into the gallery, since a couple of his best artists had gotten into speed and wiped themselves out as producing painters. They did stupid speedy junk assemblage instead.

Frank registered at Snarlie's in Bolinas. The bartender also handled the rentals for the couple of cabins out back. As always, Frank got a little extra twinge of illicit joy when he used his credit card and billed it to the Curtis Gallery. The bar was where the serious drinkers of Bolinas drank. Across the street was Smiley's, where the serious sandwich eaters and ice-cream slurpers gathered. Surfers and hippies and teenies, and now Frank Curtis, charging his good luck to the business.

He put the yellow Fiat behind Snarlie's. But no trouble finding it from the street if you were really looking. He tried to hide it in the stand of pine.

They entered the room, Lana and Frank, and began to do all sorts of easy friendly things, as if it were the third lesson of an Aikido Energy class. Just nice. Just fun. But that sweet rump. But sweatier than Aikido. "Oh, nice. Oh, nice," she kept saying.

"I'm forty, all right," he said.

"Oh, that's good. I heard about older men. Oh, nice."

Later, cooling, with the sound of wind in pine overhead, the sound of drunks in Snarlie's alongside, he said, "Older?"

"Well, I don't count Boris. He only *looks* old. Forty is what I call the watershed age, and he says he's thirty-four, you know, like Sonny of Sonny and Cher—remember them? Well, maybe he's crossed the watershed without telling me the truth. Have to ask him next time he catches up with me."

"Next time?" Frank asked.

"Next time, darling?" she said and he felt that familiar choking in his chest. No, keep control; words don't change anything.

"Next time what?"

She thought for a moment. She turned on the implant. She was humming. "Boris doesn't seem to commit crimes for money, unless you consider selling speed a crime, but rather to solve some personal difficulty or other. He's not really a classical criminal type. Rather a new sort. But one time he really freaked going into a speed factory, the dust was all over, he didn't wear a mask, you know, a surgical mask, so he breathed a lot of it into his lungs, freaky, paranoid, so he——" She paused for breath. "But I doubt if he'll do that again."

Like a card, the face of Boris was turned up in Frank's head in this sun-baked summer room. They were up a wooden ramp. They had no clothes on. She was lovely, slimming down fast, someday she might even be haggard. They would hear the feet of Boris on that ramp, wouldn't they?

Wouldn't they what?

Wouldn't they do what they had just done once again?

"Ooh, funky, you're a funky old man," Lana said. "I'm getting to know you. I like, oh, this, plus getting to know you."

Afterward they walked on the beach. She turned a cart wheel. Oh, she was lovely, slimming down like that. The faint blonde fuzz on her tanned arms. The tight behind. She would never be haggard, not in his lifetime. Pointed clawlike prints of her hands in the tidal sands, and a clear day, the Farallon Islands visible out there, a Japanese freighter visible, gulls visible, cloudlets of fog hiding the white city of San Francisco above the horizon. Some surfers had built a lean-to against an uprooted tree. They were cooking on a driftwood fire. One was wearing a sleeveless khaki sweater, relic of a distant war. It wasn't Boris.

"Let's get off this beach," Frank said.

"Where? Back to our cabin?"

Not a bad idea. "Well, let's get a hamburger first and see."

"You think they got those dipped frenchburgers in this town?" she asked. "Or aren't they much on sophisticated eating?"

Smiley's is across the street from Snarlie's. Smiley's has hamburgers and milk shakes. From the back of the room, Frank could see a strip of yellow where the door of his Fiat caught the light, parked among the trees across the street. He hadn't really hidden it too well. The girl was so happy with food that he couldn't worry very seriously; pure cholesterol it was, and it brought back afternoons of sand and wind, beach and water, girls and girls, and he let himself ride with her. "You can just take off like this?" she asked. "You don't mind goofing with me? You don't care?"

"Present or future," he said.

"Till death do us part," she murmured, teeth squeezing into fried granules of meat, squirting a few droplets of fat onto his denim shirt.

He was following his own day like a progress report on a man who had survived a heart transplant. He was happy. He was healthy. He was watching for trouble. He was pretending there would be no trouble. He was tasting pleasure as if it were his last. He was tasting pleasure as if it would go on forever. He was trying to tell the truth. He was lying to himself. He was terrified.

She smelled of sun, heat, catsup, wind and sex. Suddenly Frank wanted to gobble her up again, as if he wouldn't have her for long. He wanted her forever. She blinked and leaned near him. He kissed her. His eyes fluttered open and he saw, very near him, those round blue saucerlike eyes open and watching him.

"Come on," he said.

"I haven't finished my hamburger."

He waited.

"But I've had enough. You're right. Let's go."

She had left her sandals in the place. Or on the beach. Or hadn't been wearing sandals. They were crossing the street, she was leaning against his shoulder, her feet were bare. There was a car with the hood up and a mechanic working on it down the street, making it roar like a lawn mower. It was a Bolinas mechanic, long hair twisted in a single braid and a tie-dyed sweatband keeping his brains together. There was a pickup family lying in the sun on the sidewalk in front of Snarlie's. There was a row of beer mugs on the ledge where customers had deposited them. Lana picked her way carelessly through broken glass. Frank glanced down and read history on her feet—dirt from the street, buffed-clean skin from her running on the beach, distant baby flesh beneath that. She had dirty toenails, but who doesn't?

But who was she?

And who was he to be submitting like this?

He was just following her up the wooden ramp to their room, number five. Before he had a chance to reach for the key, her hand went out and seized the doorknob. She knew it would open.

She pulled him in.

Boris was waiting, his face still looking like a mine disaster. Lana was smiling fixedly, like a girl who is breathing amphetamine dust as she walks through the speed factory. Now she was having her summer adventure. Not just love with a new man. Something else. Love with a man who was about to have a very bad time with her lover.

Frank was also feeling something at last. The tunnels were collapsing about him. Struggle for breath. Fight back. Despite all trouble, too early to quit this life.

"Same gosh-darn thing every full moon, eh, Mr. Harper?"

TERMINAL MAN *(continued from page 168)*

had learned not to trust his calm. After a moment, he said, "Will it hurt?"

"No."

"OK," he said. "Go ahead."

Gerhard, sitting on a high stool in the adjacent room, surrounded in the darkness by glowing green dials of equipment, watched through the one-way glass as Ross and Benson began to talk.

Alongside him, Richards picked up the tape-recorder microphone and said quietly, "Stimulation series one. patient Harold Benson, eleven March 1971."

Gerhard looked at the four TV screens in front of him. One showed the closed-circuit view of Benson that would be stored on video tape as the stimulation series proceeded. Another displayed a computer-generated view of the 40 electrode points, lined up in two parallel rows within the brain substance. As each electrode was stimulated, the appropriate point glowed on the screen.

A third TV screen ran an oscilloscope tracing of the shock pulse as it was delivered. And a fourth showed a wiring diagram of the tiny computer in Benson's neck. It also glowed, as stimulations went through the circuit pathways.

In the next room, Ross was saying, "You'll feel a variety of sensations and some of them may be quite pleasant. We want you to tell us what you feel. All right?" Benson nodded.

Richards said, "Electrode one, five millivolts, for five seconds." Gerhard pressed the buttons. The computer diagram showed a tracing of the circuit being closed, snaking its way through the intricate electronic maze of Benson's neck computer. They watched Benson through the one-way glass.

Benson said, "That's an interesting feeling."

"Can you describe it?" Ross asked.

"Well, it's like eating a ham sandwich."

"Do you like ham sandwiches?"

Benson shrugged. "Not particularly."

Gerhard, sitting at the control panel, noted that the first electrode had stimulated a vague memory trace.

Richards: "Electrode two, five millivolts, five seconds."

Benson said, "I have to go to the bathroom."

Ross said, "It will pass."

Gerhard sat back from the control panel, sipped a cup of coffee and watched the interview progress.

"Electrode three, five millivolts, five seconds."

This one produced absolutely no effect on Benson. He was talking quietly with Ross about bathrooms in restaurants, hotels, airports——

"Try it again," Gerhard said.

"Repeat electrode three, ten millivolts, five seconds," Richards said. The TV screen flashed the circuit through electrode three. There was still no effect.

It was going to take a long time to go through all 40 electrodes, but it was fascinating to watch. They produced such strikingly different effects, yet each electrode was very close to the next. It was the ultimate proof of the density of the brain, which had once been described as the most complex structure in the known universe. And it was certainly true that there were three times as many cells packed into a single human brain as there were human beings on the face of the earth.

"Electrode four," Richards said into the recorder, "five millivolts, five seconds." The shock was delivered.

And Benson, in an oddly childlike voice, said, "Could I have some milk and cookies, please?"

"That's interesting," Gerhard said, watching the reaction.

Richards nodded. "How old would you say?"

"About five or six, at most."

Benson was talking about cookies, talking about his tricycle, to Ross. Slowly, over the next few minutes, he seemed to emerge like a time traveler advancing through the years. Finally, his voice and manner were fully adult, thinking back to his youth. He himself was no longer there. "I always wanted the cookies and she would never give them to me. She said they were bad for me and would give me cavities."

Richards said, "Electrode five, five millivolts, five seconds."

In the next room, Benson shifted uncomfortably in his wheelchair. Ross asked him if something was wrong. Benson said, "It feels funny. It's like sandpaper. Irritating."

Gerhard wrote in his notes, "#5— potential attack electrode." This happened sometimes. Occasionally, an electrode

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"Madam, I would like to tell you in all sincerity and with great respect that I'm selling knockers."

would be found that stimulated a seizure. Nobody knew why. Gerhard's work with programs like George and Martha had led him to understand that relatively simple computer instructions could produce complex and unpredictable machine behavior. It was also true that the programmed machine could exceed the capabilities of the programmer; that was clearly demonstrated in 1955, when Arthur Samuel at IBM programmed a machine to play checkers—and the machine eventually became so good that it beat Samuel himself.

Yet all this was done with computers that had no more circuits than the brain of an ant. The human brain far exceeded that number and the programming of the human brain extended over many decades. How could anyone seriously expect to understand it?

There was also a philosophical problem: Gödel's proof: that no system could explain itself and no machine could understand its own workings. At most, Gerhard believed that a human brain might, after years of work, decipher a frog brain. But a human brain could never decipher itself in the same detail. For that you would need a superhuman brain.

Gerhard thought that someday a computer would be developed that could untangle the billions of cells and hundreds of billions of interconnections in the human brain. Then at last man would have the information that he wanted. But man wouldn't have done the work—another order of intelligence would have done it. And man would not know, of course, how the computer worked.

Morris entered the room with a cup of coffee. He glanced at Benson through the glass.

Benson failed to react to electrode six. "Electrode seven, five and five," Richards said. He delivered the shock.

In the next room, Benson sat up abruptly. "Oh," he said, "that was nice. Very nice." His whole appearance seemed to change subtly. "You know," he said after a moment, "you're really a wonderful person, Dr. Ross. Very attractive, too. I don't know if I ever told you before."

"How do you feel now?"

"I'm really very fond of you," Benson said. "I don't know if I told you that before."

In the other room, Morris nodded. "A strong P terminal. He's clearly turned on."

Gerhard made a note of it. Morris sipped his coffee. They waited until Benson settled down. Then, blandly, Richards said, "Electrode eight, five millivolts, five seconds." The stimulation series continued.

II

At noon, McPherson showed up for interfacing. No one was surprised to see him. In a sense, this was the irrevocable step: everything preceding it was unimportant. They had implanted electrodes and a computer and a power pack, and they had hooked everything up. But nothing functioned until the interfacing switches were thrown. It was a little like building an automobile—and then finally turning the ignition key.

Gerhard showed him his notes from the stimulation series. "At five millivolts on a pulse-form stimulus, we have three positive terminals and two negative. The positives are seven, nine and thirty-one. The negatives are five and thirty-two."

McPherson glanced at the notes, then looked through the glass at Benson. "Are any of the positives a true P?"

"Seven seems to be."

"Strong?"

"Pretty strong. When we stimulated him, he said he liked it and he began to act sexually aroused toward Jan."

"Is it too strong? Will it tip him over?"

Gerhard shook his head. "No," he said. "Not unless he were to receive multiple stimulations over a short time course. There was that Norwegian. . . ."

"I don't think we have to worry about that," McPherson said. "We've got Benson in the hospital for several days. If anything seems to be going wrong, we can switch to other electrodes. We'll just keep track of him for a while." He rubbed his hands together. "I guess you can get on with it. Interface the patient with seven and thirty-one. They seem to be the two logical choices."

Gerhard got off his stool and walked to a corner of the room where there was a computer console mounted beneath a TV screen. He began to touch the buttons. The TV screen glowed to life. After a moment, letters appeared on it.

BENSON, HF
INTERFACE PROCEDURE
POSSIBLE ELECTRODES: 40, DESIGNATED SERIALLY
POSSIBLE VOLTAGES: CONTINUOUS
POSSIBLE DURATIONS: CONTINUOUS
POSSIBLE WAVE FORMS: PULSE ONLY

Gerhard pressed a button and the screen went blank. Then a series of questions appeared, to which Gerhard typed in the answers on the console.

INTERFACE PROCEDURE BENSON, HF
1. WHICH ELECTRODES WILL BE ACTIVATED?
SEVEN, 31 ONLY

2. WHAT VOLTAGE WILL BE APPLIED TO ELECTRODE SEVEN?
FIVE MV
3. WHAT DURATION WILL BE APPLIED TO ELECTRODE SEVEN?
FIVE SEC

There was a pause and then the questions continued for electrode 31. Gerhard typed in the answers. Watching him, McPherson said to Morris, "This is amusing, in a way. We're telling the tiny computer how to work. The little computer gets its instructions from the big computer, which gets its instructions from Gerhard, who has a bigger computer than any of them."

"Maybe." Gerhard said and laughed. The screen glowed:

INTERFACING PARAMETERS STORED. READY TO PROGRAM AUXILIARY UNIT.

Morris sighed. He hoped that he would never reach the point in his life when he would be referred to by a computer as an auxiliary unit. Gerhard typed quietly, a soft hissing sound. On another TV screen, they could see the inner circuitry of the small computer. It glowed intermittently as the wiring locked in.

BENSON, HF HAS BEEN INTERFACED. IMPLANTED DEVICE NOW READING EEG DATA AND DELIVERING APPROPRIATE FEEDBACK.

That was all there was to it. Somehow Morris was disappointed; he knew it would be this way, but he had expected —or needed—something more dramatic. Gerhard ran a systems check that came back negative. The screen went blank and then came through with a final message:

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL SYSTEM 360 COMPUTER THANKS YOU FOR REFERRING THIS INTERESTING PATIENT FOR THERAPY.

Gerhard smiled. In the next room, Benson was still talking quietly with Ross.

III

Janet Ross finished the stimulation series profoundly depressed. She stood in the corridor, watching, as Benson was wheeled away. She had a last glimpse of the white bandages around his neck as the nurse turned the corner; then he was gone.

She walked down the hallway in the other direction, through the multicolored NPS doors. She looked at her watch. Christ, it was only 12:15. She had half the day ahead of her. What was it like to be a pediatrician? Probably fun. Tickling babies and giving shots and advising mothers on toilet training. Not a bad way to live.

She thought again of the bandages on

Benson's neck and went into Telecomp. She had hoped to speak to Gerhard alone, but instead, everyone was in the room—McPherson, Morris, Ellis, everyone. They were all jubilant, toasting one another with coffee in Styrofoam cups.

Someone thrust a cup into her hands and McPherson put his arm around her in a fatherly way. "I gather we turned Benson on to you today."

"Yes, you did," she said, managing to smile.

He smiled back. "Well, I guess you're used to that."

"Not exactly," she said.

The room got quieter; the festive feeling slid away. She felt bad about that, but not really. There was nothing amusing about shocking a person into sexual arousal. It was frightening and pathetic, but not funny. Why did they all find it so goddamned funny?

Ellis produced a hip flask and poured clear liquid into her coffee. "Makes it Irish," he said with a wink. "Much better."

Gerhard was talking to Morris about something. It seemed a very intent conversation; then she heard Morris say, "You please pass the pussy?" Gerhard laughed; Morris laughed. It was some kind of joke.

Ross slipped away from Ellis and McPherson and went over to Gerhard. He was momentarily alone; Morris had gone to fill his cup. "I want to know something. Can you monitor Benson here, on the main computer?"

Gerhard shrugged. "I guess so, but why bother? We know the implanted unit is working——"

"I know," she said. "I know. But will you do it, anyway, as a precaution? Please?"

"OK," he said. "I'll punch in a monitoring subroutine as soon as they leave." He nodded to the group. "I'll have the computer check on him twice an hour."

"How about every ten minutes?" she said.

"OK," he said. "Every ten minutes."

"Thanks," she said. Then she drained her coffee cup, feeling the warmth hit her stomach, and she left the room.

IV

Ellis sat in a corner of room 710 and watched the half-dozen technicians maneuvering around the bed. There were two people from the rad lab doing a radiation check; there was one girl drawing blood for the chem lab, to check steroid levels; there was an EEG technician resetting the monitors; and there were Gerhard and Richards, taking a final look at the interface wiring.

Throughout it all, Benson lay motionless, breathing easily, staring up at the ceiling. He did not seem to notice the people touching him, moving an arm here, shifting a sheet there. Finally, Benson stirred. "I'm tired," he said. He glanced over at Ellis.

Ellis said, "About ready to wrap it up?"

One by one, the technicians stepped back from the bed, nodding, collecting their instruments and their data, and left the room. Gerhard and Richards were the last to go. Finally, Ellis was alone with Benson.

"You feel like sleeping?" Ellis said.

"I feel like a goddamned machine. I feel like an automobile in a complicated service station. I feel like I'm being *repaired*."

Benson was getting angry. Ellis could feel his own tension building. He was tempted to call for nurses and orderlies to restrain Benson when the attack came. But he remained seated.

"That's a lot of crap," Ellis said.

Benson glared at him, breathing deeply.

Ellis looked at the monitors over the bed. The brain waves were becoming irregular, moving into an attack configuration.

Benson wrinkled his nose and sniffed. "What's that smell?" he said. "That awful——"

Above the bed, a red monitor light blinked STIMULATION. The brain waves spun in a disordered tangle of white lines for five seconds. Simultaneously, Benson's pupils dilated. Then the lines were smooth again; the pupils returned to normal size.

Benson turned away, staring out the window at the afternoon sun. "You know," he said, "it's really a very nice day, isn't it?"

V

For no particular reason, Janet Ross went back to the hospital at 11 P.M. The NPS was deserted, but she expected to find Gerhard and Richards at work, and they were, poring over computer printout in Telecomp. They hardly noticed when she came into the room and got herself some coffee. "Trouble?" she said.

Gerhard scratched his head. "Now it's Martha," he said. "First George refuses to be a saint. Now Martha is becoming nice. Everything's screwed up."

Richards smiled. "You have your patients, Jan," he said, "and we have ours."

"Speaking of my patient. . . ."

"Of course," Gerhard said, getting up and walking over to the computer console. "I was wondering why you came back in." He punched buttons on the console. Letters and numbers began to print out. "Here are all the checks, since I started it at one-twelve this afternoon."

1:12 NORMAL EEG
1:22 NORMAL EEG
1:32 SLEEP EEG
1:42 SLEEP EEG
1:52 NORMAL EEG
2:02 NORMAL EEG

The list of ten-minute checks noted every interval until 11:02, continuing to alternate between normal EEG and sleep EEG. There were, however, printouts reading STIMULATION EEG at 3:32, 6:52, 9:02 and 10:32.

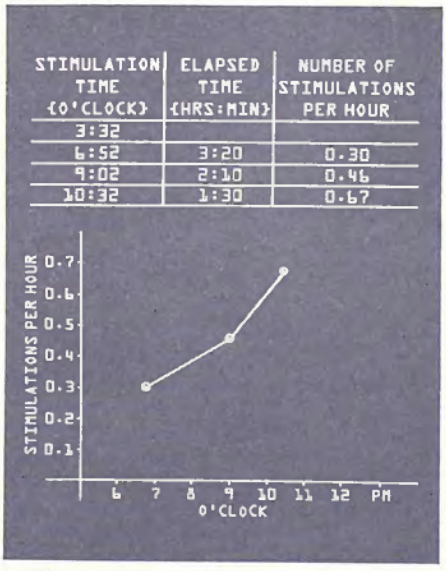
"I can't make anything out of this," Ross said, frowning. "It looks like he's dozing off and on, and he's gotten a few stimulations, but"—she shook her head—"isn't there another display mode?"

As she spoke, the computer produced another report, adding it to the column:

11:12 NORMAL EEG

"People," Gerhard said with mock irritation. "They just can't handle machine data." It was true. Machines could handle column after column of numbers. People needed to see patterns. On the other hand, machines were very poor at recognizing patterns. The classic problem was trying to get a machine to differentiate between the letter B and the letter D. A child could do it; it was almost impossible for a machine to look at the two patterns and discern the difference.

"I'll give you a graphic display," Gerhard said. He punched buttons, wiping the screen. After a moment, crosshatching for a graph appeared and the points began to blink on:



"Damn," she said, when she saw the graph.

"What's the matter?" Gerhard said.

"He's getting more frequent stimulations. He had none for a long time, and then he began to have them every few hours. Now it looks like one an hour."

"So?" Gerhard said. "What does that suggest?"

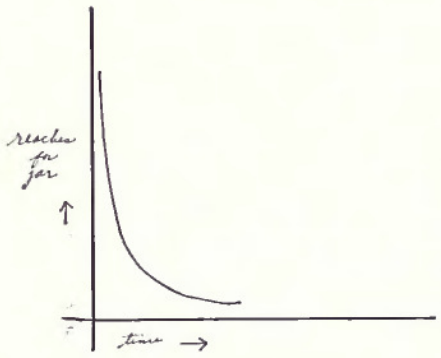
"It should suggest something quite

Miller time

Miller time... that's when the sun disappears from the sky and you have time to appreciate the difference a great-tasting beer can make — Miller High Life.

If you've got the time, we've got the beer.

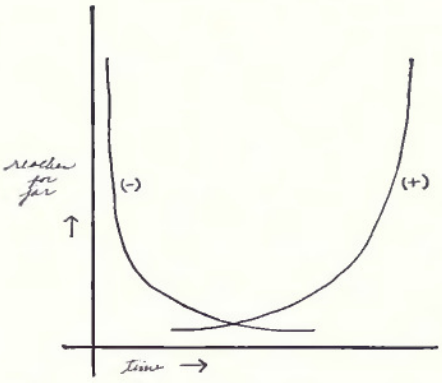
specific," she said. "We know that Benson's brain will be interacting with the computer, right? And that interaction will be a learning pattern of some kind. It's just like a kid with a cookie jar. If you slap the kid's hand every time he reaches for the cookies, pretty soon he won't reach so often. Look." She drew a quick sketch.



"Now," she said, "that's negative reinforcement. The kid reaches, but he gets hurt. So he stops reaching. Eventually, he'll quit altogether. OK?"

"Sure," Gerhard said, "but——"

"Let me finish. If the kid is normal, it works that way. But if the kid is a masochist, it will be very different." She drew another curve.



"Here, the kid is reaching more often for the cookies because he likes getting hit. It should be negative reinforcement, but it's really positive reinforcement. Do you remember Cecil?"

On the computer console, a new report appeared: 11:22 STIMULATION EEG.

"Oh, shit," she said. "It's happening."

"What's happening? I don't understand," Gerhard said.

"Benson is going into a positive progression cycle. It's just like Cecil. Cecil was the first monkey to be wired to a computer with electrodes. That was back in sixty-five. The computer wasn't miniaturized then; it was a big clunky computer and the monkey was wired up with actual wires. OK. Cecil had epilepsy. The computer detected the start of a seizure and delivered a countershock to stop it. OK. Now the seizures should have come less and less frequently, like the hand reaching for the cookies less and less often. But, instead, the reverse happened. Cecil *liked* the shocks. And he began to initiate seizures in order to experience the pleasurable shocks."

Gerhard shook his head. "Listen, Jan, that's all interesting. But a person can't start and stop epileptic seizures at will. He can't control it. The seizures are——"

"Involuntary," she said. "That's right. You have no more control over them than you do over heart rate and blood pressure and sweating and all the other involuntary acts."

There was a long pause. Gerhard said, "You're going to tell me I'm wrong."

On the screen, the computer blinked: 11:32 ————

"I'm going to tell you," she said, "that you've cut too many conferences. You know about autonomic learning?"

"No."

"It was a big mystery for a long time. Classically, it was believed that you could learn to control only voluntary acts. You could learn to drive a car, but you couldn't learn to lower your blood pressure. Of course, there were those yogis who supposedly could reduce oxygen requirements of their bodies and slow their heartbeats to near death. They could reverse intestinal peristalsis and drink liquids through the anus. But that was all unproved—and theoretically impossible."

Gerhard nodded cautiously.

"Well, it turns out to be perfectly possible. You can teach a rat to blush in only one ear. Right ear or left ear, take your pick. You can teach it to lower or raise its blood pressure or heartbeat. And you can do the same thing with people. It's not impossible. It can be done."

"How?"

"Well, with people who have high blood pressure, for instance, all you do is put them in a room with a blood-pressure cuff on their arm. Whenever the blood pressure goes down, a bell rings. You tell them to try to make the bell ring as often as possible. They work for that reward—a bell ringing. At first it happens by accident. Then pretty soon they learn how to make it happen more often. The bell rings more frequently. After a few hours, it's ringing a lot."

Gerhard scratched his head. "And you think Benson is producing more seizures, to be rewarded with shocks? Well, what's the difference? He still can't have any seizures. The computer always prevents them from happening."

"Not true," she said. "A couple of years ago, a Norwegian schizophrenic

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was wired up and allowed to stimulate a pleasure terminal as often as he wanted. He pushed himself into a convulsion by overstimulating himself."

Richards, who had been watching the computer console, suddenly said, "Something's wrong. We're not getting readings anymore."

On the screen, they saw: 11:32 ———— 11:42 ————

Ross looked and sighed. "All right," she said. "I better go check what's happened." She started for the door. "Meanwhile, see if you can get a computer extrapolation of that curve. See if he's really going into a learning cycle, and how fast."

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1971: BREAKDOWN

I

The seventh (special surgical) floor was quiet; there were two nurses at the station. One was making progress notes on a patient's chart; the other was eating a candy bar and reading a movie magazine. Neither paid much attention to Ross as she went to the chart shelf, opened Benson's record and checked it.

She wanted to be certain that Benson had received all his medications; and, to her astonishment, she found that he had not. "Why hasn't Benson gotten his Thorazine?" she demanded.

The nurses looked up in surprise. "Benson?"

"The patient in seven-ten." Ross glanced at her watch; it was after midnight. "He was supposed to be started on Thorazine at noon. Twelve hours ago."

"I'm sorry . . . may I?" One of the nurses reached for the chart. Ross handed it to her and watched while she turned to the page of nursing orders. McPherson's order for Thorazine was circled in red by a nurse, with the cryptic notation, "Call."

Ross was thinking that without heavy doses of Thorazine, Benson's psychotic mentation would be unchecked and could be dangerous.

"Oh, yes," the nurse said. "I remember now. Dr. Morris told us that only medication orders from him or from Dr. Ross were to be followed. We don't know this Dr. McPhee, so we waited to call him to confirm the therapy. It——"

"Dr. Mc*Pherson*," Ross said heavily, "is the chief of the NPS."

The nurse frowned at the signature. "Well, how are we supposed to know that? You can't read the name. Here." She handed back the chart. "We thought it looked like McPhee, and the only McPhee in the hospital directory is a gynecologist and that didn't seem logical, but sometimes doctors will put a note on the wrong chart by accident, so we——"

"All right," Ross said, waving her hand. "All right. Just get him his Thorazine now, will you?"

"Right away, doctor," the nurse said. She gave her a dirty look and went to the medicine locker. Ross went down the hall to room 710.

The cop sat outside Benson's room with his chair tipped back against the wall. He was reading *Secret Romances* with more interest than Janet would have thought likely. He looked up as she came down the hall. "Good evening, doctor."

"Good evening. Everything quiet?"

"Pretty quiet."

Inside 710 she could hear television, a talk show with laughter. Someone said, "And what did you do then?" There was more laughter. She opened the door.

The room lights were off; the only light came from the glow of the television. Benson had apparently fallen asleep; his body was turned away from the door and the sheet was pulled up over his shoulder. She clicked the television off and crossed the room to the bed. Gently, she touched his leg.

"Harry," she said softly. "Harry——" She stopped.

The leg beneath her hand was soft and formless. She pressed down; the leg bulged oddly. She reached for the bedside lamp and turned it on, flooding the room with light. Then she pulled back the sheet.

Benson was gone. In his place were three plastic bags of the kind the hospital used to line wastebaskets. Each had been inflated and then knotted tightly shut. Benson's head was represented by a wadded towel, his arm by another.

"Officer," she said in a low voice, "you'd better get your ass in here."

The cop came bounding into the room, his hand reaching for his gun. Ross frowned and gestured to the bed.

"Holy shit," the cop said. "What happened?"

"I was going to ask *you*."

The cop didn't reply. He went immediately to the bathroom and checked there; it was empty. He looked in the closets. "His clothes are still here, but his shoes are gone," he said. He turned and looked at Ross with a kind of desperation. "Where is he?"

"When was the last time you looked into this room?" Ross asked. She pressed the bedside buzzer to call the night nurse.

"About twenty minutes ago."

Ross walked to the window and looked out. The window was open, but it was a sheer drop of seven stories to the parking lot below. "How long were you away from the door?"

"Look, doc, it was only a few minutes—I ran out of cigarettes. The hospital doesn't have any machines. I had to go to that coffee shop across the street. I was gone about three minutes. That was around eleven-thirty. The nurses said they'd keep an eye on things."

"Great," Ross said. She checked the bedside table and saw that Benson's shaving equipment was there, his wallet, his car keys . . . all there.

The nurse stuck her head in the door, answering the call. "What is it now?"

"We seem to be missing a patient," Ross said. She gestured to the plastic bags in the bed. The nurse reacted slowly, and then turned quite pale.

"Call Dr. Ellis," Ross said, "and Dr. McPherson and Dr. Morris. They'll be at home; have the switchboard put you through. Say it's an emergency. Tell them Benson is gone. Then call hospital security. Is that clear?"

"Yes, doctor," the nurse said and hurried away.

Ross sat down on the edge of Benson's bed and turned her attention to the cop. "Clever," the cop said, "but he can't get far. A man with bandages and a bathrobe can't get far, even if he has shoes." He shook his head. "I better call this in."

"Did Benson make any calls?"

"He made one," the cop said, "about eleven."

"Did you listen to it?"

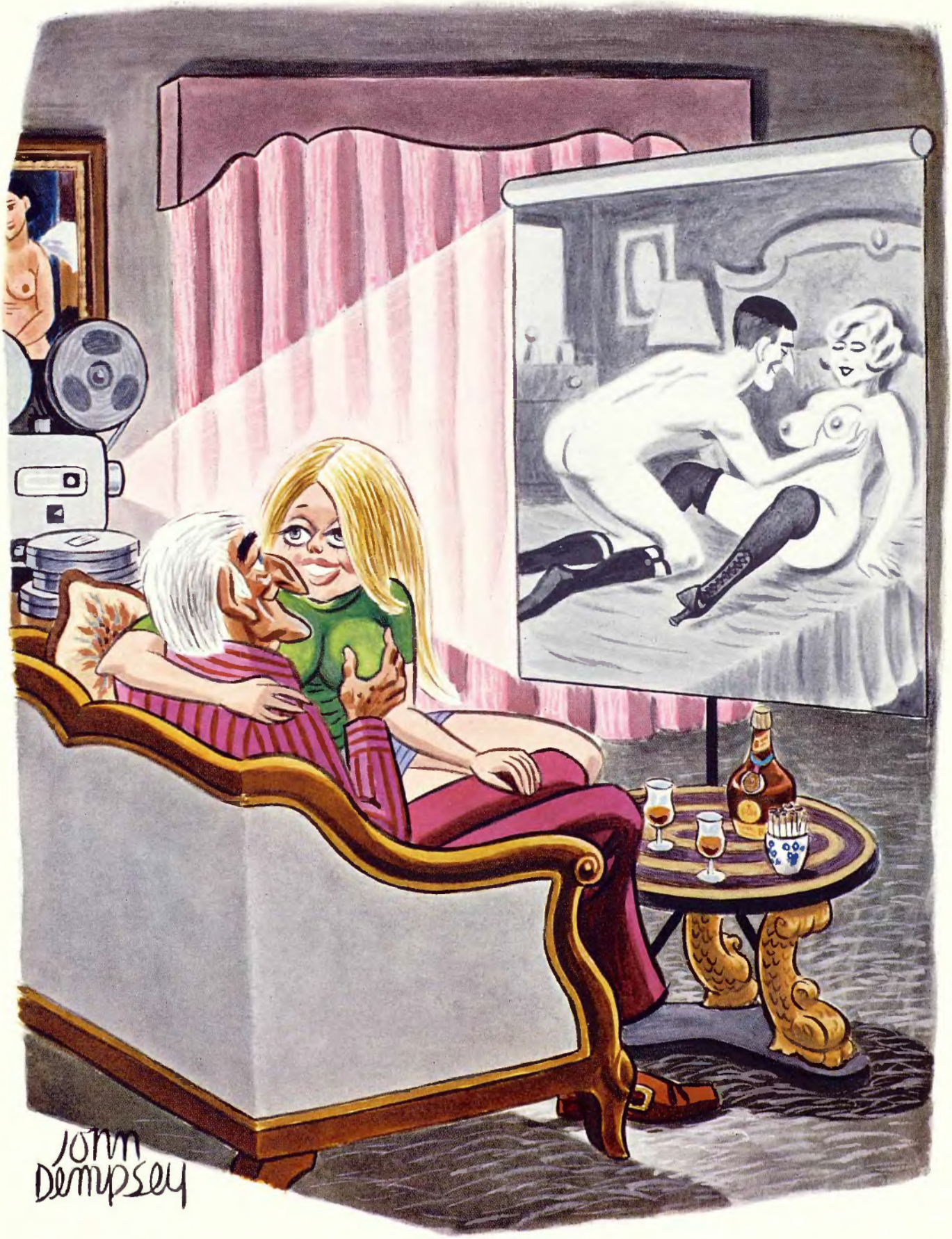
"No." He shrugged. "I never thought. . . ." His voice trailed off. "You know."

"So he made one call at eleven and left at eleven-thirty." Ross walked from the bed outside into the hallway. She looked down the hall at the nurses' station. There was always somebody there and Benson would have to pass the nurses' station to reach the elevator. He'd never make it.

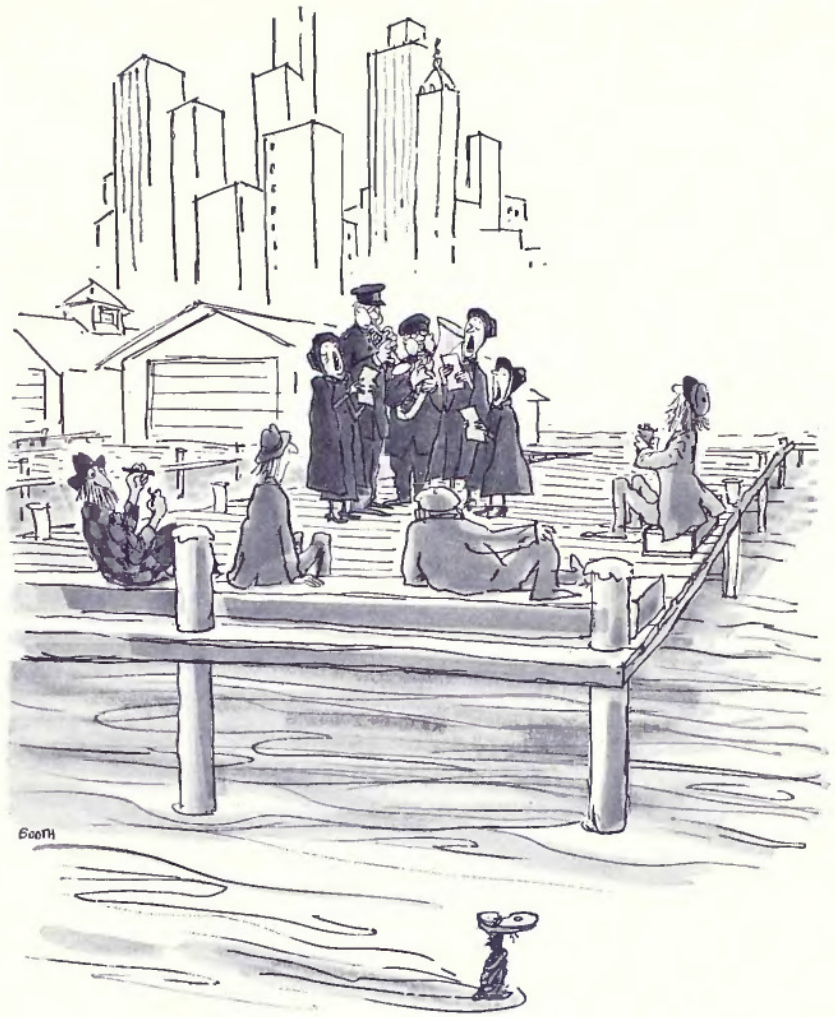
What else could he have done? She looked toward the other end of the hall. There was a stairway at the far end. He could have walked down. But seven flights of stairs? Benson was too weak for that. And when he got to the ground-floor lobby, there he'd be, in his bathrobe, with his head bandaged. The reception desk would stop him.

"I don't get it," the cop said, coming out to the hallway. "Where could he go?"

"He's a very bright man," Ross said. It was a fact that they all tended to forget. To the cops, Benson was a criminal charged with assault, one of the hundreds of querulous types they saw every day. To the hospital staff, he was a diseased man, unhappy, dangerous, borderline psychotic. Everyone tended to forget that Benson was also brilliant. His computer work was outstanding in a field where many intelligent men worked. In the initial psychological testing at the NPS, he had scored 144 on his abbreviated WAIS I. Q. test. He was fully capable of planning to leave, then listening at the door, hearing the cop and the nurse discuss going for cigarettes—and then making his escape in



"Imagine! Me sitting here with one of the pioneers of the motion-picture industry."



"'Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line! Someone is drifting away. Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line! Someone is sinking today. . . .'"

a matter of minutes. But how?

Benson must have known that he could never get out of the hospital in his bathrobe. He had left his street clothes in his room—he probably couldn't get out wearing those, either. Not at 11:30. The lobby desk would have stopped him. Visiting hours had ended two and one half hours before.

The cop went down the hall to the nursing station to phone in a report. Ross followed along behind him, looking at the doors. Room 709 had a burns patient; she opened the door and looked inside, making sure only the patient was there. Room 708 was empty; a kidney-transplant patient had been discharged that afternoon. She checked that room, too.

The next door was marked SUPPLIES. She entered what was a standard room on surgical floors. Bandages, suture kits and linen supplies were stored there. She passed row after row of bottled intravenous solutions, then trays of different kits. Then masks, smocks, spare uniforms for nurses and orderlies——

She stopped. She was staring at a blue-and-white-striped bathrobe, hastily wadded into a corner of a shelf. The rest of the shelf contained white trousers, shirts and jackets worn by hospital orderlies. She called the nurse.

• • •

"It's impossible," Ellis said, pacing up and down in the nursing station. "Absolutely impossible. He's two days—*one* day—postop. He couldn't possibly leave."

"He did," Janet Ross said. "And he did it the only way he could, by changing into an orderly's uniform. Then he probably walked downstairs to the sixth floor and took an elevator to the lobby. Nobody would have noticed him; orderlies come and go at all hours."

Ellis wore a dinner jacket and a white frilly shirt; his bow tie was loosened and he was smoking a cigarette. Ross had never seen him smoke before. "I still don't buy it," he said. "He was tranked out of his skull with Thorazine, and——"

"Never got it," Ross said.

"What's Thorazine?" the cop said, taking notes.

"The nurses had a question on the order and didn't administer it. He had no sedatives and no tranquilizers since midnight last night."

"Christ," Ellis said. He looked at the nurses as if he could kill them. Then he paused. "But what about his head? It was covered with bandages. Someone would notice that."

Morris, who had been sitting silently in a corner, said, "He had a wig. I saw it."

"What was the color of the wig in question?" the cop asked.

"Black," Morris said.

Ross said, "How did he get this wig?"

"A friend brought it to him. The day of admission."

"Listen," Ellis said, "even with a wig, he can't have gotten anywhere. He left his wallet and his money. There are no taxis at this hour."

Ross looked at Ellis, marveling at his ability to deny reality. He just didn't want to believe that Benson had left; he was fighting the evidence, fighting hard.

"He called a friend," Ross said, "about eleven." She looked at Morris. "You remember who brought the wig?"

"A pretty girl," Morris said.

"Do you remember her name?" Ross said with a sarcastic edge.

"Angela Black," Morris said promptly.

"See if you can find her in the phone book," Ross said. Morris began to check; the phone rang and Ellis answered it. He listened, then handed the phone to Ross.

"I've done the computer projection," Gerhard said. "It just came through. You were right. Benson is on a learning cycle with his implanted computer. His stimulation points conform to the projected curve. It's exactly what you said; Benson apparently likes the shocks. He's starting seizures more and more often. The curve is going up sharply."

"When will he tip over?"

"Not long," Gerhard said. "Assuming that he doesn't break the cycle—and I doubt that he will—then he'll be getting almost continuous stimulations at six-oh-four A.M."

"You have a confirmed projection on that?" she asked, frowning. She glanced at her watch. It was already 12:30.

"That's right," Gerhard said.

"OK," Ross said and hung up. She looked at the others. "Benson has gone into a learning progression with his computer. He's projected for tip-over at six A.M. today."

"Christ," Ellis said, looking at the wall clock. "Barely six hours from now."

Across the room, Morris had put aside the phone book and was talking to information. "Then try West Los Angeles," he said and, after a pause, "What about new listings?"

The cop stopped taking notes and looked confused. "Is something going to happen at six o'clock?"

"We think so," Ross said.

Ellis puffed on his cigarette. "Two years," he said, "and I'm back on them." He stubbed it out carefully. "Has McPherson been notified?"

"He's been called."

"Check unlisted numbers," Morris said. He listened for a moment. "This is Dr. Morris at University Hospital," he said, "and it's an emergency. We have to locate Angela Black. Now, if——" Angrily, he slammed down the phone. "Bitch," he said. Then he shook his head and added, "No luck."

"We don't even know," Ellis said, "if Benson called this girl. He could have called someone else."

"Whoever he called may be in a lot of trouble in a few hours," Ross said. She flipped open Benson's chart. "It looks like a long night. We'd better get busy."

II

The freeway was crowded. The freeway was always crowded, even at one o'clock on a Friday morning. Janet Ross stared ahead at the dense pattern of red taillights, stretching ahead for miles like an angry snake. So many people. Where were they going at this hour?

Usually, she took pleasure in the freeways. There had been times when she had driven home from the hospital at night, with the big green signs flashing past overhead, and the intricate web of overpasses and underpasses, and the exhilarating anonymous speed, and she had felt wonderful, expansive, free. She had been raised in California and she remembered the first of the freeways. The system had grown as she had grown, and she did not see it as a menace nor an evil. It was part of the landscape; it was fast; it was fun.

Later she had begun to recognize the subtle psychological effects of living your life inside an automobile. Los Angeles had no sidewalk cafés, because no one walked; the sidewalk café, where you could stare at passing people, was not stationary but mobile. It changed with each traffic light, where people stopped, stared briefly at one another, then drove on. But there was something inhuman about living inside a cocoon of tinted glass and stainless steel, air conditioned, carpeted, stereophonic tape-decked, power-optioned, isolated. It thwarted some deep human need to congregate, to be together, to see and be seen.

Local psychiatrists recognized an indigenous depersonalization syndrome. Los Angeles was a town of recent immigrants, and therefore strangers; cars kept them strangers and there were few institutions that served to bring them together. No one went to church and work groups were not entirely satisfactory. People became lonely, they complained of being cut off, without friends, far from families and old homes. Many times they became suicidal—and a common method of suicide was the automobile. You picked your overpass and hit it at 80 or 90, foot flat to the floor. Sometimes it took hours to cut the body out of the wreckage.

Moving at 65 miles an hour, Ross shifted across five lanes of traffic and pulled off the freeway at Sunset, heading up into the Hollywood Hills, through an area known locally as the Swish Alps, because of the many homosexuals who lived there. People with problems seemed drawn to Los Angeles. It offered freedom; the price was lack of supports.

She came to Laurel Canyon and took the curves fast, tires squealing, head lamps swinging through the darkness. There was little traffic here; she would reach Benson's house in a few minutes.

In theory, she and the rest of the NPS staff had a simple problem: Get Benson back before six o'clock. If they could get him back into the hospital, they could uncouple his implanted computer and

stop the progression series. Then they could sedate him and wait a few days before relinking him to a new set of terminals. They'd obviously chosen the wrong electrodes the first time around; that was a risk they had accepted in advance. It was an acceptable risk because they had expected to have a chance to correct any error. But that opportunity was no longer there.

They had to get him back. After reviewing his chart, they'd all set out for different places. Ross was going to his house on Laurel. Ellis was going to a strip joint called the Jackrabbit Club, where Benson often went. Morris was going to Autotronics, Inc., Benson's employer in Santa Monica; he'd called the president of the firm, who was going to the offices to open them up for him.

They would all check back in an hour or so, to compare notes and progress. A simple plan and one Ross thought unlikely to work. But there wasn't much else to do.

She parked her car in front of Benson's house and walked up the slate path to the front door. It was ajar; from inside, she could hear the sound of laughter and giggles. She knocked and pushed it open. "Hello?"

No one seemed to hear. The giggles came from somewhere in the back of the house. She stepped into the front hallway. She had never seen Benson's house and she wondered what it was like. Looking around, she realized she should have known.

From the outside, it was an ordinary wood-frame structure, a ranch-style house as unobtrusive in its appearance as Benson himself. But the inside looked like the drawing rooms of Louis XVI—graceful antique chairs and couches, tapestries on the walls, bare hardwood floors. It was a complete re-creation of an earlier day.

"Anybody home?" she called. Her voice echoed through the house. There was no answer, but the laughter continued. She followed the sound toward the rear of the house. She went into the kitchen—antique gas stove, no oven, no dishwasher, no electric blender, no toaster. No machines, she thought. Benson had built himself a world without any sort of modern machine in it.

The kitchen window looked out onto the back yard. There was a small patch of lawn and a swimming pool, all perfectly ordinary and modern. Benson's ordinary exterior again. The back yard was bathed in greenish light from the underwater lights. In the pool, two girls were laughing and splashing. Ross went outside.

The girls were oblivious to her arrival. They continued to splash and shriek happily; they wrestled with each other in the water. She stood on the pool deck and said, "Anybody home?"

They noticed her then and moved apart from each other. "Looking for Harry?" one of them asked. "Are you a cop?"

"I'm a doctor."

One of the girls got out of the pool lithely and began toweling off. She wore a red bikini. "You just missed him," the girl said. "But we weren't supposed to tell the cops. That's what he said." She put one foot on a chair to dry her leg with the towel. Ross realized the move was calculated, seductive and demonstrative. These girls liked girls, she was now convinced.

"When did he leave?" Ross asked.

"Just a few minutes ago."

"How long have you been here?"

"About a week," the girl in the pool said. "Harry invited us to stay. He thought we were cute."

The other girl wrapped the towel around her shoulders. "We met him at the Jackrabbit. He goes there often. He's a lot of fun," she said. "A lot of laughs. You know what he was wearing tonight? A hospital uniform. All white." She shook her head. "What a riot."

"Did you talk to him? What did he say?"

The girl in the red bikini started inside. Ross followed her. "He said not to tell the cops. He said to have a good time."

"Why did he come here?"

"He had to pick up some stuff from his study."

"Where is the study?"

She led Ross into the house and through the living room. Her wet feet left small pools on the bare floor. "Isn't this place wild? Harry's really crazy. All this old stuff."

"He's sick," Ross said, "and I've got to see him."

"He must be," the girl said. "I saw those bandages. What was he, in an accident?"

"He had an operation."

"No kidding. In a hospital?"

"Uh, I think you'd better turn on the car radio, Martha. . . ."

They went down a corridor to bedrooms. The girl turned right into one room, which was a study—antique desk, antique lamps, overstuffed couches. "He came in here and got some stuff."

"Did you see what he got?"

"We didn't really pay any attention. But he took some big rolls of paper." She gestured with her hands. "Real big. They looked like blueprints or something. They were blue on the inside of the roll and white on the outside and they were big." She shrugged.

"Did he take anything else?" Ross asked.

"Yeah. A metal box. It looked like a tool kit, maybe. I saw it open for a moment, before he closed it. It seemed to have tools and stuff inside."

"Did you notice anything in particular?"

The girl was silent then. She bit her lip. "Well, I didn't really see, but"—she paused—"it looked like a gun in there."

"Did he say where he was going? Or when he was coming back?"

"Well, that was funny," the girl said. "He kissed me, and he kissed Suzie, and he said to have a good time, and he said not to tell the cops. And he said he didn't think he'd be seeing us again." She shook her head. "It was funny. But you know how Harry is."

"Yes," Ross said. "I know how Harry is." She looked at her watch. It was 1:47. There were only four hours left.

"Like father like son, huh, Ralph?"

III

The first thing that Ellis noticed was the smell: hot, damp, fetid—a dark warm animal smell. He wrinkled his nose in distaste. How could Benson tolerate it?

He watched as the spotlight swung through the darkness and came to rest on a pair of long tapering thighs. There was an expectant rustling in the audience. It reminded Ellis of his days in the Navy, stationed in Baltimore. That was the last time he had been in a place like this, hot and sticky with fantasies and frustrations. That had been a long time ago. It was a shock to think how fast the time had passed.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the incredible, the lovely, *Cyn*-thia *Sin*-cere. A big hand for the lovely *Cyn*thia!"

The spotlight widened onstage, to show a rather ugly but spectacularly constructed girl. The band began to play. When the spotlight was wide enough to hit Cynthia's eyes, she squinted and began an awkward dance. She paid no attention to the music, but no one seemed to mind.

Ellis looked at the audience. There were many men there—and a lot of very tough-looking girls with short hair.

"Harry Benson?" the manager said at his elbow. "Yeah, he comes in a lot."

"Have you seen him lately?" Ellis asked.

"I don't know about lately," the man answered. He coughed. Ellis smelled sweet alcoholic breath. "But I tell you, I wish he wouldn't hang around, you know? I think he's a little nuts. And always bothering the girls. You know how hard it is to keep the girls? Fucking murder, that's what it is."

Ellis nodded and scanned the audience. Benson had probably changed clothes; certainly he wouldn't be wearing an orderly's uniform anymore. Ellis looked at the backs of the heads, at the area between hairline and shirt collar. He looked for a white bandage. He saw none.

"When did you see him last?"

The man shook his head. "Not for a week or so." A waitress went by, wearing a rabbitlike white-fur bikini. "Sal, you seen Harry lately?"

"He's usually around," she said vaguely and wandered off with a tray of drinks.

"I wish he wouldn't hang around, bothering the girls," the manager said and coughed again, sweetly.

Ellis moved deeper into the club. The spotlight swung through smoky air over his head, following the movements of the girl onstage. She was having trouble unhooking her bra. She did a sort of two-step shuffle, hands behind her back, eyes looking vacantly out at the audience. Ellis understood, watching her, why Benson thought of strippers as machines. They were mechanical, no question about it. And artificial—when the bra came off, he could see the U-shaped surgical incisions beneath each breast, where the plastic had been inserted.

Jaglon would love this, he thought. It would fit right in with his theories about machine sex. Jaglon was one of the Development boys and he was preoccupied with the idea of artificial intelligence merging with human intelligence. He argued that on the one hand, cosmetic surgery and implanted machinery were making man more mechanical, while on the other hand, robot developments were making machines more human. It was only a matter of time before people began having sex with humanoid robots.

Perhaps it's already happening, Ellis thought, looking at the stripper. He looked around at the audience, satisfying himself that Benson was not there. Then he checked a phone booth in the back and the men's room.

The men's room was small and reeked

of vomit. He winced again and stared at himself in the cracked mirror over the washbasin. Whatever else was true about the Jackrabbit Club, it produced an olfactory assault. He wondered if that mattered to Benson.

Once outside, he breathed the cool night air and got into his car. The notion of smells intrigued him. It was a problem he had considered before but never really resolved in his own mind.

Because his operation on Benson had been directed toward a specific part of the brain, the limbic system. It was a very old part of the brain, in terms of evolution. Its original purpose had been the control of smell. In fact, the old term for it was rhinencephalon—the "smelling brain."

It had developed 150,000,000 years ago, when reptiles ruled the earth. It controlled the most primitive behavior—anger and fear, lust and hunger, attack and withdrawal. Reptiles like crocodiles had little else to direct their behavior. Man, on the other hand, had a cerebral cortex.

But the cerebral cortex was a recent addition. It was only about 100,000 years old; its modern development began only about 2,000,000 years ago. The cortex had grown around the limbic brain, which remained embedded deep inside the new cortex. That cortex, which could feel love, and worry about ethical conduct, and write poetry, had to make an uneasy peace with the crocodile brain at its core. Sometimes, as in the case of Benson, the peace broke down and the crocodile brain took over intermittently.

What was the relationship of smell to all this? Ellis was not sure: Of course, attacks often began with the sensation of strange smells. But was there anything else? Any other effect?

He didn't know and, as he drove, he reflected that it didn't much matter. The only problem was to find Benson before his crocodile brain took over. That had happened once with Benson, in the NPS. Ellis had been watching through the one-way glass. Benson had been quite normal—and suddenly he lashed out at the wall, striking it viciously, picking up his chair, smashing it against the wall. The attack had begun without warning and it had been carried out with utter, unthinking viciousness.

Six A.M., he thought. There wasn't much time.

IV

"It's true that Harry has gotten strange," Farley said. "It seemed to begin during Watershed Week—that was in July 1969. You probably never heard of it." Farley, a tall, slender man with a slow manner, was the president of Autotronics. He'd responded to Morris' emergency phone call and they had met at the offices. They had gone back into the cavernous room occupied chiefly by scattered desks and several pieces of enormous, glittering machinery. Farley had indicated Benson's desk and Morris had just searched it, finding nothing more than paper, pencils, a slide rule, scribbled notes and some business letters. Now Farley had heated up some instant coffee and they were each having a cup.

"What was Watershed Week?" Morris asked.

"That's just what we named it," Farley said. "Everybody in our business—computer scientists all over the world—knew it was coming and watched for it. In that week, the information-handling capacity of the world's computers exceeded the information-handling capacity of all the human brains in the world. Computers could receive and store more data than three and a half billion brains."

Morris sipped his coffee; it burned his tongue. "Is that a joke?"

"Hell, no," Farley said. "It's true. The watershed was passed in 1969 and computers have been steadily pulling ahead since then. By 1975, they'll lead human beings by fifty to one in terms of capacity." He paused. "Harry was awfully upset about that. And that was when it began for him. He got very strange, very secretive."

Morris looked around the room at the large pieces of computer equipment standing in different areas. It was an odd sensation: the first time he could recall being in a room littered with computers. He realized that he had made some mistakes about Benson. He had assumed that Benson was pretty much like everyone else—but no one who worked in a place such as this was like everyone else.

"You know how fast this is moving?" Farley said. "Damned fast. We've gone from milliseconds to nanoseconds in just a few years. When the computer Illiac I was built in 1952, it could do eleven thousand arithmetical operations a second. Pretty fast, right? Well, they're almost finished with Illiac IV now. It will do two hundred *million* operations a second. It's the fourth generation. Of course, it couldn't have been built without the help of other computers. They used two other computers full time for two years designing the new Illiac."

Morris drank his coffee. Perhaps it was his fatigue, perhaps the spookiness of the room, but he was beginning to feel some kinship with Benson. Computers to design computers—maybe they were taking over, after all. What would Ross say about that? A shared delusion?

"Find anything interesting in his desk?"

"No," Morris said. He sat down in the chair behind the desk and looked around. He was trying to be Benson, to act like Benson, to think like Benson. "How did he spend his time?"

"I don't know," Farley said, sitting on another desk across the room. "He got pretty distant and withdrawn the past few months. I know he had some trouble with the law. And I knew he was going into the hospital. I knew that. He didn't like your hospital much."

"How is that?" Morris asked, not very interested. It wasn't surprising that Benson was hostile to the hospital.

Farley didn't answer. Instead, he went over to a bulletin board, where clippings and photos had been tacked up. He removed one yellowing newspaper item and gave it to Morris.

It was from the *Los Angeles Times*, dated July 17, 1969. The headline read: "UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL GETS NEW COMPUTER." The story outlined the acquisition of the IBM System 360 computer that was being installed in the hospital basement and would be used for research and assistance in operations, as well as a variety of other functions.

"You notice the date?" Farley said. "Watershed Week."

V

They were all tired, but none of them could sleep. They stayed in Telecomp, watching the computer projections as they inched up the plotted line toward a seizure state. The time was 5:30 A.M., and then 5:45.

When Ellis had smoked an entire pack of cigarettes, he left to get another. Morris stared at a journal in his lap but never turned the page; from time to time, he glanced up at the wall clock.

Ross paced and looked at the sunrise, the sky turning pink over the thin brown haze of smog to the east.

Ellis came back with his cigarettes.

Ross became aware of the ticking of the wall clock. It was strange that she had never noticed it before, because, in fact, it ticked quite loudly. And once a minute, there was a mechanical click as the hand moved another notch. The sound disturbed her. She began to fix on it, waiting for that single click on top of the quieter ticking. Mildly obsessive, she thought. And then she thought of all the other psychological derangements she had experienced in the past. *Déjà vu*, the feeling that she had been somewhere before; depersonalization, the feeling that she was watching herself from across the room at some social gathering; clang associations, delusions, phobias. There was no sharp line between health and disease, sanity and insanity. It was a spectrum and everybody fitted somewhere on it. Wherever you were on that spectrum, other people looked strange to you. Benson was strange to

"I'm restocking the pool."

them; without question, they were strange to Benson.

At six A.M. they all stood and stretched, glancing up at the clock. Nothing happened.

"Maybe it's coming at six-oh-four exactly," Gerhard said. They waited.

The clock showed 6:04. Still nothing happened. No telephones rang, no messengers arrived. Nothing.

Ellis slipped the cellophane wrapper off his cigarettes and crumpled it. The sound made Ross want to scream. He began to play with the cellophane, crumpling it, smoothing it out, crumpling it again. She gritted her teeth.

The clock showed 6:10, then 6:15. McPherson came into the room. "So far, so good," he said, smiled bleakly and left. The others stared at one another. Five more minutes passed.

"I don't know," Gerhard said, staring at the computer console. "Maybe the projection was wrong, after all. We had only three plotting points. Maybe we should run another curve through."

He sat down at the console and punched buttons. The screen glowed with alternative curves, streaking white across the green background. Finally he stopped. "No," he said. "The computer sticks with the original curve."

"Well, obviously the computer is wrong," Morris said. "It's almost six-thirty. The cafeteria will be opening. Anybody want to have breakfast?"

"Sounds good to me," Ellis said. He got out of his chair. "Jan?"

She shook her head. "I'll wait here awhile."

"I don't think it's going to happen." Morris said. "You better get some breakfast."

"I'll wait here." The words came out almost before she realized it.

"OK, OK," Morris said, raising his hands. He shot a glance at Ellis and the two of them left. Ross remained in the room with Gerhard.

"Do you have confidence limits on that curve?" she said.

"I did," Gerhard said. "But I don't know anymore. We've passed the confidence limits already. They were about plus or minus two minutes for ninety-nine percent."

"You mean the seizure would have occurred between six-oh-two and six-oh-six?"

"Yeah, roughly." He shrugged. "But it obviously didn't happen."

"It might take time before it was discovered."

"It might," Gerhard nodded. He didn't seem convinced.

She returned to the window. The sun was up now, shining with a pale, reddish light. Why did sunrises always seem weaker, less brilliant, than sunsets?

Behind her, she heard a single electronic *beep*.

"Oh-oh," Gerhard said. She turned. He pointed across the room to a small mechanical box on a shelf in the corner. The box was attached to a telephone. A green light glowed on the box.

"What is it?" she asked.

"That's the special line," he said. "The twenty-four-hour recording for the dog tag."

She went over and picked up the telephone from its cradle. She listened and heard a measured, resonant voice saying "Should be advised that the body must not be cremated or damaged in any way until the implanted atomic material has been removed. Failure to remove the material presents a risk of radioactive contamination. For detailed information——"

She turned to Gerhard. "How do you turn it off?"

He pressed a button on the box. The recording stopped.

"Hello?" she said.

There was a pause. Then a male voice said, "With whom am I speaking?"

"This is Dr. Ross."

"Are you affiliated with the"—a short pause—"the Neuropsychiatric Research Unit?"

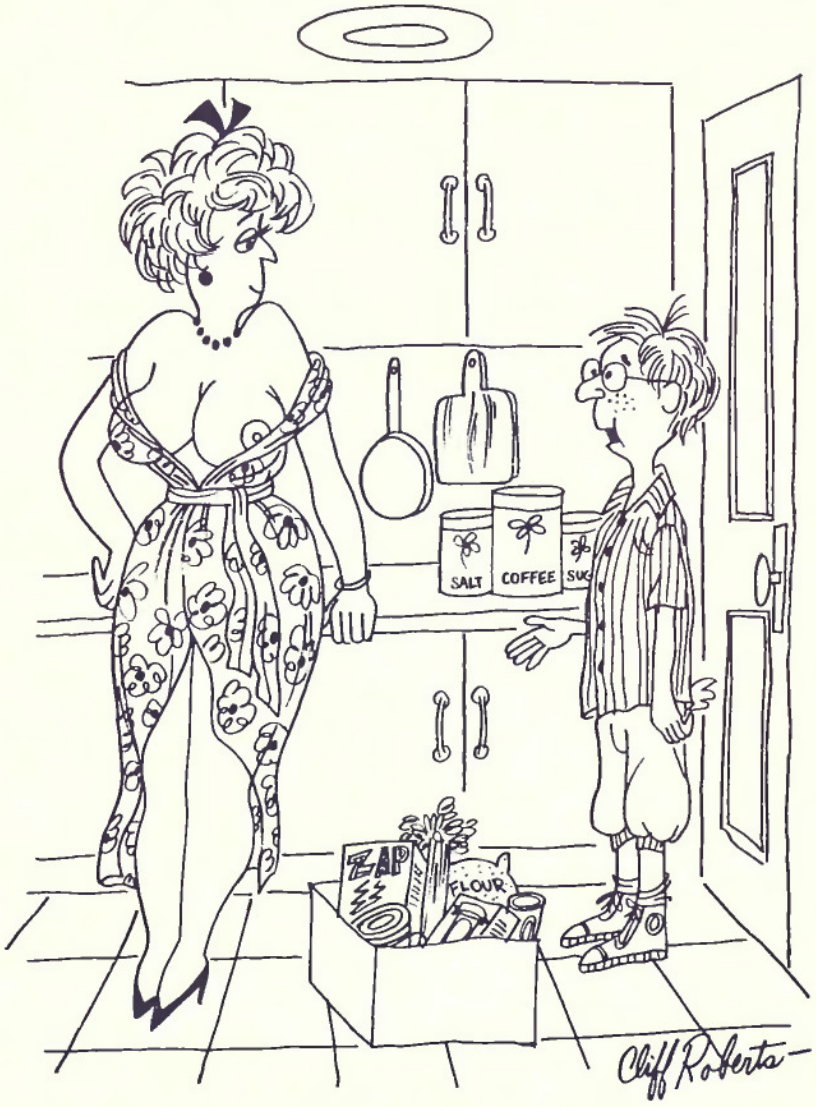
"Yes, I am."

"Get a pencil and paper. I want you to take an address down. This is Captain Anders of the Los Angeles police."

She gestured to Gerhard for something to write with. "What's the problem, Captain?"

"We have a murder here," Anders said, "and we've got some questions for your people."

This is the second of three installments of a condensed version of "The Terminal Man." The final installment of the novel will appear in the May issue.



"I know I shall probably chastise myself severely in later years, but if you don't mind, I'll take the quarter instead."

There are two cars built in Sweden. This is the one with front wheel drive for a firmer grip on snow and ice.

When we built the first Saab, we built it with front wheel drive for Swedish winters.

From that one to today's Saab 99E, we've seen no reason to change.

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We have rack and pinion steering for quicker response.

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With things like separate heating controls for the back seat. And the world's only electrically-heated driver's seat to keep you warm until the rest of the car warms up.

But the best way to tell the difference between the two cars built in Sweden is to drive both. Once you've done that, we think you'll want to keep driving the Saab 99E.

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Before you buy theirs, drive ours.

*Allstate discount available in most states. For the name and address of the dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6000. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Greatest Restaurant?

(continued from page 116)

on to a larger place in a busier town. He found the present property, on the corner of the station square in the "big city" of Roanne, where he could convert the entire ground floor into a bistro. They moved in 1930. From the first day, Jean-Baptiste was determined to make his bistro the most popular in town. He had exactly the personality for the job, the manner and voice of a sly clown, the skill of a master storyteller, with the ability to retail the town gossip in terms so malicious and ribald that the stories were only a hairbreadth from slander. Soon the bistro was jammed from morning to evening with people playing the local card game, tarots, rolling dice and listening to Jean-Baptiste, over endless cups of coffee and glasses of *pastis*.

Under *papa* Jean-Baptiste's firm and persuasive guidance, it never occurred to Jean and Pierre not to become chefs. *Papa* warned that if they wanted to be masters of the art, they would have to spend at least ten years learning the classic techniques in the major restaurants of Paris. In 1944, as soon as Paris was liberated, Jean, at 18, headed for the big city. Pierre soon followed and *papa*'s parting advice was, "Stay with your brother and work together." They were together at the Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne. Together at the Hôtel Crillon. Together at Drouant. Together at the Restaurant de la Pyramide in Vienne.

Finally, Jean became the fish chef and Pierre the sauce chef at the foremost *haute cuisine* restaurant of Paris, Chez Lucas-Carton, where the kitchen was ruled with a rod of iron by a magnificent disciplinarian known to every chef in the city as Le Père Richard. Today, both brothers feel that the classical training they got from him was the major force in their gastronomic education.

In 1954, when the ten years of apprenticeship were up, Jean-Baptiste sent a message to his boys: "*Maman* is tired of cooking. I give you my bistro. Come home and run it. Love, *Papa*."

It arrived at the crucial moment. Jean said, "We were bored to death with the endless repetitions of the classic *haute cuisine*—a waste of money and time."

Pierre added, "Not only is *haute cuisine* finished—its excesses disgust me. OK. So if you have to spend three days to make a spun-sugar windmill to decorate a dish, make it, but then don't try to break it up and eat it. Send it to a museum and display it in a glass case."

In 1955, they were back home, together. Not long after, Jean met his wife Maria at the Roanne press ball. Pierre brought his girlfriend, Olympe, from Paris. "She was a waitress at one of the restaurants where we worked," Pierre whispered slyly. "I made love to her in the cold room between the carcasses of beef. One day, the chef opened the door and said, 'Oh, excuse me,' and slammed the door at once. He was a good chef." The day after each girl was married, she moved into the Troisgros house and became a waitress in the restaurant under the all-seeing eye of *papa* Jean-Baptiste.

"He was very hard," said Maria, "but now we all realize that he was right. He taught us the discipline of the search for perfection. Now, I believe, that is the mainspring of my life. It involves us all. Even our 14-year-old daughter, Catherine, will rush to me and say, 'Quick, look, *Maman*. That gentleman sitting alone in the corner. He seems to want something.' "

Although the two brothers were now classically trained chefs, they never had the slightest intention of converting *papa*'s bistro into a temple of *haute cuisine*. Jean said, "We began changing the bistro into a restaurant, but very gradually. Our philosophy was *la cuisine simple*, but prepared as if we were trying to be a great restaurant."

After two years, in 1957, *Michelin* gave them one star. Then, in 1966, they moved up to two stars. Finally, on March 15, 1968, at crack of dawn, the copies of the new *Michelin* reached the bookstall of the railroad station. Jean strolled across the street and bought a copy. There they were. Three stars.

"Does it make a tremendous difference?" I asked.

Jean said, "Yes. In the tension of the atmosphere. When we had two stars, people came, relaxed and said to us, '*Oh, la la!* You are simply marvelous! You deserve three stars!' Now they come in glowering and say with their eyes, 'Are you really *that* good? Prove to us that you are worth the long journey we have made!' "

For the next few days, I was involved in a fascinating experience. The Troisgros family invited me behind the scenes of their world of daily struggle toward excellence. The first morning, I was down at 6:30 with Olympe and Pierre, for *l'ouverture*, the opening up of the place before the staff arrives. At seven, the *chef de cuisine*, Michel (who is second-in-command to Jean and Pierre), and two assistant cooks were in the kitchen beginning the *mise en place*, the putting in place of every ingredient and tool that would be needed for the day's cooking. By 7:15, two waiters were ready to serve the 30-odd town customers who come in on their way to work for a *café au lait* and a *croissant*.

Meanwhile, Pierre concentrated on the food supplies. This was not a market day, so he took me to his small office for a bout of long-distance telephoning. There was a call from the village of Modane on the Swiss border. The wholesale agent there reported that the fishing boats from Yvoire had been out the night before on the Lake of Geneva and had brought in a good catch of the only kind of blue trout the Troisgros will accept: about two pounds and slightly red inside the gills. They would be shipped live by refrigerated truck and reach Roanne in about six hours.

The next call was from Dublin. There had been a good haul the night before in Galway Bay of the Irish mussels that the brothers think are the best in the world. They would be shipped live, in tanks, by boat to the Breton port of Roscoff, and then by refrigerated truck to Roanne. Another fishing company called from Nantes, at the mouth of the Loire, to report what had been caught that morning in the way of crabs, *langoustes*, lobsters, scallops, shrimps, etc. An amateur fisherman in Vichy called to say that he had hooked five large salmon in the Allier River the day before and to ask how many he should bring over.

By ten o'clock, the kitchen staff was in full operation and Jean had come downstairs to take charge. It had been raining early that morning and three schoolboys appeared at the back door of the kitchen carrying bags of live snails they had gathered in the woods. Jean inspected them, weighed them and paid off the boys from the iron cashbox. Two girls arrived to report a noisy mob of frogs on the pond behind the flour mill. Jean showed them the traditional way of catching frogs without damaging them. He brought out a square of bright-red *bouclé* silk, crumpled and rolled it into a rough ball, attached it to a line about six feet long with a short, whippy rod. He said, "You drop the red ball onto the surface of the pond. The red infuriates the frog, who attacks it and gets its teeth stuck in it. At that precise moment, you jerk up the ball with your right hand and, with your left, catch the frog as it falls."

Precisely at 11, lunch was served to the staff. At 11:30, the five Troisgros children came home from school and joined the family lunch. At noon, a great bell clanged and every man rushed to his post, ready for the first storm of the day. About 60 businessmen came in with their clients and friends. Almost unanimously, they ate two courses and spent about $3.50 per person. No menus were necessary. Maria knows the budget and taste of every one of them. I lunched in the back dining room with the businessmen and ate what most of them were having—an extremely popular Troisgros specialty, Creamed Marinated Chicken in Red Wine Vinegar.

By about two o'clock, the first storm

Introducing an old way to enjoy tobacco.

If you're one of the millions who like to smoke, chances are you think that smoking is the only way to really enjoy tobacco.

Well, we have news for you:

There's more than one way to enjoy the pleasures of the tobacco leaf.

As a matter of fact, people have been partaking of these pleasures in ways that have nothing to do with smoking for hundreds of years.

Satisfying the aristocrats:

Take the aristocracy in England.

As far back as the 16th century, they considered it a mark of distinction—as well as a source of great satisfaction—to use finely-cut, finely-ground tobacco with the quaint-sounding name of "snuff". At first, this "snuff" was, as the name suggests, inhaled through the nose.

Just a pinch:

Later on, the vogue of sniffing gave way to an even more pleasurable form of using tobacco—placing just a pinch in the mouth between cheek and gum and letting it rest there.

Now, hundreds of years later, this form of tobacco is having the biggest growth in popularity since the days of Napoleon.

And what we call "smokeless tobacco" is becoming a favorite way of enjoying tobacco with Americans from all walks of life.

Anything but obvious:

Why is "smokeless tobacco" becoming so popular in America?

There are a number of reasons.

One of the obvious ones is that it is a way of enjoying tobacco that is anything but obvious.

In other words, you can enjoy it any of the times or places where smoking is not permitted.

Thus, lawyers and judges who cannot smoke in the courtroom, scientists who cannot smoke in the laboratory, and many people who like to smoke on the job, but aren't allowed to, often become enthusiastic users.

In the same way, people who work or play with their hands get the comfort of tobacco—but don't have to strike a match or worry about how to hold (or where to put) their cigarette, cigar, or pipe.

The big four:

The four best-known, best-liked brands of "smokeless tobacco" are "Copenhagen", "Skoal" and the two flavors of "Happy Days".

All four are made by the United States Tobacco Company, but each has a distinctive flavor and personality. (To make sure that distinctive flavor is as fresh as it should be when you buy it, all cans are dated on the bottom.)

Copenhagen, the biggest-selling brand in the world, has the rich flavor of pure tobacco. Skoal is wintergreen-flavored. And Happy Days comes in either raspberry or mint flavor—so it's especially popular with beginners.

But if "smokeless tobacco" has many advantages for lovers of tobacco, we must also admit it has one disadvantage.

How to use it:

It takes a little more time and practice to learn exactly how much to use (a "tiny pinch" is the best way to describe it) and exactly how to use it.

To get over that minor problem, we'll be happy to send you a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few pinches that you can try for yourself.

(Write to "Smokeless Tobacco", United States Tobacco Company, Dept. P11, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.)

Once you get the knack, you'll find you have something else, too: Another great way to enjoy tobacco.

Smokeless Tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

was over. Jean and Pierre took me on a quick tour of the outskirts of Roanne to visit some of the amateur gardeners who grow fruits and vegetables to the Troisgros' specifications. Then we dropped in on their favorite *boulanger*, Claudius Dufour. Claudius bakes for Troisgros 26 kinds and shapes of breads and rolls and delivers them warm from his ovens five times a day. Next, we drove out to a green valley where we found, almost hidden among the trees, the 200-year-old Moulin de Sainte-Marie. The water in the tiny river was running fast, turning the mill wheel at a clanking clip. The owner, 60-year-old Pierre Debus, a classic French country type who might have stepped straight out of one of Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, showed us the first-quality grade of Canadian durum wheat that he mills for Troisgros into a coarse, unbleached flour.

At dinner that night, I ordered from the least expensive, nine-dollar menu. I began with a terrine of wild rabbit (served in small individual crocks) that Pierre had shot in the forest. There followed one of the supreme Troisgros specialties, mussel soup—a rich fish broth, with cream and saffron, aromatic and glutinous, garnished with wine-poached mussels. For the main course, Veal Kidneys in a Mustard Sauce. With the mussels, I drank a fine white burgundy, a 1966 Pouilly-Fuissé Château Fuissé, and with the kidneys, a 1966 red Volnay-Santenots, which the Troisgros serves Burgundian style in a polished pewter jug. After the almost unlimited choices from the cheese and dessert carts, Jean offered, with the coffee, a *marc de framboises*, a brandy distilled from raspberries. "At five-thirty in the morning, monsieur," he told me, "I'm driving you the 30 kilometers to St.-Christophe, to help me buy some live Charolais beef."

As the sun rose, we were driving along the beautiful gorge of the Loire, where the river is narrow and white water races among the rocky pools. Already the amateur fishermen were out, some with rods and lines, others with the large, round conical nets. "They're all friends of ours," said Jean. "We'll get the best of what they catch." The valley opened out into the rolling vineyards of the Côtes Roannais, one of the minor classified wine areas, where we called at the vineyard of another Troisgros friend, Paul-Pierre Lutz, so that Jean could order a couple of barrels of Rosé d'Ambierle, the light carafe wine served at the restaurant. Then, over the hills to the village of Iguerande, to order three drums of walnut oil from the 100-year-old pressing plant of Jean Leblanc. Next, to the lovely Romanesque village of Marcigny and the goat farm of Madame Jeannine Shalton, who showed us her herd of snow-white females, all kept in a continuous state of milk production by the industrious activities of a single, lordly, jet-black *bouc*, who seemed well satisfied with his life's work. We loaded the back of the station wagon with four boxes of the small Marcigny cheeses, each about half the size of a camembert, then headed toward St.-Christophe.

As we approached the village, the air was filled with the distant lowing of thousands of cattle. The Charolais beef sale is the most famous in France. We rounded a bend in the narrow road and suddenly faced a sea of cattle—almost 4000 on sale that day. The owner stands by the head of the animal and firmly proclaims its magnificent qualities—even if it's the scruffiest beast you ever saw. The buyer walks around the animal, prodding it with a stick and loudly pointing out its faults. The seller asks double what he expects to get. The buyer offers half of what he expects to pay. Then the violent trading begins.

A beef animal bought by the Troisgros brothers will usually weigh about 1000 pounds. They take only the *contre-filets*, the two long backstrips of lean meat, which include all the best steak and roasting cuts—about ten percent of the carcass. The rest is at once resold to retail butchers. Before leaving St.-Christophe, soon after nine A.M., we had a "meat-handlers' breakfast" at the Restaurant Chenaux, next door to the slaughterhouse. The place was jammed with about 300 of the brawniest men one has ever seen, most of them in blue-denim shirts that hung down to their knees. We started with a half-liter pot of a powerful, rough red Rhône wine. Then came a mountainous dish of beef stew. The meat seemed very fresh. Next, a well-aged Marcigny goat cheese, which had a certain gastronomic relationship with the beef. The smell reminded me of an unventilated cattle barn on a hot day. This monster meal cost a dollar.

Back in Roanne in time for lunch (but hardly hungry), I asked if I might kibitz with the kitchen crew. The six cooks are commanded by Jean, Pierre, the *chef de cuisine*, Michel, and the *chef pâtissier*, André. Jean is mainly at the stoves. Pierre cuts all the meat. Michel takes care of the fish and the sauces. At the same time, each of the bosses is inspecting, picking at and tasting everything. A bowl of salad is ready to go into the dining room. Pierre looks at it, pulls out a leaf and tastes the dressing, then roundly bawls out the boy who made it, throws the salad into the garbage and orders a rush replacement.

One has no feeling of anything being measured or cost-accounted. Mounds of butter, jugs of thick cream and bottles of wine are everywhere and seem to be added to everything in unlimited quantities. Everyone communicates continuously by shouting—ill-tempered and tough shouting when the going is rough and mistakes are made, jocular and satiric shouting when things go well. The practical joke is never far below the surface. André walks across the kitchen carrying a tower of empty aluminum cake pans. Pierre, at the butcher's block, flashes out his foot and trips him. The deafening crash of the pans sets the whole kitchen to a roar of laughter. André, not amused, yells at the boys, "Pick 'em up!" and stalks off to his corner.

As each order is yelled in and confirmed by Jean's answering shout, he takes down the proper pan for that order and sets it, empty, as a reminder, on the stove. He claims his system is foolproof, but by the time there are ten empty pans, he has been known to mutter, "What the bloody hell is supposed to go into this one?" At moments one senses, perhaps, the secret of the lifelong relationship between the two brothers. Pierre has the force and the fury; he does the bawling out. The boys watch him with a certain fear. Jean has the charm. He flashes his smile. He jumps in with soothing words. The boys watch him with adoration.

The pressures mount to a peak. The orders are like a barrage of machine-gun fire. One has the vague feeling of a crew of white-coated seamen trying to keep their ship afloat in a hurricane. The blare of noise, the figures rushing hither and thither, the irresistible chaos of enticing smells, the heat and spitting of the frying, the clang of pots, the bloomp-bloomp of chopping knives, all beat down with enveloping force until one feels dizzy.

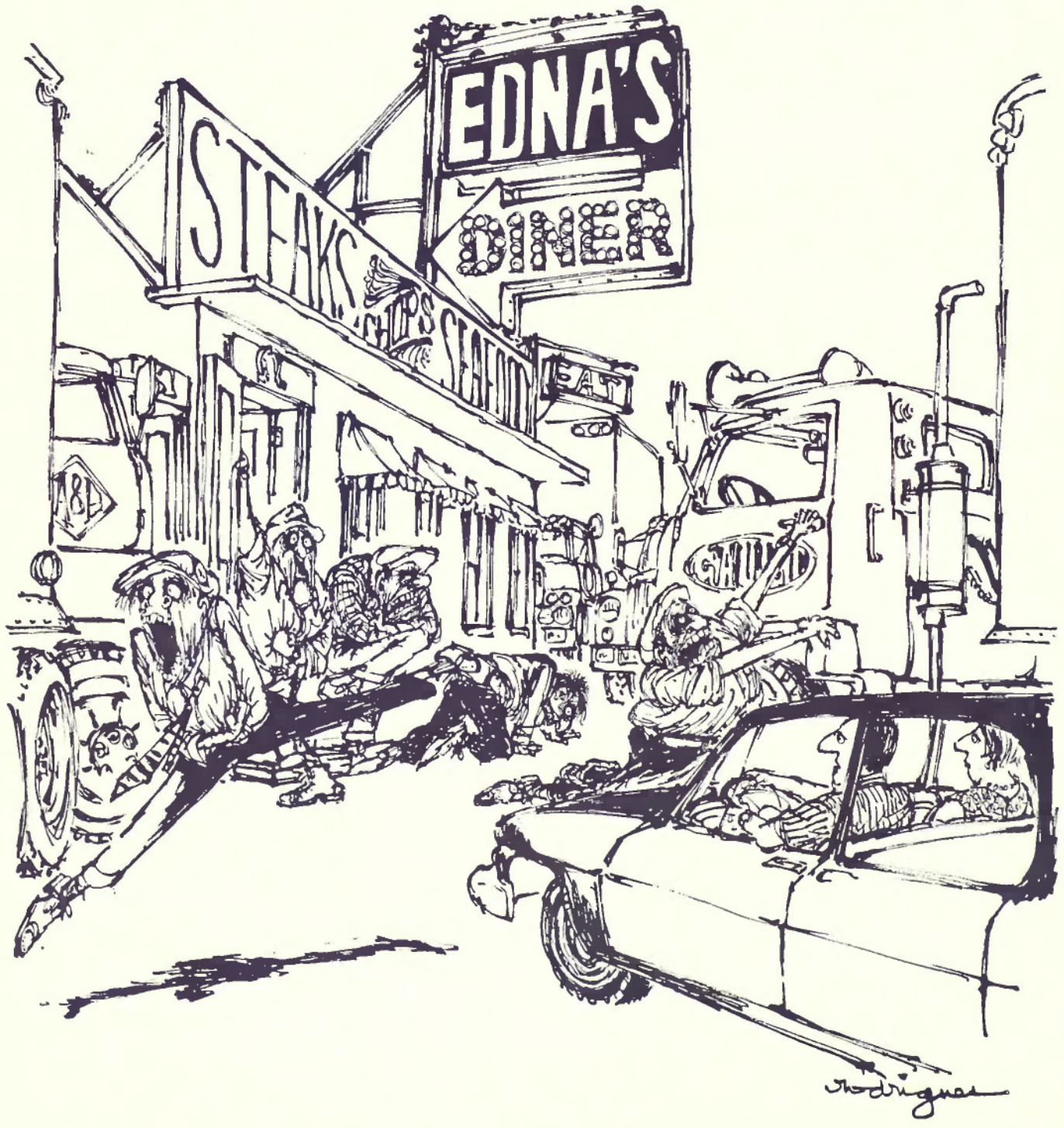
Yet, in reality, everything is proceeding normally, everyone is efficiently absorbed. A boy is quickly shelling a bowl of beautiful, pink crayfish. Michel is adding a shower of bright-green sorrel to a brilliantly yellow sauce. André is making patterns with peach halves on a tart shell. Pierre watches everything and misses nothing. He could take over any job, from anyone, at any moment, and do it better. Everyone knows this and the effect is both disciplinary and exhilarating. One feels sure that if Jean suddenly felt himself fainting from the heat of his fires, he would, before letting himself fall to the floor, take the piece of beef out of the oven to avoid its being overcooked.

Lunch was over, the afternoon was restful and, by dinnertime, I was again ready to face the joyous riches of the

"Well, the machine says you had one."

Troisgros' cuisine. On the third evening, I ordered from the $12 menu. Since this is the dinner chosen by about 90 percent of the tourists, it includes most of the Troisgros' specialties listed in the *Guide Michelin*. My meal began with a dish of pink, cold poached crayfish on a bed of chopped green leaves, lightly set off with a tomato-tinged yellow mayonnaise. Next, the dish that has been most often acclaimed by French gourmets as Troisgros' most brilliant creation: a thin *escalope* of fresh salmon, covered by a faintly acid sauce made with sorrel, vermouth, white wine, lemon juice and copious quantities of butter and cream. "The trick is to add the finely chopped sorrel not more than ten seconds before you pour the sauce over the salmon," Jean pointed out. "The sorrel melts, but its flavor is captured." The main course was an *entrecôte* of Charolais beef, with a complicated red beaujolais sauce, thickened with beef marrow. The wine with the fish was a 1964 white burgundy, Puligny-Montrachet, while the beef deserved and got a magnum of 1961 Chambertin-Clos de Bèze—a great wine.

After cheeses and desserts, Jean offered, with the coffee, a privately distilled, unlabeled marc made from wild plums, which, in finesse and richness, made many a cognac seem weak and uninteresting. The meal was a gastronomic triumph.



"So much for truck drivers' knowing the best places to eat."

The following day, after breakfast, I reluctantly packed my bags. It was time for me to leave. Jean and Pierre came up to my room and said that they would all be greatly honored if I would have my farewell lunch with the family and staff in the private dining room. I felt equally honored by the invitation. It was a meal of perfect simplicity—a fitting end to a memorable visit. There was a salad of the last local green beans and tomatoes of the season. There was a whole pike, caught that morning in the gorge of the Loire, served with *la Sauce à la Manière de Grand-maman*—creamy, lemony, with the faint taste of shallots and speckled with the green of fresh tarragon. Then a beautifully balanced *Aiguillette de Boeuf*, a stew with sweet baby carrots and small boiled potatoes. For the wine, they reminded me of my visit to Monsieur Lutz by serving his charming Rosé d'Ambierle. Then came the Marcigny cheese to remind me of Madame Shalton's goats. Then the last raspberries and strawberries of the season—and champagne for the final toasts.

I raised my glass and gently goaded them: "Here's to your future. You are world-famous, you have more business than you can possibly handle. Here's to your rebuilding this place as a 300-seat restaurant. You have had large financial offers from Paris. Here's to your opening a great restaurant there."

Jean laughed: "If I wanted to be a businessman, I wouldn't be a chef."

Pierre said: "I want to stay in the kitchen. I enjoy cooking with my brother."

The big bell clanged for 12 o'clock. Everyone hurried off to his battle station. I was left alone in the private dining room with *papa* Jean-Baptiste. For a few moments, we sipped our champagne in silence. Then I asked: "What do you think is the essence of the Troisgros philosophy?"

"When my boys were young," he said, "we used to go into the country together and, when we saw the Charolais cattle in the fields, I said, 'Look, how they are at peace. They are at one with the earth—in perfect harmony.' We try to achieve that harmony in this house. I believe our clients sense that harmony in the foods they eat here and the wines they drink here. Our essence, monsieur, is that our cuisine reflects the marvel of the earth."

Is this the greatest restaurant in the world? My mother once told me that she took me to my first restaurant when I was two years old. Since that day, I calculate that I have eaten in 12,474 restaurants around the world. As far as I can remember, not one of them was ever as good as Troisgros.

KEPHAS AND ELOHENU

(continued from page 134)

deals with the Devil. And of course he can't deliver; he's just a fraud. (*Chuckles*) A lovable fraud. I don't put on airs the way he does. I'm just a scenery maker.

JARVIS: Wilt Thou abandon the world that Thou madestest? Thine own handiwork which the race of men hast defiled——

KEPHAS: *Hath* defiled. *Hath*. Third person singular.

JARVIS: Hath defiled in disobedience of Thine express command——

KEPHAS: Wouldn't "*Thy* express command" be better?

ELOHENU: It's followed by a vowel. "Thy express command"? "Thine express command"? Hard to be sure in these cases.

KEPHAS: Look, Service, this archaic speech is all very nice, but none of us are quite up to it.

ELOHENU (*triumphantly*): None of us *is* quite up to it!

JARVIS: Hath defiled in disobedience of Thine express command when Thou sentest Thine only begotten son to redeemeth us. When Thou spaketh to Moseth and gaveth him Thy Ten Commandethments——

KEPHAS: Sit down, sit down.

JARVIS: Honor thy father and thy mother! Thou shalt not commit adultery! (*Sits*)

KEPHAS: Take it easy. There, there.

JARVIS: Thou shalt not kill thy manservant nor thy maidservant.

KEPHAS: That's right. Don't worry. Everything is going to be just fine. We have a few formalities. (*Takes a pen*) Your name is Alvin Service Garvis.

JARVIS (*exhausted*): Jarvis Parvis Harvis.

KEPHAS: Yes. Age?

JARVIS: Twiddlety-two.

KEPHAS: Sex?

JARVIS: Masking tape.

KEPHAS: Any distinguishing sins or vices?

JARVIS: Avarice and hypocrisy.

KEPHAS (*writing*): Av-a-rice and hy-poc-ri-cy.

ELOHENU (*without looking*): You spelled hypocrisy wrong.

KEPHAS: How?

ELOHENU: You spelled it like democracy. It should be I-S-Y.

KEPHAS (*making the correction*): I don't know why I should spot you fifty points if you're so smart. Occupation?

ELOHENU: God.

KEPHAS: Not you, him. Service! What's your occupation?

JARVIS (*coming out of his trance*): Man of the cloth.

KEPHAS: Really? I wish you'd have a look at this robe. You see where the seam is? It's splitting along the seam. Of

course it's a thousaad years old. But try ordering a new one! They give you nothing but lip down there.

JARVIS: I'm afraid there's a slight misunderstanding.

KEPHAS (*picking up phone*): Get me the tailor shop. Hello! Who's this? Yo no speak Espanish. Get me the boss.

JARVIS: A slight misconception, I'm afraid——

KEPHAS: *Quiero hablar* to the boss. Mr. O'Grady. That you, O'Grady? I've got a worker for you. A man of the cloth. Well, on the steam press, how should I know? What? It is? (*Covers mouthpiece*) O'Grady says a man of the cloth is a preacher.

JARVIS: That's what I've been trying to tell you.

KEPHAS: Not a tailor at all. Why did you say you were a tailor? Hello, O'Grady? You're right, he's a man of the cloth. What? Oh, very funny, O'Grady, very, very funny. Same to you, with knobs. (*Hangs up*) So! All this about man of the cloth, minister of the Gospel, this and that, and you're a preacher.

JARVIS: From you, sir, I accept that cognomen quite humbly, even with its somewhat pejorative implications.

KEPHAS: Ah! You speak in tongues. That's a language I understand. I used to preach a little myself. I don't mind telling you, Jarv, it looks good. I think you're in. (*To* ELOHENU) What do *you* think? Is he in?

ELOHENU: It's up to you.

KEPHAS: I know it's up to me. You've got an opinion, haven't you?

ELOHENU: You want my opinion? All right. (*Confidentially*) In my opinion, he's a tailor. In my opinion, he couldn't preach his way out of a wet paper bag.

KEPHAS: Suppose you're right. Even suppose you're right. As a tailor, he's still in.

ELOHENU: Yeah, but as a tailor, he goes downstairs.

KEPHAS: A detail, a mere detail.

ELOHENU: A detail? Who just said you couldn't get good service? Would another pair of hands hurt?

KEPHAS: I can't make him a tailor for all eternity without giving him a fair trial.

ELOHENU: *Give* him a fair trial! Find out what he knows about invisible weaving.

KEPHAS: O'Grady doesn't even want him.

ELOHENU: Is O'Grady bigger than you, or are you bigger than O'Grady?

KEPHAS: Come here, Jarv. Preach to me.

JARVIS: Preach to you? Now?

KEPHAS: Why not? We're a perfect audience. I'm from the New Testament, he's from the Old. Sock it to us.

JARVIS: Could I have a set of golf clubs, please? I never preach without them.

KEPHAS (*into phone*): Rush a set of golf clubs up here. (*Hangs up phone and takes out watch*) Give us the old brimstone-and-eternal-damnation bit. Put thunder into your voice and roll your eyes a lot. Not that I need to teach you your business. Five seconds. Two seconds. (*A sign reading* PREACH *lights up*)

JARVIS: I understand that in addition to the five thousand-odd people here in the main chapel of this great church, there are also five hundred or more in the smaller chapel, who can hear my voice although they cannot see me. I should like to assure those lucky ones that my message today is equally for them.

KEPHAS: Nice going.

JARVIS: You know—I've got a funny job. My job is to tell people what they already know. It's a strange thing for a grown man to be doing. And yet—think about it a minute. It's what we all do. From a casual remark about the weather to a closely reasoned newspaper editorial. How often have you felt a shock of recognition, a feeling of "This is true!" when a neighbor tells you, "Nice day"?

ELOHENU: You know, he's right.

KEPHAS: Sh!

JARVIS: Recently, I was talking with a man who seemed to have everything: a beautiful wife, good stock portfolio, a game in the low eighties. And yet this man was miserable. He couldn't communicate with his daughter. The shock of recognition was missing when either of them spoke to the other. This man turned to me and said, "Reverend, how have I offended God?" I said to him, "God isn't offended with you, Bill. God offends those who offend themselves." He drew back, surprised. "Reverend," he said, "I've honestly never thought of it that way before." The shock of recognition. I had simply told him something he already knew, something he had always known. He went home that evening and gave his daughter a diamond

"Everybody complains about overpopulation, but we get damned little gratitude for trying to do something about it."

necklace and a new pair of dungarees. "Oh, Daddy," she said, "you're a peach!" —or whatever young people are saying nowadays. The shock of recognition was back. (*Enter a* DEMON *in a golf cart with a set of clubs. He gives one to* JARVIS *and thereafter acts as his caddie.*) The other day, I was talking with an FBI agent. This man seemed to have everything: four lovely children, a ranch-style house and extensive slum properties. And yet fate had not dealt kindly with this man. He had been instructed by his bureau to seduce the district organizer of the Communist Party. Here was a man who had been brought up in the Church: but he decided, wisely, I think, that his country's need overrode any other considerations. When he begged, after six months, to be relieved of the assignment, J. Edgar Hoover asked him personally to continue. And then it developed that a terrible mistake had been made, probably by a computer. The girl was herself an FBI agent. Here was a man who seemed to have everything and who had violated the Seventh Commandment, as it turned out for no reason. J. Edgar Hoover personally apologized. And yet the sense of transgression was strong in this man. It was ten years after this shattering incident that this man came to me. "What do you think I ought to do, Reverend?" he pleaded. "Bill," I said, "have you ever thought about breaking it off?" "Breaking it *off*!" he said. "Breaking it *off*!" "Yes, Bill," I told him. "Breaking it off." He drew back, astonished. "Reverend," he said, "I've honestly never thought of it that way before."

KEPHAS: What do you think?

ELOHENU: He's a tailor. "Breaking it off"—like a piece of thread.

JARVIS (*lighting a cigarette*): Last week I was talking with a prominent industrialist. This man seemed to have everything: hundreds of natives toiling in his African mines, factories belching smoke (*as he says this, he belches smoke*), oil wells, brothels, bingo parlors, you name it. On top of that, he was the governor of two states. Power? He had it. Money? Don't make me laugh. And yet this man increasingly felt that his life was a hollow sham, that he was just filling in time on his way to the grave. "Reverend," he said to me, "Reverend, where did I go wrong?" "Bill," I said, "I'm no pro, but it looks very much to me as if you're neglecting your backswing." He took my advice, and wham! Two hundred and fifty yards right down the middle of the patch.

ELOHENU: How did he make out hollow shamwise?

JARVIS: You mustn't interrupt the sermon.

ELOHENU: But you're not saying anything.

JARVIS: One more outburst and I'll clear the court.

KEPHAS: Jarvis.

JARVIS: This is intolerable. Sergeant at arms!

KEPHAS: Jarvis, there's no one out there. Wake up, Jarvis. (*Snaps fingers*) Jarvis, on the basis of your sermon, I have reached a decision. You have a way with words, Jarvis, but there is about you a certain vulgarity. I imagine that you adhere to the proposition that it takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home.

JARVIS: Axiomatic, I would have thought.

KEPHAS: I suspect, too, that you are partial to the season when the frost is on the punkin.

JARVIS: Am I ever!

ELOHENU:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

JARVIS:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted as he staggered down the stairs,
And the something something something,
But his little daughter whispered, as she took his icy hand,
"Isn't——"

KEPHAS: That does it, Jarvis, you're unacceptable.

JARVIS: You mean—you mean I have to go to—to the other place?

DEMON *takes the club from his hand, replaces it and drives off.*

KEPHAS: There is no other place. There's upstairs and there's downstairs and that's it. Downstairs it's hot; they work hard and they laugh a lot. Jarvis, why weren't you a baker? Why weren't you a cobbler? You'd be useless downstairs.

ELOHENU: He could learn a trade. It's never too late.

KEPHAS: Never too late, he's dead! Who ever heard of a dead man learning a trade?

ELOHENU: It does sound silly when you put it that way.

KEPHAS: Then there's upstairs. Here, with us, and Beethoven and all those people.

JARVIS: I'd like that!

ELOHENU: Beethoven wouldn't. He won't even talk to *us*.

KEPHAS: Why should he? We couldn't have composed the Rasoumovsky quartets if we tried all day. Let's face it, the only reason we're here is that we're the founders. And the thing is, Jarv, you wouldn't really feel at home. Jarvis—Jarv—I feel a certain affection for you. All this is not entirely your fault. Things might have been different. I want you to go back and try again.

JARVIS: You mean I don't have to be dead?

KEPHAS: Jarvis has to be dead, but you don't have to be Jarvis.

ELOHENU: Isn't it amazing? They have no idea how it works.

KEPHAS: And it's so simple. (*Consults a list*) You could be the Larsen baby. It's a boy and you'll be born in about two months. The personality is about to be formed, so there isn't a minute to lose.

JARVIS: What's my first name?

KEPHAS: That's up to your parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jens Larsen of Kristiansund, Norway. They're simple people. Mr. Larsen is a street cleaner. They'll go downstairs someday. If you live right, so will you. What do you say, Jarvis?

JARVIS *is silent.*

ELOHENU: What do you say, Larsen?

JARVIS-LARSEN *lies on the floor and sobs loudly.* KEPHAS *quickly brings him a pacifier.*

KEPHAS: There, there, baby, baby, there, there, mustn't cry. Mommy's here. Nice, warm Mommy, all round and round. Rockaby, rockaby, hear the heartbeat, boom, boom, boom. (*Sings*) "Baby's boat's a silver dream,/Sailing on the sea. . . ." (*Continues to hum until two angels enter and carry the sleeping* JARVIS-LARSEN *away. There is a silence.* ELOHENU *laughs.*)

ELOHENU: People.

KEPHAS: What?

ELOHENU: People are funny.

KEPHAS: You're very profound.

ELOHENU: No, but they are.

KEPHAS: Well, who made them, and in whose image? (*Returns to his desk*) And whose turn is it?

ELOHENU: It's mine and I'm making INTRAVENOUSLY.

KEPHAS: You can't! It's got too many letters. Where did you get all those extra letters?

ELOHENU: I created them.

KEPHAS: Well, I'm not admitting them. Now, you play the game right or I quit.

ELOHENU: OK. Want to play in French?

KEPHAS: That means you've got the Q and no U.

ELOHENU: *Mais oui, mon ami.*

KEPHAS: *D'accord, jouons en français.*

ELOHENU: *Voilà!*

KEPHAS: *Ah! Quel est ce mot? Voyons—trois, quatre, quatorze. . . .*

As KEPHAS *murmurs on in French,* ELOHENU *signals to the electricians.*

ELOHENU: Let there be darkness. (*Nothing happens*) Come on—darkness.

The lights are suddenly extinguished. Darkness is again on the face of the deep.

"My God, young lady, you're way ahead of your time!"

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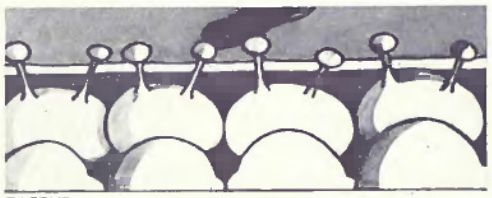
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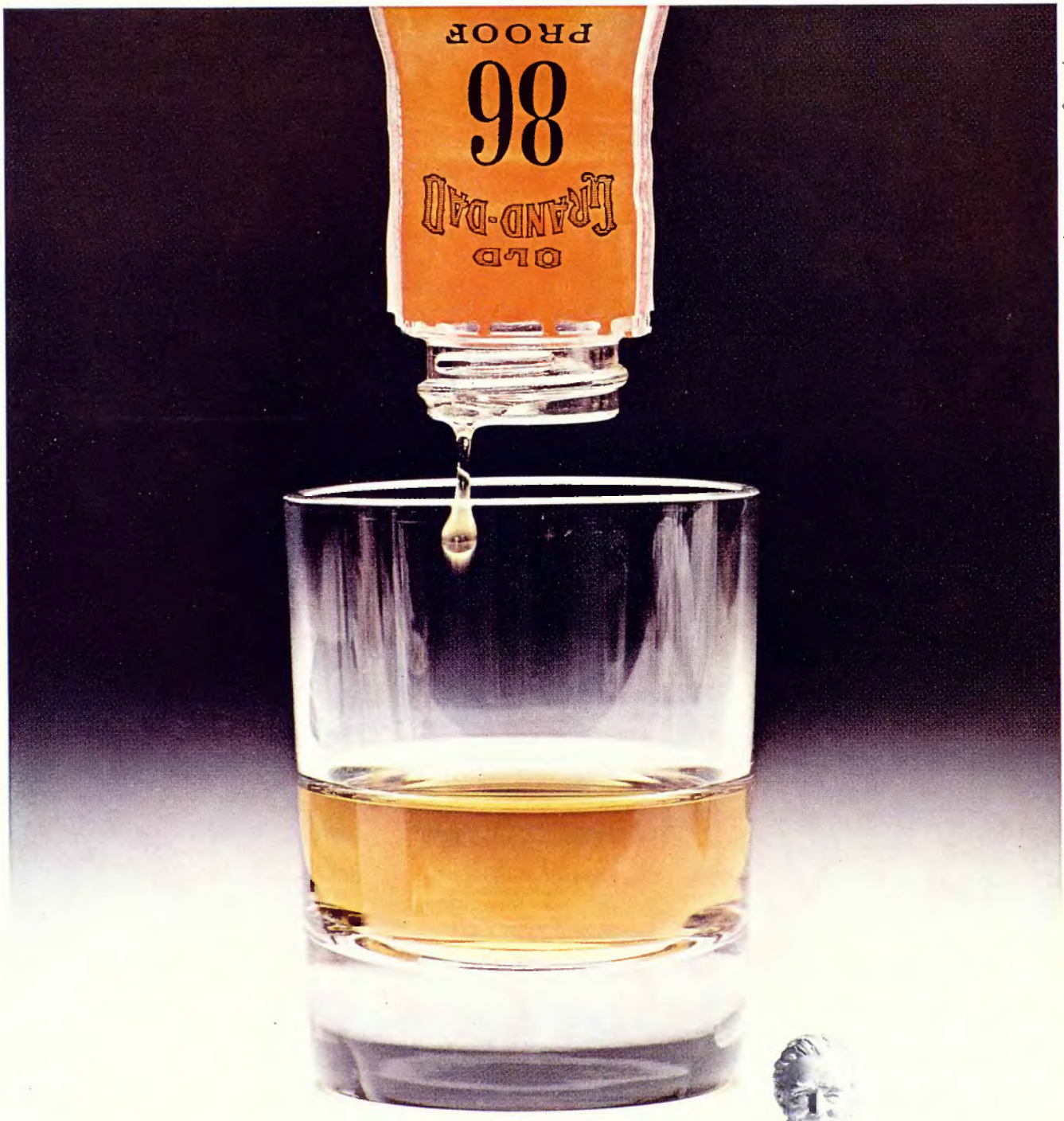

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