ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
MAY 1972 • ONE DOLLAR
PLAYBOY
ARTHUR C. CLARKE TEAMS UP WITH UNDERGROUND ARTIST SKIP WILLIAMSON
JOHN CLELLON HOLMES LOOKS AT LOS ANGELES
MICHAEL ARLEN TAKES ON THE TV NEWS
PLUS ALAN WATTS
JOHN CHEEVER
MICHAEL CRICHTON

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PLAYBILL LOS ANGELES: Charles Manson really could not have happened in any other city. It wasn't the crime so much as the juxtaposition of extremes. Actress Angela Lansbury reportedly sent her daughter off with the grubby nomad—giving her her blessings and a "To whom it may concern" to that effect. The sleazy and the glamorous have cohabited in that city for a long time now. Just beneath all the glittering romance that Hollywood has sold about itself, there is the slightly terrifying reality you find in the detective fiction of Raymond Chandler and Ross Macdonald, or in the satire of Nathanael West. We couldn't think of a writer better equipped to understand Los Angeles than John Clellon Holmes, who has reported on the splendid old cities of Europe for the past two years and seemed due for a change. In this case, an extreme change. *In Search of Los Angeles* doesn't arrive at perfect understanding, but it *is* California Holmes is talking about, so we forgive him.

If anybody ever looked like the perfect California kid, it has to be Craig Breedlove. He acts the part, too—building rocket-powered cars and driving them at speeds that flirt with the sound barrier. Breedlove once held the land speed record and is currently trying to finance a car that he thinks will win it back with some to spare. Part of the plan is to build the world's fastest dragster and run it this year at various tracks to raise money for the supersonic car, which is still in the design stage. In our offices one morning, Breedlove showed the editors a model of the dragster. Since no American male is completely free of dreams about fast cars and his ability to drive them, we crowded around and listened to his description of the vehicle, which is powered by a lunar-descent engine. Finally, one editor spoke up: "Say, Craig, just how fast will that thing *go*, anyway?" Breedlove paused, looked up and said, quite calmly, "Oh, we'll get about three hills."

In *"For My Next Act, I'm Going to Set Myself on Fire,"* writer William Neely describes the art of Breedlove's race-car construction and a truly spectacular crack-up.

They run another kind of race out in Nevada. Much slower. In fact, it may be the world's slowest race—with burros. Reg Potterton went out to take a look at *The Great Race* and found the Old West alive and well—if slightly self-conscious.

CHEEVER

John Cheever leads this month's fiction roster with *The Jewels of the Cabots*, which concerns an obscure and eccentric branch of the famous New England family. Arthur C. Clarke's *When the Twerms Came* is perhaps the shortest and wittiest account ever written of invasion from outer space. Rounding out the fiction are *Riviera Idyl*, by William Fifield, and the conclusion of Michael Crichton's *The Terminal Man*.

CLARKE

ARLEN

Michael Arlen wrote about television for *The New Yorker* for three years, then collected his articles in *Living-Room War*. In *You'll Laugh! You'll Cry! You'll Watch Them Die! It's Today's News Spectacular!*, he considers network news programs—how they're made and what they do. You'd expect Arlen to have some heavy thoughts about television. He does: "The difficulty in being a television critic is that a critic is supposed to look at something and then write about it; and if you look at television for any length of time, in addition to having your brain turned to stone or worse, you end up writing about *Marcus Welby*, pro football and David Brinkley. The best thing is to try to write about the TV screen and the people who watch it, all at once, which is how it happens and is, in fact, how we live."

WATTS

HOLMES

In a World They Never Made, six poems by black South Africans, is introduced by the well-known South African novelist Nadine (*A Guest of Honor*) Gordimer. The two poems by Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali will be included in *Sounds of a Cowhide Drum*, to be published by The Third Press—Joseph Okpaku Publishing Company.

DEMPSEY

WEINSTEIN

Also in this issue: David Dempsey theorizes in *Man's Hidden Environment* (illustrated by Mike Medow) that much of our behavior is influenced by surroundings we discount as neutral or insignificant. And Sol Weinstein provides the real low-down on Nixon's China trip in *Chairman Mao, I Presume*. Plus: *Bestial Sex*, a cartoon feature, by Lee Lorenz; *The Greening of the Cocktail Hour*, by Emanuel Greenberg; and photographer J. Frederick Smith's *Monday's Child*. Finally, for those still confused about Zen, Alan Watts—in an article illustrated by Kunio Hagio—clears it all up. It is, you see, just like *The Sound of Rain*. Any questions?

POTTERTON

NEELY

GORDIMER

LORENZ

SMITH

MEDOW

HAGIO

GREENBERG

vol. 19, no. 5—may, 1972

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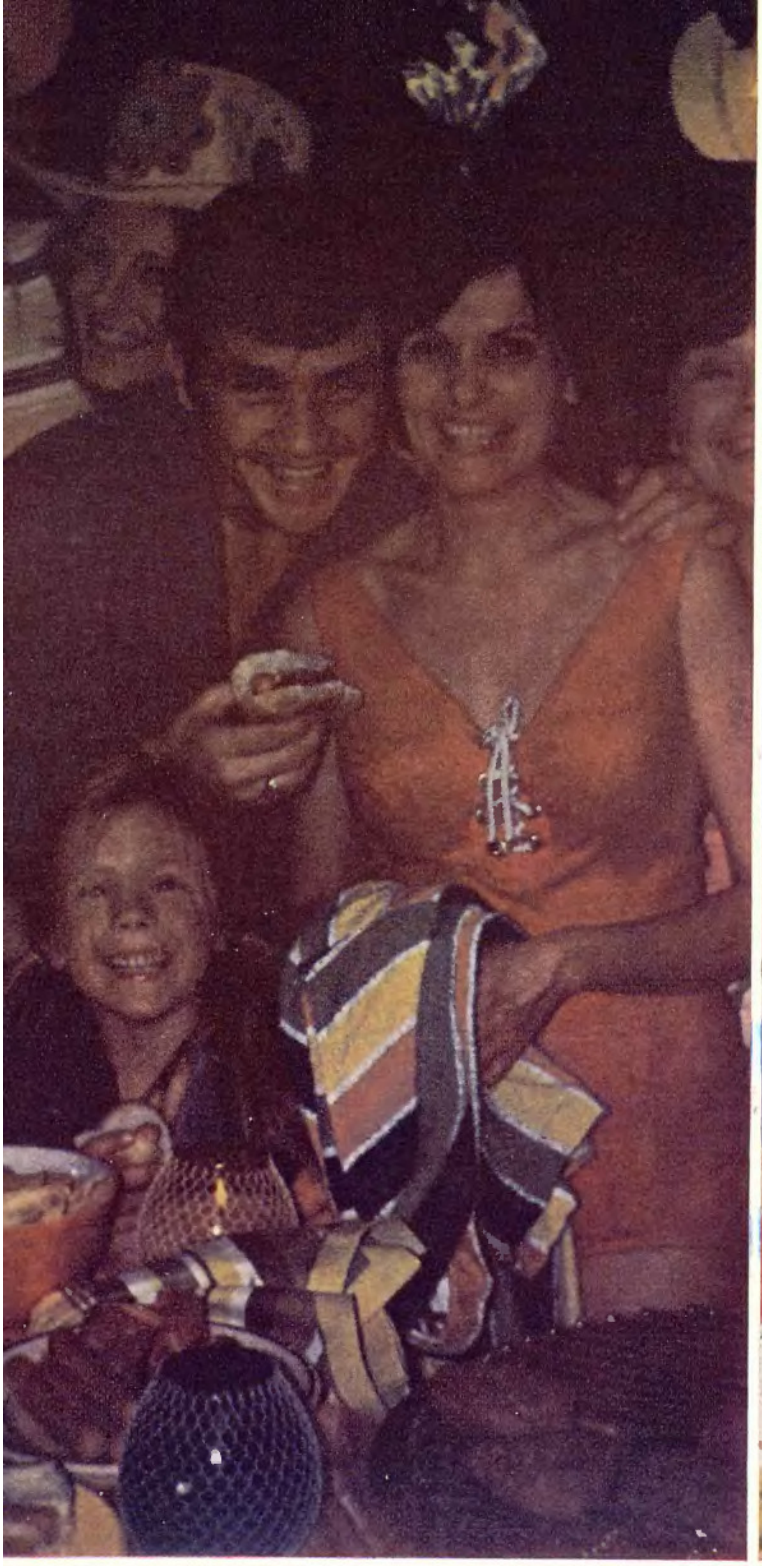

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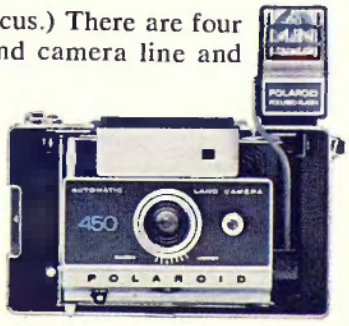

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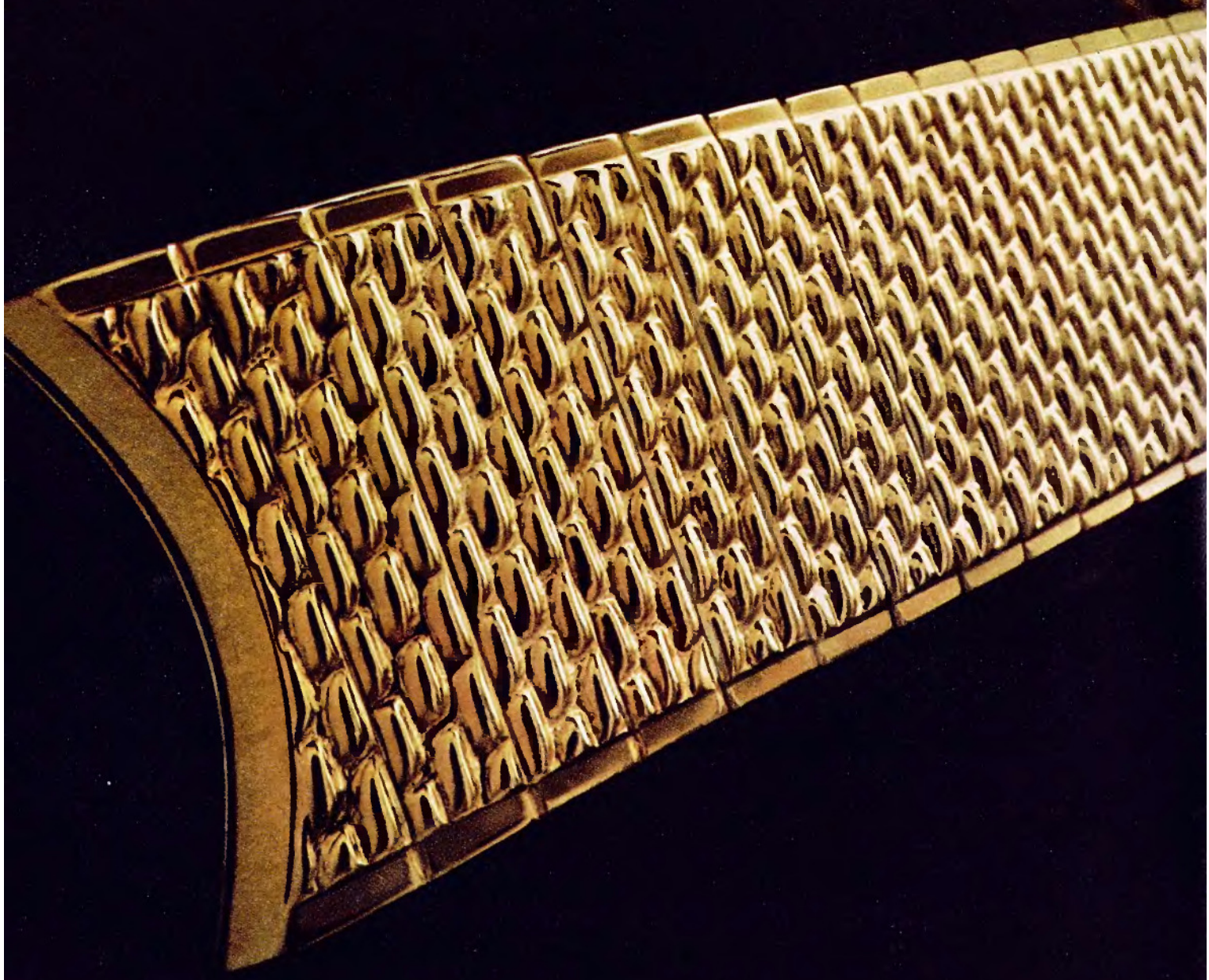

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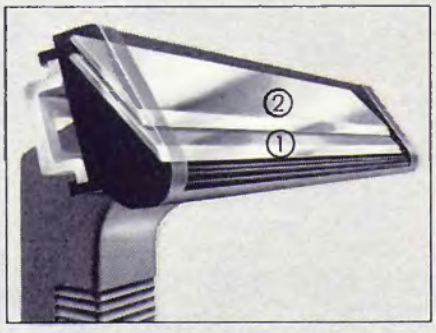

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL?

George Malko's sensitive article faithfully portrays the breakup of old customs and old communities. But *America: Loved It and Left It* (PLAYBOY, February) is not only the story of Nick Caraturo and his flight from America, it is the end of the first act of an ongoing drama. The realization that the melting process has given us little genuine integration is just sinking in. Polite tolerance, yes; cooperation on some common problems, yes; but real integration, no. The second act, on which the curtain is just rising, will be the story of ethnic renaissance, a revitalization of ethnic heritage and a defense of traditional values and established communities. It's a phenomenon so marked that some are starting to call the Seventies the decade of the ethnic.

Donald L. Miller
Editor, European Edition
Washington New Approach
Washington, D. C.

Like Nick Caraturo, I believe America is going from bad to worse—and going fast. The American public is being sold down the road by a handful of politicians who are out for their own personal gain at the expense of the majority of us. The quality of life in the U. S. is slowly deteriorating. The citizens are being victimized by forced integration, and if that's freedom, I'll eat your Playmate gatefold. The Negro race and the Puerto Ricans are going to have it better than us white folks if we don't watch out.

Glenn D. Sprague,
Great Barrington, Massachusetts

I disagree politically with Nick Caraturo on every possible level, but through Malko's clear focus I was moved by Nick's disaffection. The false promises, the packaged set of values, the American dream in all its worst materialistic trappings and the conditioned bigotry were the foundations of Nick's life. His story is tragic not only because Nick accepted this dream but because the rest of us could offer nothing as an alternative.

Avery Corman
New York, New York

Corman is a longtime documentary-film writer, recently turned novelist with "Oh, God!"

I really sympathize with Nick, because I feel very much as he does. But there is one difference that would surprise him. I am a person of color; I have spent most of my adult life abroad and haven't yet found a place where I can run and hide, because of so many Nicks who preceded me there. I've lost track of the times Europeans have been surprised that I fence, and very well, because some white American told them I was good for only street fighting and eating chitterlings. I love *my* country and I've given 20 years to the defense of it. Now I expect to gladly spend the remainder of my life trying to bring about the necessary changes that will save America.

Charles R. Hall
McGuire AFB, New Jersey

The dismal portrait of my old neighborhood that Malko painted annoyed me. My parents have lived two blocks from the Caraturo home since 1937. My brother and I were good friends with Nick and his family and we remain close to many residents in the area. The residential sections of the neighborhood have held remarkably well and I'm not aware of such drastic changes that would cause the residents to panic. It may be that your article says more about the Caraturos as individuals than about the area.

Robert D. Uher
White Plains, New York

I've just finished Malko's article and, frankly, I'm appalled. I, too, am contemplating migrating to Australia, but my reason is to escape people like Nick Caraturo. If the Silent Majority is moving to Australia in such numbers, perhaps I should wait and see. I hate to go to all the trouble of packing only to find that all the problems I'm trying to leave behind have preceded me.

Dale Wares
APO New York, New York

As an Australian who has lived in your country for the past two years, I feel that *America: Loved It and Left It* needs more perspective if it is going to be of any value to your readers. The truth is that Australia is definitely no Shangri-La and will never fit the romantic image of a frontier country that Americans seem to have of it. Right

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now, the average Australian is experiencing many of the same problems that confront the average American. Australia has overcrowded smoggy cities that would rival any here. Wages are less than half those here, yet the cost of living is only a fraction below that of the U. S. Americans are forever complaining about the taxes, but wait until they meet the Australian taxman. He's brutal. Politically speaking, Australia is deader than a doornail; the Liberal Party has been in office so long that the government more closely resembles a dynasty than anything else. Australians also have what may best be termed a 1956 American world view: rabid nationalism, gross intolerance of all minority groups (including Americans), materialism and contempt for nonconformists of any kind. So, for the majority of Americans, emigrating to Australia is somewhat analogous to paying 1972 prices for a 1956 model, and, frankly, that's a rip-off. As if this weren't bad enough, there is the thought that a sizable number of Americans are contemplating emigration to Australia because they are disgusted with their life situations here. Well, I would imagine that before one even considers living in another country, he should at least have some *feeling* for that country and a general idea of what everyday life is like there. Australia is no place for re-creating old-country fantasies and Australians hold no great love for grumblers arriving at their shores. No one wants to think of his country as a garbage can for another country's failures, and this is especially true with the chauvinistic Australians.

Tim Bullen
Encinitas, California

I, too, think of myself as a "hard-working, deeply conscientious and, most of all, fundamentally patriotic American." I, too, left. There, thank God, any resemblance between me and Nick Caraturo ends. I didn't leave America hating anyone and I didn't take any guns with me. Malko's subject is a fine example of the kind of man who will find someone to hate no matter where he lives.

D. A. Brinig
London, England

TOUCHING REPLIES

In contrast to Bernard Gunther and Paul Fusco's pictorial essay *Who Are We?* (PLAYBOY, February), we feel that no form of sense-awareness technique can help a woman whose self is described as "scared" or "a child" communicate with a man who's portrayed as "a mass of energy" and "a mass of desires." If a man brings all the energy to a relationship and the woman takes this energy by wanting "to feel wanted," eventually he will feel his energy drained because such a child-woman can never get enough love from anyone. A woman needs her own energy. Unfortunately, the woman as child appeals to the man because he does not have to fear the castration of his powers by a child. It is a pity *Who Are We?* mirrors the sex-role structure of society and that therapists like Gunther, who fancy themselves at the front of psychic liberation, go on perpetuating this dead-end style of man-woman relationship.

Diane Deutsch
Dan Sullivan, Director
Princeton Gestalt Center
Ringoes, New Jersey

Who Are We? was a pleasure to behold and pure Gunther. It exemplified his contribution to the movement away from alienation and to full human communion. So many have yet to learn that one does not make love *to* but *with* another. For when two meet in open wonder and honesty and truly make love, what is created is the *product* of a mutual effort.

Mel Chaitlin
Oxnard Beach, California

WATCHING *BIG BROTHER*

Robert Sherrill's *Big Brother Watching You? See Sam Ervin* (PLAYBOY, February) was an example of investigative journalism at its finest. What emerges from Sherrill's article is a portrait of a singular personality, one who takes his job—and democracy—seriously. Unfortunately, the Sam Ervins of our nation are a dying breed.

Elizabeth Bolieau
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Robert Sherrill's piece on Senator Sam Ervin is unfair, inaccurate and misleading in several important respects. First, there is Sherrill's incredulity that a conservative would be leading the opposition to Federal invasions of individual privacy when conservatives have fought Big Government from the beginning. Second, when Sherrill twists history by suggesting that conservatives were responsible for the centralization of Federal Government power, I must protest. If conservatism has one central thrust, it is the exaltation of the individual. In addition, Sherrill gratuitously denigrates Senator Ervin's mastery of the Constitution by claiming that his role as the Senate's pre-eminent constitutional authority is not due to his ability but to "scant competition" from his colleagues. Those who doubt Senator Ervin's constitutional knowledge should read his 62-page colloquy with Justice Abe Fortas at the Judiciary Committee hearings on the latter's nomination for Chief Justice. Finally, Sherrill implies that Senator Ervin decided to abandon his convictions on individual liberties in order to support William Rehnquist for Supreme Court Justice and claims that the Senator "passed" on questioning the nominee. The record, however, shows that he did, in fact, comment on the nominee. And though Sherrill cites the Senator's remark "I do not want to be shaken in my conviction" as an example of pathos, the transcript indicates it was humorous, showing that laughter followed

Mark Edelman
Charlottesville, Virginia

LAFFERTY'S FOLLY

Several book publishers, most science-fiction magazines and a couple of literary magazines have heretofore offered the fiction of one R. A. Lafferty—now, with *Rangle Dang Kaloof* (PLAYBOY, February), you join the list. Should PLAYBOY have exposed Lafferty's mad universe to a wide audience? The enjoyability and artistry of his tales must be weighed against the possibility of precipitating unpredictable change in the reader's consciousness.

Robert Werner
Albany, New York

FULLER VISIONS

Thank you for your February interview with Buckminster Fuller. He has been my metaphysical mentor since his *Nine Chains to the Moon*. In the world that he projects, we shall have no business types, generals and politicians, lawyers and bankers. As he so well intimates, computers will replace all of them. If Fuller has a fault, it's his unwillingness to assume leadership and his failure to reduce his genius to a road map for beginners—so that they can just walk out of the system, taking with them the better technologies with which to begin a new, clean, homo-*Gestalt*, homo-synergistic civilization. To live a beautiful life is all 99.9 percent of humanity really seeks. But we are deprived of this by the vicious lusts of the one tenth of one percent whose laws and rapacious political and economic systems are designed to enslave even *them*. Fuller would elevate humanity, but the tenth of a percent take the opposite view: "If we cannot lower heaven, then we shall raise hell."

Mark C. Stewart
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

I object to Fuller's theory that it is well within the reach of geneticists to reverse the process of evolution and to breed people back to monkeys. Fine, Darwin be praised—except that most adults I know are a bunch of horses' asses. Aren't we going to need a lot of grazing land?

Mary H. Malefyt
Pontiac, Michigan

No other journalistic form could so well have shown the light of the coming age as your interview with Fuller. It proved to me that there is no real difference between the man who sees the

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system falling apart and the man who sees it as something to tear apart. Both see civilization as something existing outside themselves and go on believing it impossible to control their own fate. Fuller, in contrast, puts as much faith in today as in tomorrow, knowing existence is neither the end nor the beginning, just the continuous flow of life.

James R. Hedges
Warsaw, Indiana

Reading between the lines of Buckminster Fuller's comments, one can find a reasonably manageable formula for becoming a pop hero. First, you glorify man's potential. This appeals to almost everyone, since everyone likes to think his potential is unlimited, no matter how meager his output. Then imply that everybody knows things he either should or would like to know but doesn't. The readers will be gratified. But say that they know these things intuitively. Then the reader can reconcile this new "knowledge" with his absence of any conscious awareness of the topic beforehand. If you don't like something, associate it with a red-flag word—guilt by association is always hard to avoid. For example, say an attitude is a "conditioned reflex," even though it has nothing to do with conditioning, either operant or classical. Keep emphasizing that you're a comprehensivist. That way, you have a built-in excuse for saying things that are factually wrong. It would be amusing to hear a debate between Fuller and a more factually oriented antagonist on some of the former's claims; for example, with Paul Ehrlich on the claim that there is no overpopulation problem. I have no doubt about the outcome.

Angus McDonald, Ph. D.
Clarke Institute of Psychiatry
Toronto, Ontario

READERS' RIFF

In perusing *Jazz & Pop '72* (PLAYBOY, February), we can only conclude that a poll that finds Ian Anderson rated above Rahsaan Roland Kirk on flute, George Harrison above Ravi Shankar on sitar and the Carpenters above The Rolling Stones in the vocal-group competition loses its credibility and proves itself to be a farce.

Berton Averre
Tod Brody
Riverside, California

Your comments on Jim Morrison, both in the record review of The Doors' *Other Voices* in the February *Playboy After Hours* and in the profile of his selection to the Hall of Fame in *Jazz & Pop '72*, are the first intelligent acknowledgments of the rock-god-poet's work I have read. I found myself both disappointed and disgusted over the disparity between the bravos generously published for Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin upon their deaths and the diminished comments reserved for poor ole Jim. When I read your pieces and found the first enlightened critiques on the intent and accomplishments of this 20th Century Marquis de Sade, I was relieved to find that someone besides myself could see the meaningful content in Morrison's work. *Adios*, James, you really had your shit together.

John W. Socha
APO New York, New York

CHICKEN DELIGHT

Robert F. Young's *Chicken Itza* (PLAYBOY, February) reveals a style of writing that keeps science-fiction readers amused, confused and delightfully satisfied. His descriptive ability makes one wish he were reading a book instead of a short story, but the story's theme—man's rejection of utopia—was fully developed and outstandingly told.

James D. Daniel
Jackson, Mississippi

I was quite impressed with the Giacomettilike strength of the Van Hoeydonck construction illustrating *Chicken Itza*. It seemed to transcend the techno-aesthetic out of which it stemmed. And, as usual, the page was artfully designed.

Myles Eric Ludwig
Editorial Director
Advertising Trade Publications
New York, New York

PEERLESS PURDY

When it comes to the postwar history of the company, Ken W. Purdy's *"Incredible, Mr. Rolls!" "Mind-Boggling, Mr. Royce!"* (PLAYBOY, February) has part of the story that has never been accurately documented before. I was a Rolls-Royce insider who was completely familiar with the financial problems of the company and I did not mention them in my book *Silver Ghosts and Silver Dawn*, for fear of precipitating what I knew then to be the ultimate crash.

W. A. Robotham
Ashford, England

For informed, in-depth reporting on the immediate scene or on the history of automobiles and automobile sport, Purdy is without peer. PLAYBOY's unique expertise is surely one of its great attractions and is in no way better exemplified than by Purdy's writing on automotive subjects.

Cameron R. Argetsinger
Director of Professional Racing
Sports Car Club of America
Westport, Connecticut

There's a message in the Rolls-Royce story. Apparently, a preoccupation with quality engineering, to the neglect of what are reverently called "modern management techniques," brought the firm down. Production of incomparably fine autos has never varied, but corporate RR was done in by faulty bookkeeping—a tragic commentary on the complexities of contemporary life. Henry Royce, mechanic, would weep.

Hal Demeter
Chicago, Illinois

DIGGING THE *EARTH*

Gerald Sussman's parody *The Hole Earth Catalog* (PLAYBOY, February) shows that the only person who better understands the real catalog is publisher Stewart Brand himself. You've got to love something before you can parody it well, and that shows through in Sussman's *Catalog*—even when he's poking fun at the slightly self-righteous, earthier-than-thou attitude that always hovered around our now-defunct favorite guide to the universe.

Tommy Ynetka
Aspen, Colorado

We want to thank Gerald Sussman for getting us into fox husbandry. If we hadn't read his *Hole Earth Catalog*, we'd still be raising ground hogs—which tend to be surly and yield milk with only the greatest reluctance. As Sussman suggests, we're giving our foxes plenty of love and tranquilizers, and when those fail we recommend broiling them with apple slices. Very tasty.

Sebastian and Judy Flood
Key West, Florida

ALL FOR ALGREN

Nelson Algren's *The Last Carrousel* (PLAYBOY, February), in its attention to detail and its recall of the nuances of life in the Thirties, knocked me out. I've followed Algren's work since his early days with a writers' group in the Works Progress Administration. Like Studs Terkel and others, Algren shows a real respect for the average hard-working Joe, and never lets him—or us—down.

Bill Gilhooly
Chicago, Illinois

Somehow, Algren manages to find something wonderful about those pre-dust-bowl days in the Southwest. Sure, times were bad, but people like Melvin and Doggy were worth knowing no matter what the hardship. Often, late at night, when the air is dry and hot, I hear calliopes, too.

Bob Payne
Los Angeles, California

LIFE LINES

Brock Yates's *You Bet Your Life* (PLAYBOY, February) is most stimulating, but it raises more questions for me than it answers. First, we can't define why people defy death. It may be true that there is a physiological reason, but we have no evidence to either confirm or deny this theory at present. Some researchers theorize that certain death defiers may do what they do because they're so fascinated by the challenge

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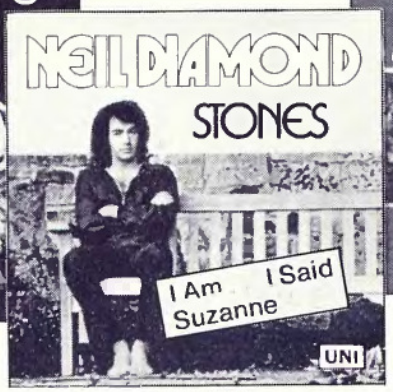

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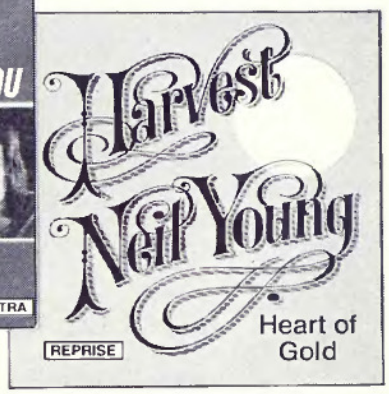

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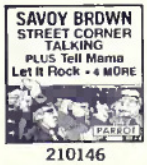

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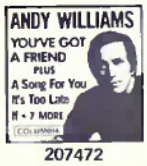

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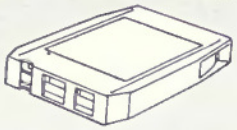

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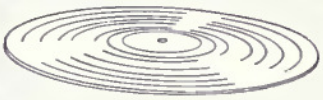

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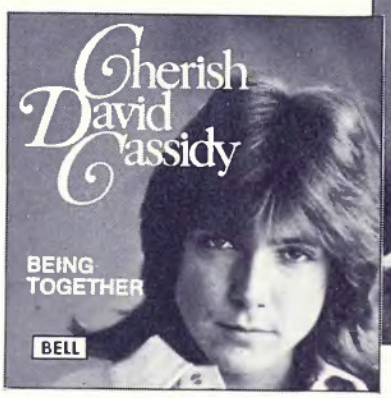

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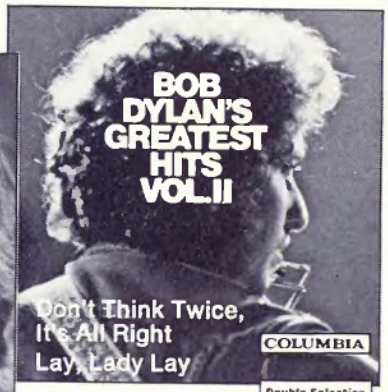

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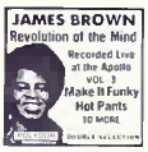

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that they're unaware of the dangers. Others may have a fundamental biological need for realization or accomplishment; some may have an exploratory drive. Yet others seek to dramatize themselves as heroes, even—or especially—if it means death. In all likelihood, each case is a different compound of these and other motivations. We'll need a great deal more knowledge than we have now to be able to understand "betting your life."

W. Edgar Gregory, Ph. D.
Professor of Psychology
University of the Pacific
Stockton, California

Yates gives us sound reasons for appreciating and encouraging behavior usually considered odd. The prejudice against taking risks has been formed partially by people in the mental-health field, such as those psychiatrists and psychologists who argue that anyone involved in a high-risk activity is mentally ill and is only wishing death. To me, this reflects the shrinks' own biases, since they are people, in general, who take no calculated risks. There is much disagreement on the question of suicide, but my guess is that there are extreme differences between those taking great risks to avoid being killed and those who attempt to kill themselves.

Thomas S. Eliseo, Ph. D.
Clinical Psychologist
Rockford, Illinois

OK, so some people risk their lives; maybe they have a death wish. But why choose Lindbergh as a case in point? Lucky Lindy himself vigorously rejects this press appellation, and in his book *The Spirit of St. Louis*, he meticulously describes the design, tryout and development of the machine, which, incidentally, used the most reliable engine then available. Maybe he was lucky, but he sure was calculating.

Edgar Howarth, Ph. D.
Department of Psychology
University of Alberta
Edmonton, Alberta

Yates recognizes the paradoxical inconsistency that applauds the feats of a Lindbergh but derogates the religious zealot who tries to scale a mountain. But in arguing that "civilization will become so perfect . . . it will tolerate no individual risk taking whatsoever," Yates reveals a widely held false assumption. To imagine an ultimate civilization without deviation assumes that deviation is harmful to society. In fact, the opposite is often true, though not by the deviant's design or intent. In a complex society such as ours, the deviant makes us understand that what we share most in common is what we do *not* do. In smaller, simpler societies, social solidarity is based more upon shared affirmative actions, and risk taking or other types of deviation are more consistently viewed. Most tribal societies, for instance, had warrior rituals. Yale sociologist Kai Erikson carries this argument a step further. If we can attribute benefits to deviation, he asks, then doesn't society unconsciously promote it? It's unfortunate but true that once anyone is labeled a deviant, most expect he will continue to act like one. From this perspective, our inconsistent attitudes toward risk-takers may be more comprehensible.

Mark Abrahamson, Chairman
Department of Sociology
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

In quoting my thesis on R. E. (risk exercise), Brock Yates may have misled some readers. The R. E. concept states that man in his primitive state took daily risks in his hunt for food and in defending his territorial rights. But these daily challenges were well calculated, not foolhardy. Our studies have shown that risk exercises practically never place one's life in danger but do engender vigor, courage, joy and peace of mind in the great majority of individuals who participate in them.

Sol Roy Rosenthal, M. D., Ph. D.
Professor of Preventive Medicine
University of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

The poor dumb sap who wrote *You Bet Your Life* does not know, and probably never will know, what it is to lay it on the line.

Evel Knievel
Hollywood, California

SWEET SOUNDS

Music for Four Ears and Other Sound Ideas (PLAYBOY, February) explained, to the point and in terms accessible to everyone, the complex field of audio equipment. Your knowledgeable descriptions of the many audio systems were excellent—and so well packed with information that all of us learned from them. You've performed a public service.

George B. Bednar, Jr.
Executive Vice-President
Allied Radio Shack
Detroit, Michigan

ON THE WELFARE SCENE

On the Scene (PLAYBOY, February) featured George Wiley, head of the National Welfare Rights Organization. Admittedly, you have your view, but I have another. On a recent talk show, Wiley and a black woman whose family was supported by welfare appeared together. She had no husband, did not work and did not want to work, and thought she should get even more money from welfare, claiming she had every intention of having as many more children as she wished. When asked if he and his organization would counsel this woman to limit the size of her family, Wiley replied that she had every right to have as many children as she wished. It is this kind of thinking that has contributed mightily to the current financial difficulties in which most of the large cities of this country find themselves. For many years, Wiley and his ilk have encouraged a system that rewards the unwed mother for having more children, many of whom become lifelong problems for the society that spawned them. I think Wiley is grinning so broadly because he feels he's fooled so many people. But not everybody, George. We're wise to you.

R. Dunleigh Harlan V
New York, New York

CHOICE WORDS

Long after the appropriate season, I am loaded with honors, gifts and feelings of good will from your selection of *Murder at Cobbler's Hulk* (July 1971) as best short story in *Playboy's Annual Writing Awards* (PLAYBOY, January). The sole flaw in my contentment has been my German translator, who has sent me a list of questions about the story on the lines of "Vy you call it murder, the lady drown herself. Iss the title ironical? Your main character iss vurm, total *vurm*!" But she is a charming lady and greatly admires my work and, by now, must have translated most of it.

It is the bitching hour in Dublin; dusk, rain coming down through a colander, the bay invisible, Joyce's Sandymount; it is the hour when I arrive at my second martini, so you know how happy I feel. My archepiscopal blessings on you all, and my thanks.

Sean O'Faolain
Dublin, Ireland

All of us in the Mole Lodge thank you for that great award you gave us for *The Mole People Battle the Forces of Darkness* (August 1971). When Old Leather Ass heard about it, he decided we would have a campfire singsong celebrating the fact that Mole Lodge had won another prize, but when he found out that it was PLAYBOY that gave us the award, he got so mad that he made us turn out the lights one hour earlier. They don't allow PLAYBOY here at Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee, but a couple of Beavers have a copy hidden under their bunks. Skunk, Schwartz and all of us are really glad we won that badge, even though we can't read about it. We're gonna try to win it again next year, when we stop being Chipmunks and get our Beaver badges.

Biggie, our counselor, also says to tell you that the Playmate for February had a real great pair of knockers. He won't tell us what knockers are, but he said you'd know.

Jean Shepherd
New York, New York

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Nostalgia lovers that we are, we were gladdened to receive, a while back, a letter that awakened dim genetic memories of goldfish swallowing, dance marathons and Coca-Cola trays. Let us share it with you:

"Dear PLAYBOY:

"I am writing to inform you of the renaissance of an old sport, pole squatting. I, Kenneth Gidge, aged 25, am sitting on a flagpole on Route 114 in Peabody, Massachusetts. I have been sitting here approximately one month, and I plan to keep sitting here until I break the world's record of 211 days, 9 hours, set by Miss Maurie Rose Kirby of Indianapolis, Indiana. She staged her squat as a protest against having been called a juvenile delinquent.

"I am sitting up here for three reasons. First, as an unemployed actor, I am looking for publicity that will get me a job. Second, I am writing a book about my experiences as a flagpole sitter. And third, I want to break the record.

"I am living in a 6′ x 6′ x 7′ fiberglass dwelling with two windows and a trap door in the roof, 30 feet off the ground. For amusement I have a radio, TV, typewriter, tape recorder and dozens of books. Food and water are brought up to me by means of a basket. In addition, the place is equipped with a small heater, chemical toilet, table and chair, sleeping bag and wall-to-wall carpeting.

"I have had many interesting and incredible experiences so far in my flagpole-sitting career, including 72 radio interviews and several newspaper interviews. I would be honored if you feel that what I am doing is worthy of mention in PLAYBOY.

"Sincerely, Kenneth Gidge."

Well, we somehow felt it *was* worthy of mention and dispatched Senior Editor Michael Laurence to the scene. Laurence has traveled the world over on PLAYBOY assignments. In one heroic effort, he was interned, at President Sukarno's expense, at the poshest hotel in Djakarta for the duration of Indonesia's eight-day revolution (only two of which Laurence can recall). Subsequently, he was wounded by a native arrow while in Laos researching one of PLAYBOY's girls-of-the-world features. Still, he reckons that the Peabody, Massachusetts, flagpole squat was his toughest assignment to date. His report:

"The first stirrings of panic came with the realization that to interview a flagpole sitter, you have to climb a flagpole. I get vertigo on bar stools. But there I was, both feet firmly on the ground, shouting up at a little white birdhouse, hundreds or even thousands of feet above me, and hearing its occupant's basso chirp that a ladder was on the way.

"Then appeared four rebarbative young men with an aluminum extension ladder. They made a great game of setting it up—leaping, rolling, turning somersaults and doing stage pratfalls. They looked like the clown troupe in *Blow-Up*. After much laughter, shouting and flailing of ropes, the ladder was raised and secured. I mounted it with all deliberate speed. Thirty-two halting steps later, I dove headfirst through a two-foot-square window and landed in a heap on Kenneth Gidge's wall-to-wall carpeting.

" 'Glad you made it,' my host informed me. 'Those guys are all stoned.'

"I suddenly felt I had an insight into how one entertains oneself on a 300-day flagpole squat, but I was mistaken. Gidge turns out to be a charming and sincere young man, not only straight but husky and a bit rotund, with a well-trimmed beard, a warm leprechaun smile and a penchant for publicity stunts. His pad was somewhat less cordial. The octagonal hut was built to his specifications, but, he informed me, he wasn't sure it was adequately stressed to hold two people.

"Such intelligence does not invite deep or lengthy conversation. The pole itself pierces the hut at dead center. Prudence and a decent respect for Newtonian physics dictated that Gidge and I sit at precisely opposite sides. Motion on one side of the pole had to be compensated for by motion on the other, so our entire conversation resembled the gyrations of two cobras in heat. Perhaps from the way I was clutching the pole in a bear hug, Gidge seemed to detect my uneasiness. 'You should be here when my wife comes up,' he said. 'That would really blow your mind. She comes up every Friday. Other than her and the telephone man, you're the only person who's ever visited me.'

"Just then, one of his phones rang; this was obviously a status treehouse. It was a disc jockey from a West Coast talk show. So began Kenneth Gidge's 88th day aloft and his 153rd radio interview. The spiritual barrenness of listener-participatory broadcasting knows no bounds. For the 153rd time, Gidge explained that solid-waste disposal wasn't particularly a problem, because of his chemical toilet (though a faint odor hinted that the technology wasn't all that pat), and that while he couldn't shower, he did enjoy a sponge bath every morning.

"Then the other phone rang—his wife.

" 'I get a lot of calls up here,' he explained, replacing both receivers and unplugging the phones. 'There's really not much else to do. I used to go out on my roof to sun-bathe, but then the sea gulls started shitting on my head. So now I stay in. I'm on the phone most of the time, anyway.

" 'The talk-show disc jockeys have some sort of newsletter that puts them in touch with people who make interesting conversation. After doing over 150 shows, I was beginning to think that they're all pretty much the same. But just last night this deejay in Chicago set up a conference call between me and a man named Suicide Hayes, who was buried ten feet underground in Rockford, Illinois. We had a wild talk, man. Dig it: Here I am up on a flagpole in New England, and there's old Suicide ten feet underground in the Midwest, and we're rapping about our experiences, on the air, and the people in Chicago are going wild.

" 'That's one of the reasons I'm up here, really. To help the little people. Think how many folks will never know what it's like to sit nine months on top of a flagpole, nor what it's like to be

buried ten feet underground, nor what it's like to be married in an airplane [one of Gidge's earlier feats]. By letting them know what these things are like, I help make their lives more interesting, more bearable.'

"The problems of a flagpole sitter are diverse and palpable, right up to the flag itself. Gidge had placed a modest peace banner over his dwelling, but a local chapter of the Veterans of Foreign Wars insisted he remove it, since it was slightly higher than an adjacent Old Glory. A local politician, fearing that Gidge was demeaning the image of Peabody, threatened to cut him down with a chain saw. Gidge threw an alarm clock at him.

"Not an easy life, but it does have its rewards. He has already garnered two offers for acting jobs, but nobly rejected both, on the reasonable grounds that they had nothing to do with his thespian talent but were bald-faced attempts to capitalize on the publicity that has accrued since he started his squat. Then, too, there's the undeniable and growing presence of his book, a surrealistic diary of flagpole experiences, including a memorable interview with God, who showed up unexpectedly in a late-night rainstorm and sat on the chemical toilet for a long and fascinating rap. Besides such attractions, Gidge is getting free room and board and $1.50 an hour (from the auto dealer on whose pole he sits). His expenses are literally nil, so he should have a nice hunk of change by the time he returns to terra firma."

Long, lonely months after this interview, having broken the world flagpole-sitting record by 37 days, Kenneth Gidge returned to earth, manuscript in hand, bowed but unbloody, destined for a guest appearance on *What's My Line?* and after that—who knows? He is the sort of person we will surely hear more of.

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Dr. Horace Naismith, our persistent and uninvited consultant, has now chosen to criticize our position on women's liberation. He scolds us for supporting what he considers the movement's more radical and unreasonable demands—such as legal, economic and social equality for women. As Dr. Naismith succinctly puts it, "If women are so damn equal, how come they don't get equal pay?"

In his view, our efforts on behalf of women have been well intended but counterproductive. What women need, he asserts, is what men already have: really tangible problems against which they can fight for survival and thereby make their lives "more exciting and meaningful in the absence of a fulfilling sex life." Perceptively, he suggests that sexual distinctions derive from cultural traditions, then notes that American women no longer pull plows nor get carried off by Indians and do not, as a rule, get sent to Vietnam. He says that without such real dangers and difficulties, psychological frustrations invariably fester and manifest themselves as simple bitchiness.

Dr. Naismith's solution to this complex problem is simplicity itself: "Provide these constitutional malcontents with something worth bitching about—a militant male sexist organization consciously dedicated to oppressing women." Dr. Naismith's proposed group is called MACHO, an acronymic pun for MAle CHauvinist Organization. Its slogan, paraphrased from women's lib, would be "Off Their Backs, Onto Their Bellies," and its primary objective and battle cry, "Repeal the 19th Amendment!"—the one that gave women the vote. With friends like Dr. Naismith, militant feminists will not need to invent any more enemies.

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To our already long and ever-growing list of impressive credentials and affiliations, we must now add our official membership in the P. R. D. A.—the Polish Racing Drivers of America. It all happened rather accidentally. Brad Niemcek, a founder of P. R. D. A., came to Chicago to buy some Palmolive soap and found himself in the Playboy Building, which was formerly occupied by the Palmolive people. Anyway, he ended up in our offices trying to explain the P. R. D. A., telling us about it and its two other founders, Oscar Koveleski and Tony Adamowicz, both of whom were already known to us as veteran professional road racers—the Can-Am series, Formula 5000 races, that sort of thing. He said that the organization was founded to combat Polish jokes and because once, when Adamowicz was pushing his car backward to put it on the starting grid, some race officials jumped to the unwarranted conclusion that he was going to drive in the wrong direction. This type of prejudice always riles us, so we asked if we might qualify to join the organization. The exchange went something like this:

"Are you Polish?"

"No."

"Do you drive racing cars?"

"No."

"Do you have any Polish friends or relatives who have ever *seen* a racing car?"

"No, but we love Polish sausage."

"Good enough!" Niemcek exclaimed and issued us our membership card. We're flattered to know that not just anyone can qualify as a member of the Polish Racing Drivers of America.

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We're indebted to Bob Cromie, Chicago columnist and TV personality, for bringing to our attention a paperback called *1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*. It is an unabridged reproduction of a book containing "British slang, university wit and pickpocket eloquence" of London 160 years ago. One of the more interesting definitions in the book is "PIG. A police officer."

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Our Cockeyed Optimist Award goes to the hitchhiker in Berkeley, California, who stood on a street corner with a sign announcing his destination as HAWAII.

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According to a *Transaction* article titled "The Male House of Prostitution," male madams pride themselves on the fact that their business "is no fly-by-night operation."

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One of the more interesting invitations we've received in recent months was one to attend a cocktail party for the participants in a symposium on "The Coconut in the Seventies."

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It's enough to curl your hair. After publication of a treatise "and the last word . . . on chastity," the author wrote this letter-to-the-editor to his publisher: "In the article . . . I quoted the U. S. patent number of a design for a male chastity belt as 587 944. A number of readers have written to advise me that this patent is for a 'Machine for Setting Curled Edges of Hat Brims.' I find I made a typing error and that the correct number of the chastity patent is 587 994. My apologies to any reader who has suffered lasting injury through trying to use a 'Machine for Setting Curled Edges of Hat Brims' as a 'Male Chastity Belt.' "

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A usually reliable correspondent reports that Seattle's KIRO-TV reached the absolute nadir of commercial television while showing the movie *King of Kings*. Not only was the Sermon on the Mount interrupted for commercials but just after Judas kissed Christ's cheek in betrayal, our informant swears the station broke in for the famous breath-mint question, "If he kisses you once, will he kiss you again?"

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"u tu can wri 120 wpm an gt a gd jb w / mor pa" is a speed-writing ad frequently seen on public transportation. A New York friend riding on the Seventh Avenue–Broadway IRT spied one to which had been added, "fk nxn."

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The staid journal of the New Jersey Pharmaceutical Association headlined a story, "NJPHA GETS VD AWARENESS MONTH OFF WITH BANG."

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Haute Couture, Hard-Hat Division: Detroit police cited an unemployed steelworker for wearing a wide-brimmed red hat, red blouse open to the waist, black-velveteen hotpants, knee-high boots and eye make-up. But the judge dismissed

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No matter why you buy the Gremlin X, though, your biggest joy in owning it will come on the day you can take it out for a drive and play King of the Road.

[1]Optional

American Motors

the case when a fashion writer testified that under current dress standards, his costume was OK for either sex.

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This month's Honesty in Advertising Award goes to the party who placed the following ad in the *New Zealand Herald*: "Experienced ladies are required for balling on the twilight shift . . . in Holeproof Mills, Royal Oak, spinning and winding department."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Mercury Records threw a press party for ***Chuck Mangione*** just prior to his recent Carnegie Hall concert. Amid friends and flacks, booze and Swedish meatballs, Chuck told us something about himself and the 50-odd people who were to perform his music on this occasion. Consisting of associates (Chuck's jazz quartet), members of the Rochester Philharmonic, students (he teaches jazz at the Eastman School of Music) and confreres, the orchestra reflected some of the same heterogeneity that marks Chuck's special blend of jazz, show music, rock, folk, classical, Latin, country and Gospel—the whole spectrum. After graduating from Eastman in 1963, he toured with Art Blakey, Woody Herman and Maynard Ferguson and began his life as a composer, which finally led him to his *Together* suite, parts of which were blaring from a loud-speaker while we talked. Also in attendance was Mr. Charles Mingus, who digs Chuck's music for its polish and drive and because its popularity signals a trend away from the creative strictures of rock and pop. "Young people want something better," says the Great Bear (whose girth and good humor have both grown since we last saw him). Discussion ensued of youth and music, of pollution in the record business and of Mingus' own long-awaited concert, which was to take place three nights thence.

We adjourned to the *Together* concert (virtually the same as the recorded version), which promised somewhat more than it gave. The orchestra periodically sounded shaky and stiff, but often came through handsomely to interpret the tricky textures that characterize Mangione's writing. Things sounded best in *The Firewatchers*, with sharp ensembles and superb flute work by Gerry Niewood, whose alto and tenor solos also added much to the evening. The low point was provided by classically trained guitarist Stanley Watson, who fumbled and fretted his way through *Pages from a Journal in America*, an interlude that was, like most diaries, a formless bore. The formal program concluded with Chuck's tribute to his father, *Sixty Miles Young*, with echoes of Miles Davis and Gil Evans as well as grocer Miles Mangione. The concert's light show, like many such efforts, was most distracting when it tried to be abstract and suggestive. When, as in the last number, we got a kind of family album flashed before us in movies and stills, the tie-in with the music was made strong and clear. Similarly, Chuck's music is most effective when it's most personal, as in the Gospel blast, *Freddie's Walkin'*, offered as an encore to yet another standing ovation, or in the virtuoso piece, *Feel of a Vision*, written for and brilliantly played by Lew Soloff, trumpeter for Blood, Sweat & Tears.

The music received a tremendous response from an audience that was mostly young, white and hip, but by no means exclusively so. They grooved on Mangione's music because it projected the kind of warm feeling evident in both his albums and, if not terribly original, it was damn good entertainment. Occasionally too glossy and clichéed, *Together* nevertheless has a sense of musical expansiveness and the communicative power that have been too long absent from the pop scene.

The ***Charles Mingus*** concert three days later was a very different sort of affair. After much fanfare (e.g., Nat Hentoff's article in *The New York Times*) and expectation (this was Mingus' first concert in ten years), word had gone out that we were to witness, variously, a great comeback or another milestone in an already protean career. Mingus himself called this mostly bullshit and said simply that some very good musicians would be playing some of his oldest and newest compositions, that he had tried to rehearse them well and had done almost all of the arranging himself or with Teo Macero.

Most of the 2800 seats in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall had been sold and were filled with a crowd, somewhat younger than we had expected, from the obviously higher reaches of hipdom—outlandishly fine chicks, studiously inelegant males, black saints and sinner ladies. They came to hear an 18-piece ensemble featuring Gene Ammons, Bobby Jones, Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan and Milt Hinton—for starters. Bill Cosby strove manfully and entertainingly as emcee. Teo Macero, who looks like a librarian, kept dropping the score but flailed away with the baton, assisted by Mingus from time to time. Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody and Randy Weston made brief appearances during a long jam session later in the program.

With such an abundance of talent, the concert should have been better. Though there were great moments, dull stretches of unswinging heavy passages obtruded too frequently. The failure was in the program itself—a too-full retrospective of Mingus' career—and in the demands it made on both musicians and listeners. Unlike the Mangione concert, which may have been thin musically but was rhetorically right for its audience, the Mingus affair was rich in musical-historical interest but tuned the audience out. It was more like a rehearsal than a concert. The bright moments came, inevitably, when the band loosened up from the tight complexities of Mingus' earliest compositions or the structural requisites of some of the later ones: a classic blues solo by Gene Ammons on tenor, backed up by Mingus, which ended the first part of the concert; a couple of songs by Sunny Doran, who sounds like Duke Ellington's old vocalist Joya Sherrill and Ella Fitzgerald combined; a piece written for Roy Eldridge and marvelously played by 18-year-old John Faddis on trumpet; and a few of the Mingus standards, such as *E's Flat Ah's Flat Too*. The other good things were segments from the new Mingus album on Columbia, his first in eight years, *Let My Children Hear Music*. If what we heard of it that night is any indication, Charles is not jiving when he calls it "the best album I have ever made." Despite some incredible setbacks in recent years and a disappointing concert, one of the great jazzmen of all time is back, making original, vital music again.

ART

Fanciful interpretations of familiar objects have always fascinated pop artist-sculptor Claes Oldenburg, creator of outsized vinyl ice-cream cones, hot dogs and layer cakes, a melting pay telephone, shriveled plastic commodes and enormous fabric shirts and ties. "I am concerned with the looks of common objects," he once explained, commenting on the body of work that brought him international stature as both the most imaginative and the most venerable representative of the pop movement, "with the change that such objects assume if put on another scale or into different materials."

Much of Oldenburg's past is represented among the 168 items on display in ***Object into Monument***, an exhibition organized by the Pasadena Art Museum and now making its way around the country. Here, among many odd things, you will find a zippered baked potato stuffed with two huge yellow butter pats, a fabric fried egg as big as a beach blanket and 16 gleaming pool balls two feet in diameter spotted before a gargantuan triangular rack—an arrangement that takes up nearly the entire floor of one gallery.

The 43-year-old artist's singular celebration of the female form is expressed in vinyl-soft and plastic-hard versions of

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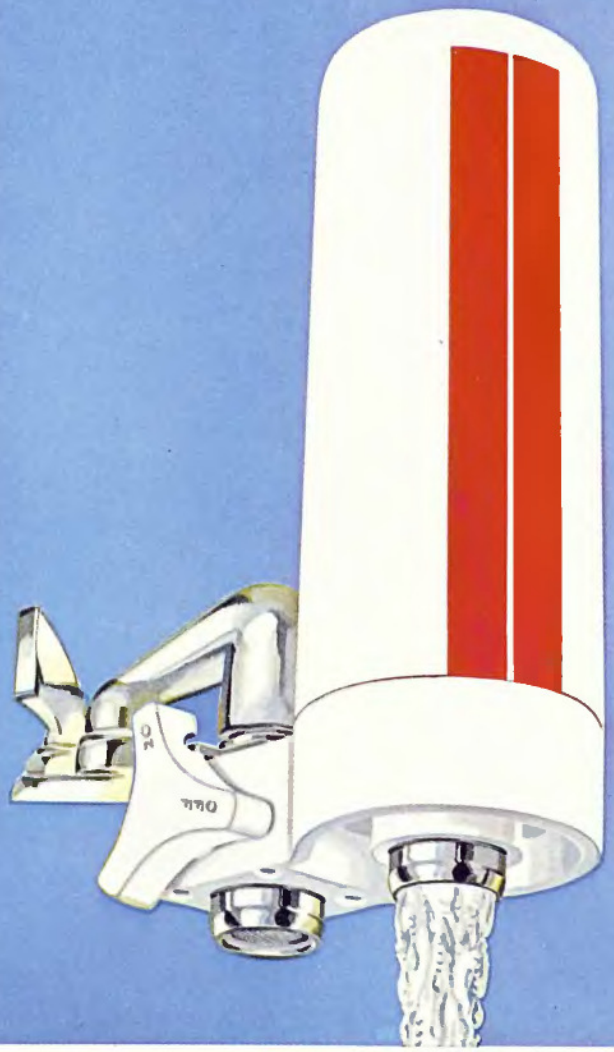

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ominous light switches and diminutive fire hydrants, as well as by a variation on the hydraulically operated spasmodic ice bag that stole the show at Japan's Expo '70 and a prototype of his famous plastic-bladdered lipstick, ascending and descending most suggestively on a Caterpillar tractor. Police harassment suffered during the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago inspired Oldenburg's sketch for a Proposed Monument to Mayor Richard Daley—a severed head of the offending politician resting on a verdant setting, perhaps Lincoln Park. Other sketches include a sky-high pair of scissors, symbolizing the cutting through of bureaucratic red tape and designed to replace the Washington Monument, bloated toilet floats that could be launched on the polluted Thames, and a possible replacement for the Fountain of Eros in Piccadilly Circus—a pride of giant phalluses.

Curious amateurs and avowed worshipers can catch Claes in Kansas City, Missouri (May 11 to June 18), Fort Worth, Texas (July 10 to August 20), Des Moines, Iowa (September 18 to October 29), Philadelphia (November through December), and Chicago, where his father once served as Swedish consul general (January through February, 1973).

BOOKS

In ***The New Sexuality: Myths, Fables and Hang-Ups*** (Doubleday), Father Eugene C. Kennedy, professor of psychology at Chicago's Loyola University, coolly assesses the beliefs of those who reduce sexual intercourse to its lowest common denominator: games strangers play. Too much sex too soon, he maintains, leaves people "frozen at the adolescent stage of sexual development," incapable of achieving genuine intimacy with a human being of the opposite sex. Such people, he suggests, may be acting out their most childish sexual impulses under the guise of being sexually liberated. The most intense excitement at an orgy, for instance, comes less from what people are doing to one another than from the exhibitionism and voyeurism characteristic of children first discovering their bodies. Sex, Father Kennedy argues, cannot be used to solve all problems, to satisfy all needs, and he makes light of the national tendency to seek easy answers to sexual problems from experts: "Middle-class America buys the answers masterfully rewritten for every audience from the put-on sex of *Cosmopolitan* to the wonderfully middle-brow 'New hope for your sex life' pieces in the *Reader's Digest*." Father Kennedy dissects modern myths—that everything is all right as long as no one gets hurt, for example, or that acting without restraints proves a person is "free"—as he reaches for a deepening, intensifying concept of the sexual experience. Crudely expressed, his aim seems to be to caution people against doing it more and enjoying it less. His understanding of what is required for the fullest enjoyment of sex will ring true to sexually sophisticated men and women—who may be a bit puzzled to find such understanding of the subject in a Catholic priest.

•

Arthur Koestler's new book, ***The Case of the Midwife Toad*** (Random House), begins with the suicide of an Austrian biologist whose experiments had triggered an international scientific controversy. But this is a tale of fact, not fiction, and Koestler's purpose in recounting events that took place almost half a century ago is not to solve a mystery—but to create one. He is less interested in determining why Dr. Paul Kammerer put a bullet through his head than in focusing attention on the curious fact that no scientist has ever attempted to duplicate Kammerer's controversial experiments and thus prove or disprove his basic contradiction of Darwin's theory of evolution. Kammerer's work with salamanders and toads seemed to indicate that, as the French naturalist Lamarck had originally maintained, acquired characteristics can be inherited and evolution doesn't depend on blind chance and random mutations but reflects a progressive chain of development. Even in Kammerer's day, few scientists gave much credence to his work. Six weeks after the revelation that a key bit of his evidence had actually been falsified, Kammerer killed himself. His suicide seemed to confirm his guilt and his work was swept into the trash can of science—whence Koestler has retrieved it. After examining documents and letters and questioning scientists with firsthand knowledge of the subject, he reconstructs the situation and succeeds almost beyond doubt in clearing Kammerer of any complicity in the deception. But only scientists can validate his findings—and Koestler doesn't conceal his belief that no such efforts will ever be made, because modern science suffers from hardening of its philosophical arteries and can no longer tolerate the heretical notion that one of its fundamental tenets may require revision. Long after the reader has forgotten that *The Case of the Midwife Toad* is poorly structured and gracelessly written, he may find himself wondering why Kammerer's experiments were buried with his body.

•

D. W. Griffith: His Life and Work (Oxford University Press) is a handsome volume, illustrated with some 80 pages of photographs, wherein Robert Morton Henderson harvests the benefits of meticulous research, based in part on notes for Griffith's unpublished autobiography. The career of the first great American

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movie director—creator of *The Birth of a Nation, Intolerance, Orphans of the Storm* and a handful of lesser classics generally conceded to sum up most of the innovations that still set the standards for cinema as an art—is recounted with particular emphasis on Griffith's professional rise and decline. Avoiding idolatry, the author makes clear that Griffith doesn't precisely fit the image of a misunderstood genius who became an outcast in Hollywood because his brilliance was too much for the barracuda-like businessmen at the top. Griffith often seemed to be his own worst enemy—a failed playwright and self-styled Kentucky gentleman whose heavy drinking, monumental ego and aesthetic excesses set him on the road to ruin. Discreet to a fault in describing the master's relationships with "a string of young girls" whom he elevated to stardom, Henderson sticks largely to established facts, leaving more probing critical and psychological insights to future biographers. Despite lapses here and there into fictionlike speculation as to what the subject might have thought or felt at a given moment, *D. W. Griffith* is a valuable study of the eternal clash of art and commerce in one of the few true movie greats.

•

The new Donald E. Westlake comic crime caper, ***Bank Shot*** (Simon & Schuster), may delight Westlake fans, but something seems to have happened. The humor just lies there on the page, like congealed eggs in a pan; the characters (the same bumbling crew as in *Hot Rock*) seem to be searching for a scenarist. It's about a plan to steal a bank. Not burgle one, but *steal* one. You see, there's this Long Island town where the regular bank is being renovated and, temporarily, business is being conducted in an oversized house trailer across the street. So why not put wheels on the bank trailer, hook up a tractor truck and drive it off to a trailer park, repaint it in the dead of night, put curtains on the windows and crack the vault at your leisure? Not bad. Dortmunder, Kelp and Murch are back. And there's Kelp's nephew, Victor, the ex-FBI man (fired for proposing a secret handshake so agents could recognize one another at parties), playing at being a criminal mastermind. Yes, all the mechanics of funniness are here. Except a camera and some actors. But they're doubtless on the way—so why not wait for them?

•

A successful suicide (that of the brilliant young poet Sylvia Plath) and a failed one (the author's own) got British literary critic A. Alvarez to thinking seriously about why and how people decide to bring their lives to an end. The result is ***The Savage God*** (Random

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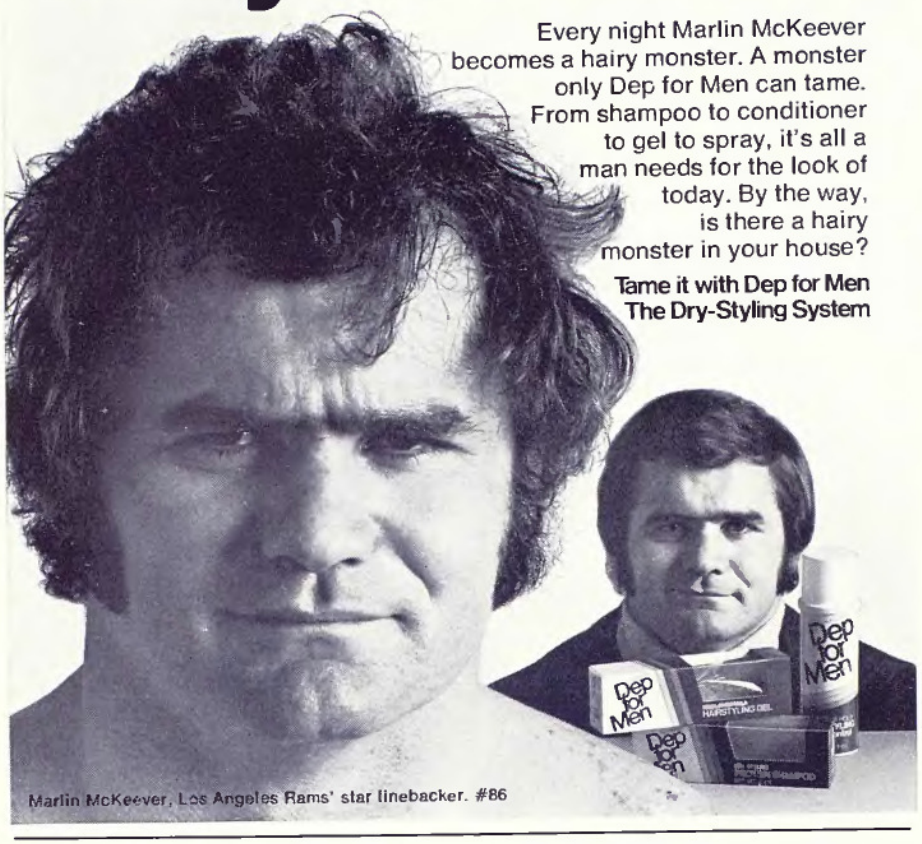
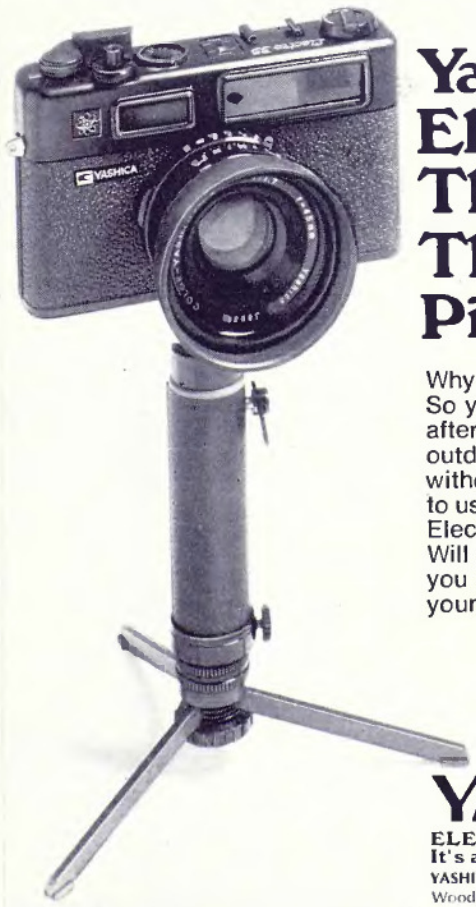


Marlin McKeever, Los Angeles Rams' star linebacker. #86



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House), an extremely well-written, consistently interesting yet often irritating book that surveys suicide down the ages and from every possible angle—socially, psychologically, philosophically and even morally. Yet all this is merely preliminary to Alvarez' thesis about the advanced art of our time, which, he claims, lives under the sign of suicide, as art in other epochs lived under the sign of beauty or glory or a belief in truth or justice. What is irritating is that Alvarez is only half right, for he ignores all those poets who don't take the abrupt way out and still write fine poems. In essence, although he at one point weakly denies it, Alvarez sees the best modern writers and artists as victims of a death-haunted society; yet he himself is so much the victim of purely literary values that he never wonders for a moment whether his avant-garde heroes may not have been led astray by personal problems or distorted views. Instead of wondering and questioning, Alvarez seems to gloat over his long list of artists' suicides—Rambeau, Van Gogh, Hart Crane, Virginia Woolf—since it bolsters his thesis, and he even pads it a bit by adding a number of dubious cases, such as Dylan Thomas, Brendan Behan and Jackson Pollock. A good antidote to Alvarez' exaggeration is ***Suicide*** (Scribner's), by Jacques Choron, a philosopher who has worked for years in the Suicide Prevention Center in Los Angeles and at the National Institute of Mental Health at Rockville, Maryland. Choron has no ax to grind, either literary or otherwise, so he can approach his material with a cool head. After meticulously outlining and brilliantly summarizing all the various attitudes toward suicide, he concludes on a single note: Suicide may be man's proud privilege—but it is a privilege that obviously should not be abused.

•

Readers not yet familiar with the works of D. Keith Mano might do well, before stumbling into the modern Gothic mire of ***The Proselytizer*** (Knopf), to backtrack a bit among his previous works (*Bishop's Progress, Horn, War Is Heaven!, The Death and Life of Harry Goth*). A kind of comic genius emerges, once you undergo the difficulties of a rather Mod approach to narrative treatment, plus some of Mano's stylistic quirks. Let us begin with a scene of apparent incest, in which the "father"—complete with black eye patch and black-leather gloves and with the technological assistance of foot-tripped cameras and mechanical mattresses—demonstrates his prowess before assembling his "daughters" for confession and prayer. This epiphany sets the tone for the novel. After a while, we discover that Kris Lane, millionaire bachelor and lay church leader of the New Faith

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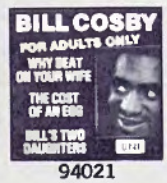

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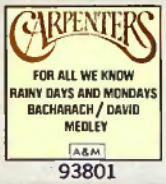

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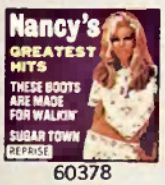

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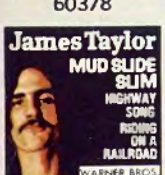

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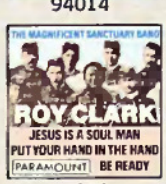

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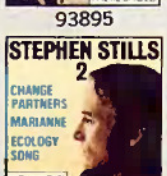

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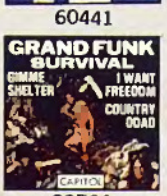

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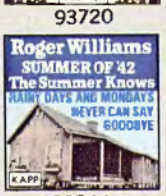

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(a Pennsylvania nonconformist sect dating back to the 18th Century), seriously believes in his power to bring people, at least the female half of the species, to God through his unusual ability to realize his sexual fantasies of lust. (Money helps.) He's quite successful, too, having secured a number of the town's maidens for the choir. His downfall, appropriately, takes shape in the person of shapely young married Chloe McKee. Mano also captures, through a combination of revulsion and laughter, the plight of a simple-minded man, David Smith (a counter to Lane's maniacal excesses—Chloe's psychologically impotent husband), who does his best to take his religion seriously. This is not a pretty book and not entirely funny. Mano strains one's sense of outrage at a seemingly morbid preoccupation with imagery on the order of, "Like eels in oily sauce their tongues met. Chloe did not protest." Yet he scores time and again off the sadomasochistic aspects of modern Christianity.

•

Jules Whitcover's ***White Knight*** (Random House) claims to be an exhaustive biography of Spiro T. Agnew. It is merely exhausting. Whitcover, an experienced newspaperman and a copious quoter, compulsively repeats all the controversial statements the Vice-President has ever dreamed up. Once again we read about "the nattering nabobs of negativism," "the Four-H club [of] the hopeless, hysterical hypochondriacs of history," those demonstrating students who are actually "parasites of passion." A little of this goes a long way. More illuminating is the first half of the book, in which Whitcover traces Agnew's early, and astonishingly successful, political career. He began as a member of the zoning appeals board in suburban Towson outside Baltimore; a split in the local Democratic machine allowed him to squeak in as county executive; four years later, another Democratic split made it possible for him to become governor. In that election, he ran against an outspoken racist whose transparent slogan—"A Man's Home Is His Castle"—attracted whites who favored unfair housing. Agnew ran, improbably, as a liberal and won by about 80,000 votes. It wasn't until a year later, after blacks rioted in their Baltimore ghetto, that Agnew's integrationist-minded backers started to have doubts. In response to the riot, Agnew invited moderate black leaders to meet in his office and, while TV cameras zoomed in, proceeded to lecture them on their "irresponsibility." These leaders, he charged, had failed him by yielding to the "Hanoi-visiting . . . caterwauling, riot-inciting, burn-America-down type of leader." Cutting through the jungle of Agnew's oratory and Whitcover's prose, one gets the impression

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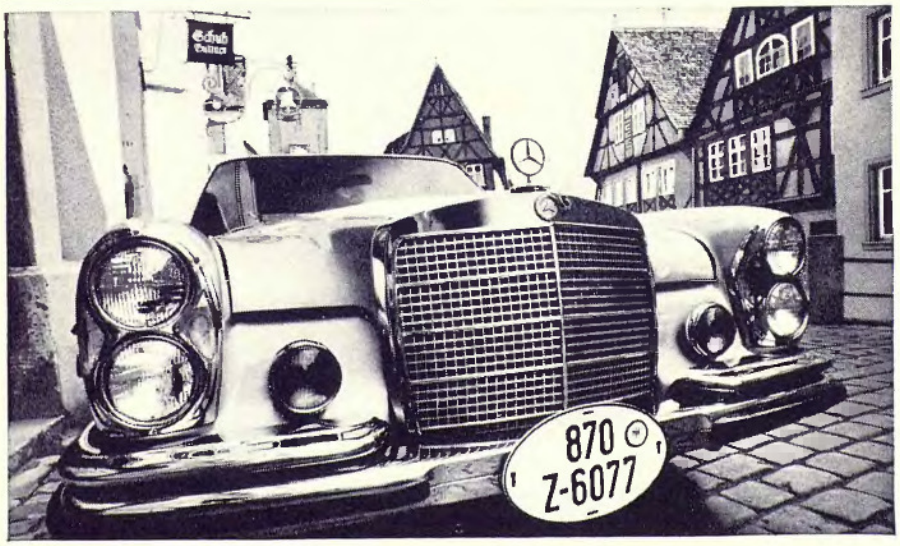

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that Agnew has always been what he seems today—an opportunist who won't hesitate to play white knight to fortress suburbia. Much of his constituency lives in Agnew Rochelle, a place where taxes are rising, hopes are sinking and blacks are pushing to get in. Whitcover refers to a "Dump Agnew" movement, but it seems clear that many white Americans will not suffer his passing gladly.

•

Muriel (*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) Spark is a master of the gamesmanship school of writing. In her work, reality is constantly tricked and tweaked. What you see is what you get—but only up to a sardonic turning point: then the smile freezes icily, coyness turns to cunning and there is blood to pay. In her new novel, ***Not to Disturb*** (Viking), a chamberful of horrible servants on a bleak stormy night in Switzerland anticipate the *crime passionnel* death of their baron and his baroness. They have already presold their scandal-sheet interviews, are ready to deal in the movie rights to the story; only the deed remains to be done—the actual murders. Meanwhile, they stalk and talk in accents worldly and unworldly, literary and Pinteresque: "Lister can adjust. . . . Lister never disparates, he symmetrizes. Lister's got equibalance and what's more he pertains." Unfortunately, too little pertains to the essential prerequisite of a suspense novel—the progressive unfolding of a tale. *Not to Disturb* seems more like an outline than a book. To be sure, Miss Spark's playfully Gothic talent is still much in evidence, but it only testifies in this case to the slightness of her achievement.

•

About 25,000,000 citizens between the ages of 18 and 24 will be eligible to vote this November—almost one third of the total ballots cast in 1968. The possibilities signaled by these figures are among several hopeful signs of an emerging "new majority" that Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield believe can bring a greater measure of decency and social justice to America's have-nots. The authors of ***A Populist Manifesto*** (Praeger) are bourgeois radicals (Newfield was an aide to Robert Kennedy and Greenfield's last employer was John Lindsay) and if their catalog of institutional ills sounds familiar, that's not their fault. G. M. makes exorbitant profits. The A. M. A. sears our flesh. Banks steal. Interlocking directorates chain business rivals as well as consumers. The tax system is socialism for the rich. Agribusiness boosts prices. And so on. All are economic and political truths that have become truisms. Who will revive that old-time religion of populism and remake the country's politics into a new, fertile field? Essentially, say the authors,

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the working-class whites, blacks, *chicanos* and young people who formed the core of Robert Kennedy's strength. The call is for reform, not revolution, to save the system from itself: Break up G. M., big banks, big labor, interlocking directorates, large landholdings, the tax system, utility combines, etc. No surprises here. But refreshingly, Newfield and Greenfield have little use for the New Left: "If the Duvalier family declared Haiti a 'people's republic' tomorrow and replaced pictures of Papa Doc with posters of Ché, Marx and Lenin . . . a committee of artists, writers and intellectuals would form a 'Hands Off Haiti' committee and write pieces in *The New York Review of Books* explaining that the *tonton macoutes* are really a people's militia. . . ."

•

Ted Simon's ***Grand Prix Year*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) is a painstaking, levelheaded account of a year on the Formula I circuits. No aroma of necrophilia here, no elegies, no eulogies. Although Simon may light an occasional candle to a fallen paladin, the deaths are taken in stride, as they are in the sport itself. The book begins with the advent to Grand Prix of a new car, the March, from brain-storming session to triumph on the track. Drama and suspense build from race to race, beginning with Kyalami in South Africa; then back to Europe—Jarama, Monte Carlo, Spa, Zandvoort, Clermont-Ferrand, Brands Hatch, Hockenheim, the Osterreichring, Monza; and on to the New World, to St. Jovite, Watkins Glen and Mixhuca Magdalena, where a stray dog may put a driver out of the race. The courses are admirably described; the races are recounted with felicitous understatement; the personalities, such as Mario Andretti and Enzo Ferrari, are finely etched. As for the cars, they are shown to be querulous prima donnas. In sum, *Grand Prix Year* is a most intelligent and comprehensive book on a sport vastly more complex than many of its fans might guess.

•

"A work shaped in the form of a mandala," says the publisher of William Kotzwinkle's ***Hermes 3000*** (Pantheon). Mandala? One of those circular, symbolic patterns? Well, yes, that's one way of characterizing this symbolic novel (?) about Queen Catherine of Russia and the young soldier she had stationed to guard in perpetuity a single field flower, and a Saul Bellowish cafeteria with its raffish cargo of ambulatory kooks, and a hungry Victorian vicar ingesting a big chocolate cake baked by a hungry spinster, and a retired trucking magnate pursuing avatars fore and aft in the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and—what else?—oh, yes, Mr. Jorgen,

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hauling his hay wagon down Tay Road, full of spit and Yeatsian pronouncements of time past and time to come, and—who else?—oh, one or two others; but read the book, if you want to get the whole mandalan picture. It's such a book as dreams are made on. Here's the way Kotzwinkle writes: "In amongst the thorns, the Reverend went expertly, arranging a more striking turn of the rose than its own yearning for the sun had accomplished. Like the rose, Reverend Cupplewaite longed for direct confrontation with the Light, hoped to be met on the Tay Road one day and thrown out of the saddle of his complacency and, like the rose, be drunk with illumination." Kotzwinkle, in case you were wondering, took the title from his typewriter. He types a design of lives that have nothing to do with one another, except that they all move outward toward a desire to know, a desire to connect with the mystery beyond appearances. No one will arrive there as a result of having read *Hermes 3000*, but if you stay loose, you may just feel the swing of moving in the right direction.

•

Seymour Hersh, who broke the My Lai story, writes in ***Cover-Up*** (Random House) about the Army's almost successful attempt to keep it under wraps. He discloses what he learned from yet another set of purloined Pentagon papers, the transcript of the investigating panel led by Lieutenant General William R. Peers; that 347 Vietnamese were slaughtered at My Lai, not the 200 or fewer that the Defense Department let the nation think was the final toll; that there was another massacre, of 90 or so people, at a neighboring hamlet, My Khe, the same day; that officers stole from the files in Vietnam all reports of the massacre they could lay their hands on; that decent military men, outraged by what they had seen, were silenced by their superiors. Most of the participants in the massacre or the cover-up, all named by Hersh in defiance of possible libel suits, were acquitted by courts-martial or got only administrative slaps on the wrist. And although the Peers panel conducted the inquiry with integrity, Hersh points out that it never went beyond the personalities involved to examine the system in which such massacres were possible and such an attempt at cover-up was inevitable.

•

Also noteworthy: Three new collections by writers whose names will be familiar to PLAYBOY readers. ***The History of the Nude in Television and Other Pieces*** (Outerbridge & Lazard) is Marvin Kitman's tome on the tube in its various manifestations. If TV can recover from anything, Kitman, it can recover from anything. ***The Wind from the Sun*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) brings together a decade of Arthur C. Clarke's fiction, confirming his notable place in the sci-fi galaxy. And ***Existential Errands*** (Little, Brown) contains 28 wide-ranging, ever-provocative pieces done over the years by the nonpareil Norman Mailer.

And for the man who has everything but a good memory, ***Playboy's Complete Book of Party Jokes*** (Playboy Press), gleaned from one of the magazine's most popular features. Categorized according to subject matter (The Younger Generation, Dating, Marriage, etc.), *P. C. B. P. J.* mounts a 376-page bull's-eye assault on your funny bone. The results are strictly for laughs.

DINING-DRINKING

Bixby's Warehouse, located at 1211 Connecticut Avenue, N. W., in Washington, D. C., is unusual in both name and atmosphere and negates the idea that dining establishments featuring French food must be pretentious. The restaurant seats 200 amid eclectic decor that has something of the sporting house about it. Antique French tapestries and other hangings share wall space with poster originals; theater lights pick up the rich, dark backgrounds; and a trio of huge crystal chandeliers hangs over an equally huge rectangular bar in the very center of things. Vying for attention is an array of friendly young college-bred waitresses who eschew aprons and wear whatever suits them. Highly experienced they are not, but few patrons seem to mind. Youth, in fact, both serves and is served at Bixby's; many of the regular and quasi-regular midday customers are junior executives who seem to know one another. Evening dining by candlelight is more sedate. Music ranging from rock to Bach is purveyed by a fabulous sound system—$15,000 worth of equipment that includes 68 ceiling-mounted J. B. Lansing speakers driven by 800 watts of continuous-output power from four McIntosh amplifiers. (Needless to say, the system is rarely used at full volume.) The cuisine at Bixby's has a part-American accent at lunch, with Eggs Benedict and London Broil established favorites, but is distinctly Gallic at dinner. Specialties then include *Saumon Champagne* (salmon poached in the bubbly), *Crabe en Chemise Gratinée* (the chef gives you the shirt off his crepe skillet here) and Steak Diane *Flambé*. Flaming desserts are also a specialty. (Try the dramatically prepared *Omelette Norvegienne*—a sort of super Baked Alaska for two.) The wine list is unbalanced in spots but rates a plus for offering a dozen-odd selections at four to five dollars a bottle. Eating at Bixby's is à la carte and moderately expensive. Luncheon entrees

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start at $2.35 and stop at $3.95, except for steak. At dinner, the range is from $4.75 to $8.50. A 15-percent optional gratuity charge is added to the bill to relieve you of the bother of tipping. There is no charge for the pleasant, hang-loose atmosphere. Bixby's Warehouse is open from 11:30 A.M. to midnight Monday through Thursday, 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. Friday, 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. Saturday, closed Sunday. Reservations are essential for both lunch and dinner (202-659-1211). All major credit cards are accepted.

MOVIES

Producer John Foreman, a business partner of Paul Newman's, struck it lucky at the box office by teaming Newman with Robert Redford in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. So, naturally, he has gone on to co-star Newman with Lee Marvin in ***Pocket Money*** —only the movie just doesn't jell. There's lots of ricky-tick music on the sound track to set the tone for a contemporary Western about two bumbling born losers, and scenarist Terry Malick has supplied reams of whimsical dialog. Unfortunately, director Stuart (*Cool Hand Luke*) Rosenberg shows little aptitude for guiding actors through anything so frolicsome and reduces his two potent stars to playing up to the audience instead of playing their parts for real. Because he is permitted to be himself—an established celebrity on location with a movie that might well have been fun to make—Marvin comes off the better of the two. Newman looks less comfortable and less convincing as an inept, happy-go-lucky cowpoke who travels down to Mexico to buy 250 steers for a rodeo, lands in jail and ultimately gets cheated out of his wages. *Money*'s principal asset is contributed by director of photography Laszlo Kovacs, who filmed *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces* and has the knack of rediscovering every locale with freshness and vigor. Here, his eye-grabbing excursions take off from the border town of Nogales, Mexico, and are soon outasight.

•

Within a stately country home in turn-of-the-century England, the gardener and the governess are up to no good. Their love-hate for each other finds expression in sadomasochistic games; she has begun to rather fancy his nightly invasions of her chamber—when he lashes her to the bedposts, leaving her nude, bruised and used. This might be permissible for consenting adults, but it puts evil thoughts into the heads of two impressionable youngsters. If the plot of ***The Nightcomers*** has a familiar ring, it's because scenarist Michael Hastings borrowed the central characters from Henry James, conjuring up a kind of prelude to that chilling classic *The Turn of the Screw*. The demon-possessed children (deftly played here by Verna Harvey and Christopher Ellis) were, of course, invented by James. Author Hastings merely resurrects the mysterious servant couple, the late Miss Jessel and Master Peter Quint, whose baleful influence over the orphaned boy and girl left in their charge will not yield even to death itself. Both characters are very much alive during the time span covered by *The Nightcomers*, and producer-director Michael Winner wisely entrusts the co-starring roles to Marlon Brando and Stephanie Beacham, the latter a bountiful actress whose high-buttoned British reserve seems likely at any moment to pop under pressure. Brando as Quint, a lusty Irish scoundrel with a tinge of madness in his blood, is totally in charge from first to last, and his heavyweight performance lends solidity to a literate, cool, curiously spellbinding example of Victorian gothic terror.

•

Tokyo Story was made in 1953 by the late Yasujiro Ozu, whose genius has never attained full recognition outside his native Japan. Ozu's niche in obscurity is exquisitely carved, but he remains in it for obvious reasons: His profound themes are woven through deceptively simple portrayals of Japanese family life and his film style is so austere that he makes the coolest European directors, even Antonioni, look flashy by comparison. The hallmark of Ozu's work is his stubborn habit of filming every scene from the same angle—roughly an angle of vision corresponding to that of somebody seated on a *tatami* mat. From this contemplative point of view, Ozu sees all—indoors, outdoors and into the heart of human experience. *Tokyo Story* begins at a halting pace to tell about the uneventful holiday of an elderly couple who leave their native village to visit their grown-up children in the city. The married daughter, the married son and a younger son who works for the railway have little time or patience for *mamasan* and *papasan* but try in a desultory fashion to keep them entertained. On the trip back home, the old lady (played with miraculous poignancy by Chiyeko Higashiyama) falls morally ill and her children reluctantly arrive to pay their last respects. Nothing much happens or needs to. Relationships unfold in a series of scenes crafted with art and purity, as Ozu reveals the essential tragedy of existence, the blind natural law that isolates parents from children, man from himself. "Isn't life disappointing?" asks a young unmarried daughter, moved to tears by the cruelty, greed and selfishness of her older brothers and sisters in the first hours after the funeral. "Yes, it is."

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replies her widowed sister-in-law, smiling a stoic smile that conveys in an instant the kind of overwhelming vision that many lesser film makers work a lifetime to achieve. For Western audiences willing to surrender to Ozu's gentle mastery, the long-delayed *Tokyo Story* should be a revelation.

•

Still under 30, freshman director Douglas Trumbull is a former special-effects man who worked for three years creating those mind-bending corridors of light for the spectacular climax to Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. For his own first feature, ***Silent Running,*** Trumbull brings off another visual triumph in the context of a rather soporific drama about ecology, set to music sung by Joan Baez. Bruce Dern, virtually alone on the screen throughout the latter half of the film, plays a dedicated botanist who has been orbiting through outer space for eight years while he painstakingly tends an Eden-like forest inside a geodesic dome. On the ravaged planet Earth, it is understood, poverty and disease have been banished—along with all the marvels of nature. When the earth-bound bureaucracy terminates the reforestation program, the botanist kills his indifferent shipmates and pirates the space station. Accompanied only by a pair of subtly programmed robots named Huey and Dewey, he learns that man needs his fellow men as much as he needs fresh greenery. It is no fault of Dern's intense performance in a difficult role that the movie occasionally becomes monotonous; one man aboard a silent space capsule hardly offers maximum possibilities for dramatic conflict, even when he controls two anthropomorphic robots (portrayed, oddly enough, by real bilateral amputees, well concealed behind their metallic façades of dials and switches) who play poker with him and follow him like faithful dogs. Though Trumbull misses the mark here, this eye-filling film is nonetheless aglow with promise of bigger and better sci-fi epics to come.

•

Gone, gone are the days when a cowboy hero would sooner nuzzle up to his horse than kiss a purty gal—witness the opening scene of ***The Honkers,*** in which James Coburn high-tails it out of a house trailer with his trousers, boots and hat in hand, barely escaping a load of buckshot fired by the irate husband of the blonde he's left behind. A honker can be either an ornery bull or a lady of questionable virtue, according to the lingo of modern-day rodeo stars, and Coburn clearly prefers the latter—such local fauna as Joan Huntington, playing the bedworthy blonde, or Anne Archer, as a rich, spoiled Indian girl without reservations. Portraying the kind of drifter who is adored by barmaids but can't sustain a normal relationship with his wife (Lois Nettleton), son (Ted Eccles) nor long-suffering companion (Slim Pickens, giving one of his crustiest performances as an old rodeo clown), Coburn sheds the veneer of a second-string James Bond and gets into the hide of a somewhat aging hell raiser on an ego trip to nowhere. Filmed in and around Carlsbad, New Mexico—with Larry Mahan and other rodeo performers playing themselves with rip-roaring authenticity—*The Honkers* is the kind of conventional drama that turns most critics off but wins a response from audiences. Co-author and director Steve Ihnat, himself a movie actor, and his script collaborator, Stephen Lodge, have invested their first joint effort with plenty of warmth, behind-the-scenes color and the do-or-die enthusiasm that is so often lacking in old experienced hands.

•

Just for openers, a feature-length animated cartoon titled ***Fritz the Cat*** has a hard-hat character who livens up a break from his construction job by urinating on a passer-by in the street below. That more or less synthesizes the theme of *Fritz*, a graphically realistic parody of both porno flicks and *Tom 'n Jerry*, freely adapted from Robert Crumb's underground comic strip by 31-year-old writer-director Ralph Bakshi (whose previous credits include the development of *Deputy Dog*). Bakshi not only mocks the saccharine traditions of Disneyland but also raises his leg to the hypocrisy and self-delusion of the Sixties. His comic-strip Fritz is a pseudo-hip cat whose experiments with sex, drugs and revolution are just a new fashion in dilettantism. Surrounded by adorable little sex kittens "easily impressed by spades," Fritz makes his way from an East Village orgy ("You ever make it with an aardvark?" asks one freaky participant) to a far-out trip with some would-be revolutionaries motivated largely by their own neurotic appetites for sadism and destruction. Fritz's ventures into the black world are depicted with comparable toughness—and though Bakshi casually characterizes policemen as amiable but doltish pigs, he avoids nearly all the clichés exploited by moviemakers who try too hard to think young. *Fritz the Cat* is a snarling satire that stubbornly refuses to curl up in anyone's lap.

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Dealing: Or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues squanders most of its inventiveness in that hip title. What follows the credits is another routine youth movie, fashionably amoral and sentimentalized in the prescribed manner that *Fritz the Cat* exposes. Producer Edward R. Pressman and writer-director Paul Williams, the youngish team behind *The Revolutionary* and *Out of It*, evolved *Dealing* from the novel by Michael

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Douglas (a pseudonym for authors Michael and Douglas Crichton) first serialized in PLAYBOY. A cool graduate student at Harvard Law School gets into the marijuana trade by picking up a shipment of grass in San Francisco. He then falls in with a sexy girl, a corrupt Boston detective and a bunch of no-nonsense Mafia types, and the movie becomes little more than a routine topical melodrama drummed up out of last year's headlines about drugs on campus. Heading a competent but uninspired cast, Robert F. Lyons, as the student dealer, and Barbara Hershey (with a figure to match her perennially flashing smile), as his swingy accomplice, project cool detachment to such a degree that they aren't very interesting to watch.

•

There is almost nothing amiss in the way ***Bartleby*** is produced, directed and performed, yet all the goddamn perfection begins to get on one's nerves after a while. It's so boringly full of British reserve, this anemic little tragicomedy (adapted in the very best taste by director and coproducer Anthony Friedman from a story by Herman Melville) about a pitifully shy clerk in an accounting firm, who completely withdraws from the pressures of contemporary life, but not until he has seriously disturbed the complacency of his employer. The acting is impeccable throughout, and could hardly be otherwise, since Britain's Paul Scofield—who plays the boss—can distill a lifetime of repressed impulses into one sidelong glance. Opposite him, as the miserable clerk, John McEnery delivers a performance in stark contrast to his flashy Mercutio in Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*. *Bartleby*'s gimmick is that the new man in the office simply declines, with perfect politeness and unimpeachable dignity, to perform certain chores. "I'd prefer *not* to go over the accounts," says he, which rather disrupts the usual company routine and ultimately leads to more serious problems. We never learn, though, what makes poor Bartleby run, nor why he decides to choose death rather than rejection. Such problems may be given due weight in the resonant prose of a Melville short story. On film, they add up to little more than a case of aesthetic constipation, suffered with a stiff upper lip.

•

Outback's scene-stealing attraction is the Australian bush country, where violent men pass their time hunting, gambling and guzzling cold beer. In the film's most spectacular scene, four drunken Aussies pile into a rattletrap car at night and go roaring across the desert to hunt kangaroo—great sport, particularly when a hunter engages one of the trusting creatures in hand-to-paw combat and slits its throat. The story woven through such bloody bits of local color concerns a male schoolteacher who leaves a whistle stop in the wilderness to spend his Christmas holidays in Sydney but never gets beyond a wide-open modern mining town that makes Dodge City look tame. Evan Jones's screenplay, directed by Ted Kotcheff, offers no satisfactory motivation for the teacher's swift decline into debauchery and brutality, though young Gary Bond—a British theater and TV actor who bears a striking resemblance to Peter O'Toole—brings a strong presence to the role, even against formidable competition from Donald Pleasence, who is up to some of his dandiest tricks as the familiar drunken doctor found in every godforsaken pesthole from darkest Africa to Angkor Wat. As drama, *Outback* works only in fits and starts. As a sociological study of life in the bush, this explosion of Christmas spirit in the simmering town of Bundayabba may prove a considerable setback to Australian tourism.

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Few moviegoers, unfortunately, will have an opportunity to see ***Wintersoldier,*** a stirring documentary that was shown early this year in a special film makers' series at Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art. Put together under the aegis of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, *Wintersoldier* is a passionate cry of protest, taken from the actual testimony of former American soldiers at the Winter Soldier Investigation in Detroit in January and February, 1971. After the Calley trial, a group of penitent GIs voluntarily appeared to confess the atrocities they had committed during service in Vietnam: maiming, burning, rape, throwing suspected Viet Cong out of helicopters, beheading others, shooting innocent civilians in the back. "You'd bring back ears . . . whoever got the most ears got the most beers," testifies one returned veteran in a voice choked with shame. What makes *Wintersoldier* uncommonly powerful is that the bearded, contrite, awakened young Americans who testify have so little in common with their counterparts from earlier wars—former Nazi henchmen, for example, who almost invariably pointed an accusing finger at some higher authority or at society as a whole. These soldiers never try to cop out, and their painful honesty may be the only hopeful sign in the horror stories told here.

•

Give a camera to French cinematographer Raoul Coutard, send him to Israel to saturate some film with local color, and what does it get you? This time around, it gets you an unthrilling political thriller called ***The Jerusalem File.*** Evidently assuming that audiences need a boy-next-door hero with whom they can identify, the movie focuses on a young archaeology major from Yale (Bruce Davison, of *Last Summer* and *Willard*), who just happens to have been the classmate of a ranking Arab

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terrorist. When a group of idealistic university leaders enlists the Yalie to arrange secret peace talks with his Arab friend, a good deal of diplomatic intrigue and shoot-'em-up excitement follow—though how these kids propose to improve the prospects for peace in the Middle East is the writer's own secret. Director John Flynn works without any real style, but keeps Nicol Williamson, Donald Pleasence, beautiful Daria (*Zabriskie Point*) Halprin and a slew of native performers thrashing around on the screen as if their mindless melodramatics mattered.

•

French ski champion Jean-Claude Killy makes his debut as an actor in ***Snow Job,*** a crime comedy that begins at the pinnacle of a spectacular Alp—and plummets. "What do you prefer—skiing or sex?" some idler inquires of Jean-Claude, who invariably answers such questions by strapping on his staves and heading for the nearest lift. In powdery snow, needless to say, Killy is a genuine superstar. In bed (with Daniele Gaubert, usually) or up to his handsome chin in schemes to snatch the cash receipts of a *très chic* winter resort, he shows the kind of form that one expects on the beginners' slopes. To be fair, though, the dialog is a tangle of lines that might cause even the most seasoned trouper to flounder. That outrageous ham Vittorio de Sica mounts a truly heroic acting effort to upstage the Alps, Killy and a fleet of snowmobiles. He almost succeeds.

•

A blitzkrieg of shrewd publicity by 30-year-old producer-director Sean Cunningham suggests that ***Together*** stakes out new ground for sexploitation movies. Cunningham's primordial pornographic potboiler concentrates on the lyrical aspects of love—even in a graphic fellatio sequence featuring a beautiful black girl and her handsomely endowed husband. After noting, in pseudo-documentary fashion, the amoral views of arrogant young swingers who measure the quantity rather than the quality of their sexual contacts ("It's like a handshake," says one), *Together* whisks us away to a nonexistent retreat where beautiful people pair off under a doctor's supervision, learning how to become lovers *and* friends. Activities at the institute include la-di-da games such as ring-around-a-rosy and leapfrog as well as lovemaking. Any amorous viewers who want to rush right out to enroll for treatment will find there's no such place except in the fantasies of the film makers. Housewives, clergymen and sundry squares who had never seen a skin flick were invited to free previews of *Together,* which Cunningham carefully booked as a single feature only in first-class theaters, whenever possible as a follow-up attraction to *Carnal*

Knowledge. Just testing his market, so to speak. Result: Throughout New York and New England, *Together* grossed several million dollars in several weeks and stands to recoup its initial $100,000 investment a hundred times over. That's what we call balling all the way to the bank.

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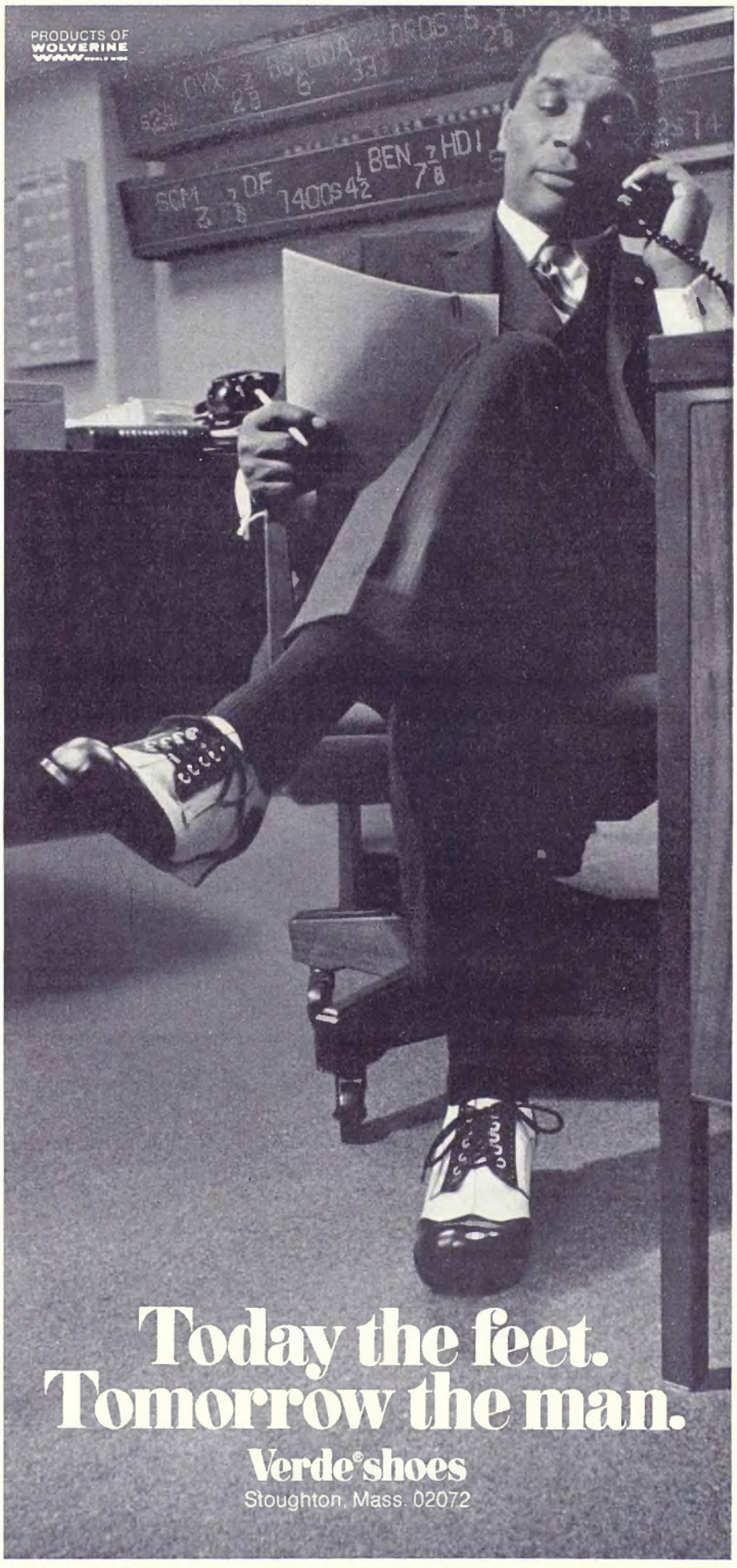
Smic, Smac, Smoc are the nicknames chosen for themselves by three shipyard workers in La Ciotat, a French port on the Mediterranean. Charles Gerard, Jean Collomb and Amidou play the workers, a wearisome lot whose major concerns are low pay, high taxes, whores and wine. When one of the trio (Amidou) marries a bakery clerk (played by Catherine Allegret, a ringer for momma Simone Signoret), the wedding party steals a car and roars off for a wild weekend in St.-Tropez. "We wanted to live a little" is their plaintive plea to the gendarmes when the hour of reckoning comes, just before they burst gaily into song—a title song composed by French composer Francis Lai, who also appears everywhere in *Smic, Smac, Smoc* as a blind accordionist, brought along for the ride. At one point, in fact, Lai sits outside a sidewalk café reprising the theme music from *A Man and a Woman*, an earlier, far-more-filling fruit of his collaboration with writer-director-photographer Claude Lelouch. Lelouch affects a pretentiously primitive style for *Smic, Smac, Smoc*, which begins Godardishly with spoken credits boasting that "To capture the fleeting moment, we shot the film in eight days." To an observer familiar with the slick, skillful, sometimes disarming banality that is the hallmark of Lelouch's work, they are eight days wasted on a condescending home movie.

•

In the original ***Cabaret***, Broadway's musical version of a play based on Christopher Isherwood's Berlin stories, the weakest element was the writer-hero —an Englishman, not unlike Isherwood himself, abroad in prewar Germany. On film, *Cabaret* has undergone a few plot changes, picked up some four-letter words and gained a proper hero in Michael York, an offbeat-handsome British actor whose quiet authority and conviction create order in the midst of chaos. The chaos is provided by director-choreographer Bob Fosse, a fair-haired boy on Broadway but much less sure of himself as a film maker, though he does know how to mount a number with finger-snapping rhythm and class. What Fosse doesn't know, he glosses over with razzle-dazzle showmanship, ofttimes resorting to gimmicks that emphasize *Cabaret*'s essential emptiness as a semi-serious drama about the rise of Nazism in Germany. Joel Grey, while brilliantly repeating his original role as epicene m.c. in a tawdry night spot, is pushed



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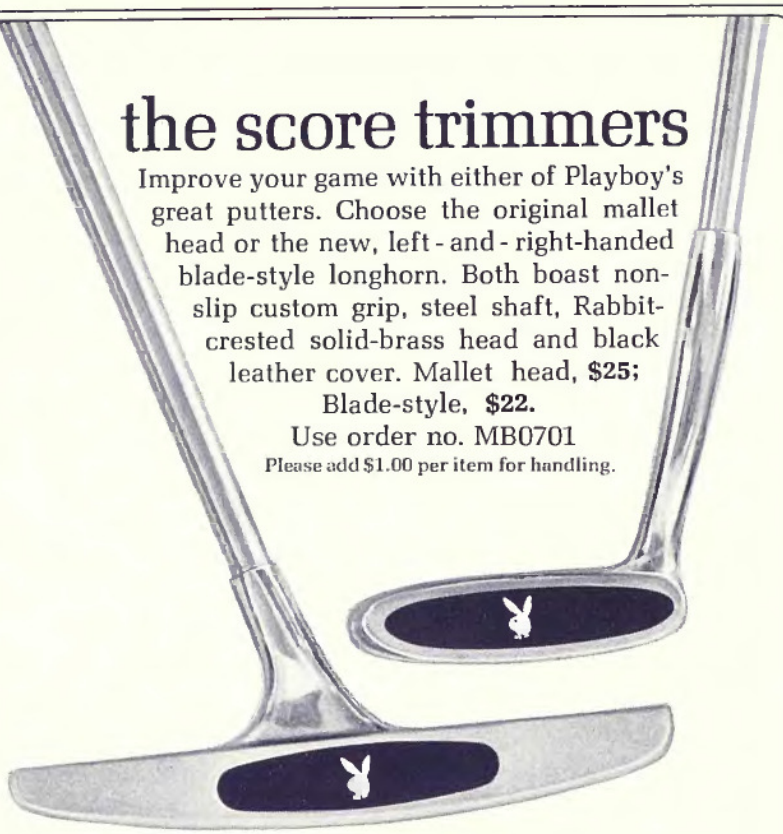

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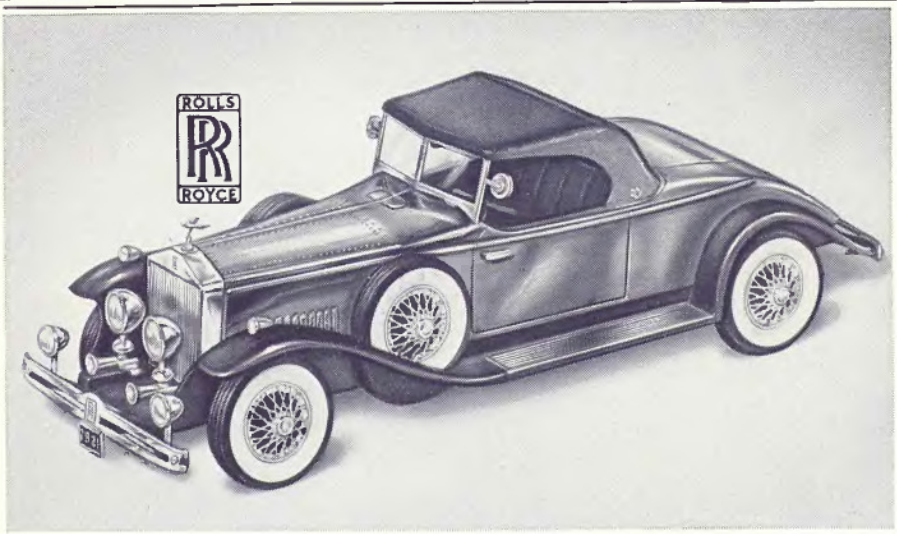

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pretty hard to remind the audience that his act symbolizes the decadence of a whole society. The debatable validity of this connection between policy makers and the creeps on tap at the Kit Kat Klub fails to deter Fosse, who keeps cutting away from several engaging musical numbers (by John Kander and Fred Ebb, in mild imitation of Kurt Weill) to editorialize about storm troopers, anti-Semitism and Hitler Youth. Amid the hoopla, York comes close to stealing the picture, singing nary a note but commanding attention for his decency, intelligence—and his sexual hang-ups vis-à-vis the kinky American canary who flits around a room across the hall. Playing Sally Bowles, the would-be film star and perennial party girl, Liza Minnelli works enormously hard, maybe too hard. Liza is still resisting the collective effort of showbiz Svengalis to sell her as a reasonable facsimile of her mother, Judy Garland. She looks happiest when she ignores the Nazis and stops the music to concentrate on her relationships with the bisexual boy next door (York), a German nobleman (Helmut Griem) and a Jewish heiress (charmingly played by Marisa Berenson, featured in a special pictorial in PLAYBOY's October 1971 issue).

RECORDINGS

If Maurice Ravel could rearrange it for orchestra, why can't Emerson, Lake & Palmer rework Moussorgsky's ***Pictures at an Exhibition*** (Cotillion) for their own nefarious, culture-puncturing, rock-'n'-roll purposes? Of course they can, and they did, and the result is pretty interesting, if not always musical. This live recording, technically excellent, shows E., L. & P. to be one of the most proficient rock bands in the world. They've captured the impressionistic spirit of parts of Moussorgsky's suite, as in *The Hut of Baba Yaga*, and added their own elsewhere, as in the great bass feedback blasts of *The Gnome* and at the beginning of *Blues Variation*. The last is the best thing on the record. The worst is *Nutrocker*, apparently an encore based on—you guessed it—and hammered out on Keith Emerson's deliberately out-of-tune electric piano. There is some weird and exciting music here. It's the kind of thing that should be tried more often.

•

That irrepressible renaissance rustic, Mose Allison, is a tuneful gusher who gives no indication of ever running dry. ***Western Man*** (Atlantic), whose title ode is a Puckishly acerbic commentary on genus Homo sapiens, is made up of nine Allison numbers, including a couple of instrumentals, plus Ellington's *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me* and a countryish bit of funk, *If You've Got the Money*

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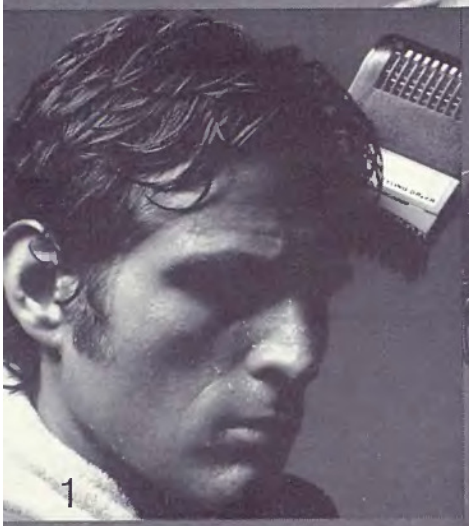

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In tests by two of Europe's leading motor magazines, steel-belted

1969: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Michelin XAS	(Steel)
3RD	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
4TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
5TH	Fulda P 23	(Fabric)

1970: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Pirelli CN 36	(Steel)
3RD	Michelin zX	(Steel)
4TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
5TH	Semperit	(Fabric)
6TH	Dunlop SP 68	(Fabric)

These tests included: handling on curves, steering exactness on a zig-zag slalom course, braking distance and behavior, acceleration and skid resistance on a wet circular track, comfort and wear. In addition, Auto Motor und Sport included a test for tire noise in '69, winter suit-

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e radials.

radial tires received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials.

1971: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
2ND	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
3RD	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
4TH	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
5TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
6TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

ability in '70 and aquaplaning tendency in '71.

1971: Auto Zeitung Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Michelin zX	(Steel)
3RD	Pirelli CF 67	(Fabric)
4TH	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
5TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
6TH	Conti TT 714	(Fabric)
6TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
8TH	Dunlop Sp 57F	(Fabric)
9TH	Phoenix P110Ti	(Fabric)
10TH	Bridgestone	(Fabric)
10TH	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
12TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
13TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

overall in three out of four of the above series of tests —is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular European cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

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(I've Got the Time). Allison accompanies his vocals on piano and electric piano and is assisted by Chuck Rainey on electric bass and Billy Cobham on drums. An original is young man Mose.

•

For some time, Linda Ronstadt has been building her own coterie of fans. She is not only one fine-looking young lady, who scorns bras and shoes, but she can sing what is basically country-and-folk music in a clear, controlled voice that is a joy. Capitol Records is giving her a big push with ***Linda Ronstadt***, an album as good as anything she's done. The disc contains a nice variety of material, ranging from the Guthrie-Ledbetter-Lomax *Ramblin' 'Round* to Neil Young's *Birds*. But *Rescue Me*, with its infectious rock-a-billy style, should turn everyone on.

•

In an industry that thrives on the second-rate, Atlantic Records maintains its position at the top of the rock heap. Two exceptional new releases show why. ***L. A. Getaway*** (Atco) features Joel Scott Hill's lead guitar and vocals, Chris Ethridge's bass and John Barbata's drums, with a number of all-star musicians sitting in: Dr. John, Booker T. Jones, Sneaky Pete, Leon Russell, among others. This is mainstream rock with power and bite, by men who have all been on the scene for some time, who have played together in various combinations but who have never been as favorably recorded as they are here. ***Off the Shelf*** (Atlantic) is a disc by two relative newcomers, John Batdorf and Mark Rodney, consorting with two of the above gentlemen, Ethridge and Barbata. The musicianship is excellent throughout, the tunes—all written by Batdorf—eclectic and engaging. The album demonstrates the Atlantic flair for using experienced personnel to help launch new talent. Of course, with a group cognomen such as Batdorf & Rodney, they may not need much help.

•

Side one of Gary Burton's ***Alone at Last*** (Atlantic) was recorded at the Montreux Jazz Festival last year, side two in a New York studio. The difference is that at Montreux, Burton played solo vibes, while in New York he was able to dub in piano, electric piano and organ over the vibes. Whatever the multiple, however, it's all Burton and all spectacular—from the opener, Keith Jarrett's *Moonchild / In Your Quiet Place*, to the closing Jobim opus, *Chega de Saudade*. A tour de force of considerable dimension.

•

Jim Seals and Dash Crofts have created a very listenable, unpressured album in ***Year of Sunday*** (Warner Bros.), the kind of recording that sometimes gets overlooked. You might well overlook the title tune, with its bland professions of Bahaism, but that and everything else is well played and sung. *High on a Mountain* is a good jazz-inflected samba with fascinating key changes, and *Sudan Village* develops some effective neo-African rhythms.

•

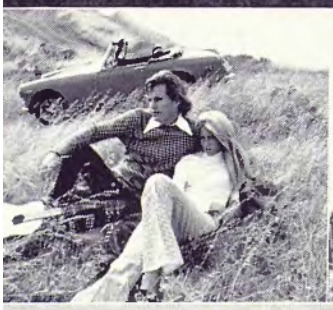
Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli is a lavishly talented and eccentric Italian pianist whose penchant for canceling concerts is equaled only by his reluctance to approve recordings. Fortunately, a few discs do manage to meet his requirements. The latest, on which he performs Debussy's ***Images*** and ***Children's Corner Suite*** (Deutsche Grammophon), provides a splendid example of the man's unique command of piano sonorities. Michelangeli can coax an infinitude of plangent sounds from the instrument, and Debussy's atmospheric pieces are ideal vehicles for his tonal wizardry. Vladimir Horowitz is another diffident public performer who makes occasional visits to the recording studio. His most recent release, ***Horowitz Plays Chopin*** (Columbia), situates the veteran virtuoso in obviously congenial territory. Though the collection accents elegance and refinement rather than crashing bravura, Horowitz concludes with a breath-taking rendition of the *A-Flat Polonaise* lest we be in any doubt that he can still perform with unparalleled thrust and agility. Finally, from that supremely nondiffident octogenarian, Artur Rubinstein, there is a treasurable miscellany of ***The Brahms I Love*** (RCA). It is a safe bet that no living pianist can approach Rubinstein's warmth and wisdom in this tenderly rhapsodic music.

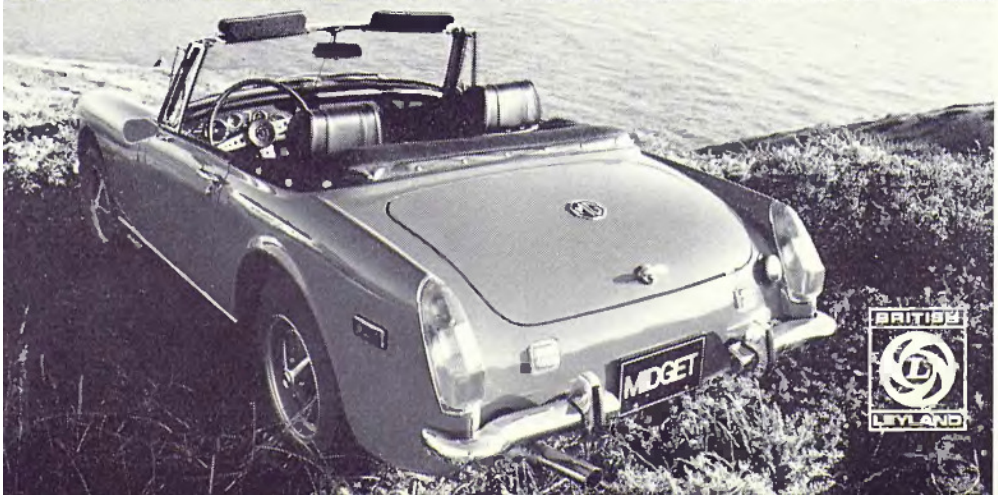
•

According to the liner notes, ***Jim Sullivan*** (Playboy Records) has sung and played guitar "in every beach bar from Acapulco to Big Sur." So he's been around a while, and it shows in the easy, comfortable way he handles a song. He wrote almost everything on the album and it comes out as a pleasant mix of styles: laid-back pop-folk on *Amos*, a wry tribute to a sideman; wah-wah Memphis on *Tom Cat*, a real prowler; and Twenties jazz band on *Sandman*, a song of a back-door man. Sullivan seems most at home when it's mainly he and his guitar; but he has turned out an *album* here, in the real sense of the word.

•

Captain Beefheart's particular kind of rock madness may be all blabber 'n' smoke, as one of his titles has it, but in small doses, it's a fine tonic. ***The Spotlight Kid*** (Reprise) opens with this guttural frog-croak of a voice intoning, "The moon was ah drip on ah dark hood / 'N' they were drivin' around 'n' around / Vital Willy tol' Weepin' Milly / I'm gonna booglarize you, baby / . . . If





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I can find ah place t' park my machine," and so on through tunes such as the title tune and a nice blues called *Grow Fins*. Accompanied by the likes of Zoot Horn Rollo (on glass-finger and steel-appendage guitar), Ed Marimba and Winged Eel Fingerling, the Captain's music speaks to the frog that lurks in all of us.

•

The title ***Yusef Lateef / The Gentle Giant*** (Atlantic) really says it all. Lateef is an exemplary reed man—imbued with sensitivity and taste—and a composer of growing stature. He moves from flute to bamboo flute to pneumatic flute to oboe to tenor sax on the album, which is filled with soft, splendid sounds. His supporting cast includes such noteworthies as guitarist Eric Gale; bassist Chuck Rainey; an extraordinary fellow flutist and drummer, Kuumba "Tootie" Heath; and the Sweet Inspirations, who are heard on *Hey Jude*, which begins at a barely audible level and never rises much above a low murmur but is an altogether fascinating approach to the Lennon-McCartney classic.

•

Except for a couple of inexplicable duds, Lou Rawls's ***Silk & Soul*** (MGM) is a moving experience. Gospel, blues, rock—Rawls puts it all together with a natural earthiness, tempered by a polished professionalism, that is exactly right for the material. The high points, *No More* and *Hallelujah for a Friend*, pulsate with musical vitality. And, aside from *Here's That Rainy Day* and *I'm Waiting*, everything in the album is first-rate.

•

The Kinks have done an album about the tightrope we all walk between sanity and the diseases of modern urban life (typified in this case by London): jail or inaction, sterile or polluted holidays, slum relocation or dreams of unknown West Virginia hills. Result: *Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues*. The saga is recounted, not without humor, in ***Muswell Hillbillies*** (RCA), which is sometimes musically understated but always lyrically vivid.

•

Mac Davis has been a songwriter of distinction for some time now. But only recently has he discovered (along with a growing legion of followers) that he's the best purveyor of his songs. ***I Believe in Music*** (Columbia) presents Davis delivering 11 of his own compositions in his unassuming, unpressurized, straightforwardly communicative vocal style. The melodies are frequently haunting and the lyrics sophisticated in their deceptive simplicity. On *Hollywood Humpty Dumpty*: "My guitar went and caught a cold / Lately every song I write seems to come out / Wrinkled up and withered and old"; *Poem for My Little Lady*: "I'm the only blemish on her virgin soul / And she don't even know it"; *Sarah Between the Lines*: "I'd pick and grin / And sip my gin / And swear I knew the answers / And I was twenty-eight / And gainin' weight / When I found out I'd been wrong."

•

Ordinarily, organists of the jazz-rock variety do not set us aglow with excitement. The ax has always seemed to us somewhat unwieldy for the idiom. Richard Groove Holmes is one of the few contemporary practitioners of "God's noble instrument" to make it all work. ***Comin' on Home*** (Blue Note) provides some good clues as to why. Holmes can catch the proper balladic spirit of Francis Lai's *Theme from "Love Story,"* be delicately swinging, as on Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Wave*, or drive your blues away with the likes of *Groovin' for Mr. G.*, *Down Home Funk* and *Don't Mess with Me.*

•

Produced by Burt Bacharach and Hal David, ***Dionne*** (Warner Bros.) testifies not only to the ongoing creativity of that songwriting team but also to their ablest interpreter, Miss Warwicke, the pop goddess who really deserves her acclaim. Having said all that, we will cavil at the inclusion of one or two numbers here—for instance, *Hasbrook Heights*—and note that Lesley Duncan's *Love Song* is probably the top song in the album. (Only three of the tunes are not by Bacharach-David.) Dionne's versions of *Close to You* and *I Just Have to Breathe* more than make up for the lapses, however, and the disc has been beautifully recorded by Phil Ramone.

•

Some of the most sensuous moments in music are to be found among the ***Songs of Debussy*** (RCA), and it's appropriate that a generous selection of them has recently been recorded by soprano Anna Moffo. Miss Moffo is a superbly sexy singer—if that is a permissible thing to say of a distinguished Metropolitan Opera star—and she weaves her way through Debussy's delicately voluptuous world with seductive authority. Jean Casadesus is her able accomplice at the keyboard.

•

Mother Earth is one of the best country-rock groups going, and if you haven't heard Tracy Nelson's voice (which in its lower ranges sounds more like Bessie Smith's than Janis' ever did), there is no better place to hear it than on ***Tracy Nelson / Mother Earth*** (Reprise). These are mostly easy, loping country tunes with the vigor superimposed by the instrumental and vocal assurance the group brings to every cut. *The Same Old Thing* features Jack Lee's lead guitar and some interesting changes; *I Don't*

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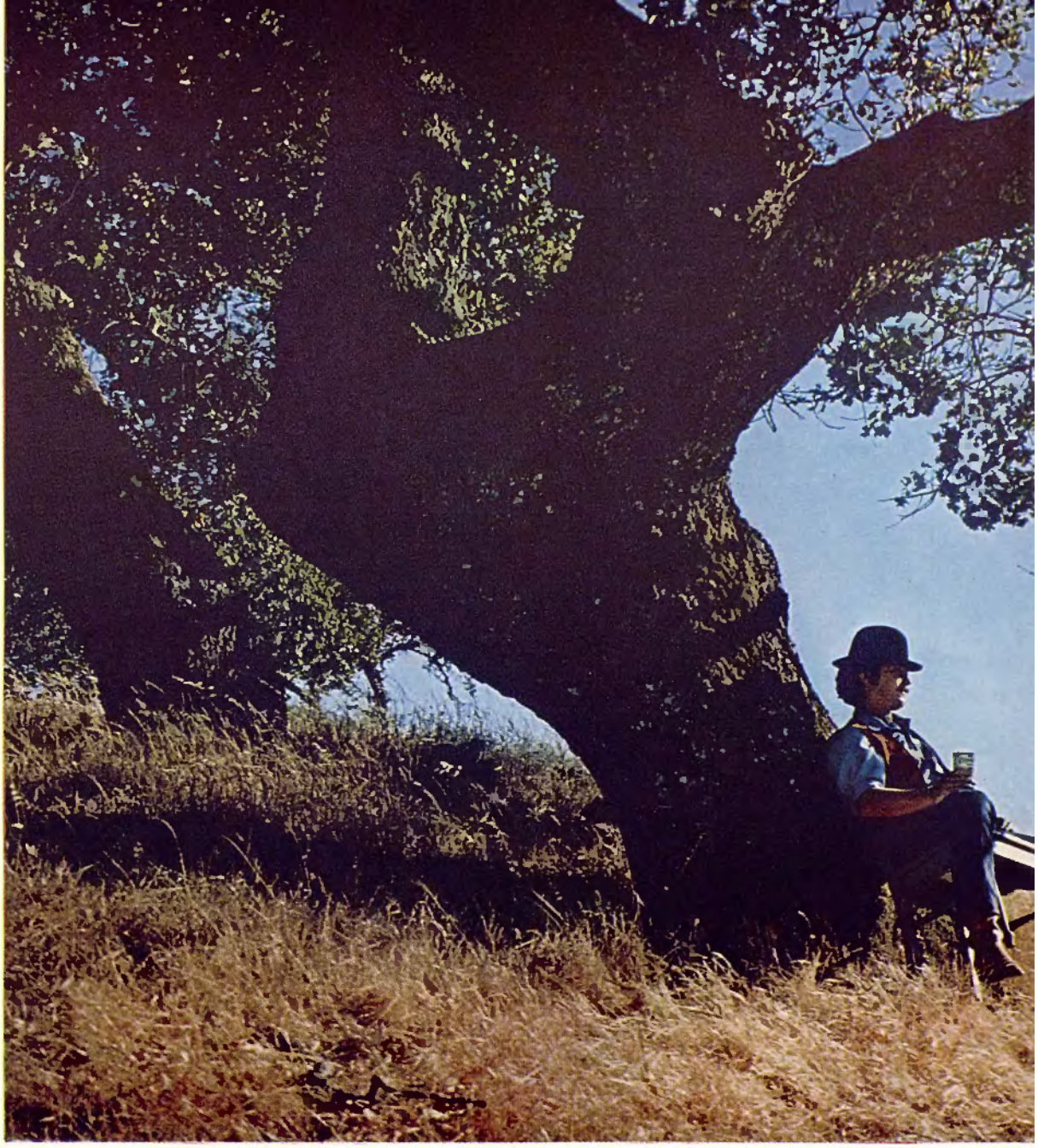

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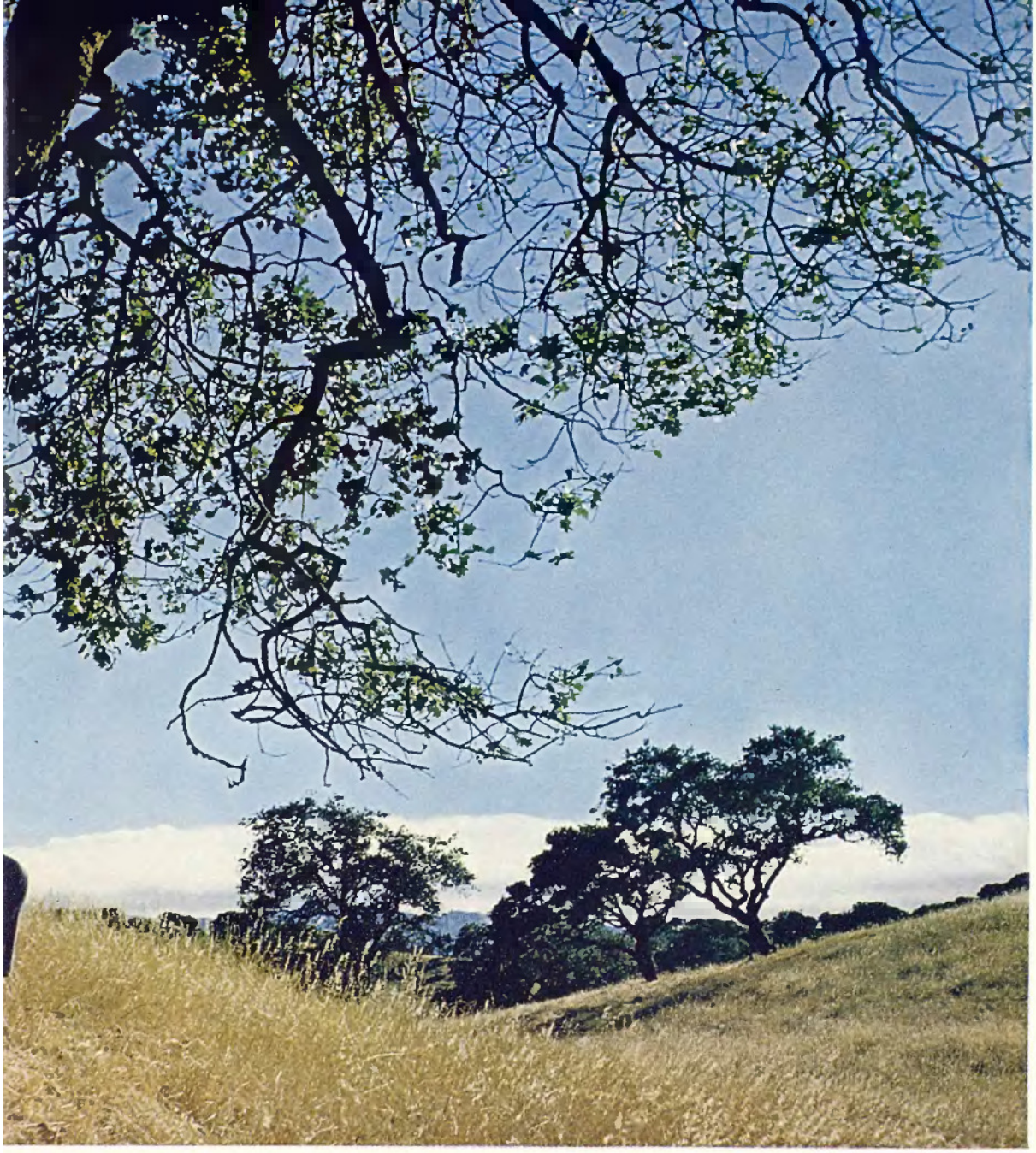

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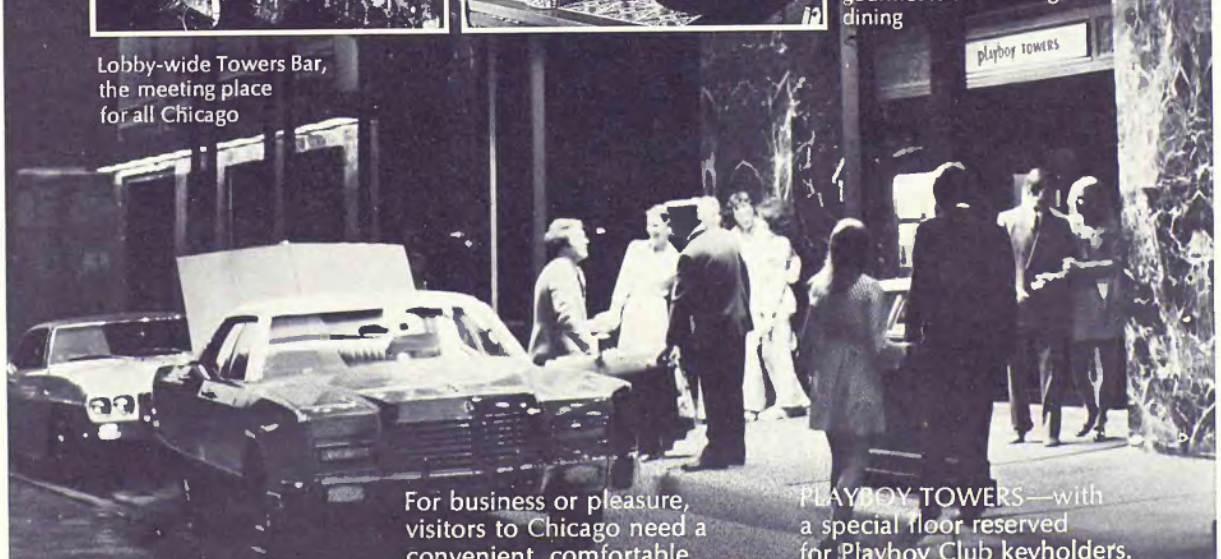

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Do That Kind of Thing Anymore is all Tracy, with brilliant backing by Andy McMahon's piano and foot-pedal bass.

•

Prestige Records has dipped deep into its vaults and come up with a series of bargain-priced, twin-LP sets of reissues that cannot be overlooked. Among the offerings: ***Modern Jazz Quartet,*** going back to its Kenny Clarke days; ***Miles Davis,*** comprised of the *Cookin'* and *Relaxin'* LPs, when the Davis quintet had Coltrane, Philly Joe, Paul Chambers and Red Garland; ***Charlie Parker,*** when the Bird was really flying; and reprises of such luminaries as 'Trane, Monk, Mingus, Rollins, and on and on. A torrential outpouring of jazz classics.

THEATER

Al Carmines, that piano-playing minister from Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church, has composed scores of scores. Push a Carmines button and out comes a melodic musical comedy. But even when he writes his own book, his musicals seem to have book trouble, and his changing collaborators fare no better. ***Wanted,*** with a book by David Epstein and music and lyrics by Carmines (with an occasional assist on the lyrics from Epstein), at least begins with an enticingly subversive notion. The comic villain of the piece is J. Edgar Hoover—oops, Jacob Hooper. The heroes are four of America's most wanted bandits—Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Ma Barker and John Dillinger—herein seen as an oppressed minority hounded by the lawless FBI and its malefic top G man. The authors have collapsed time so that the four good-bad guys inhabit the stage simultaneously and are soon in collusion against Hooper. A refreshing idea, but the book is padded and much of the humor is arch. Epstein uses a scatter-gun when the evening should have been pistol-sharp. Carmines' contribution, on the other hand, is a joyful burst of blues, ballads and Western songs —which deride the range with acerbity and ribaldry. The performers are right on target for this cops-and-cowboys comic strip. Lee Guilliatt is gruff and tender as Ma Barker and Merwin Goldsmith makes a super Hooper, looking like a cross between George Wallace and Jonathan Winters. If for nothing else, the show would be memorable for the final moment, when Hooper, a raging misogynist, suddenly confronts his nemesis Ma Barker for the first time and dissolves in quivering adoration. A spotlight strikes his shining face and in a glowing Carmines tune, he blissfully confesses, "It's love." At the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce Street.

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Kings: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been married for seven years to a man who has provided me with an attractive home and almost everything else I could want. Unfortunately, a longtime friend has recently become my lover and thinks I should remain married while he finishes his professional schooling, after which he will be able to provide me with the kinds of material possessions my husband does now. Frankly, if he said, "Let's get married," I'd leave my husband. I'm sure that my lover is sincere, but he has a mind like an adding machine. I don't like to hurt anyone and I prefer to be a one-man woman. Where do we go from here?—Mrs. L. B., Chattanooga, Tennessee.

All your lover has given you so far is a ticket to nowhere, so don't plan any journeys with him. Settle your marriage situation on its own terms. If you see no possibility of love and happiness there, terminate it and seek a more satisfying life of your own. But don't count on a man who cherishes you while you remain married to a meal ticket. He's not an adding machine—he's a calculator.

I'll soon be spending a year in Europe and would like to know whether or not I'll be able to use my electrical appliances there (toaster, hi-fi equipment, etc.). I believe the electric current over there is different, but perhaps I can have the various units adapted. Or would that be prohibitively expensive?—A. E., Inglewood, California.

European electrical standards are usually 220 volts at 50 cycles, compared with 110 volts at 60 cycles, which is normal for the United States. However, this is not always the case, so check with the tourist offices of the countries you intend to visit. For nonmotorized appliances, you can buy a step-down transformer at an electrical-supply house that will convert 220 volts to 110 volts—but it might not be worth the expense. Such a transformer for a toaster may cost as much as $25. If this seems a lot of trouble, you might look for a shop that sells appliances already set to operate on European electric current—most major U. S. cities have such stores. Motor-driven devices present a more complicated problem. Even with normal voltage, most will operate slower (and will possibly overheat) on the 50-cycle current, making tape recorders and turntables, for example, useless. Consult the manufacturer, since there are exceptions—some tape recorders have simple panel adjustments for switching the unit to 220 volts at 50 cycles. For other units, it may be possible to buy a conversion kit. An appliance that can operate with either batteries or alternating current, such as some cassette tape recorders, will work on either 50- or 60-cycle current (but make sure the voltage has been reduced).

After an amorous evening, my girl, whom I've been dating for several months, began to cry. After an hour of coaxing, she finally told me that her boyfriend had raped her when she was 13. After all those years, she has been unable to discuss it with anyone but her best girlfriend and now me. She cried because she has been unable to trust any man since and was afraid that I was only interested in sex. This is an important part of any relationship, but sex is not my sole reason for loving her. Can you tell me how I can get her to trust me?—S. J., Denver, Colorado.

Try to convince her of your respect for her personality as well as for her person. Suggest doing those things together that do not lead automatically to the bedroom; plan outings with others along so she doesn't start to wonder why you're always alone with her. Do your best to persuade her that the healthy lover is the one who believes enjoyable sex takes the willing cooperation of two, that it's the man who refuses to believe that the act of sex is a mutual enterprise who is the latent rapist. If your efforts do not lead to progress within a reasonable period of time, say, one month, you should encourage her to consult a psychotherapist, as her fear may lie deeper than your good intentions can resolve. If you encourage her and stand by her during this time, without forcing your physical attentions on her, things should work out well for both of you.

Should I tip a tennis pro and, if so, how much?—C. N., Miami, Florida.

Normally, the club dues and/or lesson fees you pay are all that's expected. But if you feel that an instructor has been particularly outstanding, or if the pro at a club of which you're not a member goes out of his way to introduce you to other players, hits with you when he's not busy and otherwise makes you feel at home, there's no reason you shouldn't offer a monetary expression of your appreciation. The size of the gratuity is determined solely by your own sense of what's appropriate.

Usually, I find myself involved with the shy, modest, sweet-type girl. Then, after I win her, I'm inclined to lose interest and find her boring. The kind of girl I wish I *could* win is the one who's aggressive, sexy, strong-willed and generally categorized as tough. But when confronted with this kind of girl, I'm

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overcome with doubts and feelings of inferiority. I'm 22 and my friends are settling down, while I'm still worried about the type of girl I like and the fact that I've never had an intense love affair. What do you suggest?—J. L., Chicago, Illinois.

Categories such as sweet and tough are better suited to foods than to people. Stop thinking about types and try to relate to individuals. Let your discoveries of yourself and your dates lead you gradually toward more serious situations, as they happen. You have plenty of time. Don't get all stirred up about settling down.

Most of the myths about pot have now been exploded, yet it seems to me that I read someplace that smoking it actually increases one's creativity. This is a little hard to believe, but I'm a major in creative writing and I find the idea—obviously—intriguing. Is there any truth to it?—R. S., Omaha, Nebraska.

You may have read about a study by Drs. Jan Carl Grossman and Russell Eisenman, of Temple University, and Ronald Goldstein, of Pennsylvania State University, in which they administered a battery of tests to 316 undergraduates and discovered that the heavier users of marijuana also tended to be the most creative and venturesome. According to another survey, conducted by Professor Joseph Woelfel at the University of Illinois, the grade average for marijuana smokers at four universities was slightly higher than for nonusers. Professor Woelfel warned, however, that there was nothing to indicate that the use of marijuana actually improved grades, only that the users of it tended to be brighter than the nonusers—a condition that obviously applies to the creativity and adventurousness test as well.

I'm male, 22 years old and a bisexual, having enjoyed sex with a number of men and women in the past. Now I plan to marry a girl with whom I've been going for a while. To keep from possibly embarrassing her in the future, I've considered telling her something about my past. Friends, however, say it would be foolish to let her know and perhaps ruin our marriage before it even begins. What do you think?—O. M., Sandusky, Ohio.

You'd be far better off ruining your marriage before rather than after it begins. By all means, tell the girl—preferably in consultation with a professional marriage counselor who knows about the risks involved in marriages with a bisexual partner—and let her make the decision whether or not she still wants to marry you. Many of the cases of secondary impotence reported in Masters and Johnson's "Human Sexual Inadequacy" involved men who had had an early homosexual preference, then tried to reverse it—unfortunately, for the wives—through marriage. The effort, obviously, is not always successful. Yes, we know you said bisexual, but it's unclear to us (and it may be unclear to you) whether you turn on equally to both sexes or lean more heavily toward one or the other. Unless you know for sure which side you'll continue to swing from—and we don't see how you can make that prediction now—anything but total honesty in a marital situation is a great disservice to both partners.

The other night, I invited a young lady to help me demolish a large piece of choice sirloin that had been languishing unappreciated in my freezer. She seemed enthusiastic—until I let slip the fact that the meat had been allowed to thaw previously and had then been refrozen. She promptly insisted that what looked to me like a perfectly good steak was no longer edible and she suggested that we find other sustenance. I ended up taking her out to dinner and we had an enjoyable evening in spite of its inauspicious beginnings, but I still don't know what she has against refreezing meat. Do you?—H. D., Kansas City, Missouri.

There are several reasons for not refreezing raw meat, the most important of which is that it's dangerous. While meat is thawing at room temperature, or at any temperature between 40 and 120 degrees Fahrenheit, it may acquire harmful bacteria, sometimes in large quantity. If the meat is cooked, the bacteria are destroyed; but if it's refrozen, they remain in a suspended state and may multiply so astronomically during the second thaw that even after cooking (especially if the meat is served rare or medium rare) the meat could retain some active bacteria. Besides the danger, meat that's refrozen and thawed a second time loses some nutrients and flavor, and texture is affected to some extent as well.

On various occasions, my husband has come home after I've already been asleep for several hours. Invariably, he wants to make love—a one-sided affair, since I can't respond adequately when I'm still half asleep. I strongly feel that love should be totally shared and not merely a release of sexual frustration. Although I never deny him sex at any other time, he doesn't understand my reluctance on these occasions. Do you think I have a point, or am I completely in the wrong?—Mrs. F. B., Albany, New York.

The problems that might result from refusing your husband could conceivably be greater than those caused by his choice of an inconvenient time. Since his late lovemaking is a sometime thing, we suggest that you accommodate his amorous inclinations, explaining to him that you would be more enthusiastic about it if he took more time awakening you—all of you. You might console yourself with the thought that the problem most wives have with husbands who work late or otherwise keep late hours is exactly the opposite of yours.

What are *alcools blancs*?—W. A., Providence, Rhode Island.

They're "white alcohols," the brandies distilled from fermented fruits ranging from plums and cherries to berries of every kind. You'll find more about them in Thomas Mario's "Captivatingly Clear," which appeared in the May 1969 PLAYBOY.

I am a 25-year-old male virgin and I intend to stay this way. I get much greater kicks from my work as a scientist than sex could ever give me. I'm concerned, however, about nocturnal emissions, which occur perhaps once a week. Is there any way to curb them—some kind of drug or some sort of electronic device?—W. T., Indianapolis, Indiana.

None that we know of. You may be under the mistaken impression that you can magically transform your "base" sexual desires into something noble, such as the pursuit of science. This notion of sexual alchemy, often dignified by the term sublimation, has never been scientifically validated. Indeed, an examination of some of the most creative and productive individuals in history would indicate normal and sometimes hyperactive sex lives. It's possible that you have religiously based scruples about sex that are so deep-seated you're not aware of them; or perhaps your personality is such that you don't wish to become involved in the time- and energy-consuming game playing necessary for establishing relationships with people. If the latter is true, then masturbation is an excellent substitute. If the former, then we think you need more help than we can provide.

Frank Harris tells in his autobiography how, as a youth, he tied a string to the head of his penis before going to sleep, so that when it became erect during an erotic dream, he'd be awakened by a sharp pain, thus preventing his ejaculation. Sounds foolish, doesn't it? Any other method of shortstopping nocturnal emissions would be just as foolish. In your case, in fact, we'd guess your body and psyche are trying to tell you something. You'd be wise to pay heed.

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

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

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JOHN WALSH

HOME: Boston, Massachusetts

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Field Officer for The International Society for the Protection of Animals.

HOBBIES: Flying his own stunt plane.

LAST BOOK READ: "Death as a Way of Life."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed the rescue of over 9,000 jungle animals threatened by a flood created by a new hydroelectric dam. Also author of "Time Is Short and the Water Rises."

QUOTE: "To most people today, being a hunter is no longer being a hero. The killing of animals has become a moral issue... animals belong to everybody, why shouldn't everybody learn to live with them?"

PROFILE: An incisive mind. A forceful and articulate defender for the wild kingdom. His understanding of the natural and man-made laws concerning animals will lead others to a better appreciation of an animal's beauty and its crucial role in the balance of nature.

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But then it really shouldn't be any big surprise that a car with that combination of assets and appeals should make it big out there in the marketplace.

After all, when you're talking about a car that's sexy, powerful, economical, agile and impressive as our Z-car, there's only one way to describe it: Wanted.

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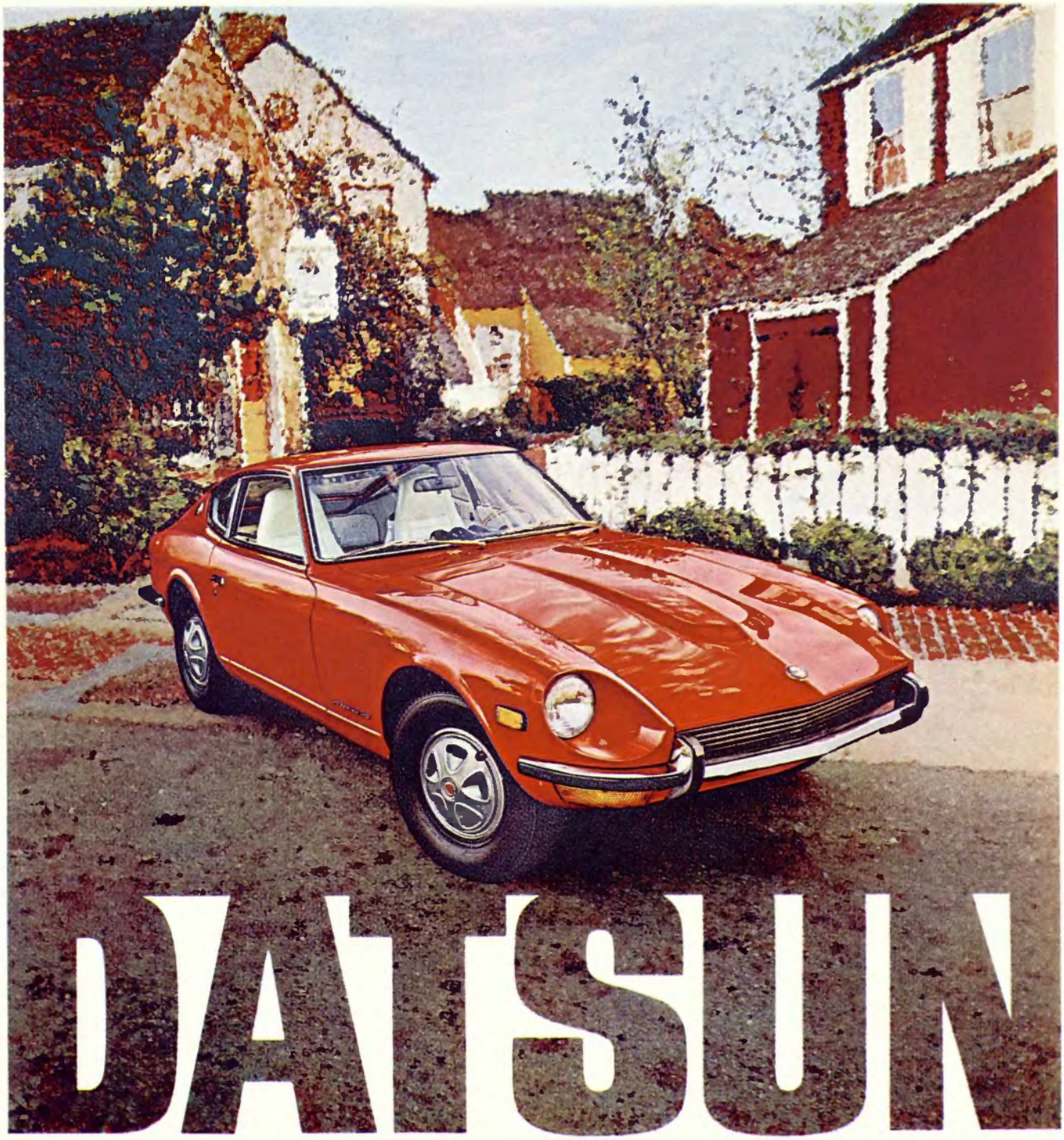


FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

AMNESTY

There has been tremendous public discussion on the issue of whether or not to grant amnesty to the estimated 70,000 American exiles who rebuffed U. S. foreign policy in Indochina with a curt "No." Many of these young resisters were faced with the dilemma of whether to break the draft law or to participate in a war that seemed illegal to them. Perhaps granting them amnesty would seem unfair to those who served and, in many cases, died. But it is the nondraftable population, who also did not fight in the war, who will decide the expatriates' fate.

American popular reactions have proved that there are those who will readily rally under the banner of the double standard to pardon men such as Lieutenant William Calley but think twice about granting amnesty to men whose only crime is refusing to kill or be killed. Enough! The time has come to bring our boys home. All of them.

Ronald W. Thee
Anaheim, California

FACING THE CONSEQUENCES

I am a conscientious objector serving in the Air Force. I deserted once, but I realized that if I really believed in my convictions it was a cop-out to run away from my country and so I turned myself in. While I was free, I joined Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and when I gave myself up, they set up a press conference for me. I was able to express to the news media my beliefs that the Vietnam war is nothing but a fiasco costing many thousands of innocent lives and that Christ will soon return to this world and people had better get themselves together.

If a person is opposed to certain policies in our country, he really blows it if he runs away. Here in Vietnam, though I was returned under guard and have only limited freedom while my application for discharge is being processed, I've been able to work with others in leafleting, holding rallies and circulating a petition to end the war. More and more GIs are accepting their responsibilities instead of running from them.

I dare say that if the thousands of deserters outside the U. S. would return en masse and bear witness to their convictions, the public would have to listen, the courts would be swamped and the courageous few who are now rotting in prison because of their beliefs would suffer less as scapegoats for all the others. We have at this moment in history an opportunity to make the world a beautiful place, but we will lose it if we keep running away from our oppressors and from that with which we do not agree.

Sgt. Bruce R. Porter
APO San Francisco, California

RECRUITER REFUTED

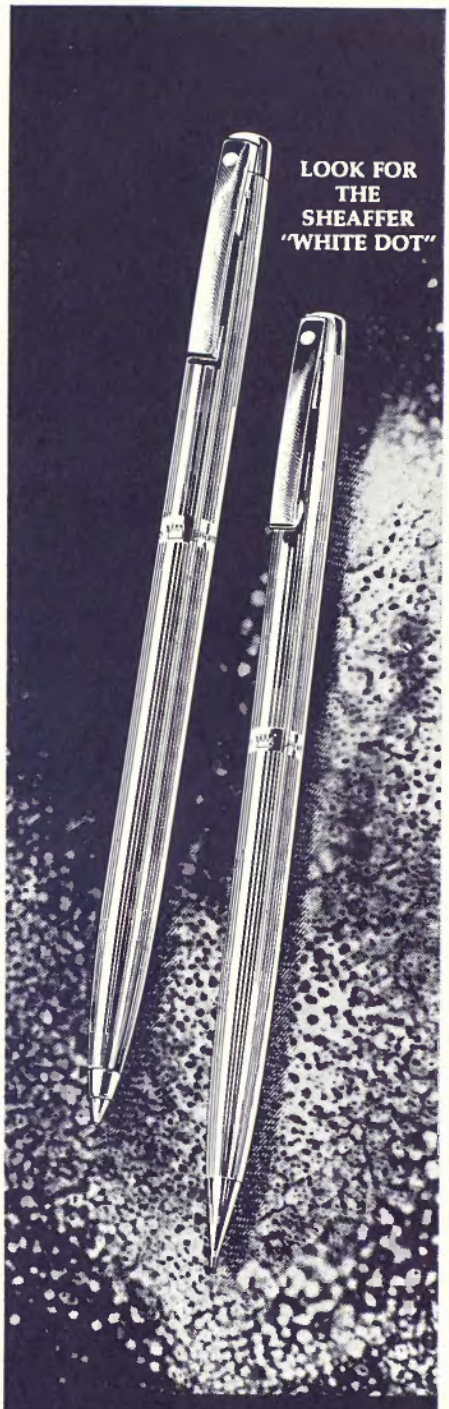
During the three years I served on active duty in the U. S. Navy, I worked with the recruiting department and produced broadcast scripts and advertisements for recruitment that included the following message: "Serve two years active duty in the Naval Air Reserve—and only two years—then be transferred to the stand-by reserve." When *I* enlisted, the Navy assured me I could serve my enlistment in three years active duty, one year active reserve and two years inactive reserve. Now that I've put in the active-duty and active-reserve time, the Navy is ordering me to complete my remaining service obligation as a member of the active reserve, which is required to attend weekly drills and a two-week annual "cruise." I have found out that my case is not unique.

Thus, for me and for thousands of others, the Navy has turned the promises I broadcast into lies. I've taken this case to an attorney to try to go to court and have the Navy's decision reversed, but this is turning out to be very expensive. Until my resources are exhausted, I'll continue to fight for the freedom I feel I deserve.

Philip L. Weintraub
Des Plaines, Illinois

THE PURSUIT OF JUSTICE

The Kent State martyrs are not, as *Time* presumptuously reported, "about to pass into history." The dropping of the state grand jury's indictment of 25 persons—students, nonstudents and a faculty member—for insufficient evidence simply exposes that proceeding for the farce it was. Former Ohio Senator Stephen M. Young called it "a fraud from the start" conceived to "whitewash" the actions of James A. Rhodes, then governor, in sending a tired, untrained National Guard unit to Kent in May 1970, when fresh, trained Guardsmen were available. The disgrace of the state grand jury heightens the need for a



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Federal grand jury investigation of the Kent State tragedy so that America can learn why unarmed students were shot on a college campus in Ohio.

Nearly 10,400 Kent State University members petitioned President Nixon to convene such a Federal grand jury investigation last October. Since then, nearly 40,000 other students from around the country have signed similar petitions that we presented in an hourlong meeting to Presidential aide Leonard Garment. The steering committee of the Emergency Conference for New Voters (now the National Youth Caucus), a conference attended by 3000 young people from all over the country, also endorsed the petition.

As representatives of the petitioners, we sent a letter to *Time* in December 1971, responding to the arbitrary judgment that the Kent State affair is about to pass into history. *Time*, declining to publish our letter, told us it was publishing a letter from the four mothers of the dead students that made the same point. We replied that running only a letter from the parents creates the erroneous impression that they are the only ones who want justice and leaves them to stand alone in the public eye.

Kent State has decidedly not passed into history. We are still awaiting President Nixon's reply to our petition, which, the White House has told our new university president, Dr. Glenn A. Olds, will be soon.

We hope that by taking the protest out of the streets and putting it on paper we've restored to the power of the pen the dignity that many young people believe it has lost. We hope, too, that we have created a situation that affords President Nixon the opportunity to restore young people's faith in the system by responding affirmatively to our democratic expression through petition.

Paul Keane
Greg Rambo
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Keane is a 27-year-old graduate student at Kent State. Rambo is a 21-year-old senior and president of the Kent State Young Republicans Club.

OSTRACIZED SERVICEMEN

Regardless of the fact that Servicemen wear a uniform, they are people who think, love and—when given the chance—are just as politically concerned and involved as our brothers on the outside (maybe more so). Why, then, when the youth of this nation are trying to break down barriers of prejudice, do so many socially ostracize men whose uniforms or short haircuts identify them as Servicemen? I say, in the name of millions like myself, when you see a soldier walking down the street, rap with him, find out where he's really at, take away some of

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

TWO STATES CLOSE DEATH ROW

For the first time, high courts in two states have declared the death penalty unconstitutional.

The supreme court of California, interpreting a section of the state constitution, decided six to one that execution is cruel and unusual punishment that is "unnecessary to any legitimate goal of the state and . . . incompatible with the dignity of man and the judicial process." Also by a six-to-one vote, the New Jersey supreme court struck down that state's death penalty, because it coerced defendants in capital cases to incriminate themselves by pleading guilty rather than risk a jury trial in which they could be sentenced to the electric chair. Neither court based its ruling on the cruel-and-unusual-punishment prohibition in the Federal Constitution, which is being considered by the United States Supreme Court in other cases challenging the constitutionality of all death penalties.

California governor Ronald Reagan fumed at the court's ruling and called for a state constitutional amendment to save the gas chamber.

THE GREENING OF AMERICA

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The former deputy director of the Justice Department's narcotics bureau has called for the "decriminalization" of marijuana and has backed up his appeal by joining the advisory board of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. John Finlator, who earned the nickname Supernarc when he was number-two man in the Federal narcotics agency, criticized the Government's acceptance of many "false myths" about pot and said, "The rhetoric and emotion surrounding the marijuana debate make significant progress in other areas [of drug control] an impossibility." He told a* Chicago Sun-Times *interviewer that a jail sentence for smoking pot "is just as wrong as hell" and said that as a member of the NORML advisory board, he would actively campaign to remove criminal penalties against marijuana. Keith Stroup, executive director of NORML, said the organization, which is supported by the Playboy Foundation, is recruiting a number of other prominent persons and will work to make marijuana a 1972 election issue by pressing Presidential candidates to announce their positions on legalizing pot.*

Shortly after the NORML announcements, reports came that Government investigators and researchers were reaching similar conclusions. According to The New York Times, *members of the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse split on the question of marijuana selling but agreed unanimously that private pot smoking should not be subject to criminal penalties. And in its second annual report on its continuing studies of marijuana, the National Institute of Mental Health likewise found no basis for categorizing marijuana as a dangerous drug nor for prosecuting its users.*

EROS PUBLISHER JAILED

LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—*After nine years of appeals, Ralph Ginzburg has gone to prison for three years on a puritanical technicality. As publisher of the mildly titillating* Eros *magazine and two other publications, he was convicted in 1963 of violating the century-old Comstock Act against mailing obscene materials. Three years later, his conviction was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in a controversial decision that evaded classifying Ginzburg's publications as obscene but declared his promotion of them to be "pandering"—a doctrine never before applied and rarely invoked since. Before surrendering to authorities, Ginzburg tore up a copy of the Bill of Rights; a short time later he and a convicted bank robber, both in handcuffs, were transported to the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary. A number of prominent persons protested the sentence in a full-page advertisement in* The New York Times. *Playwright Arthur Miller wrote, "A man is going to prison for publishing and advertising stuff a few years ago which today would hardly raise an eyebrow in your dentist's office. This is the folly, the menace of all censorship—it lays down rules for all time which are ludicrous a short time later."*

NEW ABORTION ACTIONS

MONTPELIER, VERMONT—*Side-stepping specific constitutional questions, the Vermont supreme court ruled the state's 1846 abortion law "invalid" on the basis of the law's inconsistency in punishing the person who performs an abortion but not the person who obtains one. By avoiding constitutional issues, the Vermont court apparently sought to exempt its ruling from whatever decision the U. S. Supreme Court hands down on the constitutionality of abortion laws in other states. The majority opinion described the Vermont law as hypocritical and said, "On the one hand the legislation, by specific reference, leaves untouched in the woman herself those rights respecting her own choice to bear*

children. . . . Yet, tragically, unless her life itself is at stake, the law leaves her only to the recourse of attempts at self-induced abortion, uncounseled and unassisted by a doctor." Until the legislature can agree on a new law, probably next year, abortion in Vermont is subject only to the common law, which allows the operation for any reason up to about the 18th week of pregnancy.

Elsewhere:

• The supreme court of Florida ruled six to one that the state's 1868 abortion law is unconstitutionally "vague and indefinite" in allowing abortions only to save the life of the woman. However, the court's decision would not take effect for 60 days, giving the state legislature time to enact a new law.

• In New Orleans, the American Bar Association's house of delegates overwhelmingly approved a resolution calling on all states to allow unrestricted abortion up to the 20th week of pregnancy.

• A U.S. Supreme Court order has temporarily barred the state of Wisconsin from closing a Madison abortion clinic that opened after a Federal court in Milwaukee declared the state's abortion law unconstitutional in late 1970. The Supreme Court let stand an injunction protecting the operator of the clinic from prosecution until the Wisconsin supreme court issues its own decision on the law's constitutionality.

• After a ludicrous back-and-forth legal battle over whether or not the promise of suicide would justify an Illinois abortion "to preserve the life of the woman," the state supreme court ultimately barred the operation to an indigent 15-year-old Chicago girl with a history of emotional problems and previous suicide attempts. She was then helped to obtain a legal abortion in New York by the Clergy Consultation Service in Chicago and the Playboy Foundation.

DRAGON *VS.* JAY BIRDS

TULSA, OKLAHOMA—*The grand dragon of the Oklahoma Ku Klux Klan and three of his colleagues tried to make citizen's arrests of cast members during a performance of the musical "Hair." After the lights dimmed for the show's nude scene, the four climbed onto the stage, seized a microphone and made their announcement. The audience booed, the lights came back up for the scheduled intermission and security guards escorted the Klansmen from the theater. Said one of the Klansmen afterward, "They were just as naked as jay birds."*

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM . . .

OKLAHOMA CITY—*Some members of the state's house of representatives, supporting a measure to give adult rights to 18-year-olds, were irked when prohibitionists managed to amend the bill to exclude beer-drinking privileges. So they went the anti-beer forces one better and amended the bill to raise the drinking age to 40. "This is a frivolous amendment and should be throwed out," said one member of the house; but between the protest votes and the anti-beer votes, the amendment was passed and sent to a committee, which decided that 18 was not too young for beer drinking after all.*

PRICE OF SEXUAL EQUALITY

NEW YORK—*The city's human rights commission has decreed an end to ladies' days in New York bars. The commission ruled that serving women drinks at reduced prices constitutes sex discrimination and is therefore illegal.*

CLASHING SYMBOLS

Recent hassles over anthems and flags over flags include the following:

• In Richmond, Virginia, the state's attorney general ruled that the University of Virginia's ban on flying the Confederate flag at football games was unconstitutional. He said that while the Stars and Bars might be an offensive symbol to some, banning its display represented a "prior restraint on First Amendment rights."

• In St. Louis, the U.S. Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals has upheld the suspension of 29 black students who walked out of a pep rally at a high school in Jonesboro, Arkansas, because the band played "Dixie." The court also refused to prohibit the playing of the song at school-related functions on the grounds that "Dixie" is a historic and traditional piece of music and no longer a symbol of slavery.

• In Omaha, Nebraska, four Creighton University cheerleaders were suspended after they said they would not stand during the playing of the national anthem at ball games.

• In Boston, the Massachusetts supreme court upheld the conviction and six-month jail sentence imposed on a 21-year-old man for treating the U.S. flag "contemptuously" by sewing it on the seat of his pants.

• In Memphis, a young Catholic priest created a local uproar by refusing to let a group of Boy Scouts carry the American flag down a church aisle because it "smacked of militarism."

• In Trenton, the New Jersey education commissioner overruled the Newark school board's move to place black-liberation flags in the classrooms of public schools with a black enrollment of over 50 percent. One member of the board had obtained a temporary court injunction to prevent the purchase and display of 3000 of the flags, and under the commissioner's ruling, the flags now may be displayed only for specific educational purposes.

the loneliness that he carries with him 24 hours a day. Give him the chance he deserves.

Sp/4 Richard C. Cutshaw
Honolulu, Hawaii

MAGICAL THINKING

When I read *The Playboy Forum* these days, I am dismayed to note the importance people with causes attach to symbols—the peace symbol, long hair, the national flag and the like. History abounds with similar examples: The English tried to prevent Scotsmen from wearing kilts. Moralists suffer the delusion that suppression of four-letter words prevents the acts they represent. Quakers refused to take off their hats in court and were persecuted for it. The Nazis whipped themselves to murderous hatred of the symbol "Jew."

Perhaps one day a cry for humanity will be heard above the clamor of the many symbol-worshiping cults. Perhaps, eventually, people will realize that no symbol possesses a meaning beyond that which is temporally and locally bestowed upon it.

Allan Brown
Dollard des Ormeaux, Quebec

When I was in the Army and stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, I broke my ankle. All my friends signed the cast, and I drew a peace symbol on it. Two weeks later, some big brass held an inspection of my barracks. When they saw my cast, a couple of the officers looked as if they were going to have heart attacks. I got orders to remove the symbol, but it wouldn't wash off, so I was sent to the base hospital where the cast was cut away and replaced with a new one. My superiors told me that if I ever marked a peace symbol on another piece of Army property, I would be court-martialed.

John W. Estes
La Grande, Oregon

In the February *Playboy Forum*, an editorial comment states, "We wish the peace symbol really did have some of the magical powers its detractors attribute to it." This remark is more astute, perhaps, than even PLAYBOY's shrewd editors realize. As I see it, there is a very clear connection between the right-wing mentality and a belief in magic. One aspect of magical thinking is that it confuses symbols with realities; for instance, the witch doctor sticking pins in a doll as if he were stabbing a real person. Thus, if right-wingers can prove to their satisfaction that the peace symbol was used in the Middle Ages by Satanists, this means to them that there is something satanic about the peace movement. They think the symbol really does have sinister supernatural powers. Many of them believe that Satan actually exists and that communism, as well as the

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Workers of the world, if you spend your days staring at a pair of shoes, make sure they're good-looking. Like these soothing brown and tans. And when you assert yourself, they guarantee absolute comfort up the ladder. No matter who you have to kick. The Worker by **Freeman**

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peace movement is his creation. Similarly, when a demonstrator burns or tramples the flag, the right-winger believes that he is not merely messing up a piece of cloth, he is doing real damage to the nation. This helps to explain why many right-wingers have been wearing little American-flag pins in their lapels, like talismans to ward off evil.

So, don't be surprised when you see right-wingers reacting to the peace symbol the way Bela Lugosi in *Dracula* reacted to a crucifix.

William Henry
Atlanta, Georgia

DEMOCRATIC FASCISM

The great enemy of individual freedom in the United States is not Hitler-style tyranny but a grass-roots pressure toward conformism, which I call democratic fascism. It is unnecessary for foes of freedom to set up a totalitarian government in the U. S., because the country is full of totalitarianism as it is. Petty despots—sheriffs, cops, district attorneys, judges, political bosses and the like—work ceaselessly at the local level to hassle the young, the progressive-minded, the minority groups and the poor. These democratic fascists are the real power base for racism, stupid drug laws, repressive sex laws, censorship efforts and similar violations of personal freedom. Democratic fascism legitimizes every sort of assault on individual liberty as being the will of the majority. The majority can be a more oppressive tyrant than any of the Hitlers and Mussolinis of history.

Richard Lambert
Baltimore, Maryland

LAND OF LINCOLN

This year, there will be some important elections in Illinois, and I had wanted to learn more about the laws under which the balloting is conducted. I tried to get an official booklet titled "Illinois Election Laws" in Chicago and was told that it's only available from the state capital. So in September 1971, I wrote to the secretary of state in Springfield. The secretary's office replied that the supply of the booklet was exhausted, but that they would send a copy of the new printing following the adjournment of the October legislative session.

Finally, the secretary of state's office sent me a booklet titled "Election Calendar, 1972," which lists key dates connected with the elections. I received the booklet after December 13, 1971, the first date for candidates to file nominating petitions. The last day for filing petitions—December 20—arrived, and I still hadn't gotten the booklet on election laws. I wrote again on that day, asking why I got the calendar but not the laws and on January 4, 1972, I received an answer saying the supply was exhausted (again—or still?) and I would be put on the waiting list.

It's obvious that if one wants to run for office in this state outside the regular party machines, it is nearly impossible to get the necessary information through regular channels in time to meet state deadlines. This won't surprise those who have already written off our so-called democratic system of government as a monumental hoax. But it saddens me. I'd like to see the system work for a change, instead of watching a cynical oligarchy work the system.

Leon Davis
Chicago, Illinois

WINDY POLITICIANS

At the hurricane-season planning conference of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, Mrs. Roxcy Bolton proposed that hurricanes be named after Congressmen. This idea has great merit. I would further suggest that the biggest winds be named after the Senate majority and minority leaders and Presidential aspirants. Other lesser winds could be named appropriately, based on the proportion of the velocity and endurance of the wind compared with the verbosity of the Senator and the inches of newsprint devoted to him.

Douglas W. Pulse
Lacey, Washington

PRESERVING PRESS FREEDOM

Regarding the two college-newspaper editors threatened with prosecution for publishing abortion-referral sources (*Forum Newsfront*, February), I'd like to inform you that the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws (NARAL) has recently sent a memo to over 500 college editors urging them to publish such information regularly in their papers. Attached to the memo was a list of almost 100 referral agencies and clinics and their phone numbers. If any editor is harassed by district attorneys or school administrations, NARAL's legal committee or local American Civil Liberties Union lawyers will provide assistance, as long as the abortions counseled for are legal. Significantly, the University of Florida editor, Ron Sachs, charged with a felony for publishing a list of abortion-referral agencies in the student paper *Alligator*, was exonerated by the felony court of Alachua County when Judge Benjamin M. Tench declared two sections of the 1868 Florida abortion law unconstitutional. The state is appealing the ruling.

I have personally urged a confrontation policy since 1965, when I made the first of 2500 referrals—in the days when pro-abortion people were keeping their referral activities semisecret. I think open confrontation has been the most effective weapon of the abortion movement; NARAL has pushed it since being organized in 1969. Our most recent use of it was in October 1971, when we announced that our Midwest vice-president, Dr. Edgar Keemer, was performing free abortions for poverty cases in Michigan on the basis that the majority of Federal-court opinions have negated the Michigan abortion law.

The free-referral system (as contrasted with commercial agencies that NARAL opposes as exploiters of women) not only provides humanitarian assistance for hundreds of thousands of women but the response to it confronts officials and legislators with unshakable proof that the people of this country will no longer allow a woman to be forced to bear a child against her will. Any college editor can secure NARAL's list of referral agencies and clinics by writing to the organization at 250 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

Lawrence Lader
Chairman, Executive Committee
NARAL
New York, New York

Lader has been working for abortion and birth-control reform since 1955, when he wrote a biography of Margaret Sanger. He has since written a comprehensive book titled "Abortion" and helped found the Association for the Study of Abortion and the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws.

FLORIDA ABORTION FIGHT

The abortion issue is being fought on many fronts in Florida, and we are grateful to PLAYBOY for spotlighting the cases of Shirley Wheeler, of our newspaper *Cocoa Today*, and of the anti-abortion physicians who are trying to stop abortion counseling in the state (*The Playboy Forum* and *Forum Newsfront*, December 1971). We are facing outmoded religious attitudes based on a supernaturalism that vast numbers of thinking people reject. The religious blocs that tried to keep prayers and Bible reading in the public schools are now attempting to force their theological views regarding abortion onto the rest of us. Separation of church and state demands opposition to every theologically inspired lobby and law, including antiquated abortion laws such as Florida's. That, and the principles of human dignity and freedom require that the decision concerning abortion be left to the woman and her physician.

Edwin H. Wilson
Cocoa Beach, Florida

Wilson is executive director emeritus of the American Humanist Association.

PENNSYLVANIA PRO-LIFE ACTIVITIES

Dr. Bart T. Heffernan is typical of those afflicted with narrow vision where abortion is concerned (*The Playboy Forum*, January). He's far from the worst,

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though. Take, for example, the pro-lifers' activities in Pennsylvania:

Perhaps our most vocal opponent of an intelligent abortion law is state representative Martin Mullen. He is responsible for introducing a bill, co-sponsored by 80 other legislators, to prohibit abortions for any reason whatsoever. Mullen has declared that all Roman Catholics in the state favor his bill. That's an interesting assertion in view of the fact that over 70 percent of the women requesting abortions from Planned Parenthood of Pittsburgh are Catholics.

The Pittsburgh Press carried an article headlined "ABORTIONS ENDANGER STATE WELFARE FUNDS." The fact is that Mullen, not abortion, threatens the funds. He is unhappy at seeing this public money being used to finance indigent women's abortions, so he is going to hold up his welfare vote until the practice is stopped. Mullen would thus use his power as a government official to rob women of the right to make free decisions about their own bodies; he would use the threat of withholding welfare funds from the poor as a club to force everyone to act according to his personal views on abortion. This is the same man who has openly stated the fear that a liberal abortion law would lead to a totalitarian government!

In addition, some other legislators have introduced another bill that would prohibit professional abortion referrals as well as the dissemination of any literature pertaining to abortion.

Roger Johnson
Washington, Pennsylvania

RESPONSIBLE DECISION

In view of the world's excessive population, one of the most intelligent and responsible decisions a woman can make is not to have a baby. However, in many states with reformed abortion laws, a woman who wants an abortion may have to submit to the humiliation of being declared incompetent, psychotic or otherwise unfit for motherhood in order to obtain one. We must make every effort to free women completely from unwanted pregnancy. *The Playboy Forum* is to be congratulated for its part in keeping this issue before the public.

Sherrill Petersen
Honolulu, Hawaii

CHOOSING ABORTION

In deciding to have an abortion several years ago, I had to make a very complicated choice. It was not simply a matter of what changes I would have to make in my own life style but it also involved the question of how well the child could be raised by myself and my future husband. My husband, who was then my fiancé, wanted me to have the baby because he had heard nightmarish stories of women suffering mental breakdowns after having abortions. Though I would have loved to have had a child, there were other, more realistic considerations. We were both immature, poor and unstable. I thought at the time that I probably would be an inadequate and resentful mother. In opting for abortion, I felt that I was making a decision in the unborn child's best interests as well.

Those who portray liberalizers of abortion laws as selfish, immoral and callous destroyers of life are ignoring the life that already exists. Furthermore, they are not giving credit to the common sense of the pregnant woman, nor are they aware that normal motherly instincts *are* included in the decision for abortion.

Laura MacInnes
Boulder, Colorado

ABORTION AND THE DEATH PENALTY

Abortion is a popular cause now, and the shouting against capital punishment has died down to a whisper; however, there seems to be a relationship. I am against the death penalty for criminals, and I am also against the death penalty for an unwanted embryo. In answer to Harold A. McAllister's demand that anti-abortionists prove their good faith by offering to support unwanted children (*The Playboy Forum*, January), let me say that I will be glad to pay that price, provided he is willing to support convicted murderers left alive by abolition of the death penalty. I would rather support a baby than a criminal any day.

Dennis H. Verbeek
Chicago, Illinois

The struggle against capital punishment, contrary to your impression, is very active (see this month's "Forum Newsfront") and the U.S. Supreme Court is now considering cases determining the future of the death penalty in America—as it is also deliberating on cases challenging the constitutionality of abortion laws. We see a relationship, too. A society that has renounced the vindictive killing of criminals and has acknowledged women's right to control their bodies will be far more humane than ours has been. It is consistent to favor abortion, since, in our opinion, it does not constitute murder, and to oppose capital punishment, which does.

IN FRONT OF THE KIDS

On the question of whether or not children are psychologically harmed by seeing their parents in the act of sexual intercourse, I agree with Michèle F. Rinehart (*The Playboy Forum*, January), who wrote: "In my opinion, a child exposed to sexual expression would be a lot less likely to grow up

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maladjusted than one reared in a repressive home." However, I think the best advice is to proceed with caution. Practically every adult now living in the U.S. has been raised to be somewhat embarrassed and secretive about sex. Those who have learned to flaunt it, such as Sexual Freedom League types, and those who try to be totally open about it, such as a Florida couple who had intercourse in front of their son, may be just as uptight as more conventional folks and are simply overreacting to their own uptightness. All of these attitudes, which are basically unhealthy, get communicated to children. Communicating no attitude at all, letting children's feelings develop naturally, would be better than communicating negative attitudes. Let today's parents not be too eager to expose their children to sex in the home.

T. Fisher
Miami, Florida

HALF OF MARRIAGE

The woman from Chenoa, Illinois, who wrote that the true sexual desires of women are at least as strong as those of men (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971), was right all the way. Most of the conversations I've had with other housewives have been about sex. Personally, I'm not ashamed of the strength of my desires, nor was anyone else in my family. We were raised to believe that sex is half of what marriage is all about.

Mrs. J. Weaver
Anaheim, California

ON HANGING LOOSE

As a professional man and bachelor, I find the greatest pleasure in relationships that just happen and that last as long as they are destined to. When I go out for the day and walk around the city, ride the cable cars and play tourist, I often meet another person enjoying the same type of day. If that person happens to be a woman and things work out, we may end up at my apartment. Again, things just happen from there. If the relationship grooves, it may last several months. Or I may never see her again.

When one tries too hard and plans too much, the results are usually disappointing. I believe that many men go through life hunting bed partners with all the ferocity, dedication and ingenuity of a hunter stalking a trophy bighorn sheep. When they score, they are proud of their achievement and when they don't, they feel like failures. Sex is just a game, and it can be beautiful and enjoyable, with no one the loser. My advice is: Hang loose, fellows. Don't try so hard.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

THAT OLD DOUBLE STANDARD

Germaine Greer (*The Playboy Interview*, January) stated an important point about male-female relations when she said that "insofar as a woman likes to fuck a lot and chooses relatively numerous partners, promiscuity's a meaningless idea." Despite persistent cries by the media about a sexual revolution, the old hang-ups are still alive and well. As an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin, I was an avid practitioner of sexual freedom. It was a personal policy that included good will with malice toward none. To my knowledge, no one with whom I was involved ever suffered because of my sexual philosophy or practices. However, I was hit with those old familiar epithets, pig, slut and whore. I was puzzled and hurt by the moralistic and hypocritical attitudes of the supposedly emancipated college men of the late Sixties and Seventies.

Like Germaine Greer and many other women, I don't agree with your philosophy entirely, and a man wearing a blazer or ring stamped with the Rabbit insignia would strike me as having an identity problem; however, you do present a loud and consistent voice criticizing the hypocrisy of the double standard. But I'm still pessimistic about many of your male readers. I spent four long and humiliating years asking my chauvinistic collegiate sex partners to *read* PLAYBOY instead of just looking at the pictures.

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FOR A SINGLE STANDARD

Single People United was started in April 1971 to fight discrimination against single people in taxation, employment, insurance, housing, Social Security and in many other areas. The organization includes persons of all ages who are penalized because they are single. Our greatest efforts at present are aimed at ending tax discrimination. Many politicians have shown sympathy for our cause and, although we have thus far seen more talk than action, there are about 140 members of the House of Representatives and five of the Senate who are actively working on the problem. S.P.U., meanwhile, has members in ten states, and our goal is national organization. We are asking single people everywhere to write to their Congressmen and Senators, demanding a halt to the discrimination that is practiced against them. Equalizing taxation is only a beginning.

Henry R. Couture, President
Single People United
Providence, Rhode Island

VIEW FROM AUSTRIA

For the past ten years, my wife and I have been reading PLAYBOY, and we find it an engaging source of U.S. legal and social information. You may be interested in the way we Austrians have reformed our criminal law. After more than a year's debate, the Austrian parliament has made the following changes in the criminal code:

(1) Homosexual contact is no longer a crime between consenting persons over 18 years of age.

(2) Sodomy is no longer a crime.

(3) Adultery is no longer a penal offense if the spouses have not lived together for at least one year.

(4) Physical erotic contact short of intercourse between a married person and a third party is no longer a criminal offense at all.

Austria is a country steeped in religious tradition, with 92 percent of the population Roman Catholics and the rest mainly Lutherans. The Austrian Catholic bishops opposed the reforms up to the last moment before parliamentary decision. Nevertheless, the vote was 157 to six in favor of the new code. The original bill had called for completely removing adultery from the list of criminal offenses, but many traditional Catholic moralists couldn't agree; to eliminate adultery entirely from the criminal code seemed too revolutionary to them. Following the principle that a criminal code should be approved by a clear majority in parliament, proponents of the reforms agreed to a compromise.

The next undertaking of the Austrian government, by Federal Minister of Justice Dr. Christian Broda and by the parliament, will be to change the antiquated Austrian abortion laws.

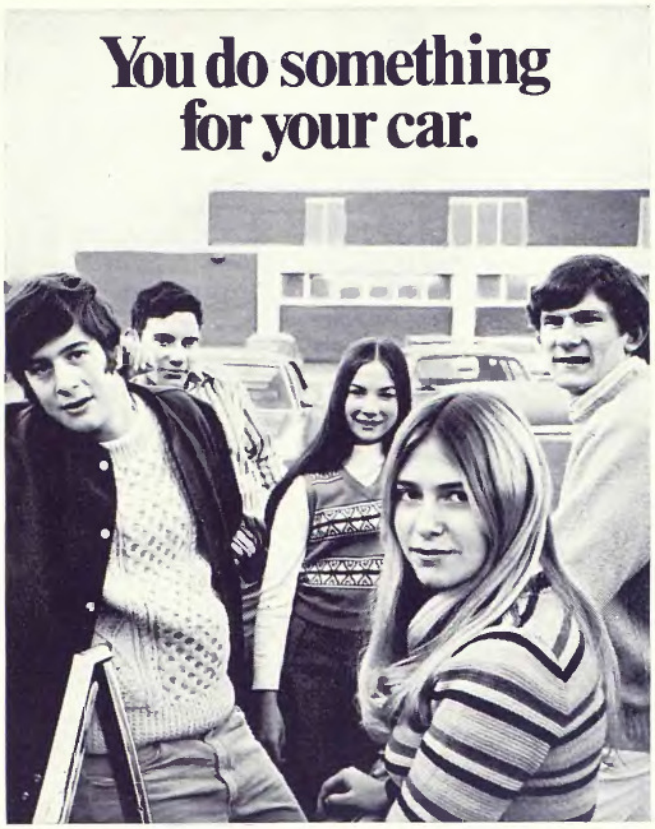
Dr. Hans Pfersmann
Attorney at Law
Vienna, Austria

PROBLEMS IN LIVING

Regarding *The Playboy Forum*'s continuing discussion of involuntary psychiatric intervention, let me offer my own experience: While in high school in 1966, I became increasingly bothered by the boredom and trivia of classroom procedure and decided to drop out. My mother thought I was crazy to do such a thing and sought the help of a psychiatrist to straighten me out. I never complained of any mental illness, but I was told that I needed help, nevertheless.

Over the next four years, I underwent more than 18 insulin and electroshock treatments during three periods of involuntary commitment to a local private hospital. I left this prisonlike environment with a discharge diagnosis of "schizoid personality, severe." The psychiatrist my mother consulted could have recognized that I was not displaying symptoms of mental illness but was having nonmedical problems in living. He could have refused to intervene. That he did not is typical, in my opinion, of the zeal of institutional psychiatrists to transform moral and political difficulties into symptoms of mental illness fit for treatment only by omnicompetent doctors.

I acknowledge my very deep indebtedness to Dr. Thomas S. Szasz, whose books have provided me with both confirmation and illumination. My own



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experiences support the validity of Dr. Szasz's arguments against involuntary psychiatric intervention and involuntary mental hospitalization.

David A. Schroth
St. Louis, Missouri

PLAYBOY IN PRISON

After many requests from the inmates over the years, PLAYBOY finally is being sold in our prison commissary, thanks to the approval of Bennet J. Cooper, the new commissioner of corrections for the state of Ohio. We applaud Cooper's act and feel that he should be commended for his conviction that we, too, are human and that publications such as PLAYBOY should have been made available to us long ago.

George E. Hakaim
Ohio State Reformatory
Mansfield, Ohio

CRIME AND REWARD

At present, society's chief means of dealing with the criminal is to punish him, usually by fine or incarceration. However, behavioral psychologists are discovering that punishment does not work. As B. F. Skinner remarks in his most recent book, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, "a person who has been punished is not thereby simply less inclined to behave in a given way; at best, he learns how to avoid punishment."

It is time we looked at this problem not from the angle of what to do after the crime is committed but instead from the viewpoint of what to do to prevent the crime. Reward has been found to be much more effective than punishment as a means of conditioning behavior. Criminals are people whose life experiences have conditioned them to believe—and to act on the belief—that assault, robbery and violence are rewarding, because they are effective ways to obtain what they desire. Parents and schools should reward children for desirable behavior, such as cooperativeness, peacefulness and generosity. Similarly, programs should be instituted to recondition, by reward, those who are now criminals to adopt more desirable behavior patterns.

If society takes these steps, we will all be rewarded with drastically reduced crime statistics.

Dennis Kravetz
Gary, Indiana

RIGHT TO TRIAL TRANSCRIPTS

I was attorney in a case decided by the United States Supreme Court. Research for the brief we presented was done with the help of a grant from the Playboy Foundation. The issue was whether poor people convicted of any penal offense should have a right to free transcripts of their trials, if they need such transcripts as the basis of their appeals. A Chicago court convicted my client, Jack L. Mayer, an indigent medical student, of two nonfelonious violations of Chicago ordinances during the Days of Rage demonstrations in October 1969—disorderly conduct and interfering with the police—and sentenced him to pay $500. He appealed on grounds of insufficient evidence and prosecutorial misconduct and asked for a transcript to prove these points. Illinois law provides for free transcripts for persons convicted of felonies, but not of lesser offenses.

The issue was of paramount importance to the administration of justice in the lower criminal courts where, as studies show, over 95 percent of all cases are tried or otherwise disposed of. Because of the lack of appellate-court scrutiny of poor people's trials—caused by their lack of a right to a free transcript—injustices are perpetrated daily on the poor by overcasual and hurried dispositions of their cases. As the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice stated:

> An observer in the lower criminal courts ordinarily sees a trial bearing little resemblance to those carried out under traditional notions of due process. There is usually no court reporter unless the defendant can afford to pay one. One result is an informality in the proceedings that would not be tolerated in a felony trial. Rules of evidence are largely ignored.

This commission, after reviewing the conditions in our nation's lower criminal courts, was "shocked by what it has seen." Its impressions can be verified daily in our own courts in Chicago.

After briefing and argument, the Supreme Court found for my client and established the principle that indigent defendants must be furnished with free records that are complete enough to form the basis of an appeal—including a complete transcript, should that be necessary—regardless of whether the offense charged is serious or petty. You should be very proud, as I am, to have participated in this enterprise.

Henry F. Field
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

GUN CONTROL AND KENYON BALLEW

Dave Scott's assertion that overzealous IRS Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division agents, and not the 1968 Gun Control Act, were responsible for putting a bullet in Kenyon F. Ballew's head (*The Playboy Forum*, February) simply reveals his own prejudice and paranoia. For it *is* paranoia that leads Scott to characterize firearms as "dangerous, potentially lethal weapons," and it's the same unreasoning fear that assumes a peaceful citizen is dangerous just because he happens to be a gun hobbyist. Yet no one was endangered by Kenyon Ballew, and he was never involved in violence until strangers battered down his door and put a bullet in his head when he tried to defend his home. Ironic, isn't it, when a man's life is threatened by the very persons who are supposed to be protecting it?

What's frightening is that this was all sanctioned by law, and could happen again to any of us who enjoy collecting guns—as long as the Gun Control Act is on the books. There is a need for adequate regulation of the transfer and use of firearms, but this law won't provide it in a democratic society. Although there undoubtedly are some criminals who are arrested for violating the act, an increasing number of persons who have never committed an antisocial action are likely to be indicted. The only way to achieve justice for them is to repeal the Gun Control Act and substitute a law that protects peaceful and honest gun hobbyists.

B. Anderson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

FORT LAUDERDALE FOLLIES

A Fort Lauderdale policeman, Gerald Smith, was suspended for five days for writing a letter to the *Fort Lauderdale News* criticizing the city commission. At that time, city manager Robert Bubier claimed that Smith had violated civil-service rules that forbid city employees from using abusive language toward government officials. Thus, Smith was penalized for assuming that he had the same civil rights that the Constitution provides for other citizens.

Subsequently it came to the city commission's attention that Smith was living with a woman to whom he was not married. His superiors tried to get him to give up the arrangement, but Smith refused. Soon thereafter he was fired for conduct unbecoming a police officer.

The Fort Lauderdale Civil Service Board has since upheld Smith's appeal that he did not act abusively when he wrote the letter criticizing the city commission. The board concluded that the five-day suspension never occurred and Smith will receive full pay for those five days. Smith's lawyer now plans to go to court to have his client reinstated as a policeman.

It seems a great injustice, in the light of today's morality, that a man can be persecuted for not observing yesterday's code of conduct.

Richard A. Dunne
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

THE LAW IS THE LAW

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(continued on page 211)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HOWARD COSELL

a candid conversation with the fustian oracle of sport

Over the past 16 years, Howard Cosell has earned an enviable reputation for "bringing to the light of public scrutiny," as he might put it, sports' most controversial dealings and misdealings. He has also earned an unenviable reputation as an opinionated son of a bitch. As a result of both, Cosell has become the best-known and most listened-to sports commentator in the business. Cosell's pontificating commentaries and melodramatic inquisitions—his trademarks—have made him a topic of hot debate among athletes as well, whose opinions of his worth run the gamut from Joe Namath's glowing appraisal, "He's the best there is," to Dick Butkus' succinct estimate, "Horseshit!"

Submitting to an interview with Cosell has been likened to opting for brain surgery without anesthesia, yet even his detractors are forced to admit that he has been the one sportscaster able to gain the confidence of sports' most iconoclastic performers. In fact, a good deal of Cosell's notoriety stems from his support for such maverick athletes as Namath, former Cleveland footballer Jim Brown, Muhammad Ali, Tommie Smith and John Carlos—both of whom raised their fists in black-power salutes when presented with medals at the 1968 Olympics—and, most recently, Duane Thomas of the Dallas Cowboys. Says Cosell, in his distinctively lilting Brooklynese, "Coach Tom Landry said he thinks the Cowboys could win another Super Bowl without Thomas, who, in my opinion, just happens to be the best running back in pro football. I'd like to see Landry try it." The observation was typical of Cosell's penchant for direct confrontation with the sports establishment, and whether he's regarded as an irritant or an inspiration, such remarks have caused much of the American public to regard him as the last polysyllabic word on athletic endeavor. For a man who had never confronted a microphone professionally before the age of 36, Cosell has clearly come a long way.

The son of a credit clothier, he was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, on March 25, 1920. The family moved North a few years later and Cosell grew up in Brooklyn, where life was not without its difficulties. "I remember having to climb a back fence and run because the kids from Saint Theresa's parish were after me. My drive, in a sense, relates to being Jewish and living in an age of Hitler," he recently told a writer. Cosell was a student at New York University, attended NYU Law School and was admitted to the bar at 21. "I'd never really wanted to become a lawyer," he has said. "I guess the only reason I went through with it was because my father worked so hard to have a son who'd be a professional. I remember him going to the bank every three months to renew a loan that allowed me to stay in school." Before Cosell was fully decided on a career, however, America had entered World War Two and in February 1942, he enlisted as a private in the Army Transportation Corps.

After four and a half years, Cosell left the Service—as a major—and in 1946 set up legal offices on Broad Street in Manhattan, where he became friendly with another new tenant and fledgling barrister, labor negotiator Theodore Kheel. For the next ten years, Cosell steadily built up his practice, and his clients came to include people in theater, radio, television and sports (he served as Willie Mays's counsel). Through a series of acquaintances, he was asked to incorporate little-league baseball in New York—which he did—and soon afterward, he was contacted by ABC Radio, which wanted to use the name Little League in connection with a Saturday-morning public-service program it was planning. Cosell agreed on condition that the show be noncommercial. Asked to host the show without pay, Cosell said yes. The format of the program called for the Little Leaguers to ask questions of the pros. Cosell wound up writing the questions, if one can imagine eight-year-olds mouthing supercilious Cosellisms. The 15-minute program, projected for a six-week summer run, was eventually expanded to

"The importance that our society attaches to sport is incredible. After all, is football a game or a religion? The people of this country have allowed sports to get completely out of hand."

"I would say that Don Meredith's erratic march to the Emmy, the most treasured of all broadcast awards, in his first year of TV work has to be regarded as one of the great feats of modern times."

"I was right to back Muhammad Ali, but it caused me major enmity in many areas of this nation. The overwhelming majority of mail asked ABC to 'get that nigger-loving Jew bastard off the air.'"

a half hour and lasted five and a half years.

By 1956, the series' popularity led ABC to offer Cosell a professional broadcasting job. His six-week contract called for ten five-minute weekend shows, for which he was paid a below-scale $25 each. The following year, his "Sports Focus" became a summer replacement for "Kukla, Fran & Ollie"; it lasted 18 months and remains the only nighttime sports-commentary show ever attempted on TV. Cosell's radio audience, meanwhile, continued to grow, and in 1961 he went on the nightly ABC-TV New York news, where he remained until June of last year, when he asked to leave and was replaced by former baseball player Jim Bouton.

During those years, Cosell formed his own production company and produced such sports specials as "Run to Daylight," a study of the Green Bay Packers under Vince Lombardi, which is still the most highly acclaimed TV sports documentary ever made. While he was thus occupied, Cosell also began appearing regularly on "Wide World of Sports," where his haughtily contentious analyses of heavyweight boxing caused both the TV ratings and his audiences' blood pressure to rise. When ABC decided in 1970 to gamble on televising pro football on Monday nights, the natural choice was Cosell as half of a very colorful team of "color" commentators; the other half was former Dallas Cowboy quarterback Don Meredith. Although a well-known commodity then, Cosell has since become a household name and now not just New Yorkers but fans all over America have a chance to jeer him regularly.

In an effort to find out whether he's really as mean—or as knowledgeable—as he likes people to think, PLAYBOY *sent former Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman to interview Cosell. Reports Linderman, "The first thing that struck me was his appearance. No one else could possibly resemble Howard Cosell. A shade over six feet tall, he's all angles and slouch; depending on which way he decides to aim his torso, his legs seem to be either two feet in front or in back of the rest of him. His features, highlighted by a long arrow-shaped nose, are also sloping and angular and he is blessed with a face that only his loving wife and two children could find appealing.*

"Though he likes to give the impression of being the original tough-minded hard-ass, Cosell is an emotional soft touch for any underdog. To a very real extent, he feels he is a champion of the downtrodden, and to a very real extent, he is. Socially, however, he is something else again. When he enters a room, Cosell—an outrageous show-off—makes his presence felt immediately, usually through put-ons that can unintentionally insult people who don't know him. Introduced to an attractive woman with her husband in tow, he once said, 'You're a girl of rare and great beauty, my dear; it must thoroughly break your heart to know that you've so obviously married beneath yourself.' But he can also encounter an old friend like Muhammad Ali and convulse him for ten minutes with a lecture on how he would still be an unknown if not for the TV build-up given him by the master. He's been known to conclude this straight-faced peroration by craning his neck upward at Ali and adding, 'I made you, Muhammad, and I can break you.'

"When he's not clowning, Cosell spends a good deal of his time making and keeping himself an authentic expert on sports, especially football. The night Fran Tarkenton was traded to Minnesota by the Giants, Cosell immediately began calling various players and football insiders to get their opinions of the trade. Then he cabbed down to Duncan's, an East Side pub owned by Duncan MacCalman, the Giants' Tucker Frederickson and former New York Jet Bill Mathis, to discuss the trade with all the players gathered there that night.

"Cosell probably works far too hard. The hectic schedule he maintains catches up with him by early evening. Whenever I stretched our taping sessions beyond an hour's length, his voice would begin to crack and there was no mistaking how tired the man was—to the point where his hands started to shake. What makes Howard run? 'I earn a lot of money speaking at dinners,' he says, 'but I really could make twice as much as I do and I'd still have to turn down most of the invitations. I guess the real reason I go out to meet the public is to try to offset the image I have of being such a bastard.' Cosell's remark provided a logical opening for our interview, which I decided to begin as he might one of his own."

PLAYBOY: We're talking to Howard Cosell, beloved albeit beleaguered dean of television sportscasters. Tell us, Howard, is the acerbic and abrasive manner in which you conduct yourself on the air a professional personality—or do you seriously expect the American people to believe that you're that way all the time?

COSELL: That's not a professional manner, that's me. But *I* don't think I'm intentionally acerbic or abrasive. I haven't recently heard anyone call Mike Wallace acerbic and abrasive, nor Harry Reasoner, nor Dan Rather, nor Walter Cronkite. Why not? We all know why not: As newsmen, they're *expected* to ask critical questions relating to issues and figures the public has a reasonable right to know about. Well, I'm doing the same thing in sports, but it's a field in which straight, honest reporting has never really been attempted. Instead, people in this country have grown up with the carefully propagated notion that sport is somehow different, that it's a privileged sanctuary from real life, a looking-glass world unto itself.

Through the years, the legend that owners have fostered, that the various sports commissioners have endorsed and that even my own industry has seen fit to perpetuate is a fairy tale in three parts: first, that every athlete is a shining example of noble young manhood; second, that every athletic competition is inherently pure; and, third, that every owner is a selfless, dedicated public servant concerned only with the public entertainment and utterly unconcerned with profit. That's been the myth of American sport and a lot of people have been indoctrinated by it, particularly those over 40 years of age.

So I'm a shock treatment to them, because I won't let them live with the legend. Young people, however, don't buy the fairy tale of sport, nor should they be expected to. Young people know that some athletes drink, some are on drugs, some are racists, and that they can go to any street in any town or city in America and find it there. In other words, they know that sport is just part of the fabric of real life, that it's human life in microcosm, and that the very maladies and virtues that exist in society must exist in sport. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: You say that sport is life in microcosm, but you've also said that it's "the toy department of life." Which do you believe?

COSELL: I suggest that they aren't in conflict. Sport is the toy department of human life in this sense: It doesn't really matter who wins or loses a game. The contest in the arena fulfills the primary function of sport, which is escape. In the face of the stress and complexities of daily existence, people *have* to have escape.

PLAYBOY: Could it be that by introducing into sport the kinds of worries and concerns that plague so many areas of modern life, you make it less than a total escape—and therefore partially defeat what you feel is its primary function?

COSELL: That's entirely possible, I suppose, but that doesn't mean I'm wrong to do it. I feel that my job as a journalist is to be constantly concerned with the vital issues in sport. One vivid example would be the three and a half years of idleness that were forced upon Muhammad Ali. As a lawyer who practiced for ten years, I knew that, constitutionally, Ali had to win. I honestly believe that much of the antagonism toward me relates back to the Ali case.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COSELL: Because I took an unpopular

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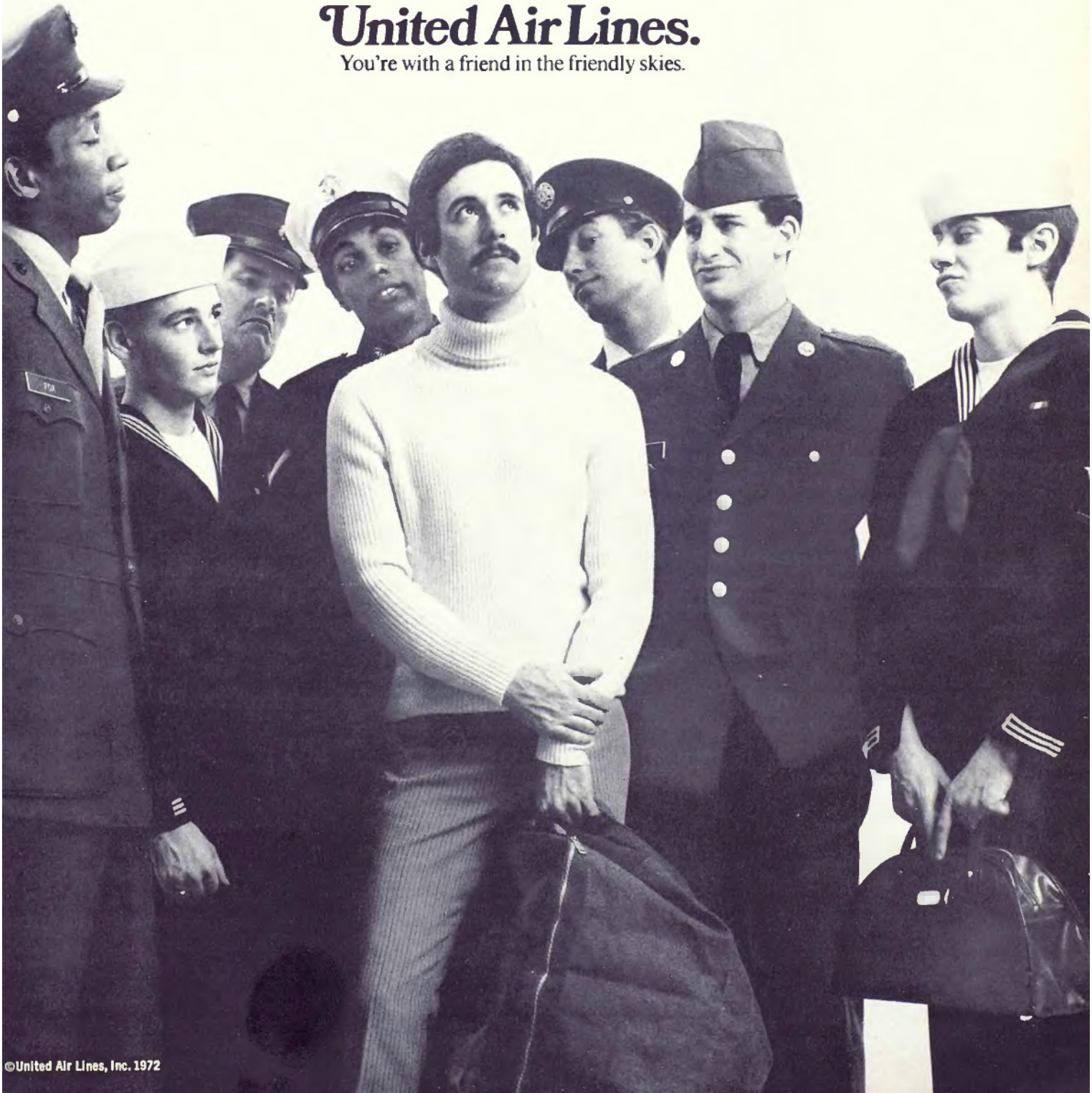

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stand. Many people were offended by the idea that a boxing champion would declare himself to be a conscientious objector. But that was a matter for the courts to decide. My support of Ali had to do only with the fact that his championship and his right to earn a living had been unfairly taken from him. On April 28, 1967, at 701 San Jacinto Street in Houston, Texas, Muhammad Ali arrived in answer to a call for military induction and he refused to take the one step forward that would have made him a member of the United States Army. As a citizen he had a right to do that, and as a citizen he knew he would have to face the consequences. Under the law, if he were deemed a valid conscientious objector, he'd be excused from military service. If not, he could be sent to jail. Within a matter of minutes after Ali chose not to step forward, Edwin Dooley, a politically appointed boxing commissioner of New York State, stripped him of his championship and of his license to fight—in other words, of his right to earn a living.

Mr. Dooley, a former Congressman, was doing the popular thing. But there had been no arraignment, there had been no grand-jury hearing, no indictment, no trial, no conviction, no appeal to a higher court, and in a matter such as this, with the Supreme Court likely to hear such a case, there had been no appeal to the Court of last resort. In other words, due process of law had not even been initiated, let alone exhausted—and under the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the fundamental law of this land, no person may be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. Secondly, in all the years of Muhammad Ali's enforced idleness, the New York State Boxing Commission's action was adopted by every state in the country. Ali couldn't fight anywhere in America and, since he was stripped of his right to leave the country, he couldn't fight overseas, either.

But during these years, New York and other states were licensing men to box who had been deserters from the Army. So when the Ali case came before the Southern District New York Federal Court, Judge Walter Mansfield determined that Ali had been denied his rights under the 14th Amendment of the Constitution, which provides equal protection under the law. Thus, Ali got back the right to earn his livelihood. The whole story was an ugly chapter in American history and it points up a lesson we learned a couple of centuries ago but which America has to keep learning: that what is popular is not always right and what is right is not always popular. I was right to back Muhammad, but it cost me.

PLAYBOY: Did you suffer financially because of it?

COSELL: Not at all, but it caused me major enmity in many areas of this nation. During that period, thousands upon thousands of letters were written to my company, and when I began the Monday-night football telecasts in 1970, the overwhelming majority of mail typically asked the American Broadcasting Company to "get that nigger-loving Jew bastard off the air." The Ali episode also triggered threats on my life. I'm not trying to be dramatic, but the fact remains that I received a number of phone calls warning me that I was about to be killed. Occasionally, the notion of a sports announcer stirring up people to such a degree strikes me as ludicrous, but when I reconsider the Ali case, it's clear that the issue involved was hardly frivolous and does indeed account for the hostility many misguided people have for me.

PLAYBOY: Why are you even more unpopular with sportswriters than with the public?

COSELL: There are very definite reasons that motivate members of what I call the old-world sporting press to attack me. Most of them are not men of education, and it hasn't been an easy thing for these people to see life pass them by in philosophical terms they don't even understand. The old-world press relates to an era that's past. Most of these men began as—and still are—baseball writers, and they can't abide the diminution in importance of their beloved sport. Baseball simply doesn't hold the place it once did within the spectrum of sport, and whereas the baseball writer's beat was once the most prestigious job in a sports department, it has now shifted to the men covering football.

Further, the old-world sportswriters don't understand many of the contemporary figures in sport today. Dick Young of the New York *Daily News*, a man who has devoted the past three years of his life to downing me almost daily, has feelings about Ali that are entirely antithetical to my own, nor have he and other members of the old-world press ever taken kindly to Joe Namath, another controversial figure I've been known to support. So there is a coterie of newspaper sportswriters who don't care for me and my work. But as Harry Truman once said, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." I'm not about to get out of the kitchen, especially when I consider the sources of the heat; the background, education and perception of my more rabid critics just don't stand up to my own. If that makes me egotistical, I'll accept the tag.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have earned a good deal of enmity among TV sports announcers as well as among sportswriters. Were you surprised when Ray Scott of CBS attacked you, in *The Detroit Free Press*, for bringing to football "an air of false controversy"?

COSELL: One virtue of this interview may be that after reading it, people will think twice before calling *me* relentless. I've known Ray Scott for many years. He's a decent man and a competent sports announcer for CBS. Scott is not malicious and he's achieved a place in the world of sports announcing, but I don't agree with a single thing he said in that article and I don't think even *he* does. But I can understand his saying what he said, for TV sports announcing is a highly competitive, cutthroat business with very few jobs, many of which are attained through opportunism, luck, circumstance and only occasionally through what I like to think of as being some dedication, perseverance, brains and talent. That's why I've gotten to the top in my industry. One of the many clichés that Alvin Pete Rozelle has uttered turns out to be true: If you're successful, expect to be attacked.

PLAYBOY: How much of the success of ABC's *Monday Night Football* do you think is attributable to you, Don Meredith and Frank Gifford rather than to the sport itself?

COSELL: One could probably debate that subject forever. The best test, according to Roone Arledge, president of ABC Sports, is how we do when we broadcast lackluster games. Which brings up another avenue of attack we were subject to—the idea that we had an irresistible line-up of great games. Were the Jets and the St. Louis Cardinals a great match-up? In that second game of the year, we had two teams that had lost their openers, the Jets without Namath and the Cardinals obviously with very little going for them with or without their quarterback. Pittsburgh *vs.* Kansas City: The Chiefs scored 28 points in the second quarter to end a game that was a mismatch to begin with. St. Louis at San Diego: Each team went into the game at three up and five down. *That's* a lively prospect? When Miami beat the Chicago Bears 34 to 3, the game was over in the first quarter. But our ratings held up for all of those games, so maybe there *is* a chemistry that's right for the country in Dandy Don Meredith, Humble Howard Cosell and Faultless Frank Gifford. And if there is, we're not going to apologize for it.

PLAYBOY: There's no reason you should, yet you've often inveighed against the instant transformation of jocks into television sports announcers. Gifford has had the benefit of years of experience, but doesn't Meredith qualify as a classic case of jock turned broadcaster?

COSELL: Meredith's greatest value hasn't really been in terms of knowledgeability

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because he happened to play the game. The mere fact that a man has played football, basketball or baseball has nothing to do with the requirements of such a job. Don's value as a sports commentator lies in his ability to say things like, "Well, Roger Staubach is now four for four in the passing department. He's completed two to his team and two to the other." That comes over as such a *shock* compared with usual jock commentary that people eat it up. Don can get away with it because he's country, corn-pone, middle America. Of course, if Howard Cosell said the same thing, the reaction would be, "Who does that vicious son of a bitch think he is? Why, he's never even *played* the game!"

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when you found out you were going to be teamed with Meredith?

COSELL: When Roone Arledge asked me about working with Dandy, I told him I'd be delighted to. I'd known Meredith when he played for the Cowboys—not intimately, but I'd responded to him personally. He's a delightful guy and I thought we could work well together, but I never dreamed it would work out as well as it has. Keith Jackson was the third man in the booth our first year and he's one of the finest announcers in the country, certainly close to being as good as Curt Gowdy of NBC, whom I consider the best play-by-play announcer in the business. Don't ask me who I think is the best color man in the business.

PLAYBOY: Howard, who do you think is the best color man in the business?

COSELL: Thank you for not asking me. I really believe *I'm* the best, for I have sought to bring to the American people a sense of the athlete as a human being and not as a piece of cereal-box mythology. My relationship with the men who play the game—*all* games—is probably unparalleled in this country, and I bring information about them to the public. But at the same time, because of my relationships not just with the athletes but also with the coaches and general managers, I have an over-all view of sport as a further frame of reference. And you can add to these the irreverence with which I generally approach sport. Irreverence is probably the trademark of our Monday-night telecasts—and the reason why Dandy Don Meredith is worth his weight in gold.

PLAYBOY: Was Meredith confident that he could make the switch from quarterbacking to announcing?

COSELL: No. In fact, he almost quit before the broadcasts got started. We did a dry run of the first pre-season game of 1970, Kansas City at Detroit, with Keith Jackson, Dandy and me taping as if we were on the air. The three of us then viewed the tape in New York along with Roone Arledge and Chet Forte, our producer-director, both of whom were sharply critical of Meredith. Dandy, who'd had no broadcasting experience at all, was very upset at the session, but for other reasons. He is a terribly sensitive man, surprisingly creative and intelligent, who's been beset by a tremendous number of personal problems, including a couple of marriages that didn't work out. Don is also the father of a beautiful little girl named Heather, who was born blind and retarded. Dandy had to fly back to Dallas the night we were reviewing that tape, because the very next day he was institutionalizing the child; so he was uptight anyway, and here he was being strongly criticized.

He fully realized he wasn't a professional announcer by a long shot, and finally he said, "Look, fellas, this isn't really my bag, and I don't even know that much about football. I only know the Xs and Os Mr. Landry taught me at Dallas. So I'll just leave." I quickly took Roone and Chet aside and said, "Listen, Meredith can work out. Leave him to me." I then invited Dandy to have a drink with me at the Warwick Hotel across the street. When we were seated, I said, "Don, I know you're feeling down, but I think you'd be crazy to leave. You've got a style that's natural, you've got your own kind of flair and you're a personality. People are going to love you. And you've got something else: *me*. I'll lead you every step of the way. I can name 60 old-world sportswriters just waiting to put me down. I'll get all the heat, you'll get all the light and in the long run we're both gonna win." And Dandy looked at me and said with his usual eloquence, "Gol dang it, How, I'm with ya!"

PLAYBOY: You make a lot of jokes on the air about Meredith's career with the Dallas Cowboys. What did you really think of his abilities?

COSELL: Meredith was a good quarterback. One of the better quarterbacks—but not one of the great ones.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he was wise to retire when he did?

COSELL: Yes. I think Dandy had the capacity to be a great quarterback, but because of a poor personal relationship with his coach, Tom Landry, it was impossible. His retirement turned out to be lucky for ABC, because he's probably the most irreplaceable member of our broadcast team.

PLAYBOY: Since you brought up the subject of replacement, would you tell us why Keith Jackson was dropped from the telecasts last year in favor of Frank Gifford?

COSELL: That was Roone Arledge's decision. Roone has great belief in Frank Gifford and feels he is a very valuable man to have in a company line-up of announcers. He was concerned, of course, about the morality of replacing Keith, who had done a fine job, and who'd done it just the way he was asked to. Arledge told me, "That's my problem and I'll make it up to him. He'll be paid more, he'll do more N. B. A. basketball and he'll go back to college football. There's no way I want to lose this guy." But Roone felt we needed Gifford on Monday nights.

PLAYBOY: Are the three of you as friendly as you seem to be on TV?

COSELL: I think so in every respect. Dandy and Frank are best friends, and Frank actually got Meredith his job. We'd wanted Gifford on the show the first year and Frank wanted to be with us but couldn't because of his contract, so he recommended Dandy instead. Meredith and I became very close very quickly. When Gifford joined us last year, there was nothing less than amiable between Frank and me but, to be perfectly honest, certain tensions were there. Frank was feeling his way along; he didn't want to appear insecure and I didn't want to appear overriding. But by the fourth or fifth week, all of that had disappeared. Frank kept getting looser and looser, until he was as ready to laugh as Dandy and I were.

PLAYBOY: Is the comedy on the telecasts rehearsed?

COSELL: No, nothing is. I don't see Don and Frank until about noon of every Monday game, when we have a meeting with the producer-director. Occasionally, though, things happen just before a game that really get us in a great state of mind for the show. Our eighth telecast of the year, for example, took place in Baltimore, and it was a crucial game for both the Colts and the Los Angeles Rams. An hour before game time, I elected to go into the Colts' dressing room, which I'm really not supposed to do, but I'm very friendly with Carroll Rosenbloom, the team's owner, and Don Klosterman, the Colts' general manager. As I walked in, I stumbled over Tom Matte's foot, so I immediately broke the silence in the dressing room by announcing in my most blustery way, "There he is, Tom Matte, number 41. Does nothing well, but somehow everything well enough to win. And thus typifies this curiously unspectacular but nonetheless championship Colt team." All the players begin laughing and even John Unitas, who's sitting next to me, is smiling, and then cracks himself up further by saying wittily, "You're talking through your asshole, Howard." Anyway, in a corner of the dressing room, I see Rosenbloom chatting with Vice-President Agnew, who's a rabid Colts rooter. Rosenbloom sees me and, with an obvious measure of resignation, says, "Mr. Vice-President, do you know this man?" The Vice-President says, "Why, yes,

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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.)

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.

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, 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.

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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, taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional.

Carroll, Howard and I have worked the banquet circuit together." I reply, "Absolutely true, Mr. Vice-President, but presently irrelevant. Tell me, sir, what is your position on Jewish ownership?" I said it loud enough for all the players to hear and I thought Klosterman was going to hide in the shower. Rosenbloom shakes his head and begins muttering, "I might have known what to expect from Cosell."

I then suggest to Agnew that it would be a nice gesture to go from cubicle to cubicle and wish the players luck. So we go around the locker room together and I see us approaching four black players —John Mackey, an old friend of mine, Willie Richardson, Ray May and Roy Hilton. Just as we get within earshot, I say, "Then your conclusion, Mr. Vice-President, is that this team is saddled with too many blacks?" The black players know me, of course, and start giggling, and Agnew recovers instantly. "I didn't put it *that* way, Howard," he answers almost peevishly. "What I said was that an intelligent re-examination of the quota is in order." He really has a hell of a sense of humor and is a good sport. Agnew agreed to do an interview with me to open the telecast, and after it was concluded, I turned the mike over to Dandy, who said, "I hope you all noticed that the Vice-President is wearing a Howard Cosell wrist watch." Believe me, we were *very* loose for that game.

PLAYBOY: Aside from being irreverent, do you feel that your Monday-night football telecasts have made any contribution to televised sports?

COSELL: Well, we've tried to eliminate the immense amount of jargon used by sportscasters to convince the public that football is a hopelessly complex game. After all, how many times can people hear that one team is "isolating a setback on a linebacker"? That theme has become the most redundant of all refrains, because it's the most obvious way to combat a zone defense, which, in turn, is presented to us as if it were a work of Aristotelian logic. We try to talk about football in plain English and treat it as no more than what it is: a game.

Monday Night Football has made one other major contribution to sports, I think. I would say that Dandy Don Meredith's erratic march to the Emmy, the most treasured of all broadcast awards, has to be regarded as one of the great feats of modern times. He did it in his very first year of TV work, and that season will always be filled with priceless memories for me. The first step in Don's countdown to Emmy came on the very first Monday-night telecast: Cleveland 31, Jets 21, Cleveland gaining about 180 yards, the Jets gaining over 500 yards, people in New York complaining that I hate Namath and people in Cleveland complaining that I hate the Browns. In that game, Dandy Don gave unmistakable evidence he was on his way by establishing his profound understanding of pass interference. He made that very clear by saying, "I don't know what it is, but it's a no-no."

By our fifth game, however, he really showed just what a classy announcer he had become. The Washington Redskins were meeting the Oakland Raiders and during our Monday meeting, Roone Arledge said, "We've got a fantastic game tonight, fellas: the two great quarterbacks, Sonny Jurgensen versus Daryle Lamonica. Howie, it's a terrific opportunity for you to lead Dandy into anecdotes about the quarterbacks." And I said, "Roone, we've got an instant disaster on our hands. Washington doesn't belong on the same field with Oakland." Arledge answered, "Listen, any time Oakland scores, Washington can come right back with Jurgensen's passes." OK, I would lead Meredith into stories about the quarterbacks.

So the game begins with Washington kicking off and Oakland returning the ball 52 yards upfield. On the first play from scrimmage, Lamonica hands off to number 35, Hewritt Dixon, and up the middle he goes for 48 yards and a touchdown. Oakland 7, Washington 0. After Oakland kicks off, Washington goes nowhere in three downs, and they're on their own eight in a punting situation. A bad snap and Oakland gets the ball deep in Redskin territory. First play, Lamonica to Warren Wells for a touchdown. Oakland 14, Washington 0, and we're not two minutes into the game. Arledge buzzes me from the booth: "Well, Lamonica threw a TD pass, so lead Dandy into an anecdote about Daryle." Right. "Dandy," I say over the air, "Daryle really knows how to capitalize on a break, doesn't he?" Meredith gets right with it. "He sure does, Howard. That reminds me, Daryle and I were on ABC's *The American Sportsman*"—and Meredith proceeds to tell America how he caught a really bad case of amoebic dysentery while hunting in Africa for the network's show. Keith Jackson has his head in his hands, I'm roaring and Dandy's the only guy in the booth able to talk. Arledge buzzes me again: "You hear what I heard? What do we do?" I say, "We wait to hear from the FCC." Says Arledge, "Fuck the anecdotes."

After that, Arledge runs away to Europe and we are now in Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh, with the Steelers playing the Cincinnati Bengals in a driving rain. The game is an absolute fiasco, we are wet and cold and all of us are bored to tears at the start of the second quarter. Then a retread middle linebacker for the Steelers, number 58, Chuck Allen, makes a tackle after moving a half foot to his right. Chet Forte buzzes me from the booth and asks, "Should we replay that?" I say, "Why not? We have nothing better to do. And in the jargon of the ex-athlete, we will call it a demonstration of lateral pursuit." Forte tells me to lead Dandy into an anecdote about Allen. Fine. "Dandy," I say, "our old friend number 58 made that play, a real beauty. Take over." Dandy wakes up and instantly is in command. "Yeah, How, that's our old buddy number 58," he says, checking the Cincinnati chart, "Al Beauchamp, and look at that lateral pursuit." I break up and Forte buzzes me. "Howard," he says, "the fucker had the wrong player on the wrong team. What do we do?" I suggest we let ten minutes go by and then I'll allude to it with a jocular throwaway. That's not good enough for Chet, who buzzes Dandy. "Listen, you stupid son of a bitch," he tells Meredith, "you had the wrong player on the wrong team. Not another word unless Howard asks you a direct question." Dandy takes his earphones off, turns to me and asks, "What's bugging *him*?" And I say, "Dandy, forget it. You *know* the guy chokes up when Arledge isn't around." I knew then that Meredith had an Emmy locked up. I wish all aspects of football could be as much fun for me as covering the games. If football weren't becoming so institutionalized an American rite, I'd enjoy it much, much more.

PLAYBOY: In terms of football as a national rite, how do you feel about the patriotic displays that now precede games—the playing of the national anthem, the jet-aircraft fly-overs and similar demonstrations?

COSELL: I think that every time they run up the flag and fly the airplanes and everything else, they should also hold an antiwar demonstration on the field. I don't buy any of it. I don't equate professional football, major-league baseball or any other sport in this country with motherhood, apple pie and patriotism. That's part of the old-world motif that's gone forever, and young people don't buy it, either. Furthermore, I don't think the playing of our national anthem is a fitting beginning for a football game or basketball game or boxing match or *any* athletic contest; that opinion will probably result in 50,000 more hate letters directed my way. But how is it an evidence of patriotism to sing or hear the national anthem played before a game? That's a cheap and easy thing, and 200,000,000 Benedict Arnolds could subscribe to it and it still wouldn't make them patriots. Some of the military pageantry before games is just as embarrassing. Before last year's Super Bowl, we had the North against the South in a replay of the Civil War, and the Sugar

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Bowl was filled with the sounds of gunfire as a mock battle was conducted. It was disgraceful.

Likewise, I feel that playing the anthem before a game debases it and cheapens the real meaning of patriotism. The importance that our society attaches to sport is incredible. After all, is football a game or a religion? Do they play it in Westminster Abbey? The people of this country have allowed sports to get completely out of hand. Can you imagine that colleges actually were once places of education and not communities whose fondest wish is to produce undefeated football and basketball teams?

PLAYBOY: ABC, which televises major college football, will undoubtedly be pleased to learn your opinion of big-time college sport. Do you have a quarrel with it?

COSELL: Purely and simply, I'm against big-time college sport, at least the way it's conducted in this country. I think big-time college sport is corruptive and hypocritical. When a great university spends a good deal of its time and money—which they almost all do—on the importation of a 6′ 11½″ young man because he can drop a ball through a hoop, it's a distortion of emphasis and values that redounds to a school's discredit. Young people are corrupted at the very beginning by college recruiters who descend upon them offering blandishments—many of them illegal under N. C. A. A. rules. So why should the country be surprised when athletes thus corrupted take the next highest bid and engineer basketball scandals? Why is it that every ten years in recent decades we've had a basketball scandal? Who knows, maybe we're ready for another one. Basketball is the slot-machine game of sports, the easiest one to dump. There are guys who've perfected the great dump shots—back rim–front rim–back rim–and out, and you can't tell a damn thing. But it's happened. I'm not going to name names, because I'd be subject to legal responsibility. And how can you really blame the young men involved, many of whom are from the ghetto, who are in some cases black, in other cases white, but all of whom are corrupted by the great institutions that entreat them to attend without regard to their pursuit of education or anything else? In the face of the kind of shameful recruiting that goes on, nobody should be surprised if and when the next dumping scandal occurs, because the colleges have been asking for it.

PLAYBOY: Would you give us some examples of what you define as corruptive athletic recruiting?

COSELL: Certainly. I think it's a dreadful thing for a university president to allow a coach to advertise in *The Washington Post* for basketball players to come to his institution, which was done by Charles ("Lefty") Driesell of the University of Maryland, brought in from Davidson to make Maryland a national basketball power. A much stronger and more absurd example concerned Steve Worster, who eventually starred for the University of Texas football team. When he was a senior at Bridge City High School, Steve was the most famous high school player in America. I asked his parents if we could go into their home and film Steve and his folks in conversation with scouts there to recruit him for their colleges. I couldn't believe what I saw. I couldn't believe that the scouts would allow us to record what they had to say. In came this guy from the University of Houston. "Steve," the scout said, "I want your parents to hear this. Leave aside the car and a good part-time job and everything else you can expect. Steve, how do you like it when you play? You like it a little bit cold, 54 degrees? You got it. Or maybe you like it warm, 74 degrees? You got it. Somewhere in between, say 64 degrees? You got that, too. Steve, we play in the Astrodome. Not only can you call the game for us, Steve—we'll let you call the *temperature*!" Can you believe this? This is what a college is for? See it in practice and you get sick to your stomach.

PLAYBOY: We're not trying to put words in your mouth, Howard, but you seem to be charging that the N. C. A. A. is inept at its job.

COSELL: I suppose if one accepts the fact that there has to be big-time college sports, the N. C. A. A. can be presumed to be doing a good job administratively, in the sense that it oversees scheduling and gives orderliness to the whole conduct of intercollegiate sports. But in the sense of adhering to the true purposes and doctrines of a college, in the sense of building the integrity and moral fiber of young people who happen to have a bent for athletics, I think it's doing a very *bad* job.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the disillusioning college experience helps explain the cynicism with which many young players view a professional sports career—that is, if you believe veterans such as Mike Ditka of the Dallas Cowboys. He recently stated that today's athletes coming out of college are a new breed who regard their pro careers as a meal ticket and nothing more. Do you think the young pros of today differ greatly from their predecessors of a decade ago?

COSELL: Sure, there's a new breed of athlete, and although I didn't read the Ditka quote you just mentioned, I remember Mike very well and *his* concern for a meal ticket. During the pro-football war for talent, one of the men acquired by the Houston Oilers of the American Football League was Mike Ditka, then with the Chicago Bears, who received a reported $50,000 for signing. So I don't think he's immune to the notion of a meal ticket. But the athletes of today are indeed different from those who were active when I came into the business. They are men much more aware of the society of which they are a part. They want a voice in their future, and many of them don't want to give up the whole of life just to play football. Men like Dave Meggyesy, who quit the St. Louis Cardinals, George Sauer, Jr., formerly of the New York Jets, and Chip Oliver, an erstwhile Oakland Raider, are no longer exceptions.

PLAYBOY: What about men who feel that football isn't their entire life but want to continue playing; will they necessarily come into conflict with their coaches, many of whom believe a pro's total existence must revolve around his sport?

COSELL: They'd have trouble with most of the current pro coaches, but not all of them.

PLAYBOY: Which coaches are considered the most doctrinaire?

COSELL: Don Shula is hard line. Hank Stram is surprisingly hard line. Dick Nolan is hard line. Tommy Prothro is not. Weeb Ewbank is not. Instead of giving you a rundown on every remaining pro coach, let me just say that most of the alleged new breed of athletes will come afoul of their coaches, but if the players are good enough, some of the toughest coaches will let things ride. This was true even of Vince Lombardi, probably the most disciplinary of coaches. The year Vince took over the Washington Redskins, he was watching the players report to training camp at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Sonny Jurgensen came in, Charley Taylor arrived, and then up comes this car and a Mod kid jumps out with hair down to his shoulders and he's carrying a guitar. Lombardi looks at him with suspicion and spits out to his assistant, "Who the hell is *that*?" And the guy says, "That's Jerry Smith, the tight end." Lombardi, who'd been studying Redskins game films all winter and spring, says, "He can play. Let him keep the hair and guitar."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Lombardi, who set the style for coaching authoritarianism, would be able to inspire today's young players to the excellence he achieved at Green Bay?

COSELL: Absolutely. Some men are exceptional, and Lombardi was an exceptional man. He would have been exceptional in *any* walk of life—in industry, government or education. The man was a classics scholar, you know, and he was very much misrepresented by a certain segment of the sporting press. Nobody has ever really written about the reason Vince quit coaching the Packers when

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he did. It related to a very hostile piece about him in *Esquire* magazine by Leonard Schecter and a call Lombardi got from his mother, who was in tears, and who told him, "This is not my son. How could they write this about you?"

PLAYBOY: Schecter portrayed Lombardi as a man so single-mindedly committed to victory that he drove his players as ruthlessly as any general would in a battle. Was that an inaccurate portrait?

COSELL: It very definitely was. Lombardi was fanatical *only* when drilling his team on the football field. And when Schecter's *Esquire* article came out, Vince felt it was a thoroughly scurrilous piece, utterly unfair, and it upset him terribly. When his mother called him about it, he really became distraught, because Vince was an Old World Italian, a very devoted family man. And he decided, hell, he'd lived a clean and decent life and had done his damnedest in his profession. He was well fixed for life and he just didn't want to take that kind of criticism anymore; he felt that if he became only a general manager and stepped out of coaching, the sportswriters would ease up on him. Vince was deeply affected by and sensitive to adverse press, and he never got over it.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when he later came out of retirement to coach the Redskins?

COSELL: No, not at all. I knew he was going to do it. In fact, he discussed it with me several times during his retirement period. Vince couldn't sit on the side lines, he just couldn't. He loved that goddamn game; it was his whole life.

PLAYBOY: Lombardi set a standard of coaching excellence; are there currently any N. F. L. coaches as good as he was?

COSELL: I think not. In my opinion, the three best coaches in professional football today are George Allen, Don Shula and Hank Stram, but they still cannot yet be compared to Lombardi—which is by way of illustrating how great Lombardi was, for Allen, Shula and Stram are really fine, fine coaches.

PLAYBOY: Given the same personnel, what can these three do that other coaches can't?

COSELL: React, adjust, communicate—and win. There's no question that Don Shula and George Allen can do great things with a football team; their records prove it. Hank Stram gets a lot of criticism from the fans in Kansas City, who feel he's got the personnel to win every year. But that's illusory, because Hank hasn't had great running backs, and only one, Ed Podolak, has developed.

Of course, there are other excellent coaches in the N. F. L. Weeb Ewbank may be smarter than anybody else when it comes to evaluating players and their various talents. And because he had a unique appreciation for a very young Jets team, he was able to guide them to a Super Bowl championship. Weeb's weaknesses are different. He's also general manager and for him that's a bad situation; when you let him negotiate contracts with players, he can hurt the team badly. He'll save the team $2000 and cost it a quarter of a million. Verlon Biggs, the Jets' great defensive end, was traded to Washington over a meager salary difference of $1500—and he's the kind of player upon whom Super Bowl championships are built. I'm not singling out Ewbank for criticism; I criticized him for three years and I was wrong. I thought his ideas were obsolete; I thought he didn't discipline the team enough and I was wrong. I always wonder, though, about Namath under Lombardi, for Lombardi dreamed about coaching him. I think Namath could have been much greater than he has been.

PLAYBOY: How great is that?

COSELL: In terms of ability, no man has yet played the quarterback position who could really equal Joe Namath. His talent is unbelievable. John Unitas will tell you this, but John will also say, "Look at what he does with it." Joe is a young man who needs the discipline he would have gotten from Lombardi—not in his private life but in his thinking on the field. With all of his talents, he continues almost obsessively to make critical mistakes, such as challenging zone defenses when he shouldn't and thus giving up key interceptions. Namath does that constantly, so I don't think he's yet played as brilliantly as he can. The one time Namath did was in the Super Bowl, when he adhered religiously to the game plan, was totally disciplined, and then you saw the absolutely impeccable quarterback.

PLAYBOY: Is your high regard for Namath's abilities shared by many in the sports world?

COSELL: It is by people who work in professional football. There are at least five common yardsticks for the evaluation of a quarterback: reaction to pressure, quickness in setting up, quickness in delivery, leadership qualities and recognition of defenses. On a total rating of these five values, at five points apiece, Namath scores a 23 or 24, and the closest others rate is 18 or so: Len Dawson, John Brodie and Johnny Hadl, the exceptional and very underpublicized quarterback of the San Diego Chargers. Incidentally, if Unitas and Bart Starr weren't over the hill, they, too, would be up there. Then come the two young ones, Roger Staubach and Bob Griese, at the same level with Fran Tarkenton, who's a very fine quarterback and who may well take Minnesota to next year's Super Bowl. A more publicized quarterback like Roman Gabriel is well down on the list, but not nearly so far down as people like Bob Berry of the Atlanta Falcons and Jack Concannon of the Chicago Bears. Namath has all these players beat by a wide margin. His abilities are so vast that they are often his undoing.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

COSELL: His confidence in himself is awesome—as is his stubbornness. He thinks he can throw a pass anywhere, any time, regardless of defense, but he's human—and he can't. That's about the only thing Namath has to be disciplined into learning. Joe is an exceptional play caller and nobody, absolutely nobody, reads defenses better than he does; Namath is a terribly bright guy. I think Don Shula or George Allen could make him into the best quarterback ever to step on a football field. The only reason I don't mention Stram is that Namath wouldn't be good for Hank's offense; Joe can't run and Stram wants movement in a quarterback because of the Chiefs' offensive variations.

PLAYBOY: Is the quarterback the most important man on a team?

COSELL: In theory, yes, yet it has been documentarily established in recent years that you can win a title without a great quarterback. The Vikings went to a Super Bowl with Joe Kapp and last year the Cowboys got there with Craig Morton—where they were beaten by the Colts with Earl Morrall. What are these —great quarterbacks? Now you see teams winning games in the N. F. L. with the likes of Bobby Douglass and Virgil Carter.

PLAYBOY: You pronounce these names as if each were a communicable disease. Are they really that bad?

COSELL: I don't think they're that bad, but the sense in which I relate to them is this: Throughout all its years, the N. F. L. has carefully and effectively propagated the myth of its own invincibility. Presumably, every player was a superstar —and to be a quarterback in the N. F. L. you had to be perfect, or so claimed the N. F. L. If it was true then, which it wasn't, it certainly isn't true now. The Bears won the title in 1963 with Billy Wade and the Browns won it in 1964 with Frank Ryan, hardly great quarterbacks by any stretch of the imagination. I think the N. F. L.'s finest achievement has been the masterful job of propaganda it's done about itself.

That's the real greatness of Joe Willie Namath: In a single afternoon, he punctured the entire myth of N. F. L. superiority. And then, the next year, along came Kansas City to stick it to the Vikings in the Super Bowl. Conversely, that's the sad thing about Miami's loss to Dallas this year; now old-line N. F. L. sportswriters and fans are chuckling as if they were club owners, such is their allegiance to the N. F. L. They're saying things like, "We still got the *real* teams

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—see what the Cowboys did to the Dolphins?" As if the Jets and Namath and the Chiefs and Stram never existed.

PLAYBOY: What are you predicting for next season?

COSELL: That we're going to witness the continued growth of the traditional N. F. L. have-nots; the Eagles, the Bills, the Houston Oilers, the New Orleans Saints, the Atlanta Falcons, the New England Patriots and the Cincinnati Bengals are all on their way to becoming formidable teams. Miami, a have-not just a couple of years ago, has already moved up. Whereas the Bears, like the Giants, another traditional old-world power, are a declining team. The Green Bay Packers have declined, but I suspect they're going to improve dramatically quite soon. I think the Kansas City Chiefs will stay up there, especially if Len Dawson doesn't retire. The San Francisco 49ers have good personnel and will be contenders, and Dallas, of course, may well reappear in the Super Bowl. Minnesota, having acquired Tarkenton, will finally have an offense to go with its murderous defense, and Baltimore has excellent personnel everywhere but at quarterback, which may be a prepossessing problem. The New York Jets have a chance to be strong for many years if Namath can merely stand up; he's a *very* great player.

PLAYBOY: You're as generous with compliments as you are with criticism, but the criticism seems to be what you're known for.

COSELL: That's precisely the kind of reaction I've always encountered when dealing seriously with sport, and that really started with a show I did early in my career. When the New York Mets came into existence, ABC Radio broadcast their games and I was assigned to do a post-game show. Casey Stengel had been hired as the Mets' manager and, of course, he'd been at the helm of the New York Yankees during their string of pennant and world-series victories. Stengel was a welcome figure to have on the scene, but I knew that most of the Yankees who had played under him disliked the man, and soon after he took over the Mets, I saw why. In my opinion—and I said so on the air—Stengel was bad for young people. He didn't like them and he treated them badly. But he was revered by the fans and when I criticized him, I was immediately accused of doing it "to develop a name." What a ridiculous thing to think. I was taking my professional life in my hands by doing it. I wasn't then what I am now, and I was doing it because I'd seen exactly how Stengel treated his men. Like many an ex-Yankee, most Mets players didn't like him; they thought he was cruel and a big bag of wind.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to be more specific?

COSELL: I don't mind at all. There are 25 men on a baseball team and Stengel was the only manager I'd ever heard of who didn't know the names of many of his players, such was his abiding interest in them. I think what finally bothered me most about Stengel was the manner in which he would talk to the press about his players and their failings; he would really ridicule them. Now, they may have been lousy players—and, let's face it, the early Mets *were* lousy players—and it's perfectly all right for a manager to chew out his players in the dressing room. But there was hardly a need to strip young men of all their pride and self-respect in public. Stengel did that. Repeatedly.

PLAYBOY: Didn't any other members of the New York press point out these things?

COSELL: Never. The sportswriters loved Stengel because he gave them copy every day. And what we soon had in New York was a press that celebrated futility. That's all Stengel was there for, to promote public relations, and the team's ineptitude became a gay thing. Well, I thought it was a pathetic thing. There I was, living in an age where, in football, Vince Lombardi was pursuing a quest for excellence while, in baseball, Casey Stengel was creating a legend out of almost purposeful futility. Between the two, I'll go with Lombardi.

PLAYBOY: Did you disapprove of the way Stengel managed his team as well as the way he handled his players?

COSELL: I don't mind telling you I thought Stengel was a good manager. I'm tempted to add, "He knew the game," but how difficult is it to know the game of baseball? Little leaguers could manage a team successfully and the game is so simple that eight-year-olds can play it and understand it and sit in a grandstand and second-guess as well as any fan who's followed a team for 20 years. Since baseball broadcasters are usually hired by the team and therefore must act as shills, it created a stir when I did *my* post-game show. I then learned —by reading the newspapers—that I was being controversial to advance my career. But I've learned to live with even the most mindless criticism, which began to come my way when I first started to cover boxing.

PLAYBOY: Has prize fighting always been one of your favorite spectator sports?

COSELL: At that time, no. I was drawn to boxing initially because of my interest in Floyd Patterson. I was young in the business then and I learned, after doing a few interviews with Floyd, that a number of sportswriters didn't like me because I was producing exclusive material with him. I got caught up in the man's background. Floyd had attended the Wiltwyck School and, later on, one of the "600" public schools, both of which offered special training for the disturbed child—which Floyd was. As a little black kid growing up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, Patterson used to hide in a hole in the subway and he'd sit there for hours until it was time to go home. He was a very undecipherable young man and in a real way, he fascinated me. Since I'd never really been a devotee of boxing, I suppose it would be accurate to think that Floyd was the catalyst for my interest in the sport.

PLAYBOY: Did you think he was a great fighter?

COSELL: If Patterson had been just a bit smaller, he probably would have been the greatest light-heavyweight champion in history. Floyd fought as a heavyweight at weights varying anywhere from the 180s up into the low 190s. Patterson's punching ability was little short of amazing for his size, and I mean to tell you he was as hard a puncher as I've seen. In fact, the strongest single punch I've ever seen in my life was the left hook with which Floyd knocked out Ingemar Johannson on June 20, 1960, in the fifth round of their title fight at the old Polo Grounds. I'll never forget the scene: blood was coming out of Johannson's mouth, his right leg was twitching and he was still out cold when I climbed into the ring. Whitey Bimstein, the trainer, was leaning over him and a chill went through me when I saw Johannson lying there like that. "My God, Whitey, is he dead?" I asked. And Bimstein, barely looking up at me, said, "The son of a bitch should be—I *told* him to watch out for the left hook."

PLAYBOY: Patterson, now 37, is well past his prime as a fighter, and supposedly is financially secure. Do you have any idea why he's still active in the ring?

COSELL: Yes, I know why he fights. Boxing gave Floyd a place in society that he never dreamed he could possibly have. And he has a tremendous gratitude to the sport for that. He put it to me in quite a moving way: "It's like being in love with a woman. She can be unfaithful, she can be mean, she can be cruel, but it doesn't matter. If you love her, you want her, even though she can do you all kinds of harm. It's the same with me and boxing. It can do me all kinds of harm, but I love it." Certainly, as a fighter, Floyd is little more than a shadow of what he was. I think his abilities had diminished sharply as far back as the first Liston fight, when he lost his championship to a man whose character seems to have improved in death as it

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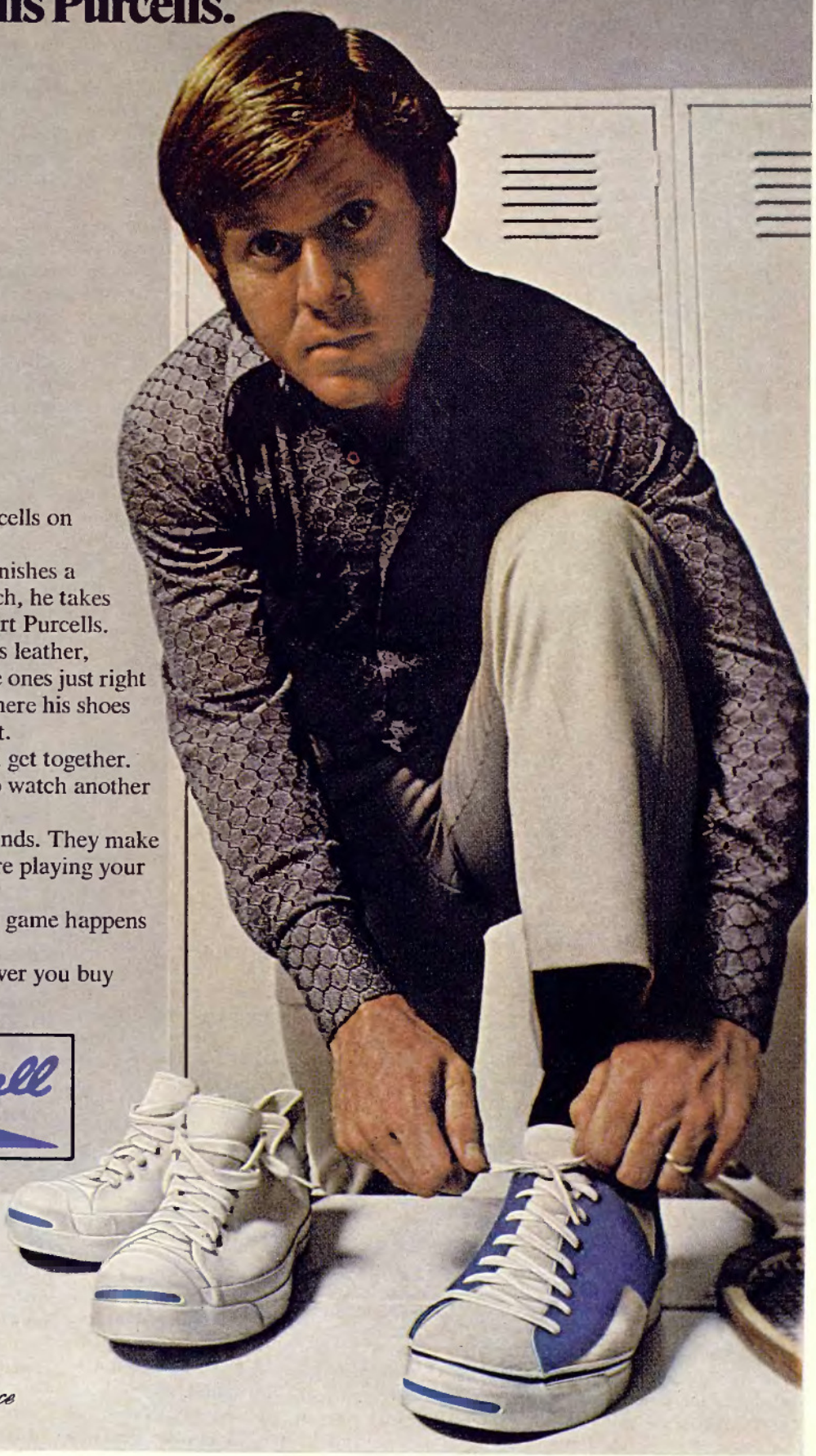

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never could have while he was alive.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

COSELL: I recently read that as a product of society and what it had made him, Charles ("Sonny") Liston was more honest in his own way than many a do-gooder—such as myself—who had verbally assaulted him while he was alive. What can I tell you? I despised Sonny Liston.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COSELL: He was a congenital thug with a record of more than 20 arrests and a number of felonies—really serious crimes—to his credit, or rather discredit. He was a cheap and ugly bully without morality and I had no use for him. It's just too easy a cop-out to say that Liston was a product of a society in which the black is a second-class citizen and all the rest of that line of reasoning. Sonny was a bad apple.

PLAYBOY: What were your dealings with him like?

COSELL: Unlike my dealings with any other man I've ever encountered in sport. The first time I met Sonny, I mean *really* met Sonny, was in September of 1962. He was getting ready for his first title fight with Patterson and he was training at Aurora Downs, a broken-down old race track about 30 miles outside Chicago. I was doing a radio broadcast of that fight with Rocky Marciano, who'd never met Liston either. We drove out to tape Liston for our prefight show, accompanied by Oscar Fraley, a good friend of mine who'd co-authored *The Untouchables* and who was the feature sportswriter for United Press. When we got to this seedy old place, we had to wait quite a while before an armed guard—patrolling behind a barbed-wire fence—got permission for us to enter. The ring had been set up in the middle of what had been the clubhouse, and the floor was littered with losing horse-race tickets, and all the betting windows were smashed in. The place was so ramshackle as to be almost beyond belief.

The whole thing was eerie. When we entered, Liston was in the ring, shadowboxing to a recording of *Night Train*. There were about five other people there, but no one would make a sound. Suddenly, from an upper level, Liston's wife comes down the stairs, says not a word to anyone but walks straight toward the ring and climbs in. And then she and Sonny start to do the twist to *Night Train*. And all this time, no one has said a word. I'm telling you, the scene was *weird*. I pulled Marciano aside and said, "Look, as soon as the Listons finish dancing, the smart thing for us to do, champ, since you were the greatest, is for *you* to do the interview." Rock looks at me and says, "I want no part of it. You think I'm nuts?" So I turn to Fraley and before I can say anything, he says, "I wanna go home."

PLAYBOY: Did you?

COSELL: Not yet. A few minutes later, his manager talks to Sonny about us and from the ring Liston looks over balefully, gives us a sinister stare and then shouts, "Goddamn it, I ain't talking to no one! No one, you understand?" We understood, but we had to get that interview. When his workout was over, Liston finally allowed Marciano to approach him, but the Rock was so shook he virtually couldn't speak. So I said, "Now, look, Sonny, you're going to be the heavyweight champion of the world and it's not going to take you long. You're going to have to present a whole new image to the American public, 'cause you got a lot to make up for. I don't give a goddamn if you hate me; I don't like you either, and I just met you. But you gotta do this interview."

PLAYBOY: You really said that to him?

COSELL: Yes, I did, but I still don't know why. Liston, though, just gave me a big smile and suddenly I realized that the son of a bitch was really just a big bully. And he finally did quite a pleasant interview. When we left, they were playing *Night Train* again. That was the first time I met Sonny Liston.

PLAYBOY: There are many people who still can't believe that Liston, massive and seemingly invincible, could have been knocked out so quickly—and so mysteriously—by Ali in their second bout. You were there; was the fight fixed?

COSELL: I'm suspicious about that fight. I was then, I am now. I never saw a punch. Certain sportswriters saw a punch, but they see a lot of things. Jimmy Cannon, a fine boxing writer, said he was situated exactly right when the knockout occurred. Cannon said he definitely saw the punch—and that it couldn't have crushed a grape.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when Ali beat Liston in their first title fight?

COSELL: I couldn't have been *more* surprised: I thought Liston would kill him. But a strange thing happened in that bout. Rocky Marciano and I were covering the fight, and I believe it was in the third round when Ali landed a right on Liston's left cheek. Sonny had a paunchy, slightly flabby face, and the blow split the whole side of his face wide open, from the corner of his left eye down to the corner of the lip; blood just began pouring out. Ali, if you remember, used to turn his punches at the moment of impact, and they had a damaging, slicing effect. Absolutely devastating; he could really cut a man to ribbons in those days—which is what he did to Liston in that third round.

I'll never forget what Marciano said to me just a few moments after that punch: "Jesus Christ, Howie, Liston's become an old man." And it was true; Sonny stood exposed from that moment on. I don't really have any questions about that first fight, because after Ali opened that wound, Sonny was ready to quit. And I think that under almost any circumstances, Ali would have won the second fight rather easily. But the curious way it ended; I remember students from Bates College running down to ringside and shouting, "Fix! Fix! Fix!" Saint Dominic's Arena in Lewiston, Maine, has to be one of the signal sites in boxing history. I still don't know what happened there on the night of May 25, 1965, and I guess I'll never know.

PLAYBOY: Just a few months after the second Liston fight, Ali defended his title against Patterson. Though you've always been a friend and partisan of Ali's, you criticized him severely after that bout. Why?

COSELL: It was clear to me that Ali purposefully tormented an outclassed Floyd Patterson for 12 rounds, at which point referee Harry Krause finally stopped the one-sided fight. Muhammad despised Floyd. He's since grown up and changed, but when they fought, Ali really felt that Floyd was a white man's black man who was a kind of surrogate white hope. Patterson, if you remember, had made a number of deprecating remarks about the Black Muslims and had even had a letter published in several newspapers in which he vowed to bring the heavyweight championship "back to America." That got to Muhammad, as did Patterson's quiet and subdued manner. Ali never took to him and Floyd's attitude about the Muslims really angered him.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible that Ali was using the Muslim theme as a prefight strategical ploy in the same way he feigned insanity at the weigh-in for the first Liston bout?

COSELL: That's possible but not probable. I really believe Patterson irritated Muhammad. On the other hand, Ali's attack of insanity on the day of the first Liston match was a great, great act. I, for one, left that weigh-in convinced that Ali had genuinely popped his cork.

PLAYBOY: Since you're a fairly perceptive observer of athletes, don't you think it's possible that he really *did* freak out?

COSELL: No chance at all, and I'll tell you why. When I got to Miami's Convention Hall, where the bout was to take place, I arrived early enough to see Muhammad's brother, Rahaman Ali, fight in a preliminary. As I was walking down to ringside, who the hell do I see standing there but Ali, who clouts me on the shoulder and shouts, "It's my man, Howard Cosell! Howard, stand here and watch my brother take care of this chump!" And I could only think

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to myself, "Why, that son of a bitch, what an actor! Never saw a man cooler and he's about to go up against the most feared heavyweight in a decade." I realized then he'd put on a show that had taken everyone in.

PLAYBOY: Did Ali ever admit it to you?

COSELL: Indeed he did. I remember asking him about it and Muhammad, with a straight face but twinkling eyes, said, "Oh, I was scared, man, *scared*. I just thought I'd let all those writers see how scared I was. Remember your radio show the afternoon of the fight? From what you said, I was just going to *die* when Liston stared at me in the ring." Ali then paused and said, "Well, *Liston* died when he got in that ring; *he* was the guy who was scared. And I made him scared. I wanted him to know I was crazy, because any man who's not a fool has *got* to be scared of a crazy man."

On the night of the fight, however, no matter how cool I realized he was, I still didn't give him a chance to beat the dreaded Big Black Bear, as he'd come to call Liston. Ali always had nicknames for his opponents: Patterson was the Rabbit, Terrell the Octopus and George Chuvalo the Washerwoman. But after he'd cut and demoralized Liston in that third round, I turned to Marciano and said, "There's no way this guy can lose. We've been completely fooled, Rock. The kid's a fighter." And what a fighter he was. Before they put him into enforced idleness, Muhammad Ali was the greatest fighter I ever saw in my life.

PLAYBOY: Is he less than that now?

COSELL: Unfortunately, yes. He lost so much in the three and a half years he was out of the ring that it's almost indescribable. Muhammad has lost his two basic attributes—the swiftness of his feet and the swiftness of his hands. And when you lose that hand speed, you lose the sharpness of your punches. And Ali has totally lost that punishing ability to turn his punches the way he did against Liston nearly eight years ago. Otherwise, there's no way he could have lost to Joe Frazier. Frazier is a good, tough fighter of the club variety who leads with his head. Ali fought him after all that idleness and you know the damage he did to him. Frazier is not to be even remotely compared with Muhammad.

In their title fight, I agreed completely with referee Arthur Mercante's score card; Ali was leading six rounds to four and he'd almost decked Frazier in the ninth. I'm personally convinced that the Ali of old would have knocked Frazier out within five rounds. And to me it was remarkable that Muhammad was ahead in the fight until that surprising episode in the 11th round, when he lay against the ropes with his gloves at his sides; Frazier then got in a left hook that knocked Ali silly, even though it didn't knock him down. From then on, Frazier dominated the fight and fairly won the decision. But the damage done to Frazier! Good Lord, I was standing right next to his manager, Yancy Durham, and, believe me, they had to carry Joe out. When Muhammad left the ring, he actually gave me a *wink*!

An amazing thing then happened: Within 60 days, Ali had many people believing he had been robbed and that he'd really won the fight—which he didn't. Let's face it, the man is some personality. He's the most famous athlete in the world; there's nobody even close, and that includes Pele, El Cordobés and anyone else you might care to name. In all honesty, I feel sorry for Joe Frazier. He's the heavyweight champion of the world, but a lot of people don't accept him as that. And quite understandably, it's killing him inside. Joe wasn't responsible for Ali being banned. He fought Ali as hard as he could, he beat him, and yet nobody really accepts him. And so he has grown to hate Ali.

PLAYBOY: If Frazier really feels that way, doesn't that portend another severe test for Ali in their rematch?

COSELL: In all honesty, I'm not sure there will *be* a rematch. I'm not sure about Frazier's boxing future, but I don't know enough about the subject right now to talk authoritatively about it. First I want to be satisfied that Joe didn't suffer permanent damage in the Ali fight. While Frazier was in the hospital for three weeks, his doctor talked about blood in the urine, a kidney ailment, and so on. And now it develops that he's got recurring high blood pressure, which they maintain he's had since childhood. Maybe that's true, I don't know. I don't know, either, whether or not he suffered any head injuries. Joe may very well be completely healthy, and I don't mean to imply that there's something wrong with him. I'm just concerned about it because he's a fine young man and I wouldn't want to see him damaged for life.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked to Ali since the *Wide World of Sports* show when you set the "highlights" of his fight with Buster Mathis to music and called the whole thing a farce?

COSELL: No, I haven't. But I talk to Angelo Dundee, Muhammad's trainer, all the time. Angie told me I was absolutely right in my opinion of the fight and he actually thanked me for what we did on the show. He said, "I hope this is gonna wake Muhammad up. He's gotta start training and become a fighter again." If he and Frazier meet in a rematch, by the way, I'm convinced that if Ali gets into reasonable shape, he still has enough left to give him a chance to whip Joe.

PLAYBOY: Supposing he doesn't; is there anyone fighting today who'll be able to keep boxing alive the way Ali has?

COSELL: Do you really think Ali has kept boxing alive? Boxing is a moribund sport, its death inevitable for reasons tied to economics, sociology and electronics. Historically, boxing was the sport of each succeeding wave of underprivileged minorities—the Irish, Italians, Jews, blacks and, most recently, Puerto Ricans. That's because there were never any decent jobs for minority-group members, but equal-opportunity hiring and the growth of the economy has changed all that. The electronic factor was television; Wednesday- and Friday-night fights eventually caused the sport to become oversaturated many years ago. Did Ali keep it alive? Only in the sense of the occasional heavyweight championship fight. Essentially, boxing is dead and has been for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret its demise?

COSELL: I don't have much feeling about boxing today, but the sport will always have a hold on me because of the men who fight. They are the most interesting of all athletes, for they seem to have the deepest feelings about life; maybe it's because their sport is so naked and brutal and is such a lonely pursuit. You have to get inside a ring to appreciate how small it is; you wonder how men can *ever* escape. There's something special about a boxer and something special about his sport, for it engages our basic emotions like no other athletic activity.

PLAYBOY: Do you still react emotionally to a boxing match?

COSELL: Yes, especially if I'm watching a heavyweight championship bout, a *good* heavyweight title fight, which I believe is the most exciting sports event in the world. It's the *only* event that can totally engulf me emotionally. The tension and anticipation that run through a crowd before the opening bell of a long-awaited heavyweight championship bout is just overwhelming, and I've never seen it reach the pinnacle that it did at the Ali-Frazier fight. The excitement was almost unbearable. On a broader, less emotional scale, the Olympic Games give you a sense of the sweep of civilized society on the planet Earth. You walk into that Olympic Village and you can't help feeling as if you've stumbled upon a utopia, a society where people love and care about one another. In spite of autocrats like Avery Brundage and the bureaucrats who make up the U. S. Olympic Committee, the overriding memory I'm left with after an Olympiad is one of understanding and friendship among the young people of the world. And then perhaps you get a chance to see a victory in the Olympics that has a very special meaning, such as Bill Toomey's gold-medal performance in the

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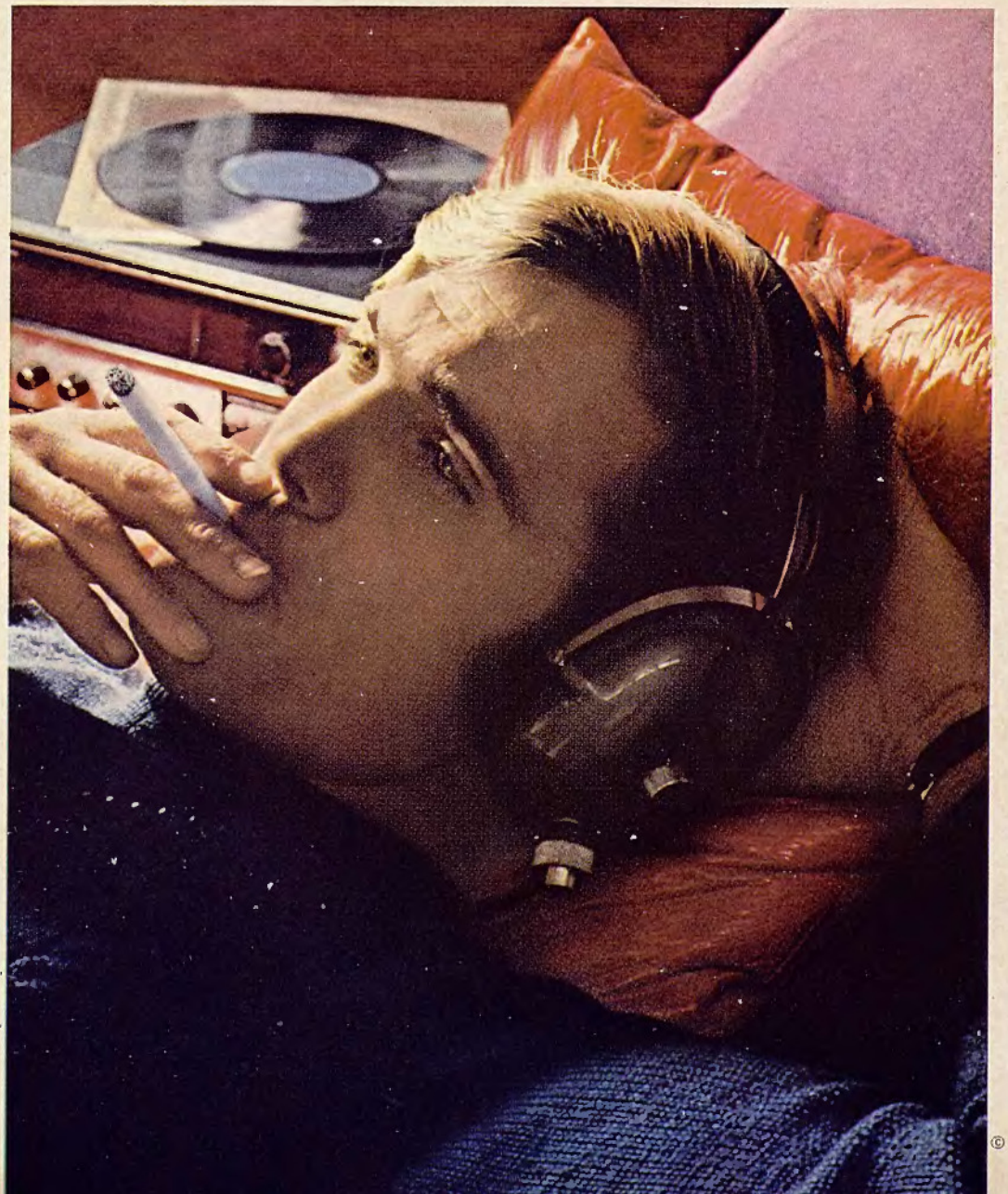

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1968 Olympic decathlon. His was probably the most extraordinary victory I've ever witnessed.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COSELL: When Bill was five years old, he was playing with a piece of ceramics that shattered; the nerves in his right wrist were severed, paralyzing the hand. Doctors said he'd never be able to use the hand again, and to this day his right hand is shriveled. But somehow he made that hand work so that he could put the shot, carry the pole for the vault, throw the discus and heave a javelin. Toomey always dreamed of becoming an Olympic champion and at age 25, he paid his own way to watch the 1964 Tokyo games. He'd dabbled in track and field for some time and because Bill couldn't do anything superbly well, he decided to diversify. Soon after the Tokyo Olympics, we began to read Bill Toomey's name in the decathlon results of international track meets. He seemed to be getting somewhere, but then he caught infectious hepatitis in West Germany. Toomey was hospitalized for six months and close to death, but finally he recovered. Then, almost incredibly, he came down with mononucleosis, and shortly after that, one of his knees got cracked up in a car accident—and what's an athlete without good knees? But Toomey overcame it all, and at 29, this schoolteacher was our country's hope in the 1968 Olympic decathlon—48 hours of the most intense competition in the world.

In Mexico City, I snuck into the athletes' room because I wanted to wish Bill luck before the final decathlon event, the 1500-meter run. If he won that, he'd win the gold medal. But there was no conversation between Bill and me: Toomey lay prostrate on a rubbing table, out cold from utter exhaustion. But an hour later, he was back out on the track. Dusk had descended and Mexico City was cold, wet and windy. They ran the damned race and it was no contest: The man with the finishing kick was Bill Toomey, and as I stood next to the cinder path watching him stride to victory, I just felt exultant for the whole human race. He gave vivid evidence that man can do virtually whatever he wants to do if he wills it, and then lives by that will. Bill Toomey's Olympic victory was an absolute demonstration of the magnificence of the human spirit. And I love him for it.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a man who's fulfilled by his work. Are you?

COSELL: When I'm dealing with compelling events like an Olympiad or an Ali-Frazier heavyweight title fight, yes, I am. But those are rare occasions. To me, the biggest virtue of working in sports are some of the people you meet; you *do* have a brush with greatness. And I've been very lucky that way. I think Vince Lombardi was a great man. I think Bill Toomey is a great man. I think Jackie Robinson is one of the greatest men human society has yet produced. I thought Fred Hutchinson, the baseball manager, was a great man. It's a positive thrill for me to go back through my life and know that these men were my friends. And because they were in the public arena, I think each of them had a beneficial impact on society. The president of a corporation doesn't have that kind of visible impact, nor does the president of a university. Neither does a great scientist, unless he comes up with an electrifying breakthrough like Jonas Salk's. But an athlete can have it because sport has such a peculiar place in our society. But can I really take games seriously? No. Sport is not going to cause a cessation of hostilities in Vietnam. Sports will not assuage the nation's racial inequities. Sport will not rebuild a single ghetto in America. And so the answer for me is, finally, no: My work does not fulfill me.

PLAYBOY: Aside from sport, then, what are the main passions of your life?

COSELL: I have a deep and abiding interest in politics that has never been fulfilled. I don't regret for a minute leaving my law practice, but would I like to be in the United States Senate? Yes, I would. Would I like to do something about the problems of the world and especially the problems of our great cities? Yes, I certainly would. Politics, incidentally, is not my only private passion. To take you from the significant to the absurd, I don't mind admitting that I like to act.

PLAYBOY: Was that triggered by your appearance in Woody Allen's *Bananas*?

COSELL: I'm afraid so. Actually, I was pleasantly surprised with my work in it, because when I left Puerto Rico after the shooting, I had grave misgivings about having done it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you think you were the perfect choice to play yourself?

COSELL: Truthfully, I thought I was in over my head. And that's because Woody Allen is a comic genius. Twenty years from now, there may very well be Woody Allen film festivals just as there are now with the movies of W. C. Fields, Charlie Chaplin and the Marx Brothers. I came home to New York worrying if I'd made a fool of myself, but then a few months later, Woody called me and said, "Howard, we've rough-cut the movie and the best thing in it is your opening." When I finally saw the film, I couldn't believe my scenes came over as well as they did. Since *Bananas*, I've done some comedy spots on several TV shows, and I enjoy that kind of thing. But the most satisfying TV work I've done were the times I guest-hosted the Dick Cavett and David Frost shows. Both of those allowed me the chance to let my mental curiosity come out and play.

PLAYBOY: If you finally get weary of sports reporting, would you want to have your own TV talk show?

COSELL: One of the reasons I've been doing all these things is that, to a degree, I *have* gotten weary of sports. You have to if you've got a mind and if you're an educated man. But I wouldn't get into the talk-show field at the expense of leaving sports, because that's a practical matter, not an intellectual one. I've been in sport too long, established too firm a base and make too much money at it to get out now. I wouldn't venture into an entirely new field unless my wife and children were taken care of for the rest of their lives in the event of my death, and that's not the case yet.

PLAYBOY: Is that the only reason you remain in a field you find unfulfilling?

COSELL: Truthfully, no. I've crested at the relatively advanced age of 51 in what is a very young man's industry, and at this stage of my life, even if the finances were right, I don't know if I'd care to risk everything I've worked so damned hard for. I think I have found, or at least created, a role for myself. But in a very real sense, sport has become too important not just in my life but in all our lives; such is the nation's need to escape from itself, a sad commentary, to be sure. If you've ever been around the world of sport, especially with most of my sportscasting colleagues and even with newspaper sportswriters, you know that all they ever talk about is the contest within the arena—who should have been sent up to pinch-hit, what the match-ups should have been, who may or may not win the next game, and so on. It's unceasing and all-pervasive, and I find myself thinking, "What's become of me? There's got to be something more to life than isolating a setback on a linebacker."

Within sports journalism, however, there *is* something more, and that's the gut reason I feel a responsibility to stay in it. Let the operators of sport field their teams and let them play their games and let's have the fun that sport provides. But the people who run sport must not feel that they can imperiously rule a make-believe world in which everything they do is to be either applauded or excused. Never let them think for even a minute that there's nobody out there in the real world to expose them when they defy the public interest or reap injustice upon an athlete. The sports establishment has an accountability to the public, which so handsomely rewards them, and to the athlete, whose talents enable them to grow rich. And when they openly defy either, I'll be there to call them on it.

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THE JEWELS OF THE CABOTS

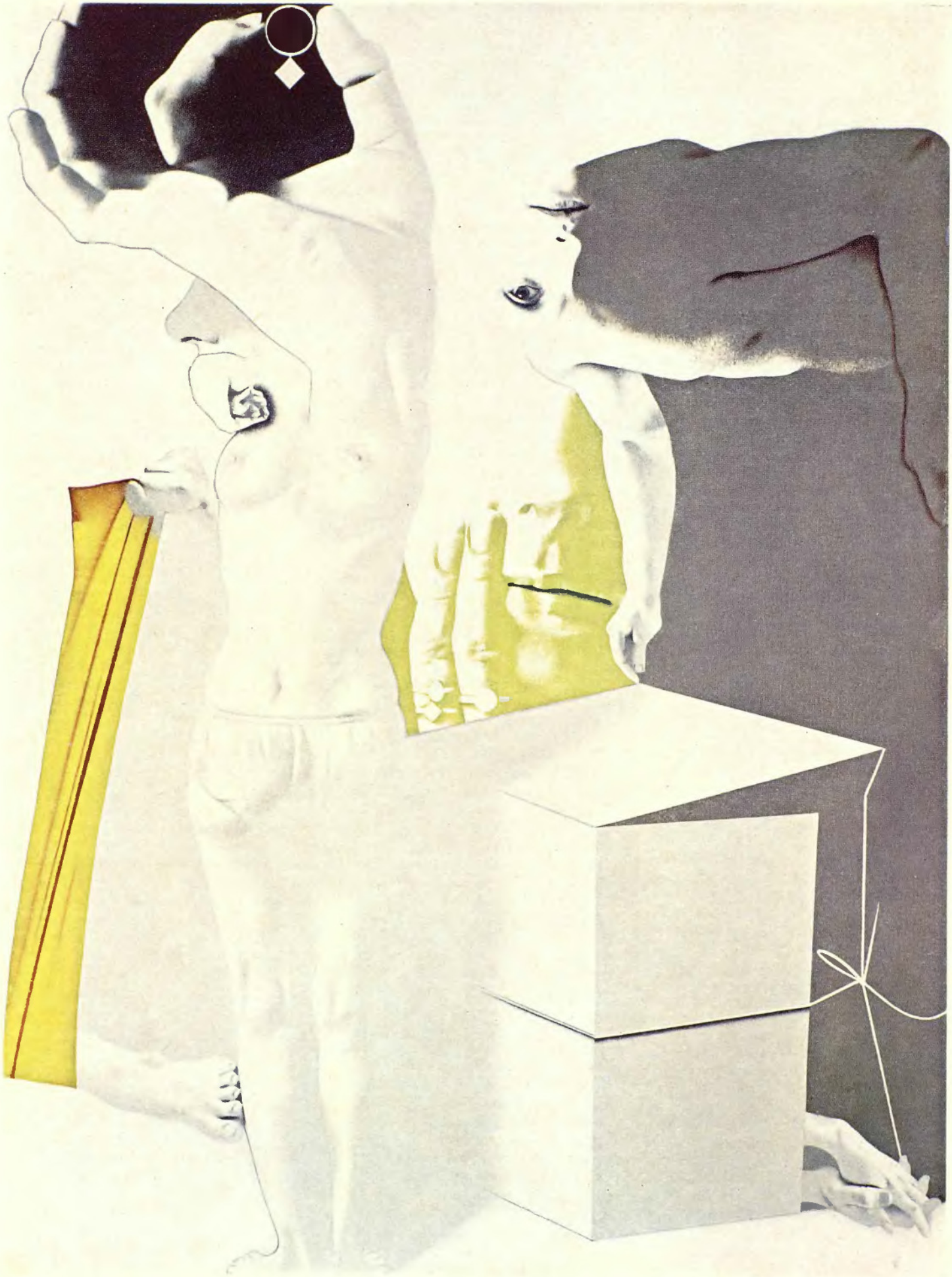
fiction **By JOHN CHEEVER** *every thursday afternoon she would wash her diamond rings and hang them on the clothesline to dry—which could lead one into temptation*

FUNERAL SERVICES for the murdered man were held in the Unitarian church in the little village of St. Botolphs. The architecture of the church was Bulfinch with columns and one of those ethereal spires that must have dominated the landscape a century ago. The service was a random collection of Biblical quotations closing with a verse. "Amos Cabot, rest in peace/Now your mortal trials have ceased. . . ." The church was full. Mr. Cabot had been an outstanding member of the community. He had once run for governor. For a month or so, during his campaign, one saw his picture on barns, walls, buildings and telephone poles. I don't suppose the sense of walking through a shifting mirror—he found himself at every turn—unsettled him as it would have unsettled me. Once, for example, when I was in an elevator in Paris, I noticed a woman carrying a book of mine. There was a photograph on the jacket and one image of me looked over her arm at another. I wanted the picture, wanted, I suppose, to destroy it. That she should walk away with my face under her arm seemed to threaten my self-esteem. She left the elevator at the fourth floor and the parting of these two images was confusing. I wanted to follow her, but how could I explain in French—or in any other language—what I felt? Amos Cabot was not at all like this. He seemed to enjoy seeing himself and when he lost the election and his face vanished (except for a few barns in the back country, where it peeled for a month or so), he seemed not perturbed.

There are, of course, the wrong Lowells, the wrong Hallowells, the wrong Eliots, Cheevers, Codmans and Englishes, but today we will deal with the wrong Cabots. Amos came from the South Shore and may never have heard of the North Shore branch of the family. His father had been an auctioneer, which meant in those days an entertainer, horse trader and sometime crook. Amos owned real estate, the hardware store, the public utilities and was a director of the bank. He had an office in the Cartwright Block, opposite the green. His wife came from Connecticut, which was, for us at that time, a distant wilderness on whose eastern borders stood the city of New York. New York was populated by harried, nervous, avaricious foreigners who lacked the character to bathe in cold water at six in the morning and to live, with composure, lives of grueling boredom. Mrs. Cabot, when I knew her, was probably in her early 40s. She was a short woman with the bright-red face of an alcoholic, although she was a vigorous temperance worker. Her hair was as white as snow. Her back and her front were prominent and there was a memorable curve to her spine that could have been caused by a cruel corset or the beginning of lordosis. No one quite knew why Mr. Cabot had married this eccentric from faraway Connecticut—it was, after all, no one's business—but she did own most of the frame tenements on the East Bank of the river, where the workers in the table-silver factory lived. Her tenements were profitable, but it would have been an unwarranted simplification to conclude that he had married for real estate. She collected the rents herself. I expect that she did her own housework and she dressed simply, but she wore on her right hand seven large diamond rings. She had evidently read somewhere that diamonds were a sound investment and the blazing stones were about as glamorous as a passbook. There were round diamonds, square diamonds, rectangular diamonds and some of those diamonds that are set in prongs. On Thursday afternoon, she would wash her diamonds in some jeweler's solution and hang them out to dry in the clothesyard. She never explained this, but the incidence of eccentricity in the village ran so high that her conduct was not thought unusual.

Mrs. Cabot spoke once or twice a year at the St. Botolphs Academy, where many of us went to school. She had three subjects: "My Trip to Alaska" (slides), "The Evils of Drink" and "The Evils of Tobacco." Drink was for her so unthinkable a vice that she could not attack it with much vehemence, but the thought of tobacco made her choleric. Could one imagine Christ on the cross, smoking a cigarette? she would ask us. Could one imagine the Virgin Mary *smoking*? A drop of nicotine fed to a pig by trained laboratory technicians had killed the beast. Etc. She made smoking irresistible and if I die of lung cancer, I shall blame Mrs. Cabot. These

ILLUSTRATION BY ARSEN ROJE



performances took place in what we called the Great Study Hall. This was a large room on the second floor that could hold us all. The academy had been built in the 1850s and had the lofty, spacious and beautiful windows of that period in American architecture. In the spring and in the autumn, the building seemed gracefully suspended in its grounds, but in the winter, a glacial cold fell off the large window lights. In the Great Study Hall, we were allowed to wear coats, hats and gloves. This situation was heightened by the fact that my great-aunt Anna had bought in Athens a large collection of plaster casts, so that we shivered and memorized the donative verbs in the company of at least a dozen buck-naked gods and goddesses. So it was to Hermes and Venus as well as to us that Mrs. Cabot railed against the poisons of tobacco. She was a woman of vehement and ugly prejudice and I suppose she would have been happy to include the blacks and the Jews, but there was only one black and one Jewish family in the village and they were exemplary. The possibility of intolerance in the village did not occur to me until much later, when my mother came to our house in Westchester for Thanksgiving.

This was some years ago, when the New England highways had not been completed and the trip from New York or Westchester took over four hours. I left quite early in the morning and drove first to Haverhill, where I stopped at Miss Peacock's School and picked up my niece. I then went on to St. Botolphs, where I found Mother sitting in the hallway in an acolyte's chair. The chair had a steepled back, topped with a wooden fleur-de-lis. From what rain-damp church had this object been stolen? She wore a coat and her bag was at her feet.

"I'm ready," she said. She must have been ready for a week. She seemed terribly lonely. "Would you like a drink?" she asked. I knew enough not to take this bait. Had I said yes, she would have gone into the pantry and returned, smiling sadly, to say: "Your brother has drunk all the whiskey." So we started back for Westchester. It was a cold, overcast day and I found the drive tiring, although I think fatigue had nothing to do with what followed. I left my niece at my brother's house in Connecticut and drove on to my place. It was after dark when the trip ended. My wife had made all the preparations that were customary for my mother's arrival. There was an open fire, a vase of roses on the piano and tea with anchovy-paste sandwiches. "How lovely to have flowers," said Mother. "I so love flowers. I can't live without them. Should I suffer some financial reverses and have to choose between flowers and groceries, I believe I would choose flowers. . . ."

I do not want to give the impression of an elegant old lady, because there were lapses in her performance. I bring up, with powerful unwillingness, a fact that was told to me by her sister after Mother's death. It seems that at one time, she applied for a position with the Boston police force. She had plenty of money at the time and I have no idea why she did this. I suppose that she wanted to be a policewoman. I don't know what branch of the force she planned to join, but I've always imagined her in a dark-blue uniform with a ring of keys at her waist and a billy club in her right hand. My grandmother dissuaded her from this course, but the image of a policewoman was some part of the figure she cut, sipping tea by our fire. She meant this evening to be what she called aristocratic. In this connection, she often said: "There must be at least a drop of plebeian blood in the family. How else can one account for your taste in torn and shabby clothing? You've always had plenty of clothes, but you've always chosen rags."

I mixed a drink and said how much I had enjoyed seeing my niece.

"Miss Peacock's has changed," Mother said sadly.

"I didn't know," I said. "What do you mean?"

"They've let down the bars."

"I don't understand."

"They're letting in Jews," she said. She fired out the last word.

"Can we change the subject?" I asked.

"I don't see why," she said. "You brought it up."

"My wife is Jewish, Mother," I said. My wife was in the kitchen.

"That is not possible," my mother said. "Her father is Italian."

"Her father," I said, "is a Polish Jew."

"Well," Mother said, "I come from old Massachusetts stock and I'm not ashamed of it, although I don't like being called a Yankee."

"There's a difference."

"Your father said that the only good Jew was a dead Jew, although I did think Justice Brandeis charming."

"I think it's going to rain," I said. It was one of our staple conversational switch-offs used to express anger, hunger, love and the fear of death.

My wife joined us and Mother picked up the routine. "It's nearly cold enough for snow," she said. "When you were a boy, you used to pray for snow or ice. It depended upon whether you wanted to skate or ski. You were very particular. You would kneel by your bed and loudly ask God to manipulate the elements. You never prayed for anything else. I never once heard you ask for a blessing on your parents. In the summer you didn't pray at all."

• • •

The Cabots had two daughters—Geneva and Molly. Geneva was the older and thought to be the more beautiful. Molly was my girl for a year or so. She was a lovely young woman with a sleepy look that was quickly dispelled by a brilliant smile. Her hair was pale-brown and held the light. When she was tired or excited, sweat formed on her upper lip. In the evenings, I would walk to their house and sit with her in the parlor under the most intense surveillance. Mrs. Cabot, of course, regarded sex with utter panic. She watched us from the dining room. From upstairs there were loud and regular thumping sounds. This was Amos Cabot's rowing machine. We were sometimes allowed to take walks together if we kept to the main streets and when I was old enough to drive, I took her to the dances at the club. I was intensely—morbidly—jealous and when she seemed to be enjoying herself with someone else, I would stand in the corner, thinking of suicide. I remember driving her back one night to the house on Shore Road.

At the turn of the century, someone decided that St. Botolphs might have a future as a resort and five mansions complete with follies were built at the end of Shore Road. The Cabots lived in one of these. All the mansions had towers. These were round with conical roofs, rising a story or so above the rest of the frame buildings. The towers were strikingly unmilitary and so I suppose they were meant to express romance. What did they contain? Dens, I guess, maids' rooms, broken furniture, trunks, and they must have been the favorite of hornets. I parked my car in front of the Cabots' and turned off the lights. The house above us was dark.

It was long ago, so long ago that the foliage of elm trees was part of the summer night. (It was so long ago that when you wanted to make a left turn, you cranked down the car window and *pointed* in that direction. Otherwise, you were not allowed to point. Don't point, you were told. I can't imagine why, unless the gesture was thought to be erotic.) The dances—the assemblies—were formal and I would be wearing a tuxedo handed down from my father to my brother and from my brother to me, like some escutcheon or sumptuary torch. I took Molly in my arms. She was completely responsive. I am not a tall man (I am sometimes inclined to stoop), but the conviction that I am loved and loving affects me like a military bracing. Up goes my head. My back is straight. I am six foot, seven, and sustained by some clamorous emotional uproar. Sometimes my ears ring. It can happen anywhere—in a Keisang house in Seoul, for example—but it happened that night in front of the Cabots' house on Shore Road. Molly said then that she had to go. Her mother would be watching from a window. She asked me not to

(continued on page 227)

"Well, a hermit's human."

television is giving its viewers what they want—current events tricked out as entertainment

article **By MICHAEL ARLEN**

LES MIDGLEY, who is the executive producer of the *CBS Evening News* and therefore the man operably responsible for what 20,000,000 Americans watch as news each evening, six days a week, 52 weeks a year, is seated at the desk in his office, which is on the ground floor of the CBS News Building on West 57th Street in New York. The CBS News Building, one should say, is not much of a building as buildings go these days, certainly nothing like the CBS setup in Los Angeles nor the austere and meticulous, plant- and Brancusi-filled CBS Building that Frank Stanton has erected on Sixth Avenue. From the outside, it is a nondescript three-story rectangle of red brick—a warehouse, perhaps, or an Eisenhower post office. Inside—well, it's clearly not a post office. Guards. Endless narrow corridors. Small offices. Large rooms full of teletypes, desks, typewriters, men in shirt sleeves. A room full of tape machines. Banks of tape machines. Television screens. The CBS News people take pleasure in that they are not in Mr. Stanton's building, in that they are over here on the wrong side of Ninth Avenue, in a warehouse of a building, in their shirt sleeves, putting out an electronic evening newspaper.

ILLUSTRATION BY DON TROUSDELL

On the other side of the glass in Midgley's office is the newsroom where the Cronkite show is done—a real newsroom, real desks, real people working at the desks. "We don't use a studio like NBC," says one of the CBS people. The time is four o'clock in the afternoon. A November day; 1971. There are six desks in the room, ordinary gray metal desks, bunched together into three rows. In the far row, two men sit typing. The man in the red shirt is the chief national-news writer. The man in the beard writes the foreign news. On the near side, one man, who seems to be in his early 20s, is holding a phone to his ear and typing at the same time. The man behind him is also typing. At the front desk in the middle row sits Walter Cronkite. He has a pile of copy in front of him. His lips move as he intones the copy in a low voice. He holds a stop watch in his hand. He pauses in his reading, scribbles corrections. Men in shirt sleeves pass in and out of the room. Girls with clipboards. Engineers. Inside Midgley's office, the Boston tape is over, although *Gomer Pyle* is still running silently on the top two screens.

"You can take out Henagan," says Midgley. "He doesn't make any sense."

Stan Gould, associate producer, is writing on his clipboard. "I can use

the priest," he says.

"The priest doesn't make any sense, either," says Sandy Socolow, who is Midgley's assistant, a youngish, plump man in glasses and a suit.

"It may be understandable in Boston, but not here," says Midgley. "What do you have down for it?"

"A couple of minutes," says Gould.

A man runs into the office. "No audio from Atlanta."

A phone rings. Socolow picks it up. "Have you seen your film? Well, was it good, bad or indifferent?"

Midgley is listening in on the other phone. "Are you positive he was *there*?" he asks.

Socolow says, "OK, what kind of production problems are you going to give us? It's a self-contained run of track."

"No Shakne fore and aft," says Midgley.

"No Shakne," says Socolow.

Gould is on his way out of the office. "It's an R-three," says Socolow to Gould.

A girl in a black pants suit comes in, leaves the latest revised line-up for the evening: *1. Open; 2. Cronkite . . . live; 3. Ft. McPherson / Medina / Morton . . . VTR . . . 3.00 Atlanta; 4. Cronkite . . . live; 5. First commercial (Absorbine and Pontiac) . . . VTR 8 . . . 1.05; 6. Cronkite . . . live; 7. Washington / Living costs / Benton . . . Washington . . . 1.45—*

In the newsroom, some kind of flurry is going on. Cronkite is standing. The man in the red shirt and one of the other writers are standing at his desk. "Goddamn it, get on the phone and find out," Cronkite is saying.

Ron Vonn, another associate producer, steps into Midgley's office. Midgley is sipping a milk shake from a paper cup. He looks up. "I talked to Bruce Morton. He'll give us voice-over at the end of the trial." Vonn leaves.

Socolow says, "Threlkeld's on two-forty-six." Then, "Let me caution you, Mr. Midgley. Ron is going to run over."

Midgley picks up the phone. "Ron, is there anything that's going to raise a question of taste with us? Is there any problem with the mother or the children?" He nods and puts the phone down. "Two-thirty?" he says to Socolow.

"We have him down for three o'clock," says Socolow.

"OK, two-forty-five. We'll split the difference."

Vonn comes back in. "It doesn't look like the logistics are against us on jurors." Midgley reaches for a switch on his desk. The lower TV screen lights up.

Bruce Morton is leaning against a railing, looking at the ground. He looks up. "I'm ready whenever you are," he says with some impatience. "Well, what's the matter?" he says. "Bullshit," he says.

One of the writers comes in from the newsroom. "When are we going to hear from Kalb?" he asks.

"Kalb is supposed to call in by six," says Midgley. Out in the newsroom, Cronkite is standing talking, or apparently arguing, with Socolow.

Socolow comes back to Midgley. "It's the 'secret meeting' on Kalb's file. He says we have to have more on it or we ought to skip it until we do."

"I don't blame him," says Midgley. He picks up a phone. "Try to get me Marvin Kalb in Washington," he says.

To get to the taping room, you walk out of Midgley's office, past the newsroom, down a corridor, through a door marked NO ADMITTANCE, past a secretary, past another NO ADMITTANCE door and into a large room filled with banks of machines. They are very much the new machines, our new 20th Century machines—no rows of seamstresses and sewing machines, no looms, no great clanking wheels, iron, pistons, ugly things. These are trim, spare, rectilinear. Taller than a man. Gray and white. Now and then, a small red or green light. Dials. Oscilloscope screens. It is a large room, maybe 80′ x 80′. There are about 20 of these machines. In rows. At each of them, on a small swivel stool, sits an operator. Above his head, on the machine, a large roll of tape is unwinding. The dials read, COLOR HOLD . . . GREEN GAIN . . . BLUE GAIN . . . V HOLD . . . V SIZE . . . RED . . . PLAYBACK CONTROL . . . BLUE. The operator throws a switch. The tape roll moves in the opposite direction. On a TV screen in the machine, the face of F. Lee Bailey appears, talking into a microphone.

"More," says Vonn. Bailey is making a speech, although it's hard to hear his voice on the machine because of all the other machines. Behind Vonn, Gould is standing beside another machine, watching Henagan in Boston. "OK," says Vonn. The operator stops the tape. Bailey is still there on the screen in midsentence. Another man is beside him at the microphone. "I want to use the Morton audio bridge to get to where *this* guy starts to talk," Vonn says. "I want to take it from where Bailey goes over to this man and then cut to this close-up." The tape operator throws a switch, the tape spins backward, the voices making a kind of speeded-up Disney-cartoon sound. Then forward: Bailey walking to the microphone, speaking, arm extended. Stop, backward. Forward. Backward. Vonn stands behind the operator.

Somebody comes by. "Are we going with the San Francisco stuff?"

"I don't know," says Vonn. "We're going to see it at six."

A phone rings. Gould picks it up. Listens. Puts it down. "San Francisco won't be ready until six-fifteen," he says.

"What about Boston?" says Vonn.

"How do I know?" says Gould. "I don't see how they have time for it, but I'm going to get it ready until they tell me to dump it."

The operator at Vonn's machine has the tape positioned at the point where Bailey is extending his arm toward the man on the left. "There?"

Vonn looks. "Back it off twelve seconds and we'll lay video only for that."

Bailey's voice comes up: *"I've never gotten an acquittal for a nicer guy. . . ."*

"OK," Vonn says. "Now I want the cut to the head to come in right. OK?"

On Gould's machine, Boston school children are running down a street. On the machine next to him, Chinese soldiers are marching in a parade.

On another bank, Muhammad Ali is speaking at a press conference. "I've never felt better," he says against the sound of the Chinese military band.

"I don't *care* if we don't hear Bailey talking," says Vonn.

At six o'clock, the face of Jim Jensen, the local CBS newsman, appears on the top screen; an NBC man appears on the second screen—both without audio. On the lower screen, Midgley and Socolow are watching Bob Shakne interview a convict recently released from Attica.

"What bothers me," says Socolow, "is the guy coming out so strong, saying he was in the uprising."

Vonn sticks his head in the door. "What about San Francisco?"

Midgley says to Socolow, "You're in great shape. Relax." To Vonn, "They're putting in the last San Francisco splices."

"Jesus," says Vonn.

Midgley says to Socolow, "Cammerbandge has the guy in his apartment, doesn't he? He says he has no doubt about his being in cell block D."

Gould comes into the office. "Is your piece ready?" asks Midgley.

"Attica? Or Boston?" says Gould.

"Boston."

Gould shrugs. "I was just given a good night on Boston."

A phone rings. Socolow says to Midgley, "San Francisco is coming on." A picture of a woman and two children appears on the lower screen. The voice of Dick Threlkeld of the San Francisco CBS station. The two kids are apparently victims of a mysterious killing disease. A third kid has already died. These two are now becoming sick. It's a sad story. The woman talks about her belief in God and about how she knows the kids won't die. Threlkeld's voice tells us there is no chance that they will live. Close.

"Two-twenty," says Socolow.

"Damn good piece," says Midgley.

"Any problems with San Francisco?" asks Vonn.

"None," says Midgley. "It's good. Two-twenty."

Outside in the newsroom, there is a good deal of activity. Two cameras are being wheeled in. One directly in front of Cronkite's desk, the other off to his right, just in front of Midgley's office. Cronkite is still working at his desk,

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valerie

miss perrine is out of this world in the film version of kurt vonnegut, jr.'s "slaughterhouse-five"

The best thing that happens to Billy Pilgrim, the Dresden fire-bombing survivor who becames "unstuck in time" in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Slaughterhouse-Five*, is his meeting—and mating—with former blue-movie queen Montana Wildhack. The best thing that's happened lately to former Las Vegas showgirl —and self-proclaimed kook—Valerie Perrine is her chance casting as Montana in the film version of the novel, just released by Universal. Michael Sacks, as Billy (near right), first glimpses Montana in a PLAYBOY-style centerfold; later, the two are separately kidnaped and taken to the extragalactic planet of Tralfamadore, where they become pampered zoo specimens. Montana, at first terrified (center right and far right), is finally calmed by Billy, whose child she bears at film's end.

Says Miss Perrine of her first screen role: "Montana's not as kookie as I am. She accepts being stuck in outer space. I'd have tried to escape." Valerie did run away from her parents' Phoenix home, after a year's study at the University of Arizona in Tucson, lying about her age to get a job as a nude dancer in Vegas. That financed a couple of extended trips abroad; then, about a year ago, she headed for Los Angeles. "I was living on food stamps and unemployment checks," she recalls, "but my girlfriend, who's a publicist, got me an interview with an agent, who had me tested for the Montana part, although I had no acting experience. I got it, and I love it. It's the first time in my life I've looked forward to going to work." As for us, we look forward to seeing more of the fine Miss Perrine.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI AND LARRY BARBIER

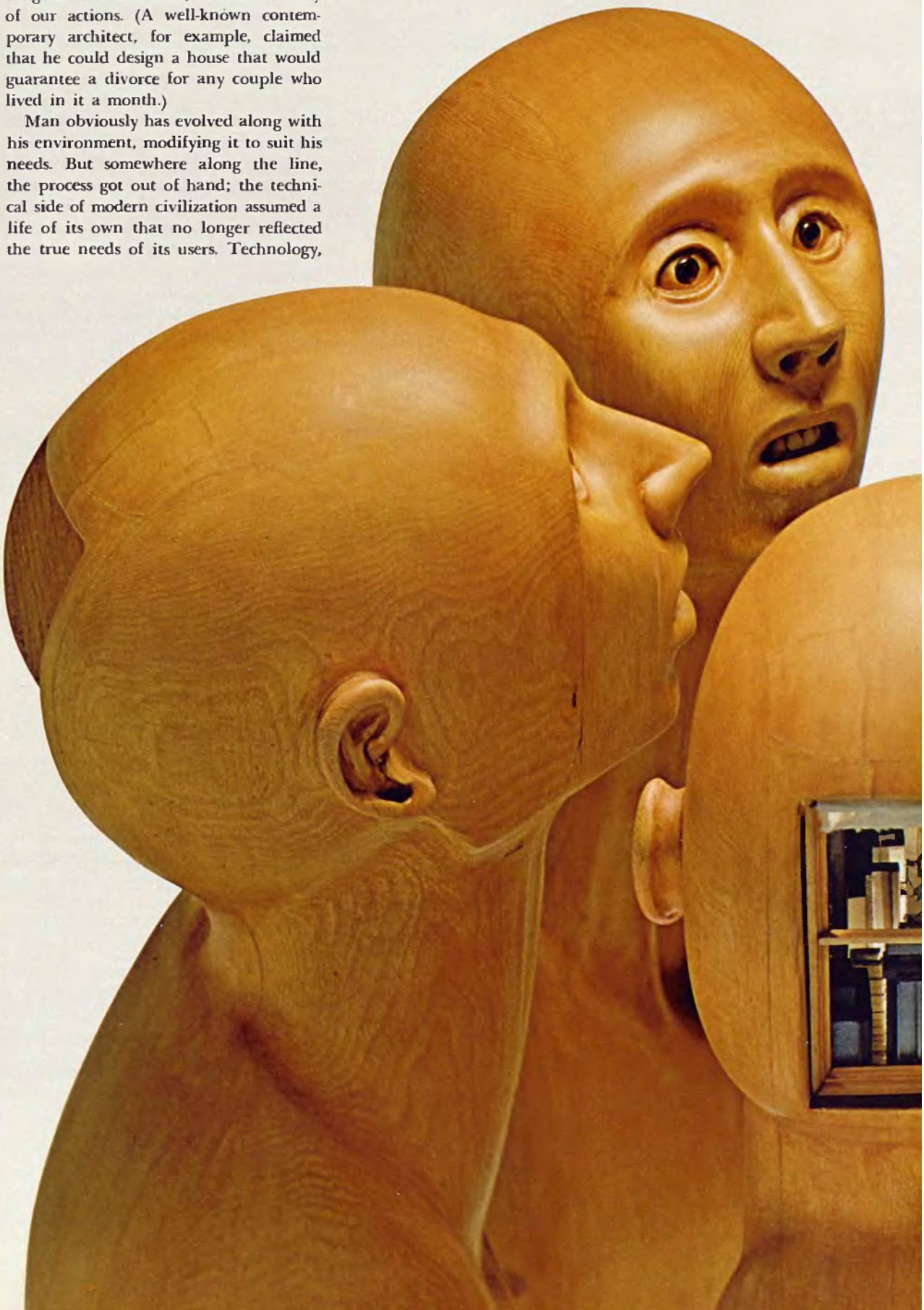
Herewith, varied views of Valerie—including two (above and below) from a movie within a movie, the scene in *Slaughterhouse-Five* that features Montana (seen with actor Bryan Montgomery) as the star of an erotic film.

MAN'S HIDDEN

article By DAVID DEMPSEY *saint or misanthrope, success*

EVER SINCE ADAM AND EVE were banished from the Garden of Eden, man has known that his surroundings influence his behavior. The houses we live in, our offices, the space around us, the sounds that intrude on our daily lives, smells, colors, even the arrangement of furniture, determine many of our actions. (A well-known contemporary architect, for example, claimed that he could design a house that would guarantee a divorce for any couple who lived in it a month.)

Man obviously has evolved along with his environment, modifying it to suit his needs. But somewhere along the line, the process got out of hand; the technical side of modern civilization assumed a life of its own that no longer reflected the true needs of its users. Technology,



ENVIRONMENT

or failure—what you are can be shaped by where you are

in conquering nature, has surrounded us with a unique man-made environment, but for most of us, our physical comforts have made us ill at ease psychologically. And our psychological landscape has a profound effect on how we behave. For example:

The decor of a room can influence the speed at which we work. In an experiment at Brandeis University, lab assistants were assigned three rooms—"ugly," "beautiful" and "average"—for the purpose of giving tests. Examiners in the ugly room almost always finished their testing faster than those in the two other rooms. Moral: Beauty in the environment may not be a virtue if there is work to be done.

A change in the color of our surroundings changes the pattern of human

SCULPTURE BY MIKE MEDOW

movement. At the University of Kansas' art museum, investigators tested the effects of different-colored walls on two groups of visitors to an exhibition of prints. For the first group, the room was painted light beige; for the second, dark brown. Movement was traced by a switch mat under the carpet that electrically mapped the visitors' footsteps. It was found that those who entered the dark-brown room walked more quickly, covered more area and spent less time in the room than the people in the beige environment. For whatever reason, dark brown stimulated more activity, but the activity was concluded sooner.

Noise is an environmental variable that we take for granted, yet it profoundly affects our moods, our performance at work and even our dream life. One psychiatrist testified before a New York State legislative committee that the interruption of nighttime dreams by the jet rush of planes impaired the mental health of those who lived near Kennedy Airport. Dreams, he said, were broken off before they could unblock the repressions that were bottled up in the unconscious.

Until recently, it was assumed that sheer loudness was the culprit in noisy situations, but psychologists have concluded that unevenness of sound is more damaging. A factory going full blast on a programed schedule was judged quieter than a bank whose machines operated in fits and starts; the bank finally had to hire deaf people to reduce employee turnover.

At Columbia University, in an investigation of the effect of density on behavior, it was found that people working in an extremely crowded room performed just as efficiently as people who were not crowded. However, men under crowded conditions became competitive, suspicious and combative; whereas women were *less* competitive, more intimate and easier to get along with. In a follow-up experiment, the groups listened to taped courtroom cases and were asked to render verdicts of guilt or innocence. Results showed that men in a smaller, crowded room handed out more severe punishment than those who deliberated in a spacious environment. The women's verdicts, however, were not appreciably affected by the size or crowding of the room.

Sociologist-architect Kyoshi Izumi, at the University of Saskatchewan at Regina, says that the use of plastics to simulate wood, metal, leather, cloth—even plants —sets up an element of doubt in our sensing mechanism that is inconsistent with what we instinctively feel the environment ought to be. Subconsciously, we resist the synthetic world as we grope for the natural.

The sheer size of many buildings we live and work in and the sterility of much of the "overdesigned" modern architecture are defeating, too, because they make it difficult for us to involve ourselves with such superstructures in any meaningful way. This has been cited as the reason for the sabotage of Eero Saarinen's stunning but sterile CBS Building in New York by employees who cluttered and even defaced their offices in an effort to personalize their working space.

Monotony of decor, the endless corridors of large buildings, the rows of desks in an office suggest that we are on a treadmill and, in Izumi's words, adversely affect "comfortably perceived psychic time." For most people, Izumi thinks, time is measured visually; when there is an absence of clues, our sense of continuity is diminished and we "lose track of time."

Another theory holds that such "timeless" environments can make us anxious because we are unable to see a future—and that our environment must provide not only a future but a past and a present as well. Using hypnosis, Dr. Bernard Aaronson was able to induce various combinations of this time sense in a group of subjects and, in so doing, create abnormal states of mind. Suggesting no past, but only a future, brought on a manic condition. When no future was suggested, there was depression. The rapid build-up of gleaming, glass-walled schools and office buildings is believed by many psychologists to partly explain the existential anxiety so pervasive in the industrial nations. Such ultramodern structures cut us off from the familiar, human milieu of our childhood. This appears to be particularly true of buildings that depart from square or rectangular form. In his study of the radially designed French Radio and Television headquarters in Paris, psychiatrist Paul Sivadon found an abnormal degree of depression among the personnel. One reason for this, he concluded, was that the long circular corridors, by blocking orientation with the outside environment, create feelings of insecurity. A lack of intersecting corridors also contributes to the sense of being trapped; people don't know where they are at any given moment.

Until the early 1960s, most of what we knew about human responses to outside stimuli came from laboratory experiments or was extrapolated from the behavior of animals. Ivan Pavlov's famous conditioned-reflex theory was based on his work with dogs. By ringing a bell during feeding periods, the Russian scientist conditioned his animals to salivate when the bell was rung, even if there was no food. (George Bernard Shaw, when told of this experiment, remarked, "If they had brought me this problem, I could have given them the same answer without torturing a single dog.")

The shortcoming of the behaviorist approach—whose most persuasive spokesman today is Harvard educator B. F. Skinner —is its extremely narrow view of man's relationship to his physical environment. For most of us, it's not so much the carrot and the stick that influence our actions (although they may play a part) but the constantly shifting physical and social surroundings in which we live and work. In a sense, the environment serves as a "magnetic field" of subtle and wide-ranging psychological forces that we, in turn, modify by the way we interact with it.

Moreover, the environment we observe is not necessarily the "real" environment; depending on our personality, our ethnic background or simply our mood, what we perceive may be a distortion of what actually exists. In Los Angeles, when asked to map the city from memory, students at UCLA saw it as a whole. For the black residents of Watts, however, the important landmarks were the county hospital and the city jail, where so many of them had been taken after the riots. In the jargon of sociology, their perception of the city was culturally biased.

All of us at some time look at the environment through the distorting lenses of anger, annoyance and frustration. At Ohio State University, students were asked to estimate the distance from the campus to various points in Columbus. Surprisingly, newcomers were remarkably accurate, but students familiar with the city greatly overestimated the number of miles to the central business section. Impatience with traffic lights and stop signs, and the frayed nerves from downtown driving, had made the distance seem farther than it was.

We know that the prick of a needle in our hand brings an immediate reflex —a withdrawal from pain. A blinding flash of light will make us close our eyes. These are simple, protective responses to "unfriendly" stimuli. But we are only beginning to learn how people adapt to less obvious changes. At the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, psychologists have created an ingenious "perception" room to discover how people act in a physical setting with which they have had no previous experience. It includes a welter of sights and sounds that have no obvious relationship to one another, yet all of which compete for attention.

As a volunteer subject, I found myself in a dim 18′ x 26′ room surrounded by aluminized mirrors that vibrated at various frequencies as I approached them. Gargoylelike reflections were thrown back at me; strobe lights flashed weirdly at my feet; the mirrors gave off a low, rumbling sound and pictures were cast onto the

(continued on page 222)

THE GREAT RACE

a stirring western saga about a former ghost town that looked for happiness in gold mines and atom bombs, and finally found it in a pack of wild burros

article By REG POTTERTON AT FIRST GLANCE, it is a scene from a Saturday-matinee two-reeler: Six men in cowboy hats and gambler's mustaches—thin black lines on the rim of the upper lip—sit at a table, drawling and plotting. Their leader, a slight figure in a vest, with a pronounced expression of cupidity stamped across his narrow face, listens but seldom speaks. One crony, doubtless a landowner who has caused wholesale numbers of sodbusters to haul off and bust sod elsewhere, is studying a map and working up a leer that is at once servile and ferocious, the sort of look made famous by Jack Elam in many a similar scenario. Others in the group make mutterings of discontented appeasement, the kind that signifies mutiny in the ranks after the boss has said something on the order of, "Better tell your boys to lay low for a while, till we see how this new marshal works out." In this particular episode, however, no such immortal cliché has disturbed the smoky air; and the men at the table, far from being unscrupulous schemers, are the nucleus of the local branch of the Lions Club, good fellows tried and true who would no sooner lay a violent finger on a sodbuster than they would be able

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

without considerable thought to tell anyone what a sodbuster was.

On closer examination, it becomes apparent that the faces of these worthy citizens are incapable of leering, unmarked by a familiarity with either ferocity or servility and almost certainly unacquainted with evil in any form. Still, the wish being father to the thought, and this being the basement of a barroom in the Nevada desert, the first impression takes a strong grip on the imagination, and though it turns out to be totally inaccurate, it is the sort of flavor the setting demands, and let the facts fall where they will.

The basement is that of the Exchange Club in Beatty, Nevada, and the purpose of the meeting is to summarize, for the benefit of a visiting stranger, the attractions of Beatty and the program of events that has been drawn up for the town's most auspicious occasion—the World Championship Wild Burro Race.

This momentous affair, now in the second day of its three-day run, has been beset by various small calamities, not the least of which are the reduced number of spectators and the rumor that hookers from every brothel in the state have drifted into town and carried off some of the more promising contestants.

Viewed in the light of other globe-shrinking crises, these misfortunes may be dismissed by some as trivial; but to the good and hospitable people of Beatty, it is yet another expression of the evil luck that has intermittently plagued the locality ever since the golden days of the town's birth, when it seemed the good times would never run out.

As with individuals, some towns are born great, some acquire greatness and others have it thrust upon them. In the case of Beatty, however, fate and history seem to have combined in relentless apathy to ensure that the town never fell into any of these categories. Beatty is one of those places that might have been and almost was, but isn't; an echo of a promise that never quite materialized.

Everything looked so rosy back in 1904, when the town was a community of tents, and men were out in the nearby hills, digging gold ore by the wagonload. Tents soon gave way to houses, offices, saloons and hotels. New towns sprang up all over the desert: Bullfrog, Goldfield, Bonanza, Johnnie. Rhyolite, just four miles west of Beatty, had a stock exchange, four newspapers, 56 saloons, three banks, an ice plant and a population of 10,000 or 23,000, depending on the source consulted.

Beatty at first grew faster than its rivals, for it had the Armagosa River, which meant water and feed for horses, wood for building and a cooler climate. Three railroads—the Las Vegas & Tonopah, Bullfrog & Goldfield, Tonopah & Tidewater—carried ore shipments from Beatty to Las Vegas, some 115 miles to the south, and helped establish that city as an important freight center. The future of the new towns stretched into an infinity of wealth; even if the gold gave out, there was still copper, silver and lead. Nothing could go wrong.

Then Wall Street delivered itself of the panic of '07 and very suddenly it was all over. The mines closed, the people left and the lights in the desert were extinguished. All the towns dwindled and died except Beatty, but it has been in a prolonged state of dwindling ever since.

Even the tracks and ties of the railroads disappeared, and lengthy stretches of Highway 95 now conceal the roadbed of the Las Vegas & Tonopah. The fancy Montgomery Hotel, where they once served lobster and suckling pig, with silver cutlery and glassware imported all the way from Paris, France, was long ago carted off to a more promising location.

Many people might find it hard to sustain faith and pride in a town where they come and take the buildings away, but the people of Beatty never lost hope. They are believers. Not too long ago, it looked as though they might be called upon to play a big part in the development of nuclear fission through the important work going on in the nearby atomic proving grounds. Alas, this was not to be. All that happened when the Government decided to let off a big one underground was that some dude in a suit and horn-rims came into town and advised those who lived in old buildings to get out and cross to the other side of the street for the explosion.

But there was a soiled ace up the civic sleeve, and though nobody thought to produce it until more than 50 years after the disaster of '07, it was undeniably a winner. Better yet, it meant that the town would never again have to fear the machinations of Wall Street and the international money jugglers, nor would it have to rely on the unfeeling Federal Government for its salvation.

It was on an unrecorded date at the end of the Fifties that some of the greatest brains in town met in solemn congress and forged the creation that would establish Beatty permanently as a truly famous name, restoring triumph and a modest, seasonable prosperity.

What they did was they invented the now-legendary World Championship Wild Burro Race, an annual event of such outstanding futility that it has survived for a dozen years—which, if nothing else, is four times longer than Beatty's golden era.

There were, of course, this being Beatty, problems from the beginning. Perhaps the most memorable was the very first race, which had been trumpeted in advance throughout the adjacent states. A tidy crowd of tourists arrived, all seduced by the novelty and all heartily welcomed as transient investors in the Beatty economy.

It was regrettable, therefore, that the genius of the Beatty Lions, having conceived the idea, neglected to take into account the fact that if the event were to benefit the town, then the course of the race should at some point pass *through* the town. Instead, they decreed a finishing line some 46 miles to the west, on the edge of Death Valley.

Thus it was that on the first of the three days, all the spectators gathered at the starting line to watch about 40 men and an equal number of burros prepare themselves for the gunshots.

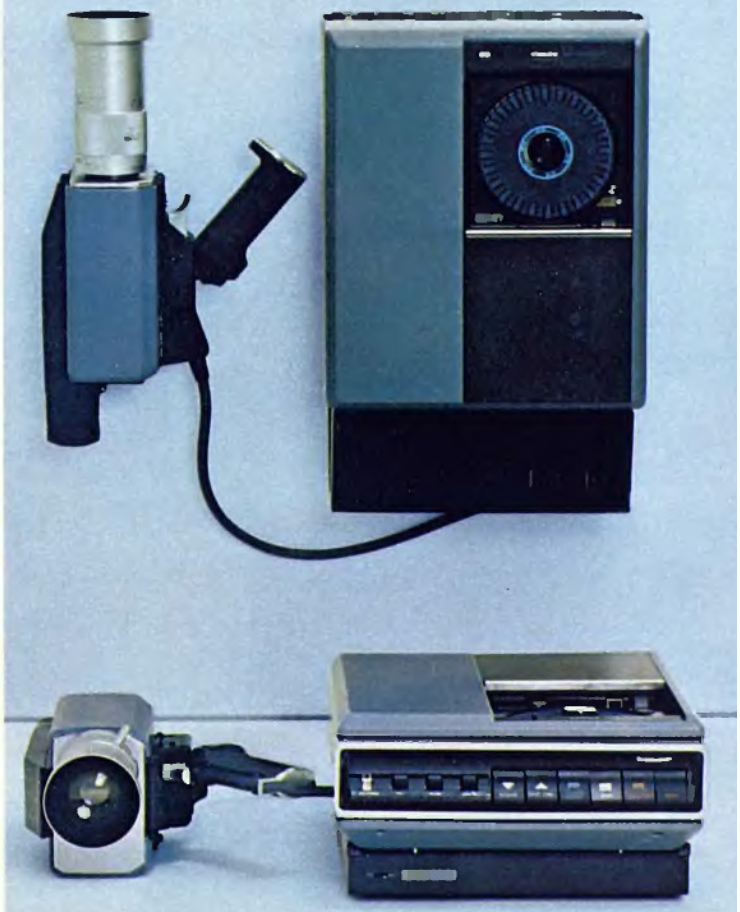
The Beatty Lions were bursting with pride at their achievement. Owners of local bars, restaurants and other tourist facilities rubbed their hands briskly at the size of the crowd. Many of the people had just arrived and had not yet had time for a drink, a meal or a spell at the crap table, but tonight—with this thirsty, hungry, gambling *(continued on page 186)*

"Female orgasm? Don't be ridiculous, my dear!'

SHOOT & SHOW!

simple, portable and relatively inexpensive—home video-tape recorders are producing a new wave of instant film makers

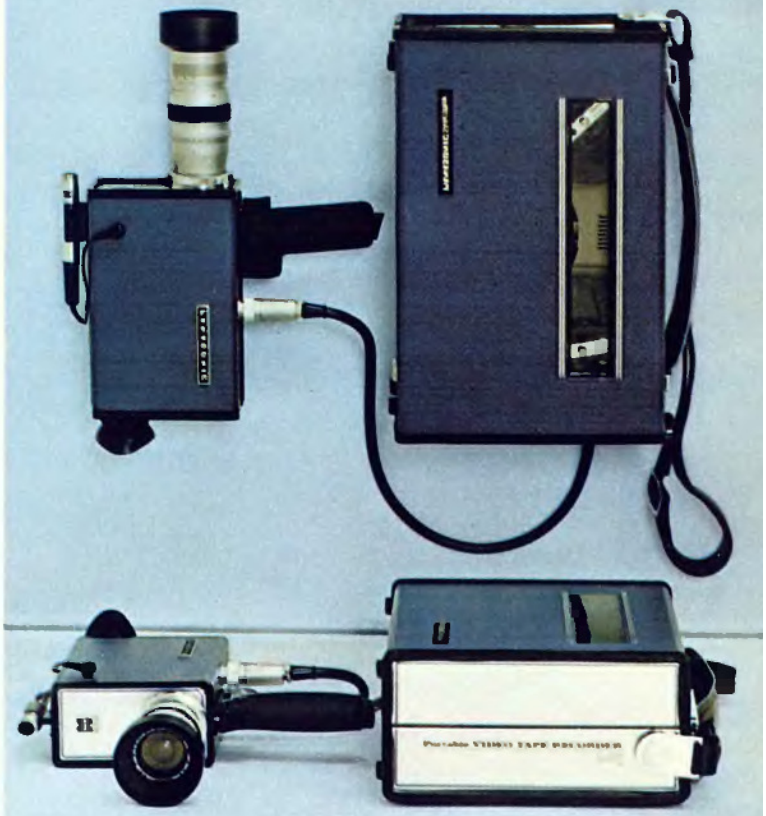
AMPEX Instavideo unit can show your tennis serve in both slow motion and stop action during later replay. Weighing 21 pounds, the model features cartridge load with automotic threading and con play back on home TV sets as well as record off the air (with accessory unit). Available later this year; cost of system—including camera and VCR-505-02 color record/playback deck—$1700.



IT'S A HOT SUMMER'S DAY and you're poolside with friends. You've brought along your camera and sometime during the afternoon, you decide to film the outdoor fun. You suggest that, for a start, everybody take turns going off the high board.

You load the film, yell "Action!" and your girl, prodded by a flash image of herself as star of *Wide World of Sports*, steps to the end of the board

PANASONIC, one of the most modular of the Porta-Paks, consists of a camera, recorder and separate playback-only deck (not shown). Microphone is detachable for audio flexibility when recording at parties. Recorder comes with carrying case. Trade name reads in reverse because a mirror was used to show the top of each unit. Cost of Model NV-3080 recorder and WV-8080 camera only: $1250.



and executes what she feels is a perfect swan. You stop the camera, rewind the film and watch it play back through the view finder. No, that didn't quite make it. She comes across as someone who's hastily abandoning ship. You decide to take the sequence over again, back up once more and reshoot, but you're not worried—you've got up to 30 minutes of shooting time without having to change a reel or

SONY Videorover II can be run on botteries, but comes with an A.C. adapter for use at home. Microphone is built in and electronic view finder doubles as tiny TV screen for viewing instant replay. Tapes are interchangeable with those of other Porta-Paks subscribing to Type I standard. Unit also has automatic shutoff. Model AV-3400 record/playback deck, plus AVC-3400 camera: $1650.

a cartridge, and you go from the high-board bit to a no-holds-barred game of water polo. The action rolls on and you realize with satisfaction that the camera's built-in microphone is picking up the giggles and the shouts in perfect lip-sync sound.

When you get back to your pad, everybody gathers round while you set up for an immediate showing—by plugging your camera equipment into

AKAI demonstrates that low noise of Porta-Pak allows operator to be a candid cameraman. Unit features optical view finding with instant-replay monitor attached to side of record/playback deck. Model VTS-110DX uses ¼-inch tape with 20-minute recording time. Off-the-air record capability is possible from monitor. Cost: $1595. (Model VTS-100S, similar but with fewer features: $1295.)

your home TV set—and watches the afternoon's festivities on the big 25-inch screen, complete with laughter and the sound of splashing water.

Fantastic? Yes. Science fiction? No. You can do it today and it's part of the most important revolution in communication since Gutenberg became a printer. The catch, of course, is that your camera was actually a miniature TV camera connected by a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

short cable to a portable video-tape recorder that uses magnetic tape very similar to the tape you use in your audio-tape recorder, and in much the same way.

Called Porta-Paks, the units record both sight and sound and are becoming available in increasing numbers and models from companies that have long specialized in audio-tape recorders—Sony, Akai, Panasonic, JVC, Ampex and a dozen others. The revolution received its final seal of approval earlier this year in Chicago when Sears, Roebuck ran a two-page newspaper ad for a console-model cartridge television set. The unit will play prerecorded cartridges, record off the air in black and white or color and comes with a small camera with which you can tape your own home "movies." Unlike the Porta-Paks, the camera is attached to the console by an umbilical cord. At the same time, Sony was introducing its "U-matic" video-cassette system, but its market thrust was aimed primarily at industrial users.

Where the revolution's really at, however, is with the proliferating Porta-Paks. With a portable video-tape recorder, you can go almost anyplace and record almost anything—which explains why such units are the favorites of underground video-tape makers eager to present viewpoints seldom seen on commercial television, manufacturers who want to make on-the-spot training tapes, police departments needing a method to record evidence at the scene of a crime, schools anxious to free lecturers from endlessly repeating the same material and companies that figure it's cheaper to send out a dozen taped sales presentations than a dozen live salesmen.

For home users, the possibilities are overwhelming. Granted that the console cartridge—which will eventually open up a vast library of prerecorded material—will free the home viewer from the minimal selection of programs usually offered, the ability to record off the air for viewing later (an ability shared by many Porta-Paks) will also free him from the time tyranny of the local TV schedule. In short, he can become his own program director.

But most important, it means that for the first time, the vast TV audience has a chance to make and screen its own product, that now absolutely anybody can be a star. Or, as *Chicago Daily News* TV critic Norman Mark puts it, "A flick of the switch and there you are, in the same spot where Bob Hope or Johnny Carson was just a moment before." For the average TV addict, *that* possibility may be a heady one, indeed.

Why tape and not film? There are a multitude of reasons, and all of them imply, as one critic claims, that film is yesterday's technology and may well be superseded by tape, whose advantages are manifold:

• Ease of operation. No special knowledge of lenses or film speeds is required; the Porta-Paks are as easy to use as any audio-tape recorder (and easier than some).

• Instant replay—no processing. You can shoot tape and replay it instantly, either on the screen of a monitor TV or (with the aid of an inexpensive converter) on almost any home TV set. You don't have to take your tape to the local tape-recorder shop nor send it away for processing, with the inevitable time lag of at least several days between shooting and finished product.

• Synchronized sound. Conversation, music, etc., are recorded right on the tape, along with the picture. No separate sound-track preparation is required, as is usually the case with film.

• Inexpensive. A half hour of half-inch black-and-white tape will run between $12 and $15 (even less for quarter-inch). A half hour of Super-8 color (which you have to assemble from standard cartridges averaging a little less than three minutes each), developed and with sound, will run about $80—and that's a minimum figure, since most film buffs find they have to shoot three or four times as much actual footage to get exactly what they want.

• Reusable. The $12-to-$15 figure may be misleading. Unlike film, tape can be erased and reused; experts estimate that a reel of tape can be reused perhaps 100 times before the tape shows signs of wear. If, in practice, it turns out to be only a quarter of that, each half-hour shot (assuming you don't want to save the tape for posterity) will still cost less than a dollar. This also means that if you make a mistake, you can rewind the tape (after first verifying the error through instant replay via the electronic view finder or a monitor scope) and reshoot immediately (reshooting automatically erases what you shot before). With film, days may go by before you even discover that you made a mistake—and then you're stuck with it.

• Cheap and immediate copies. It's just as easy to make dupes with video tape as with audio tape.

Put all these assets together and you've got an argument for video tape that more than justifies the initial cost of the equipment ($1600 is the approximate price of the average Porta-Pak, as well as the Sears console). Summarized by Norman Mark, "With film, every time you push the button, you're pushing a lot of money through that camera, plus you have to deal with the fact that Super-8 cartridges are only good for a few minutes. That means you have to plan ahead for all your shots, that you lose spontaneity. With video tape, because it's so cheap and a reel is good for half an hour, you've got freedom of time. You can shoot hours and hours of video tape, erasing and reshooting until you get exactly what you want. And when you show it at home, you don't have to have a special projector or set up a screen or turn off the lights—just plug it into your TV set."

Drawbacks? Compared with some film equipment, a Porta-Pak is expensive, equivalent in price to that of a very good stereo set. The image produced isn't as good as that obtainable with film (though it compares favorably with what you ordinarily get on your home TV set), and small, inexpensive color-TV cameras aren't yet available (though it probably won't be long before they are). Portable video-tape units weigh about 20 pounds, counting the camera and the record/playback deck, as opposed to, say, seven pounds for a Super-8 camera and an accessory audio-tape recorder. Editing isn't as easy as with film (film can be snipped and cemented together again; with tape, you have to rerecord on an editing deck those portions of the original tape or tapes that you wish to retain—though this has the advantage of leaving your original tape intact). Really professional editing in either medium is apt to be tedious and expensive.

There is also a lack of standardization among the various manufacturers. Tape sizes vary, as do recording speeds and systems. The equipment itself is becoming as varied as stereo components, which in the long run will probably be a good thing but initially may pose a problem for the would-be purchaser. As it stands, some decks are complete record/playback units while others only record and the reel of tape has to be shifted to a playback machine for viewing. As far as the half-inch tape units go, more and more companies are shifting to new industry standards (Type I for black and white), so tapes are now interchangeable among most Porta-Paks; that is, a tape made on one machine can usually be played back on another (Sony, Panasonic, Shibaden, Ampex, et al., make half-inch units that subscribe to the Type I standard—though the Ampex tape comes in cartridge form and cannot be used directly on other machines).

Instant-replay facilities also vary from unit to unit, though most decks can be plugged into a monitor screen or, via a converter, into your home TV set. Some units use the camera view finder—which may actually be a miniature TV screen—as a monitor for instant replay while out in the field, which limits viewing to the camera operator. The Akai camera, however, uses an optical-reflex system for view finding, while the instant replay can be seen on a three-inch monitor scope attached to the recording deck.

(continued on page 189)

CHAIRMAN MAO, I PRESUME

you think you really know what nixon did in china? boy, are you in for a surprise

humor **By SOL WEINSTEIN** "East is East and West is West and never the Twain shall meet." We don't recall who said it—Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Stanley Myron Handelman—but whoever did was proved dead wrong when the U.S. and China recently concluded the first stage of their stunning *rapprochement*. By now the world has been surfeited with TV and journalistic coverage of the historic event, but how much of it was truth and how much mere window dressing? After all, haven't we learned from the Pentagon papers, Jack Anderson and Spiro Agnew that governments and the news media have often been guilty of stage-managing events to suit their own nefarious purposes? Not about to be suckered into publishing mendacious handouts, PLAYBOY shrewdly decided to send its own observer to the scene, a man singularly qualified to dig out the real facts. As creator of master spy Israel Bond, he experienced no problems whatsoever sneaking into mainland China. The official Big Bunny jet strayed over the Chinese border and our man bailed out at 20,000 feet, thwarting the Red radar that could have picked up his parachute—by deplaning *(continued on page 122)*

WHEN THE TWERMS CAME

fantasy **By**
ARTHUR C. CLARKE

their invasion fleet was a mickey mouse force, but they had learned earth's most important secret

ILLUSTRATED BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

WE NOW KNOW (LITTLE CONSOLATION THOUGH THIS PROVIDES) THAT THE TWERMS WERE FLEEING FROM THEIR HEREDITARY ENEMIES, THE MUCOIDS, WHEN THEY FIRST DETECTED EARTH ON THEIR FAR-RANGING OMPHALOSCOPES. THEREAFTER, THEY REACTED WITH ASTONISHING SPEED AND CUNNING.

IN A FEW WEEKS OF RADIO MONITORING, THEY ACCUMULATED BILLIONS OF WORDS OF ELECTROPRINT FROM THE SATELLITE NEWSPAD SERVICES. MIRACULOUS LINGUISTS, THEY SWIFTLY MASTERED THE MAIN TERRESTRIAL LANGUAGES...

...MORE THAN THAT, THEY ANALYZED OUR CULTURE, OUR TECHNOLOGY, OUR POLITICAL-ECONOMIC SYSTEMS—OUR DEFENSES, THEIR KEEN INTELLECTS, GOADED BY DESPERATION, TOOK ONLY MONTHS TO IDENTIFY OUR WEAK POINTS AND TO DEVISE A DIABOLICALLY EFFECTIVE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

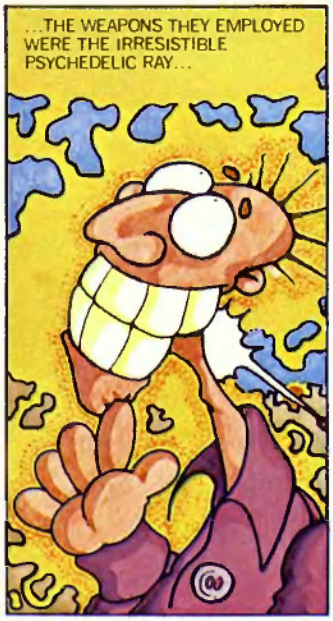
THEY KNEW THAT THE U.S. AND THE U.S.S.R. POSSESSED BETWEEN THEM ALMOST A TERATON OF WAR HEADS. THE 15 OTHER...

...NUCLEAR POWERS MIGHT MUSTER ONLY A FEW SCORE GIGATONS AND LIMITED DELIVERY SYSTEMS, BUT EVEN THIS MODEST CONTRIBUTION COULD BE EMBARRASSING TO AN INVADER. IT WAS THEREFORE ESSENTIAL THAT THE ASSAULT BE SWIFT, TOTALLY UNEXPECTED AND ABSOLUTELY OVERWHELMING. PERHAPS THEY DID CONSIDER A DIRECT ATTACK ON THE PENTAGON, THE RED FORT, THE KREMLIN AND THE OTHER CENTERS OF MILITARY POWER. IF SO, THEY SOON DISMISSED SUCH NAIVE CONCEPTS.

WITH A SUBTLETY THAT, AFTER THE EVENT, WE CAN NOW RUEFULLY APPRECIATE...

...THEY SELECTED OUR MOST COMPACT, AND MOST VULNERABLE, AREA OF SENSITIVITY. THEIR INSULTINGLY MINUSCULE FLEET ATTACKED AT FOUR A.M. EUROPEAN TIME ON A WET SUNDAY MORNING...

...THE WEAPONS THEY EMPLOYED WERE THE IRRESISTIBLE PSYCHEDELIC RAY...

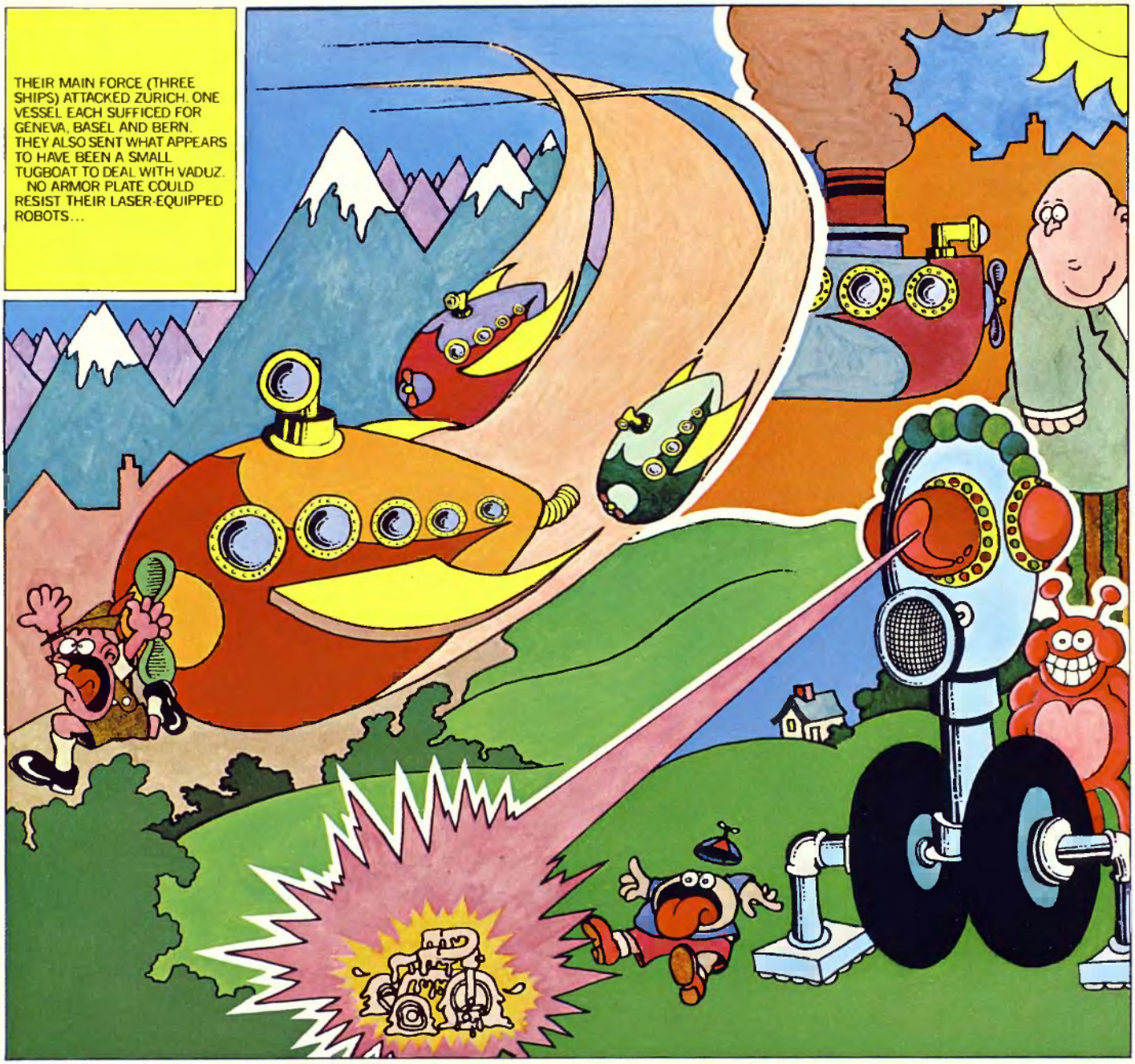


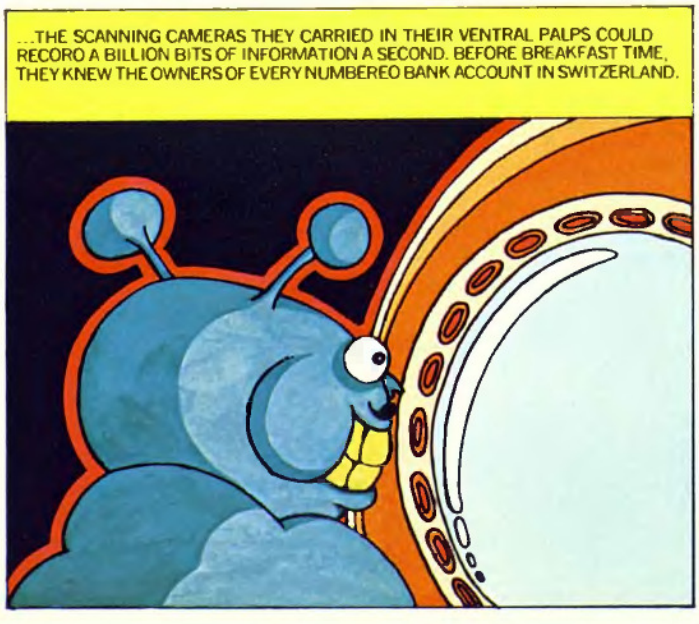
...THE ITCHING BEAM (WHICH TURNED STAID BURGHERS INTO INSTANT NUDISTS)...

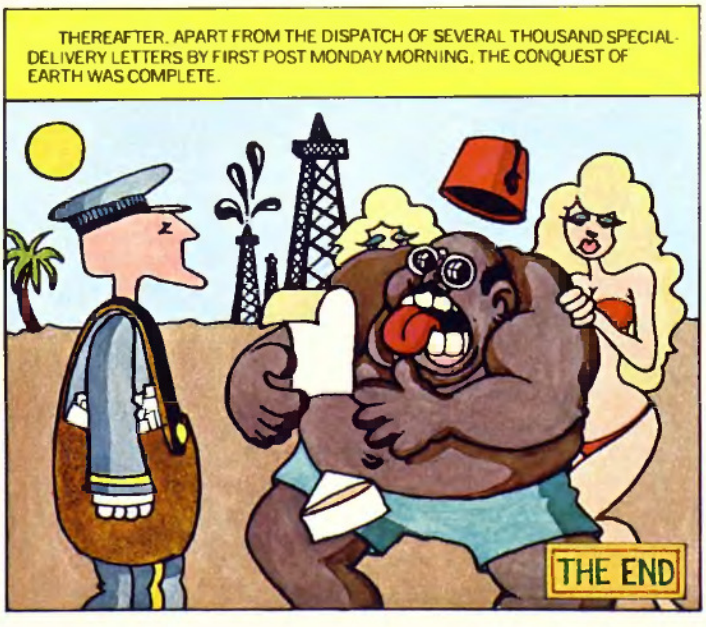
...THE DREADED DIARRHEA BOMB...

...AND THE DEBILITATING TUMESCENT AEROSOL SPRAY...

...THE TOTAL HUMAN CASUALTIES WERE 36, MOSTLY THROUGH EXHAUSTION OR HEART FAILURE.


THEIR MAIN FORCE (THREE SHIPS) ATTACKED ZURICH. ONE VESSEL EACH SUFFICED FOR GENEVA, BASEL AND BERN. THEY ALSO SENT WHAT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN A SMALL TUGBOAT TO DEAL WITH VADUZ.
NO ARMOR PLATE COULD RESIST THEIR LASER-EQUIPPED ROBOTS...


...THE SCANNING CAMERAS THEY CARRIED IN THEIR VENTRAL PALPS COULD RECORD A BILLION BITS OF INFORMATION A SECOND. BEFORE BREAKFAST TIME, THEY KNEW THE OWNERS OF EVERY NUMBERED BANK ACCOUNT IN SWITZERLAND.


THEREAFTER, APART FROM THE DISPATCH OF SEVERAL THOUSAND SPECIAL-DELIVERY LETTERS BY FIRST POST MONDAY MORNING, THE CONQUEST OF EARTH WAS COMPLETE.
THE END

CHAIRMAN MAO, I PRESUME

(continued from page 119)

without one. In the process, he shattered the world record for free falling, plus a few vital organs. After the conference disbanded, he stole out of China in an atomic-powered sampan and filed the following hard-nosed dispatch.

• • •

WITH THE NIXON PARTY IN CHINA: Standing an arm's length from the Great Wall of China to which he and his official party had been ferried by helicopter on this, his first ceremonial day of the Opening of the East, Richard Milhous Nixon, President of the United States of America, had a queasy feeling that his response to Chou's welcoming oration had thus far been an unmitigated disaster.

It had gone downhill from the outset, when, at the moment he'd gazed at the wall, he'd surrendered to an old hawkish strain coursing somewhere deep inside and, before he could check it, he'd cocked a bellicose fist at the 30-foot-high structure and thundered, *"Ich bin ein Berliner!,"* which had evoked a strangulated gasp from Henry Kissinger and a *moue* of disdainful amusement from Chou.

Well, it was time to recoup by humanizing his summation, by scrapping the leaden clichés that had drawn no more than scattered handfuls of polite applause from the sea of yellow ringing the platform. "And so, Mr. Chairman and Mr. Premier, if I may digress from my prepared remarks" (No, no! Kissinger winced, a hint of fear on his usually imperturbable visage), "as we launch these discussions on matters vital to our two great nations, let me just say that this architectural wonder of the world, this truly great Great Wall of China"—he smartly jabbed out a debater's finger, made contact, gulped as a section of the wall buckled and collapsed with a roar into a mound of rubble, then cringed as an irate murmur like 3,000,000 disturbed yellow jackets escaped from as many throats. "I'll have George Meany send over a wonderful gang of American hard-hats; they'll have that break repaired in a jiffy and it won't cost you fellas—and get this one, now," and the Quaker chuckled, for here was his initial opportunity to zing in the first of reams of sure-fire Chinese jokes supplied him by the *Laugh-In* writers as a reward for an appearance he'd made on the show before his election, "a Red cent!"

"Spies!" roared a Chinese general, in a typical knee-jerk reaction. "These hard-hats will all be saboteurs, bourgeois revisionists!"

"Shut up, you fool!" Chou snapped. "If we play our fan-tan right, we'll get them to fix the whole cockamamie wall for nothing." Out of respect to Mao, however, he and the others looked to their leader for a policy guideline covering the contretemps, but the old man, looking far off to the horizon, muttered mechanically, "The guerrillas are the fish and the people are the sea. . . ."

Senile, the Quaker exulted. By Heaven, the old war horse is senile! Heartened by the thought, he ad-libbed his way onward. "This wall, once constructed to keep out China's ancient foes, can now become a"—he snapped his fingers—"a bridge over troubled waters."

His speech was shattered by an ackacklike burst of Chinese. The Quaker's eyes messaged those of his crewcut, sandy-haired interpreter, Major Duane Wescott: What are they saying, Major? And Wescott whispered, "It's Chinese for schmuck, sir."

"Better wind it up, Mr. President," Kissinger chirped.

With a barely audible "Thank you, Mr. Chairman and Mr. Premier," the Quaker sat down heavily, tugged a hanky from the breast pocket of his dark suit and blotted up the moisture from his glistening jowls. Whew! That had been a toughie, maybe worse than the first Kennedy TV debate or even the "Checkers" speech. I never realized there were so many of those sneaky little cockers. . . .

A few minutes later, he was aboard the Presidential helicopter. "Henry," the Quaker said, tapping his aide's shoulder, "what's your assessment of our performance back there?"

"You did fine, sir," Kissinger answered woodenly, his own thoughts thousands of miles away at a Hollywood poolside where Jill St. John at that very moment was working suntan lotion lovingly into her splendid limbs.

"Sirs!" Kissinger was jolted out of his reverie by the excited pilot. "Look down there!"

Stretched out on the ground, some two miles below, as far as the eye could see, were the words: WELCOME TO THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA, NUMBER ONE RUNNING DOG OF THE PAPER TIGER IMPERIALIST WORLD. WHILE YOU'RE IN TOWN, WHY NOT PICK UP A COPY OF "QUOTATIONS FROM THE CHAIRMAN" NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK AT $1.25 IN YOUR FAST WEAKENING CAPITALISTIC CURRENCY?

"Wow!" ejaculated the awe-struck pilot. "Three million gooks have spelled out that greeting with their bodies."

"Very impressive," the Quaker reflected. "I've seen some really swell card-section work at USC-UCLA games, but nothing to match this. Not a misspelling or a comma out of place. You know, there's a lot of discipline in this country that, if harnessed properly, could fit quite neatly into our scheme of things. Dollars to doughnuts those kids down there don't squander their energies on pot."

"Sir!" The pilot's second interruption held extreme anxiety. "I've just been ordered by Chicom control to tell you and Dr. Kissinger to shield your eyes on the double!"

"What the——" But the Quaker complied and Kissinger also screwed his eyes shut. It wasn't enough to entirely ward off the sudden bright flash, and when they opened their eyes and felt the copter buffeting, they shuddered at the mushroom cloud boiling up out of the gigantic word formation. For a minute, the greeting wavered like a column of driver ants scattered by the wheels of a safari lorry, then it pulled tightly back into formation again.

"My God!" the Quaker raged. "They've set off a nuke! Are they stark raving mad, endangering the President of the United States like that? Do they want a holocaust, because, by God, if they do. . . ."

In the rear of the chopper trembled the omnipresent Presidential shadow, sandy-haired, crewcut Brigadier General Lane Prescott, who kept in his lap a black box containing the codes that would unleash a nuclear World War Three. *Oh, Lord, this is it . . . this is it. . . .*

"There's nothing to be concerned about, Mr. President," Kissinger remarked matter-of-factly, manifesting his storied cool in the face of the unexpected, for his methodical mind had already accounted for this bizarre Chinese stratagem.

"I can think of at least four reasons why Mao—and, most certainly, this is his handiwork, not Chou's—ordered this little fireworks display, which, incidentally, sir, I wouldn't worry about too much. It didn't amount to more than a kiloton, or one twentieth of the Hiroshima blast, so our excellent pilot should have no trouble skirting the cloud. One, the old boy wants to remind you he has the bomb and isn't at all hesitant about using it. Two, he's demonstrating graphically he doesn't give a damn about expending Chinese lives if it ever comes to an all-out show, and I'm sure he just used up a hundred thousand or so. Three, he wants you to note how disciplined and fearless his legions are; see how they're ignoring the heat and radioactivity by re-forming the greeting? And four, he's trying to gouge an extra quarter out of you. Look at the statement now."

The Quaker peeked down, noting that the figure now read $1.50.

"If I were you, Mr. President," Kissinger said, "I'd ignore Mao's pyrotechnics completely. I'm sure you've spotted his senescence and reckoned it will be invaluable to us when you start dickering."

"You're correct, as usual, Henry," the Quaker said. Then, turning to address the ashen-faced code carrier, he solemnly

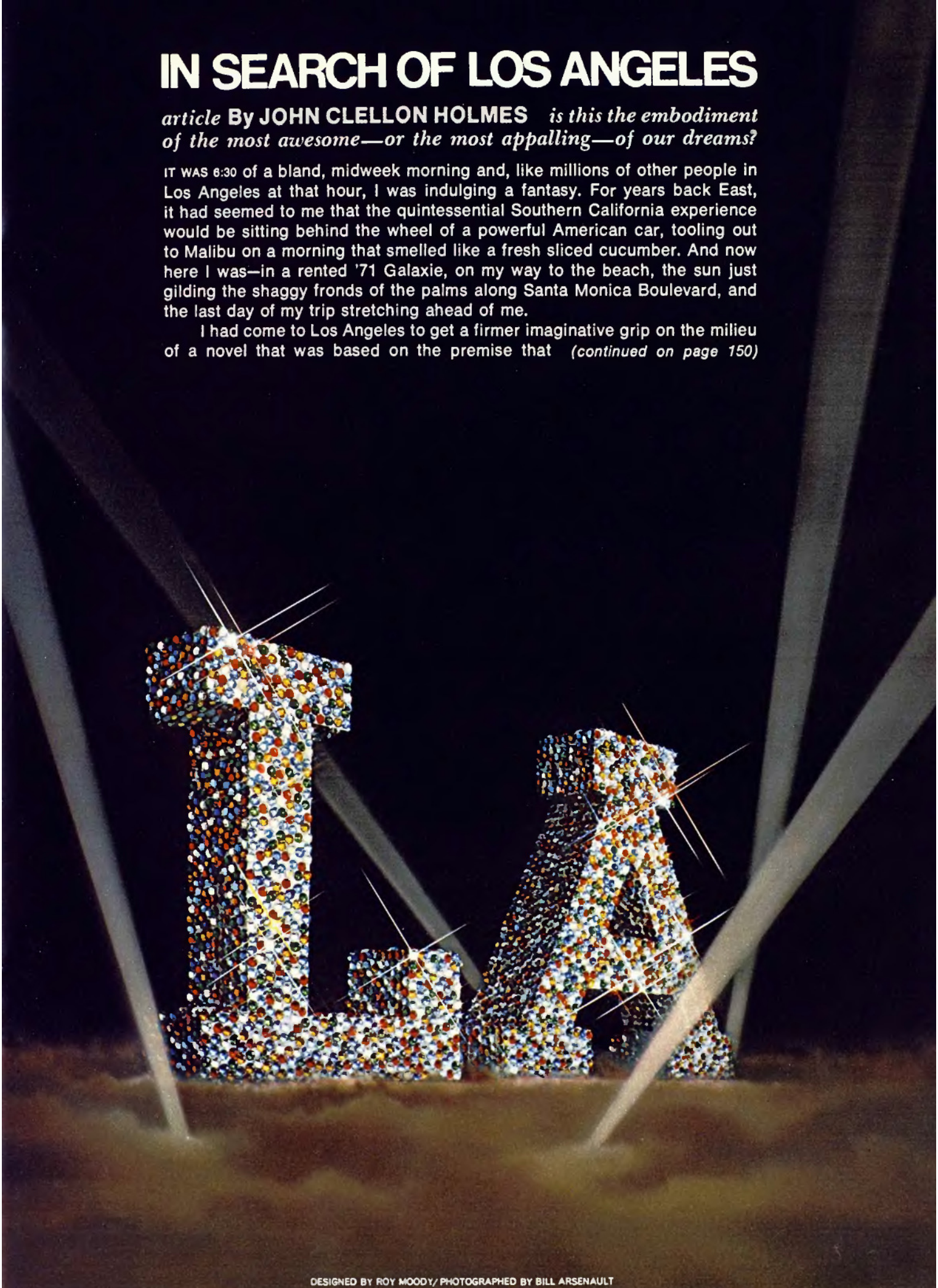
(continued on page 194)

IN SEARCH OF LOS ANGELES

article **By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES** *is this the embodiment of the most awesome—or the most appalling—of our dreams?*

IT WAS 6:30 of a bland, midweek morning and, like millions of other people in Los Angeles at that hour, I was indulging a fantasy. For years back East, it had seemed to me that the quintessential Southern California experience would be sitting behind the wheel of a powerful American car, tooling out to Malibu on a morning that smelled like a fresh sliced cucumber. And now here I was—in a rented '71 Galaxie, on my way to the beach, the sun just gilding the shaggy fronds of the palms along Santa Monica Boulevard, and the last day of my trip stretching ahead of me.

I had come to Los Angeles to get a firmer imaginative grip on the milieu of a novel that was based on the premise that *(continued on page 150)*



DESIGNED BY ROY MOODY/ PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL ARSENAULT

riviera idyl

who was the mysterious old clown whose comedy had made two grown-up children happy?

fiction **By WILLIAM FIFIELD** ALL OUR PRETTY WORLD, so carefully built, collapsed in a day. Her hubsand in Paris assumed that she was with relatives in Lyons; my wife in London believed that I was working out details of a contract in Milan. As for us, we were supposed to be looking, from our villa balcony in Grimaldi, at the diamond glitter of Monte Carlo and Nice starring the soft darkness of the coast—and we were meant to say the age-old things that all lovers say. Hopes, lies, scenery, endearments, intoxication: mud. An hour after we had unpacked, the rain began. Another hour later, we had our first vicious quarrel.

Early the next morning, I took a lonely walk in the downpour. I came across an abandoned quarry in the hills, strewn with rotting carnations, and I saw a beautiful, amber Persian cat chewing at the throat of a dead rat. A morbidity seemed to rise from the ground as I walked on. The smell of jasmine became intolerably sweet. The coast line had disappeared in a vast silver tarnish, and up above Ventimiglia in the pre-Alps, the rivulets had flooded. They came together in a torrent at the break in the *(continued on page 236)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE ROTH

denver's deanna baker leads a liberated life as pool bunny, judo expert, part-time entrepreneur and full-time conservationist

FREEDOM NOW!

DEANNA BAKER, 22, lives across the street from Denver's Hungarian Freedom Park. "Somehow, I think that's significant," she says. "It's not so much the monument to the Hungarian patriots of 1956—but the name of the place, *Freedom* Park, that means something special to me." Any keyholder who visits Denver's Playboy Club and plays a round of bumper pool with the expert Miss Baker is likely to feel there's something special about her as well. Deanna, who was raised in Kirksville, Missouri, a small state-college town of about 16,000, moved to Denver in 1969. "I simply had to make a change in my life, get away from home," she says, "and Denver seemed like a good place to try it." In June 1970, she began working as a Bunny and she's been sharpening her cue technique ever since. Besides a marked improvement in her massé shot, Deanna feels her job has brought her other benefits. "As a Pool Bunny, I have an opportunity to establish one-to-one relationships with Club guests on a basis other than 'Can I get

Far left: For severol years, Deanna has actively pursued the ancient Japanese art of judo. As she dons the loosely fitting gi, Miss Baker thinks about some holds she learned in her last class. Near left: After o brief review period, Deanna and instructor Jack Oliver practice a fall. "Many men I've met cringe when I tell them I've taken judo," she says. "They don't realize that a woman, no matter haw skilled she is, will usually avoid striking an oppanent; she'll just try to surprise him enough sa she can escape."

Miss Baker proves to be a formidable student as she braces for a standing throw on Oliver (left). Deanna claims she's had to use her training only once: "A seemingly strait-laced businessman offered me a lift," she recalls, "but it turned out he wanted to take me for mare than a ride. Luckily, I remembered how to do the break fall, which distributes an impact along the side of your bady. So I leoped aut of the car, and all I got was a few scratches." Above: Class over, Deanna hurries home.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER AND BRUCE MC BROOM

Whenever she can, Deanna leaves the city for the less confining atmosphere of a friend's ranch in the foothills, where the attractions include several pieces of whimsical playground equipment (left). "I guess toys appeal to the kid in me," she says.

you another cocktail, sir?' Lately, perhaps because of this experience, I've sensed that I've become more flexible and understanding in dealing with people." A formidable opponent at the pool table, Deanna excels at more strenuous sports, too. While in high school, she competed in track-and-field events and organized a girls' softball team. After graduation, Deanna took a job as copy writer and secretary for a hometown radio-and-television station. "Then I went to work at an osteopathic hospital. Partly out of boredom and partly because I think every woman can use some education in self-defense, I also enrolled in a judo class." Although judo degrees are awarded at a *shiai* (certified competition), Deanna has attained the equivalent of a brown belt in unofficial contests. At present, she's involved in efforts to preserve the Colorado mountain wilderness. To raise funds, Miss Baker is participating with a friend in a novel entrepreneurial venture. "The idea," she says, "is to develop a business that deals directly with the long-hairs and counterculture kids who distrust most business enterprises. We are selling head products like pipes, sheepskins and Indian incense. Our goal, when we start making enough money, is to buy land in the Rockies. My personal dream is to restore a mountain area to its ecological balance—and I'm determined to do it, even if I have to move onto the property and do all the work myself." That seems an unlikely prospect; we'll venture a guess Deanna will have no trouble recruiting whole brigades of willing volunteers, whatever project she sets her mind to.

A balming bath readies Deanna for her Club duties, which begin with the selection of an apprapriate Bunny Costume (below left) and a zip-up assist from a fellow cottantail, Carol Ann Hughes (below). "I laok forward to wark each time I ga," says Miss Baker, "although I'm glad it's only three nights a week. I'm not really a salitary person, but I need a lot of time that's all my own. I suppose the ambitian of many Playmates is to madel or act; the idea of having a regular career just doesn't turn me an."

After a last-minute adjustment with Carol and another Bunny, Kathy Graham (far left), Deanna is at her bumper-pool post in the Denver hutch (near left), ready ta take an all challengers for the *Vici Cuniculam* (I Beat the Bunny) award. "People are always asking me what I'd like ta da if I ever stapped working as a Bunny," she says. "Well, I don't want to get trapped into speculating too much about the future, but I may soon enroll in some art classes at Metropolitan State in Denver. Who knows, I might even teach."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The exceedingly well-engineered blonde in hotpants was hawking mechanical pencils on the street. Intrigued, the handsome executive stopped to satisfy his curiosity.

"They're a quarter each, sir," said the girl, "and each one comes filled with lead—and if you want to expel the lead from your pencil, you can do so at my apartment right around the corner for an additional twenty dollars."

An ecology expert we know says that air pollution is really making us pay through the nose.

Huh!" snorted the girl to the nervous young man beside her. "Here you were telling me all those stories about the orgies you said you'd been to, and now that we're in bed together you can't do a thing!"

"I know, I know," muttered the fellow, "but I've never been *alone* with a girl before."

Sign in a gay nudist colony: GENTLEMEN PLAYING LEAPFROG ARE REQUESTED TO COMPLETE THEIR LEAPS.

The aspiring young actress had found rough going in the big city and eventually switched from walk-on bits to a live sex show. "Mom," she said during a long-distance call back to the farm, "I'm doing a new dramatic role. I opened last night."

"What part do you play, dear?"

"Well, it's a little difficult to describe to you, Mom. I'm what I suppose you might call a girl underdog, very much put upon. I don't get to say a lot, except for some quite dramatic exclamations at the end, but I'm involved in plenty of movement and stage business that keeps me the center of attention."

"That sounds wonderful, darling. I hope your opening was a success. Did many people come?"

"Yes, Mom, and they were most responsive. When I finished, I don't think there was a dry handkerchief in the house."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *quickie* as a moment's piece.

A week after their marriage, the newlyweds paid a visit to their doctor. She waited while her husband went into the office.

"I can't figure it out, Doc," said the young man, "but my testicles are turning blue."

The doctor examined him and then asked the wife to step in.

"Are you using the diaphragm that I suggested?" questioned the medical man.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"What kind of jelly are you using?"

"Grape."

Little Johnny, visiting the zoo with his father, stared in fascination at the elephant. "Hey, Pop," he asked, "what's that thing hanging down?"

"Why, that's the elephant's trunk," his father replied.

"No, I mean there, in back."

"Oh, the tail."

"Nah," Johnny persisted. "I mean there, between his legs."

"That's the elephant's penis."

"That's funny," Johnny mused. "Last time we were here, Mommy said it was nothing."

"Well, son," replied his father, "you must remember your mother is a very spoiled woman."

With the current popularity of mate swapping in some circles, we wonder if there wouldn't be a market for a directory titled *Who's Whose*.

Two middle-aged gentlemen in the club locker room were discussing their sex-organ transplants. "Mine cost five thousand dollars," said the first fellow, "but it sure was worth it. I'm a new man now, ready for anything!"

"Mine cost much less than that," said the second man, "but it's been a disappointment."

"No wonder," said the first fellow, taking a closer look. "That's my trade-in!"

Someone has told us that a Voyeurs' Liberation Front is being organized. Its slogan? "Power to the Peephole!" of course.

The married couple was having a heated argument. Finally, the wife exclaimed, "I was a fool when I married you!"

"I suppose you were," the husband calmly replied, "but I was so horny at the time that I didn't even notice."

An old man was polishing the antique lamp he'd just purchased in a junk shop, when a genie popped out of a cloud of smoke and granted him three wishes. The lucky lamp owner immediately asked for a new car and $10,000,000, whereupon a shiny Cadillac filled with stacks of $1000 bills appeared. His eyes gleaming, the elderly fellow used his last wish. "I want to be between the thighs of a beautiful woman."

The genie vanished back into the lamp and the old gentleman turned into a Tampax.

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.*

"Hold it!"

"FOR MY NEXT ACT, I'M GOING TO SET MYSELF ON FIRE"

craig breedlove, a deposed land-speed king with a prince valiant haircut, is again eying the bonneville salt flats—so back up, everybody

personality **By WILLIAM NEELY** HE JOGS ALONG Redondo Beach every morning now, not because he's worried about the flatness of his stomach; his stomach is way down on the list of things he has to worry about. Jogging is just the ritual, the thing he has to do; you screw up the ritual and who knows? His run always ends at a place called the Surf Boarder, where he strides in, glistening, tanned, with that Prince Valiant flyaway hairdo and, at that time of the morning, he looks pretty much like everybody else in there. They're surfy people, kids, mostly, and they eat breakfast family style at long tables: steel-cut oatmeal with brown sugar. Not that it tastes good; in fact, it tastes lousy. But it's just anti-establishment enough to go down smoothly. And the nice thing about all this is that they greet him with a certain offhand touch of respect, they even talk to him, and they realize that he is somebody. Not really famous. But, well, you know . . . somebody. He's getting by. He still has all his fingers and toes, which is a wonder just for openers. *(continued on page 140)*

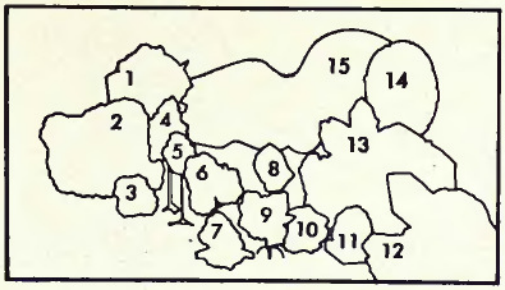
ILLUSTRATION BY KEN GRANING

HOT ROCKS

to help you get properly stoned —a mother lode of objets d'art

PICKING UP STONES began almost as soon as man developed his unique and utile thumb. First he threw them at small game, then he put them on sticks and made spears, and soon he discovered that if he polished them and gave them to Raquel Welch (who was always fighting dinosaurs in the next valley), it might induce her to share his cave on cold winter nights. With luck like that, it followed that he would begin to worship rocks, regarding them as magic amulets and talismans; by the time of the first Chinese and Egyptian dynasties, great treasure houses of precious and semiprecious stones were being accumulated by kings. Today, an exceptional rock specimen—not a true jewel but a rose-quartz crystal, say—may be priced as high as $25,000, while other stones are so inexpensive or so easy to find that anybody can afford a few to highlight his den. Sotheby's of London and Parke-Bernet in New York City and Los Angeles now hold rock auctions, and prestigious stores such as Bullock's, Marshall Field, Bonwit Teller, Burdines, Harrods and others the world over are doing a brisk business in handsomely mounted rocks to be displayed as one would small pieces of sculpture. Like sculpture, rocks come in an almost infinite variety of colors, *(concluded on page 194)*

Following the numbers: 1. A 12" x 14" specimen of angel-wing calcite formed by the seepage of mineral-enriched waters, $300; 2. Geode lined with dazzling amethyst crystals, found in Brazil, $1500; 3. Iran pyrite, or fool's gold, mined on the island of Elba, $150; 4. Calcite-spar crystals from Mexico that are mounted on an 18th Century French shoe rack, $55, complete; 5. Calcite crystals from Niaca, Mexica, $35, including stand; 6. Selenite crystal "flowers" from Texas lake beds, $55, including stand; 7. Two minerals, orpiment and realgar, mounted on a Lucite base, $15; 8. Acid-etched chalcopyrite ore, $35, including stand; 9. Selenite crystals, a variety of gypsum, $35, including stand; 10. Extremely rare wulfenite crystals from Mexico, $250; 11. Geode lined with amethyst crystals, $35, including Lucite stand; 12. Quartz-crystal cluster from Brazil covered with razor-thin flakes of mica, $450; 13. Exceptionally large quartz-crystal cluster that has adhered to a piece of orthoclase crystal, $750; 14. Fossil oak-tree round of agate, found in the Deschutes River of Oregon, is approximately 26,000,000 years old and measures 10" in diameter, $150, including stainless-steel stand; all from Arthur Court Designs. 15. Background marble sculpture by California artist C. B. Johnson measures 58" x 15", from Galerie de Tours, $1500.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED LYONS

FOR MY NEXT ACT

(continued from page 136)

None of his scars show and he still has this white-on-white smile that looks like he's had his whole head lighted from the inside. He's getting all the sex he can handle, which is considerable and would be more if it weren't for his schedule. And, for breakfast, to go with the oatmeal, he orders pure cream. Warmed, please. It's maybe the only action that ever gives him away. A man can take a whole lot of crap going from the top to the bottom; a lot of civilian banalities may be visited upon him; but he must cling to the ritual.

This is Craig Breedlove, who is now coming back. He is most assuredly coming back, because someone, somewhere out there, is going to sponsor him and —sure as hell—he is going to build another god-awful monster jet car and go out and try to regain the world land speed record. Now, a certain amount of such romance is fine. But if Breedlove is ever going to do it, his car is going to have to be something special—little more than some metal bolted around a rocket engine, because the car that took his world record of 600 miles per hour away is the fiercest thing so far, a 58,000-horsepower creature so damned frightful that people can hardly bear to look at it.

All this is a sport, Breedlove's game, but it ranks on the far fringe of the definition. You can't even watch it being played: The United States Auto Club makes everybody stand more than a half mile away from the measured-mile course on the Utah Salt Flats and all one can see is a shimmering whoosh. Drivers sometimes die going for this record, but they die in a distant puff of fiberglass and exploding engines and a spectator is never sure until the ambulance comes back. Breedlove has come closer to the fiery burst than any driver in the history of the sport—pirouetting out of control at 500 mph—and it scared him witless.

Once Breedlove started crashing at one end of the Bonneville Salt Flats at over 400 mph and he continued on and on for five agonizing miles, finally diving his 38-foot-long car into a lake full of salt water at roughly the same speed as a heavy plane falling out of the sky. Somewhere along there, with his nice sense of crash timing, he had the foresight to reach out and unsnap the canopy to his cockpit; then, also somewhere along there, he swam out of the car and to the edge of the lake, where he lay down on his stomach.

He was still witless when the crew came scrambling along the bank looking for his body; the sponsor's (Goodyear Tires) man came first, a personal friend. There followed one of those historic exchanges that take place only in this particular sport: "Now, for my next act," Breedlove said, "I'm going to set myself on fire."

Still giddy for the newsreels, his eyes glassy, as though he were stoned; he laughed hysterically and, occasionally, his expression went blank. He repeated his good line for the tape recorders and cameras; there was a lot of self-conscious backslapping and Breedlove's voice was an octave higher than usual.

Now he wants to go back and do it all over again. Do it better, cleaner, if possible, and definitely faster—because if he doesn't get the record back this time, he's washed up for good. Nobody would touch him after that; he can't stand another failure. Right now, however, someone *will* sponsor him, because Breedlove may be giddy and he may have that trick haircut, but he is still a grown-up man of enormous assurance and bravery. He is also one hell of a driver; he is to driving those big cars what Manolete was to working those big bulls, and one must remember that Manolete seemed a bit fey, too.

Land speed record drivers can be anything they want to be, really; nothing matters but driving those big creatures at fantastic speeds, all stretched out, not being really in control of it but maybe being, well, lucky as hell. They are a small, select union of craftsmen, always articulate, if not brilliant, but thoroughly special. Consider Art Arfons, a man of ham hands and soul, the driver of a homemade junk jet called the Green Monster. Arfons once shared the salt flats with Mario Andretti, an Indianapolis 500 driver of far more courage than good sense. Andretti, who stands about as high as a Ford Pinto, has been in so many crashes that his skin looks dappled. This time, he was out on the flats to test prototype cars for Ford, part of the payoff chores he must do because they supply him with Indy engines.

Arfons had just finished driving the Monster at something like 540 mph when Andretti arrived. Later, Arfons would crash in an absolute fireball of flying parts (and survive, though grievously injured, even to the point of having salt pounded under his eyelids). But now, he pulled a companion aside.

"You see that Andretti?" Arfons said. "He's my goddamn hero; man, I mean, he is a brave little mother. You see those little bitty cars he drives? *Scary*, man."

Andretti came over. They shook hands. Mario told Arfons that he was *his* hero. They were assuredly not kidding each other.

"Listen, Mario," Arfons said. "You wanna take a run in my car here? It isn't tough to steer or anything like that."

Mario was hoisted up and he looked into the cockpit appraisingly. Then he shook his head at Arfons.

"Man," he said, "I don't see how you can fit into that little old cockpit with the big balls it takes to drive this car."

Indeed. Land speed drivers are, exactly, certainly ballsy and any man has a right to go to hell in his own fashion. Breedlove is easily as brave as both Arfons and Andretti, or anybody else one can find in the sport. His clean, photogenic, gamin, go-to-hell quality may be the edge he needs in hunting for someone to buy him a new car. If Breedlove got the record back, he would be a dandy maker of public appearances, signer of autographs, splendid breakfast companion. Pure, warm cream and all.

It's also possible that Breedlove may be the final distillation, the end product of a couple of generations of these Bonneville maniacs. Consider the late Ab Jenkins, who started it all. There were other drivers before Jenkins, but he was the first to bring it the real cachet of glamor, the first to cash in on land speed. Jenkins parted his hair in the middle and wore a cap, a shirt and tie while driving (the ends of his shirt collars always curled up). He drove everything from a supercharged Auburn to his big Mormon Meteor. In 1940, Jenkins was the darling of his age at 189 mph. Then he quit driving and the adoring crowds elected him mayor of Salt Lake City, where he may have set another record as an inept administrator. And they put the Mormon Meteor in a big glass, practically hermetically sealed catafalque in the Utah State Capitol at the head of State Street, where it still sits today.

There were others: A succession of Britishers kept carting the record back to England and then promptly killing themselves in some other bizarre racing activity, like jet-powered boats. Both John Cobb, who established the record at 394 in 1947, and Donald Campbell, son of earlier record holder Sir Malcolm Campbell, died in water speed record attempts. Young Donald had come to the salt flats with the first full crew of workmen and the world's first permanent, floating, portable garage with every tool known to man—and a car, the Bluebird, that had cost its British industrial backers $6,000,000. It never, if you'll pardon the expression, got off the ground, but Campbell took a few days off between runs, went to Las Vegas and picked out his future wife from a chorus line. Perhaps Cobb and Campbell together and unknowing, but by the very force of their Bijou newsreel dash and unvarnished glamor, created Craig Breedlove.

Breedlove became, in this order: a builder of model airplanes, a lover, a driver, a lover, a tinkerer, an amateur

(continued on page 176)

"Fred, how could you?! This is the closet where we first met."

article By ALAN WATTS

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

The Sound of Rain

during a pilgrimage in search of zen's true meaning, a few words provide a great revelation

ALTHOUGH I HAVE always been following the sun to the West, I have at last come to love the rain as well, especially in the dry California hills, where the burnished grass so easily takes fire. Better yet, though, are the spring and autumn rains of Japan. Despite the fascination I have had for the Far East since reading about Dr. Fu Manchu at the age of 11 and Lafcadio Hearn's *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields* at the age of 14, I didn't reach Japan until I was 46. From all I had heard about its frantic industrialization, I was prepared to be completely disillusioned. But I went, and have returned three times.

One would suppose that, in view of my lifelong interest in Zen Buddhism, I would have gone there years before to undertake the monastic discipline of living Zen, sit at the feet of a master, attain enlightenment and come back with a certificate to prove it. I have nothing at all against that, but it isn't my way. And when at last I did get to Japan, I didn't rush off to a Zen school to gobble up all the wisdom I could. I went to look and to listen, and to see things in a way that insiders often miss; and I found what I wanted—albeit with the help of two Zenmasters. It was the sound of rain.

Zen Buddhism fascinates Westerners because its way of teaching is quite unlike that of any other religion, if religion it is. It has no dogma, requires no particular belief and neither deals in abstractions nor harps on morality. Then what, of religion or philosophy, is left? All and nothing, for Zen deals with reality—the universe—as it is, and not as it is thought about and described. The heart of Zen is not an idea but an experience, and when that experience happens—and happens is just the right word—you are set free from ideas altogether. Certainly, you can still use them, but you no longer take them seriously.

Picture yourself, then, as a person earnestly concerned about making sense of life, of a world involving intense pleasure and appalling pain, and trying to understand how and why there is this weird sensation called myself in the middle of it all. You have heard that there is a great master, a sage, who can give you the answer—not in terms of some fancy theory but in terms of the thing itself, so that you will never feel the same again, and that sensation called myself will have been turned upside down and inside out. You approach the master and, perhaps with some difficulty, get an interview. You have thought out your questions most carefully, but just as you are about to open your mouth, he yells "Ho!" at the top of his voice. You are nonplused and he asks what's puzzling you. You begin, "Well, I came to ask——"

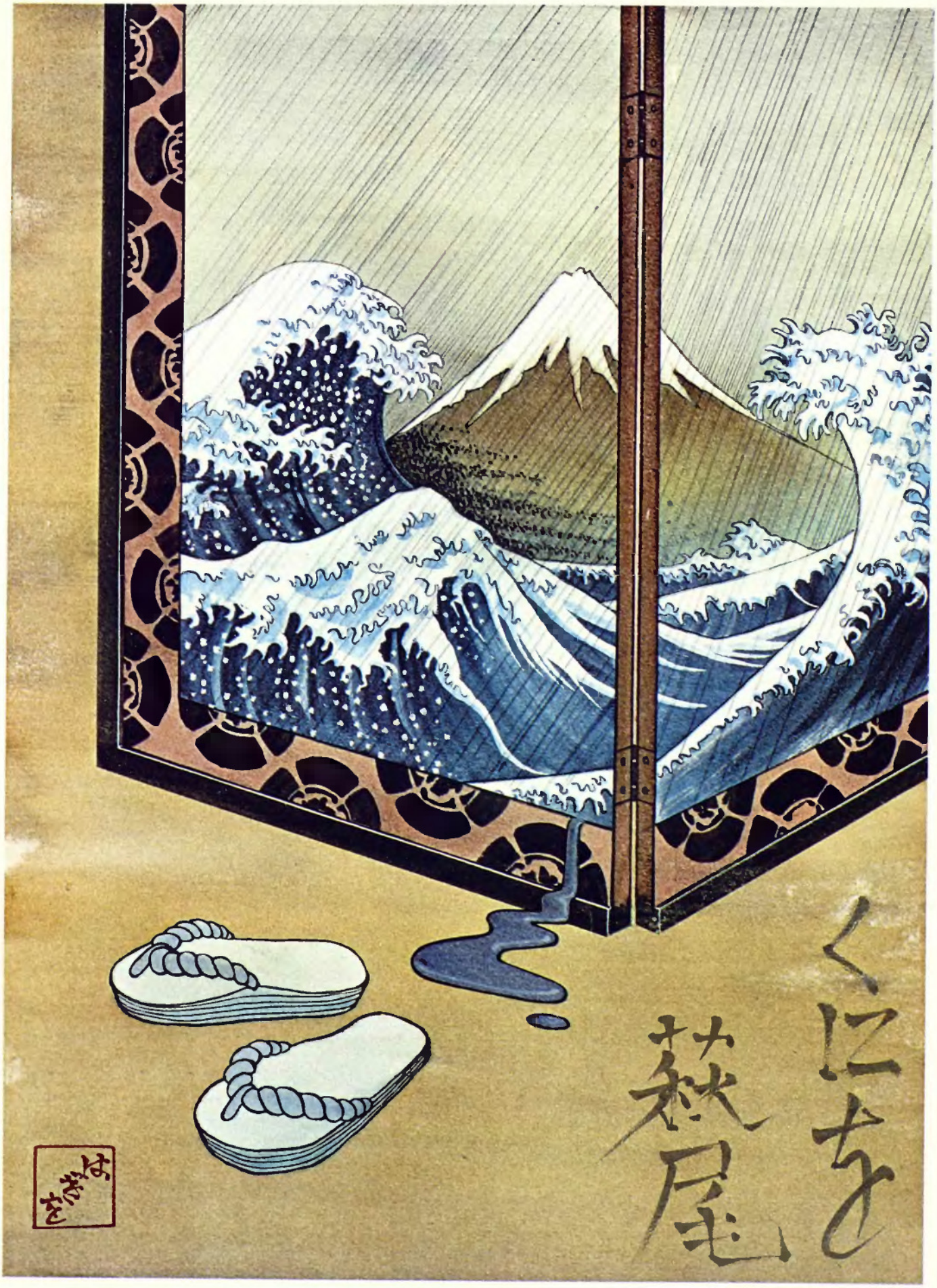
But he interrupts, "And I have answered you."

"But I don't——"

And again, "Ho!"—shouted from the depths of his belly. End of interview.

The greater part of Zen literature consists of such tales, often adding, however, that the questioner was completely satisfied. He cannot think of any more questions about life—other than such simple matters as, "What time does the plane leave for San Francisco?" For this reason, intelligent and adventurous Westerners have, in considerable numbers, been heading for the ancient capital of Kyoto, which has long been the center for training in Zen.

But it was not only for Zen that I went immediately to Kyoto when I first arrived in Japan. I wanted to feel the everyday life of a city that had been soaked in Buddhism for so many centuries—not analyzing it like a psychologist, categorizing it like an anthropologist nor studying its splendid monuments like an antiquarian. I went to gape like a yokel and simply absorb its atmosphere. I went to the district called Higashi-yama, or Eastern Hills, where buildings on narrow, winding streets overlook the rest of the city, which, unusually for Japan, is laid out in the flat grid pattern of an American city in a geographical setting that slightly resembles Los Angeles. Hills, even mountains, lie to the east, north and west, while the south is open to Osaka, Kobe and the sea. As in Los Angeles, the best land is in the foothills, where spring water flows into garden pools through bamboo pipes, and though there are many quiet and sumptuous private homes, much of the area has been occupied by temples and monasteries. Originally, it belonged to feudal brigands who were afraid of the Zen priests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because the priests weren't afraid of them, so they became pious Buddhists and made generous offerings of land.

When one goes to a city like this, it is all very well to make plans to see the famous sights, but there should be plenty of time to follow one's nose, for it is through aimless wandering that the best things are found. I stayed in the *ryokan*, or Japanese-style inn, on the hill above the Miyako Hotel. To the northeast the sweeping, gray-tiled roofs of the Nanzen-ji Zen temples float above dense clusters of pines, and to the southwest stands the huge temple of Chion-in, and all about are wayward cobbled lanes enclosed by roofed walls with covered gates, giving entrance to courtyards and gardens, and interspersed with small shops and restaurants. It was April, and under such a gate I took refuge from a sudden shower. The gate opened a few inches and out came a hand proffering an umbrella, and as soon as I took it, the hand was withdrawn and the gate closed. The umbrella was a *kasa* made of oiled paper—a wide circle spread out like a small roof supported on a cone of thin bamboo struts, almost as cozy as carrying your own house with you in a quiet, heavy rain. I returned it the next day.

Gutters were bubbling and water was spilling from bronze, dragon-mouthed gargoyles at roof corners. Everywhere the soft clattering of wooden sandals like small benches with legs on the soles to keep your feet above water. Courtyards with glistening evergreen bushes and floating branches of bright-green maple. The smell of Japanese cooking —soy sauce and hot sake—mixed with damp earth and the faintest suggestion, pleasant in that small a dosage, of the *benjo* (toilet), which, because of the diet, smells quite different from ours. Because I need a dictionary to read most Chinese characters, the signs on shops are just complex abstract designs. Going deeper into the city, I found the long, busy lane of Teramachi, or Temple Street, to nose about in the higgledy-piggledy of tiny shops that sell utensils for the tea ceremony, incense, ink, writing brushes, old Chinese books, fans, Buddhist ornaments and huge mushrooms—the whole lane buzzing and rattling with motorcycles and diminutive Toyota taxis.

With sense of time gone awry from travel by jet, I awake at four in the morning to hear what is, for me, the most magical single sound that man has made. It comes from a bronze bell some eight feet high and five feet in diameter, struck by a horizontal swinging tree trunk and hung close to the ground—actually more of a gong than a bell. It doesn't clang out through the sky like a church bell but booms along the ground with a note at once deep and sweet and vaguely sad, as if very, very old. It sounds once and, when the hum has died away, again—and several times more. From the direction I realize that this is the bell of the Nanzen-ji Zen monastery, signifying that, so long before sunrise, some 20 young men, skin-headed and black-robed, have begun to sit perfectly still in a dark, quiet hall. When the bell finishes, they will begin to intone, on a single note, the *Shingyo*, or *Heart Sutra*, which sums up everything that Buddhism has to say: "*Shiki soku ze ku, ku soku ze shiki*"—"What is form that is emptiness, what is emptiness that is form?" Actually, the language is the Japanese way of pronouncing medieval Chinese, which hardly anyone understands, and the words are chanted for their sound rather than their meaning. We shall see why.

With one part of my brain, I know that these are rather bored and sleepy young men, many of them sons of priests, attending the Japanese equivalent of an ecclesiastical boys' boarding school or a Jesuit seminary. They think they ought to be there, but they would really rather be chasing girls or learning to fly planes. The fine aloeswood incense, the faint candles, the sonorous gongs and the pulsing chant are for them merely *kurai* —gloomy, musty, dank, decrepit and old. A graveyard long gone to waste, with an old lady muttering over a stone. Only the sternest discipline will keep these boys at it. For the most part, they are not, like Western seekers, *interested* in Buddhism, and Westerners, in their turn, seldom realize that much of this seemingly esoteric discipline is simply routine drill for reluctant boys. Having been through that once, in school at Canterbury Cathedral, I have not been inclined to try it again.

But with another part of my brain, I want to be in their company, silently and unseen, with no wretched novice-master pushing me around and trying to teach me how to sit in meditation. For the antiquity and mystery of those gongs and the chant are not so much from a backward direction in time as from a vast depth inside the present, from a level of my own here-and-now being as ancient as life itself. I wonder: What is this glamor of the mysterious and venerable East? Is it all a phony projection of my own romantic fantasies and, if so, why such fantasies? Why do Buddhist rituals and symbols evoke in me a sensation of the mysterious and the marvelous far more enthralling than any Christian equivalent, more, even, than astronomical revelations about the scope of distant galaxies? There is, of course, a wise-guy debunkery school of cultural anthropologists who want to insist that, seen from the familiar inside, all exotic culture forms are just humdrum old hat, as if Japanese and Tibetans could not feel for their traditions what we feel for Shakespeare and Beethoven. There are, indeed, orchestra men bored to death with the *Ninth Symphony* and school children who find *Hamlet* a drag, so why should I share these Japanese novices' lack of enthusiasm for Zen? I am sure that the paternalistic discipline with which it is forced down their throats connects it with the same emotions of guilt that I felt in the presence of God the Father and Jesus Christ. It would follow, then, that my enchantment with Zen and Buddhism is that their forms are, for me, free from this kind of static, and thus that through them I can approach the mysteries of the universe without having to feel like a small boy being bawled out because it's good for him.

Anyhow, I am not a small boy. I have five grandchildren and thus am no longer liable to be impressed by grandfathers. Nevertheless, as I look back, I could be inclined to feel that I have lived a sloppy, inconsiderate, wasteful, cowardly and undisciplined life, getting away with it only by having a certain charm and a big gift of gab. Yet what am I supposed to do, now, about *that*? A realistic look at myself, at the age of 57, tells me that if I am that, that's what I am and shall doubtless continue to be. I myself and my friends and my family are going to have to put up with it, just as they put up with the rain. I could, of course, tell myself that in so feeling, I am casting away my humanity, the only thing that makes me different from a machine, which is the effort of will to take control of myself and change.

This might be fine if one knew precisely what would be a change for the better. If I would become more Christ-like, I should remember that the Crusades and the Holy Inquisition were conducted in his name. If I would practice asceticism, I should bear in mind that Hitler was quite an ascetic. If I would cultivate bravery, I should consider that Dillinger was brave. If I would observe sobriety, I should recall that Bertrand Russell put down a fifth of whiskey daily. And if I would find it in myself to be chaste, I should meditate upon Sri Hari Krishna and the Gopi maidens, and twit myself that I once had the privilege of sharing a mistress with one of the holiest men in the land. The difficulty is that our waking and attentive consciousness scans the world myopically—one thing, one bit, one fragment after another—so that our impressions of life are strung out in a thin, scrawny thread, lining up small beads of information, whereas nature itself is a stupendously complex pattern where everything is happening altogether everywhere at once. What we know of it is only what we can laboriously line up and review along the thread of this watchfulness. Better not to interfere with myself; it could set off an earthquake. Perhaps there is an entirely different way

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ON COURSE

it may not help bring home the birdies, but champion golfer tom shaw's fashion form is obviously no handicap

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, Ben Hogan was sipping a beer in a Houston clubhouse after a rare tournament appearance when he spotted young Tom Shaw in brilliant red, white and blue bell-bottoms. Hogan remarked about his sport's evolving mode of dress: "It's preposterous." While Hogan's personal notion of sartorial flamboyance is a white golf cap, most players—professionals and weekenders alike—see the trend to bold golf fashion as great fun. Witness Shaw, one of 1971's top money winners, pictured here as defending champion in this year's Bing Crosby Pro-Am at Pebble Beach. As his colorful garb shows, he has the highest regard for Hogan's opinion on how to hit a four iron.

Golf clothes ore no longer confined to the links. Even plus fours, shown here in their noturol habitat, can leod a double life. Along with his pebble-weave-knit plus fours, by Jaymor-Ruby, $22.50, Show wears o white Fortrel shirt, by Gant, $17, an Orlon rib-knit sleeveless pullover, by Robert Bruce, $9, cotton Argyle socks, by Esquire, $3, and calfskin shoes, by Johnston & Murphy, $52.50.

Far left: On the fairway, Shaw wears a zigzag-design wool pullaver sweater, by Daniel Hechter, $26. Left: His lie and his outfit have changed. Shaw chips to the green, having added a multicolored paisley-print knit shirt with long-pointed collar, by Foxey World, $16, and a coordinated golf cap, by Kangol for Saks, $4, ta the plus fours we saw on the opening page. Below left: With Pebble Beach's notorious surf at his back, Shaw is shown in a cotton knit short-sleeved pullover shirt, by Izod, $13.50, a polyester skinny-rib-knit sleeveless sweater, by Career Club, $8.50, geametric-patterned double-knit Sansabelt slacks, by Jaymar-Ruby, $37.50, and Medalist anepiece synthetic golf shoes, by Johnston & Murphy, $35. Right: Shaw—with his biggest fan, Mrs. Shaw—leaves the lush tournament compound in a Dacron double-knit two-button suit with notched lapels, flap pockets and flared-leg trousers, by Clubman, $100, a cotton knit round-collar long-sleeved shirt, by Larry Kane for Raffles, $20, and cotton web belt with metal buckle, from Gatsby's, $6.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

DEL MONTE LODGE

"And here's what I've been saving for a rainy day."

Vargas

LOS ANGELES

(continued from page 123)

whatever was going to happen in the America of the Seventies was happening already in L. A. I had put 700 miles on the car and never left the city or its environs. I had wandered the freeways and the canyons and the valley, attempting to capture the staggering size of Los Angeles in a single metaphor, and I had failed. After two weeks in a motel in West Hollywood, it was time to go back to Connecticut and the book, and yet the nagging suspicion that my own memories and premonitions about L. A. might have sabotaged my objectivity drove me toward the Pacific one last time, trying for the mindless poise of the seismographs out at Caltech that were daily registering the aftershocks of the big earthquake of two months before.

• • •

As it happened, my personal version of the Great American Daydream of innocent, bucolic boyhood was centered in Los Angeles and, over the years since I had been here last, a certain kind of winter's-end morning had always aroused in me a powerful longing for California. The fugitive smells of orange grove and just-cut lawn would tease my nostrils, the taste of guava and avocado would come up into my mouth and I would suddenly recall the five-year-old boy who had once stood barefoot in the hot, dusty sunlight of Pasadena in 1931, watching the rain inexplicably falling just down the block, and experiencing the first amazed discovery of a world of which he was not the absolute, dreaming center. To that boy, California was the voluptuous, bottom-of-the-well odor of an overlush patio down into which the sun rarely reached, and the hot breath of the Santa Anas strumming the afternoon nerves to an awful pitch. It was a milk shake too thick for a straw and bungalowed boulevards shimmering off under skeletal phone poles all the way to the fabled world of Hollywood. It was the hairy legs of a black-widow spider come upon in a kitchen cupboard, and butter dripping over the fingers out of a rolled *tortilla*, and all the first stirrings of a body newly aware of its hungers and its ignorance. Pasadena in 1931 was my first more-or-less continuous experience of myself, and part of my longing to return was a longing for the thrilling sensuosities and terrors of that buried past.

But in the decades since, another Los Angeles had been superimposed over this one: the Los Angeles of popular myth—a space-age Sodom, a dream factory, a city that was the doom toward which all America was marching in lock step; a sprawling, smog-stifled, freeway-bisected urban jungle as vulgar as a Hawaiian sport shirt worn outside the suit pants, as ecologically schizophrenic as an oil derrick in Eden, and about as cultured as a stripper weeping over *Love Story*. In short, a civilization of such spiritless artifacts as mushroomburgers, Hula Hoops, the metaphysics of Charley Manson, Forest Lawn and Doris Day; a city that was haunted, for me, by the hopeless pealing of Marilyn Monroe's telephone the night she took that overdose of pills, and by Scott Fitzgerald's humiliated reply to Joseph Mankiewicz, "Oh, Joe, can't producers ever be wrong? I'm a good writer—*honest*." For years, I had entertained the notion that Los Angeles was a glimpse of all our tomorrows, a drive-in Babylon where the end of the world would arrive on its ominous Harley-Davidson, accompanied by the maracas of a cocktail shaker at poolside. Innocence and corruption, paradise and paradise lost, memory and premonition; I was as unprepared for the real Los Angeles as Voltaire was for judgment day.

• • •

Now the wide, palm-lined blocks of Beverly Hills opened out on the right-hand side of Santa Monica Boulevard. Buried sprinklers played, like silvery maidenhair ferns, over the manicured lawns of palatial houses in the early sun. *Chicano* maids walked poodles as meticulously clipped as the tall hedges behind which you fancied you could hear the thwock-pause-thwock of prebreakfast tennis games. If Buddy Ebsen and Irene Ryan had come rolling down these very streets in their outlandish Ozark truck, I wouldn't have been surprised, for Los Angeles disappointed only those who had no expectations about it; and after half a century of movies and TV, that species was as nearly extinct as the American bald eagle.

Expectations. Two weeks before, I had assumed myself to be free of them. None of the shallow gauds of movieland for me! I would begin my search for the special character of L. A. where I had begun similar searches for other cities in the past, in that district—part market place and part tenderloin—that is usually designated *downtown*. I would get a room somewhere off the night's mart of Pershing Square. I would prowl the Pueblo de Los Angeles, where the city had been founded. I would take its pulse close to the heart. I would *walk*.

Two days later, I admitted my mistake. Downtown Los Angeles was as characterless as downtown Gary and, aside from noting that three out of five faces that you passed along scruffy Main Street were nonwhite, and that Filipinos could be distinguished from Hawaiians by their cheekbones, and that Chinese waitresses in L. A. were often fluent in Spanish, the only insight I derived from my two downtown days was the not-very-pithy realization that Los Angeles was a Pacific city, more akin to Tokyo than to Chicago. Like central cities all over America, it was at once dying and coming to birth. Wherever people lived—the poor and powerless, the excluded-from-the-dream—it was as wretched as back-street Mexico City. Wherever people worked, it had all the many-leveled, dwarfing complexity of an ant city between Windexed panes of glass. The veteran of ten years of tramping in New York, the walker of the length and breadth of a score of European cities, suspected for the first time that his usual *modus operandi* had scant meaning here. Los Angeles wasn't an Old World town centered on a river or a railhead or a harbor. It wasn't made up of concentric circles of suburb, borough and neighborhood, narrowing toward New York's Fifth Avenue, or Chicago's Loop, or San Francisco's Union Square. Eighty years ago, it had had barely 50,000 citizens, and now L. A. County numbered over 7,000,000. It hadn't simply exfoliated, it had exploded, and its peculiar character, if there was one, had nothing whatever to do with such old-fashioned conceits as "downtown." At that moment, the walker began his metamorphosis into the driver.

Cañon Drive was coming up, and I was off duty at last. There was nothing more that had to be done except to rent a dinner jacket (Henry Fonda was opening in a play that night and I was scheduled to go to the party at the Hilton afterward), so why hurry to the beach? Los Angeles was spatial, after all, not temporal. I recalled the climax of my downtown stay: Charles Manson, accused of complicity in the deaths of seven Angelenos, and Lieutenant William Calley, accused of murdering at least 22 Asiatics, had been sentenced within hours of each other. I had gone to the Hall of Justice, where members of Manson's "family" had vowed to immolate themselves with gasoline if he was convicted, and found dozens of cameras at the ready, but not a single fire extinguisher. I had stayed awake all that same night, listening to the outraged voices of Orange County (on a phone-in radio show) demanding that Calley be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and I had sensed another Los Angeles out there—immense, contradictory, decentralized and, above all, contemporary; a city that seemed to epitomize those violent extremes of mindless obedience to authority and senseless rebellion against it that Calley and Manson had revealed in the current American spirit.

On whim, I turned off Santa Monica Boulevard onto Beverly Drive. I'd go up into Benedict Canyon, where Sharon Tate and her friends had been murdered, and eventually take Mulholland to the ocean. Sunset Boulevard was broad, islanded and verdant as a park there in the 9000 block. A mile or so back, along the Strip, it would be

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why not spice up your drinks with roots, shoots, herbs and other garden garnishes?

THE GREENING OF THE COCKTAIL HOUR

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

NOW THAT SPRING HAS SPRUNG, as they say, and the land is greening, the imaginative host will take a cue from the seasonal vibes and spice up his potables with a hint of the great outdoors. It's really quite simple, but it does call for a dash of ingenuity—a willingness to break the cocktail barrier and add an unexpected fragrance or a piquant new flavor to the shaker or glass.

This is not a revolutionary concept, of course. Chefs are practically canonized for such creative coups as a grating of nutmeg in the spinach or a handful of juniper in the pot roast. Considering this precedent, it's rather curious that so little has been done to give cocktails and other mixed drinks a contemporary tone. Martinis are still a ritual six parts gin to one part vermouth—or whatever one's magic ratio happens to be, and the parameters for other traditional libations are equally rigid.

So now's the time to uproot some of those stodgy inhibitions. On the following page are directions for making drinks with rosemary, dill and basil; with ripe strawberries, ginger root, thyme, honey and Falernum; with

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES JOSEPH

water cress and similar garden greens. In fact, there's really no limit to the number of exciting flavor accents you can try. Even flowers and seeds, if you're into that scene, will bring new zest to the old stand-bys.

CRAZY MIXED-UP MARY

⅓ medium cucumber
3 thin slices sweet onion
1½ ozs. vodka
6 fresh basil leaves (optional)
⅓ cup crushed ice
3 ozs. tomato juice, chilled
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper to taste

Peel cucumber, cut in half lengthwise and remove seeds by running down center with tip of spoon. Chop vegetables and blend in blender with vodka for 30 seconds. Add other ingredients and blend until fairly smooth, about 15–20 seconds. Pour into tall chilled glass.

GINGER BALL

This has the zip of ginger without the sweetness of ginger ale.

2 ozs. bourbon
1 nickel-sized slice fresh ginger root
Club soda, chilled

Pour bourbon over ice cubes in an 8-oz. glass. Squeeze ginger root into glass, using a scrubbed garlic press. Scrape bottom of press if ginger clings. Stir. Add soda; stir once.

EMERALD

6 sprigs water cress
2 ozs. rum
4 ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
¼ cup crushed ice

Remove heavy part of water-cress stems. Blend all ingredients in blender until smooth—about 15 seconds. Serve in chilled clear wineglass.

SCOTCH ROSE

2 sprigs rosemary
1 scant teaspoon sugar
2 ozs. Scotch whisky
1 oz. lemon juice
Orange and lemon for garnish

Muddle rosemary with sugar and a little of the liquor, to bruise and release fragrance. Pour into shaker, adding remaining Scotch, lemon juice and ice. Shake well until completely chilled. Strain into sour glass or large cocktail glass. Garnish with a half slice of orange and a slice of lemon.

FRAGRANT MARTINI

A favorite trick of bartenders is to add a light nip of Scotch or a few drops of Pernod to a martini. Here are a couple of other tips that can add luster to your reputation as a knowing mixer.

In the fragrant martini, you want just an elusive scent of garlic.

Few grains garlic powder
A light shake salt
1 tablespoon dry vermouth
2½ ozs. gin
Olive or cocktail onion

Shake a little garlic powder (not garlic salt) onto the palm of your hand. Take a light pinch of this and place in mixing glass. Add salt and vermouth. Stir to mix well. Add ice and gin and stir until ice-cold. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Drop in an olive or onion.

ZIPPY MARTINI

Between them, gin and vermouth are flavored with about 40 different "botanicals." Why not one more to give an accent that suits your palate?

1 short piece dried ginger root, split lengthwise
2½ ozs. gin
¼ oz. dry vermouth
Lemon twist

Drop ginger root into mixing glass, add gin and stir for several minutes to release flavor. Add ice and vermouth. Stir until icy. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with lemon twist.

LOVE POTION

½ teaspoon dried dillweed
2 ozs. vodka
2 or 3 shakes powdered thyme
2 ozs. clam juice, undiluted
2 ozs. V-8 Juice
Grind black pepper
Wedge lemon
Salt to taste

Crumble dill between fingers and drop into small pitcher with vodka. Add thyme, stir. Let steep several minutes. Add ice, both juices and pepper. Stir well to chill. Squeeze lemon wedge into goblet with ice and drop in rind. Strain in vodka mixture. Add salt to taste.

APPLE SNAP

3 sprigs fresh peppermint or spearmint
2 ozs. applejack
3 ozs. apple juice
Mint for garnish

Trim mint stems. Place in large old fashioned glass with about half of the applejack. Muddle to bruise mint. Add ice. Pour in remaining liquor and apple juice. Stir until drink is ice-cold. Remove mint from glass and garnish with fresh mint sprig.

BRITISH COLLINS

Borage and burnet are herbs with a cucumbery scent. Borage, incidentally, is the traditional garnish for a Pimm's Cup, in Britain.

2 ozs. gin
1 oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
3 sprigs borage or burnet (or a long thin strip cucumber rind)
Club soda, chilled

Shake gin, lemon juice, sugar and borage with cracked ice. Strain into tall glass, over ice cubes. Add club soda; stir lightly. If the herbs aren't available, plant a fresh strip of cucumber rind in the drink and swizzle.

JAMAICA DAIQUIRI

Falernum is a spicy West Indian syrup that imparts a piquant note to drinks and fruit. It's the secret of a true mai tai and ought to be better known.

1½ ozs. Jamaica rum
2 teaspoons Falernum
1 tablespoon lime juice
Fruit garnish

Shake briskly with ice to chill and blend. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with berry, pineapple chunk or peach slice.

ICE BREAKER

(Serves 12)

1 bottle vodka, ice-cold
Black pepper, coarse grind

Chill vodka by placing in freezer or dressing in ice jacket. When ice-cold, vodka will be syrupy and pour slowly. Pour 2 ounces or so into tall thin cordial glass or jigger. Grind or sprinkle pepper into glass, to taste. If vodka is cold enough, pepper flakes will float slowly to bottom of glass, serving as a kind of thermometer.

(The ice jacket isn't necessary, but it looks handsome. To make, square off top of half-gallon milk container. Pour in about 1 in. water and freeze. Center bottle of vodka on frozen base; add water to 1 in. below shoulder of bottle and freeze again. Dip carton in hot water to release ice jacket. Handle bottle with napkin or dish towel. Place on plate to catch any runoff.)

MT. HYMETTUS OLD FASHIONED

Honey retains the perfume of the plants the bees feed on. The diet that provided this honey was pungent wild thyme, as you will taste in this drink.

1 teaspoon Hymettus (thyme) honey
2 ozs. Metaxa
1 teaspoon lemon juice
3 or 4 dashes orange bitters
Orange, lemon wedges

Stir honey with half the liquor to blend. Add ice, lemon juice, bitters and remaining Metaxa. Stir well to mix and chill. Garnish glass with orange and lemon wedges.

SWISS BUNNY

This beautiful drink can also be made with frozen berries, but skip the grenadine if they're sugared. You can also use *framboise* instead of kirsch—which makes it a French bunny.

1½ ozs. kirsch (or *framboise*)
2½ ozs. pineapple juice
6 ripe strawberries
½ teaspoon grenadine
Good squeeze lemon juice
⅓ cup crushed ice

Blend all ingredients in blender 15–20 seconds, until almost smooth. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass.

Now that the seed of a new idea has been planted in your mind, it's up to you to cultivate the crop by experimenting with other garden greens, herbs and spices. You'll find the notion will grow on you.

"It looks like good news."

Concluding a new novel

By MICHAEL CRICHTON

THE TERMINAL MAN

SYNOPSIS: The handcuffed man under police guard who was admitted to University Hospital in Los Angeles one day in March was about to undergo an experimental brain operation of a kind never before performed on a human being. Harold Benson, a brilliant computer expert, was suffering from psychomotor epilepsy as a result of brain damage. During recent months, his seizures had led him to violent assaults on an airplane mechanic, a topless dancer and a gas-station attendant.

The doctors in the hospital's Neuropsychiatric Research Unit—the NPS—had decided on a "stage three" operation in which electrodes would be implanted in Benson's brain. Then, when a seizure was about to take place, a highly miniaturized computer implanted elsewhere in his body would produce a calming and restraining electrical impulse. Some risk arose from the fact that the small computer was powered by plutonium—but that was minimized by careful shielding and a warning metal dog tag that Benson would wear at all times. A further safeguard was the fact that the large hospital computer would monitor the implanted one.

Dr. McPherson, chief of the NPS, and his two staff surgeons, Drs. Ellis and Morris, were convinced that a breakthrough in medical science was at hand. Dr. Janet Ross, the young psychiatrist on the case, was not so sure. She had discovered a psychotic trend in Benson, a conviction that computers were about to dominate the human mind, and she felt that the operation would only intensify it.

On the eve of the operation, a girlfriend of Benson's named Angela Black brought him some personal effects and a wig to cover his bandaged head during convalescence. Surgery the next day went entirely according to plan. Later, when Benson was given some test stimulations, the results seemed to show that the computer was doing its job as predicted. Still, Benson was to be kept under a heavy dosage of tranquilizers—and the first slip-up came when that order was ignored.

Dr. Ross, coming to visit him, discovered that Benson had eluded the police guard, put on the wig and a hospital orderly's uniform and escaped. The situation immediately became more dramatic when the large hospital computer began to indicate that Benson's seizures were becoming more frequent—and were, in fact, being induced by the pleasurable shocks that calmed him. The computer prediction was that Benson would have a violent mental "tip-over" at six o'clock the following morning. A desperate search for him began, but it had no success.

Just after six A.M., the emergency hotline telephone whose number was listed on Benson's dog tag began to ring. It was Captain Anders of the Los Angeles police. "We've got a murder here," he said, "and we've got some questions for your people."

VI

THREE PATROL CARS were pulled up in front of the apartment building off Sunset. The flashing red lights had already drawn a crowd, despite the early hour and the morning chill. Janet Ross parked her car down the street and walked back to the lobby. A young patrolman stopped her.

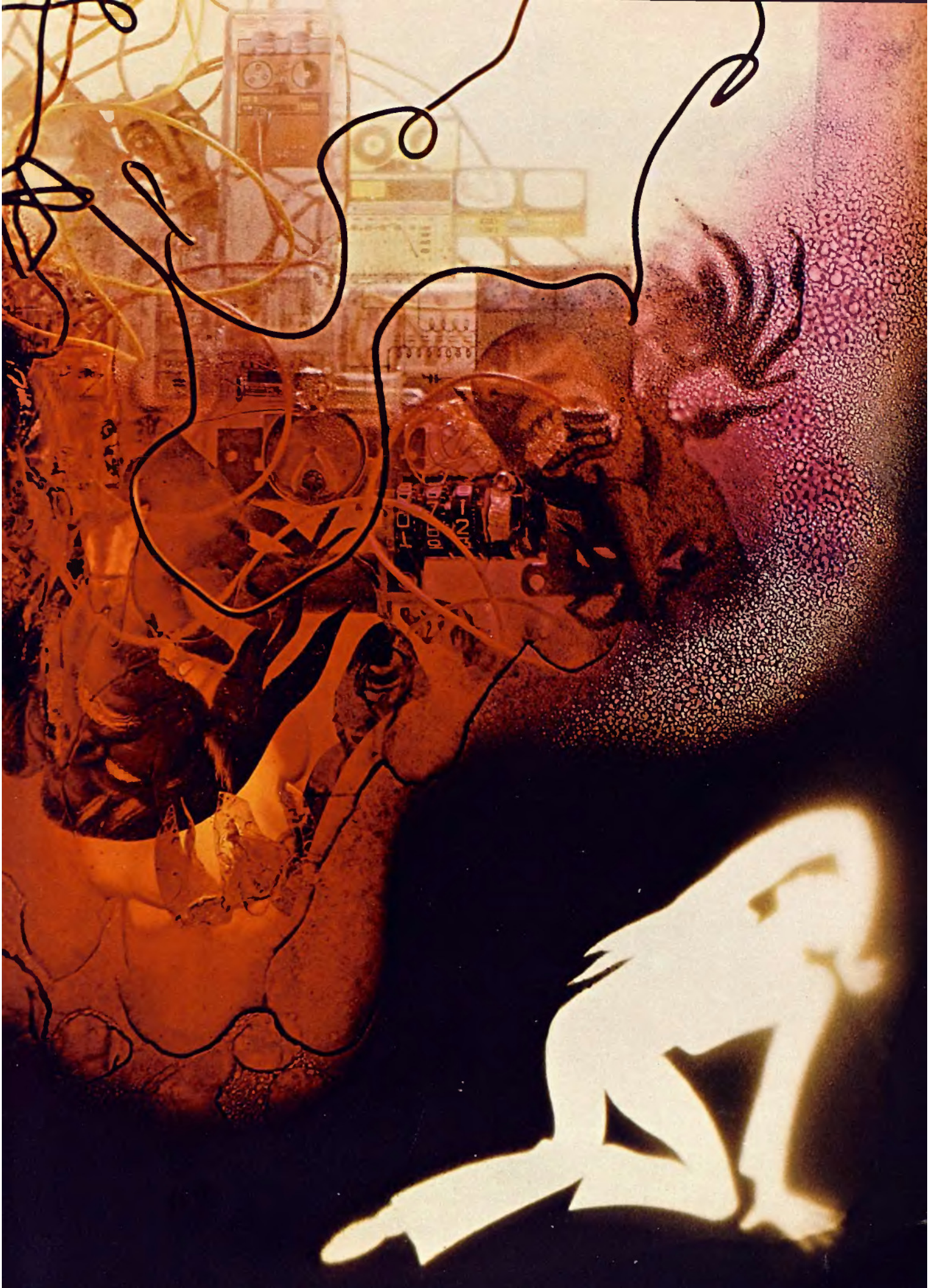
"You a tenant?"

"I'm Dr. Ross. Captain Anders called me."

He nodded toward the elevator. "Third floor, turn left," he said and let her through. The crowd watched curiously as she crossed the lobby and waited for the elevator. The flashing lights from the patrol cars bathed the lobby intermittently with a reddish glow. Then the elevator came and the doors closed.

The interior of the elevator was tacky: plastic paneling made to look like wood, worn green carpeting stained by innumerable pets. She waited impatiently for it to creak up to the third floor. She knew what these buildings were like—full of hookers, full of fags, full of drug users and transients. You could rent an apartment without a long lease, just month to month. It was that kind of place.

She stepped off at the third floor and walked down to another cluster of cops outside an apartment. Another policeman blocked her way; she repeated that she was here to see Captain Anders and



he let her through with the admonition not to touch anything.

It was a one-bedroom apartment that seemed to be furnished in pseudo-Spanish style. Twenty men were crowded inside, dusting, photographing, measuring, collecting. It was impossible to visualize how it had looked before the onslaught of police personnel.

Anders came over to her. He was young, in his middle 30s, wearing a conservative dark suit. His hair was long enough to hang over the back of his collar and he wore horn-rimmed glasses. The effect was almost professorial and quite unexpected. It was strange how you built up prejudices. When he spoke, his voice was soft. "Dr. Ross? Captain Anders." He shook hands quickly and firmly. "Thank you for coming. The body is in the bedroom. The coroner's man is in there, too."

He led the way into the bedroom. The deceased was a girl in her 20s, sprawled nude across the bed. Her head was crushed and she had been stabbed repeatedly. The bed was soaked with blood and the room had the sickly-sweet odor of blood.

The rest of the room was in disarray —a chair by the dressing table knocked over, cosmetics and lotions smeared on the rug, a bedside lamp broken. Six men were working in the room, one of them a doctor from the medical examiner's office who was filling out the death report.

"This is Dr. Ross," Anders said. "Tell her about it."

The doctor shrugged toward the body. "Strong blow to the left temporal region, producing cranial depression and immediate unconsciousness. Her blood type and some of her hair are affixed to the lamp base."

Ross glanced over at the lamp, then back to the body. "The stab wounds?"

"They're later, almost certainly post mortem. She was killed by the blow to the head."

Ross looked at the head. It was squashed in on one side, like a deflated football, distorting the features of what had once been a conventionally pretty face.

"You'll notice," the doctor said, moving closer to the girl, "that she's put on half her make-up. As we reconstruct it, she was sitting at the dressing table, over there, making up. The blow came from above and from the side, knocking her over in the chair, spilling the lotions and crap. Then she was lifted up"—the doctor raised his arms and frowned in mock effort, lifting an invisible body—"from the chair and placed on the bed."

"Somebody pretty strong?"

"Oh, yes. A man, for sure."

"How do you know that?"

"Pubic hair in the shower drain. We've found two varieties. One matches hers, the other is male. Male pubic hair, as you know, is coarser and shows certain sex differences from female pubic hair under the microscope."

"No," Ross said. "I didn't know that."

"I can give you a reference on it, if you want," the doctor said. "It's also clear that her killer had intercourse with her before the murder. We've got a blood type on the seminal fluid and it's AO. Her type is AB. The man apparently takes a shower after intercourse, and then comes out and kills her." Ross nodded.

"Following delivery of the blow to the head, she's lifted up and placed on the bed. At this time, she's not bleeding much. No blood to speak of on the dressing table or rug. But now her killer picks up some instrument and stabs her in the stomach several times."

"You find a weapon? What do you think it was?"

"It's not here, but I have a rough idea of it. Nothing very sharp, but something strong—it took a lot of force to penetrate this way with a relatively blunt instrument. But what's really interesting," the doctor went on, "is this phenomenon here." He pointed to the girl's left arm, which was outstretched on the bed and mutilated badly by the punctureline wounds. "You see, he stabbed her in the stomach, and then in her arm, moving out in a regular way, a succession. Now notice: When he's past the arm, he continues to stab. You can see the tears in the sheet and blanket. They continue out in a straight line." He pointed to the tears.

"Now," the doctor said, "in my book, that's perseveration. Automatic continuation of pointless movement. Like he was some kind of machine that just kept going and going. . . ."

"That's correct," Ross said.

"We assume," the doctor continued, "that it represents some kind of trance state. But we don't know if it was organic or functional, natural or artificially induced. Since the girl let him into the apartment freely, this trancelike state developed only later."

Ross realized that the coroner's man was showing off, and it irritated her. This was the wrong time to be playing Sherlock Holmes.

Anders handed her the metal dog tag. "We were proceeding routinely with the investigation," he said, "when we found this."

Ross turned the plaque over in her hand.

I HAVE AN IMPLANTED ATOMIC PACEMAKER. DIRECT PHYSICAL INJURY OR FIRE MAY RUPTURE THE CAPSULE AND RELEASE TOXIC MATERIALS. IN THE EVENT OF INJURY OR DEATH CALL NPS, (213) 483-1483.

"That was when we called you," Anders said. He watched her carefully. "We've leveled with you," he said. "Now it's your turn."

"His name is Harry Benson," she said. "He's thirty-four and he has psychomotor epilepsy."

"What's psychomotor epilepsy?" Anders asked.

At that moment, a plainclothesman came in from the living room. "We got a trace on the prints," he said. "They're listed in the Defense data banks, of all places. This guy had classified clearance for some computer work from 1968 to the present." Anders was making notes.

"And the girl?" Ross asked. "What do you have on her?"

"Name's Doris Blankfurt, stage name Angela Black—she's a dancer. Twenty-six years old, has lived here six weeks," Anders said. "But now, Dr. Ross, I'm going to need some information from you about Benson. Description of him, pictures, if you have them——"

"I can get all that," Ross said. Her earlier impulse to protect Benson from the police had vanished at the sight of the girl's caved-in head. "It's seven-thirty now. Before I go back to the hospital, I'm going to stop at home to clean up and change. We can talk either at my place or at the hospital."

"Your place," said Anders, "in about twenty minutes. What's the address?"

VII

The shower felt good, the hot water stinging needles against her bare skin. Janet Ross relaxed and breathed the steam and closed her eyes. She had always liked showers, even though she knew it was the masculine pattern. Men took showers, women took baths. Another psychiatrist had mentioned that once. She thought it was bullshit. Patterns were made to be broken. She was an individual.

She turned off the shower and climbed out, pulling a towel around her. She wiped the steam off the bathroom mirror and stared at her reflection. "You look like hell," she said and nodded. Her reflection nodded back. The shower had washed away her eye make-up, the only make-up she wore. Her eyes seemed small now and weak with fatigue.

What day was it, anyway? It took her a moment to remember that it was Thursday. She hadn't slept for at least 24 hours and she was having all the sleepless symptoms she'd had as an intern. A dull ache in her body. A kind of slow confusion of the mind. It was a terrible way to feel.

The mirror had steamed over again. She opened the bathroom door to let cool air in. She had started to apply fresh eye make-up when she heard the doorbell. That would be Anders. She had left the front door unlocked. "It's open," she shouted, and then returned to the make-up. She did one eye, then

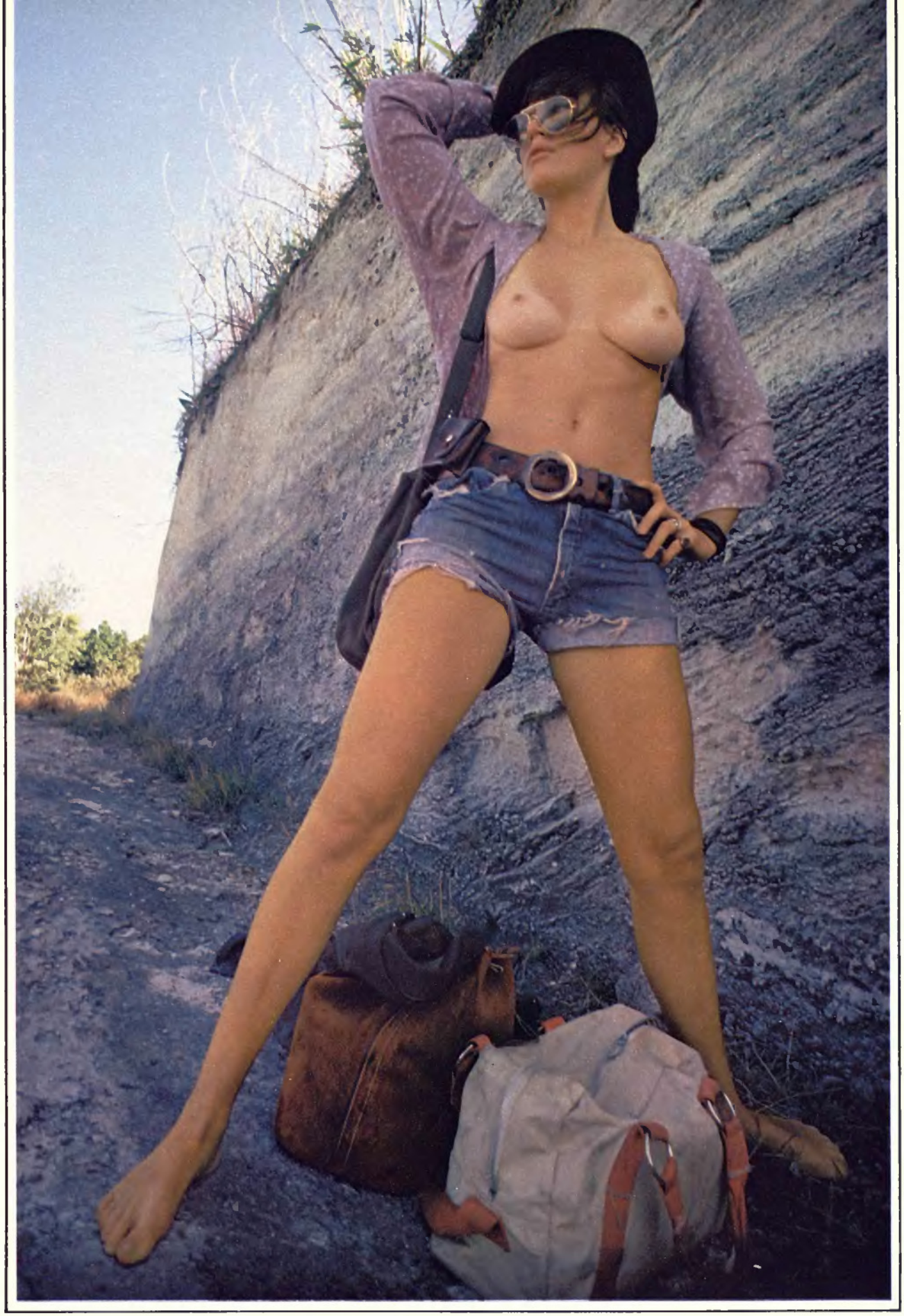
(continued on page 170)

Monday's Child
Is Fair of Face

photographer j. frederick smith brings lovely new life to an old mother goose rhyme

Tuesday's Child Is Full of Grace

Wednesday's Child Is Full of Woe



Thursday's Child Has Far to Go

Friday's Child Is Loving and Giving

But a Child That's Born on the Sabbath Day
Is Fair and Wise and Good and Gay

"But, first, our national anthem."

FRANCESCO DI ORTANO, a Neapolitan knight who was quick and clever in speech, evident in his talent for diplomacy, and regarded with royal favor, ended up being appointed governor of Perugia. His failings were somewhat less known, but King Ladislas was aware of them and took them lightly. Francesco, though good at heart, tended to be hasty, careless and absent-minded in matters of economy. One of the knight's extravagances was an elaborate suit of ceremonial armor. Money slid through his fingers like warm butter and in time he was forced to borrow various sums, including a considerable one from the Genoese merchant Giovanni Pica, who was persuaded to advance the money on the strength of Di Ortano's office and expectations.

Now, a few months before his departure for Perugia, Francesco had married one of the most entrancing young women in Naples. But, because of the expense involved, he postponed moving Madonna Lucia and his household to the northern city. After he had gone and the lonely weeks began to stretch on with no word from her husband, she began to long and burn for him. She felt that she had been kindled and then left to smolder. And so, at last, she wrote a long, plaintive letter to Francesco, pleading with him to remain faithful to her, to think of her always and to return to her arms and bed as soon as he possibly could. The letter was as passionate as a well-bred young lady could make it without actually being vulgar.

Another kind of passion filled the heart of the Genoese merchant. He was doing business at court and he needed every gold piece he could lay his hands on; thus, the unpaid debt began to gall him. He finally sat down and wrote His Excellency, the governor of Perugia, a letter that launched itself with fulsome greeting and compliments and then progressed to an unequivocal demand for the immediate payment of the money owing him.

Francesco, it seems, received both messages on the same day and, on reading them, sat down at his writing desk to dash off replies. As was his pell-mell habit, he hardly bothered with salutations or polite, introductory how-do-you-dos, but plunged into the matter of his missives, wrote furiously, folded the papers, sealed the reverses and sent them barely dry to the waiting messengers.

In a few days' time, one reply reached the merchant at court and the other, the lovely Madonna Lucia at home in Naples. She opened the letter, trembling to see her dear husband's words, and read:

"It is acknowledged that I owe you certain legal obligations, but let it be known, bloodsucker, that I do not respond patiently to your imperious demands for immediate satisfaction. Such insatiable claims are enough to exhaust my substance and, in fact, to drain me dry. Furthermore, be advised that you are not the only one who solicits my resources. Others have given to me in a more generous spirit and, since these kind friends do not importune me, I shall satisfy their needs first. Beware, I say, of threatening me. The hotter your demands, the cooler I shall be in giving you your due. . . ."

On reading this, Madonna Lucia broke into tears of anger and frustration.

About the same time, the Genoese merchant received Francesco's other letter, broke the seal and read:

"Believe me that, in all the world, I think only of you. You walk through my dreams; your face is before me in all my waking hours. I live only for the day when I can repay you for all the anxious expectation I have caused you. It will be soon; I swear it. In my fondest imagination, I have continually imagined that moment when all my grievous debts to you will be wiped out. I picture us alone; I shall fondle you in your sweetest, ripest places; I shall undress you slowly and tenderly, revealing all your beauties one by one. Then I shall clasp you in my arms and take you into bed, where I promise to reveal to you a variety of delights you have never imagined. Do you know 'the capture of the postern' or 'the Venetian ecstasy' or the manner of lovemaking that is all the vogue in Rome? I shall teach you, then—gently, with a thousand new caresses. We shall melt together in every way known to passion and the vibrations will penetrate to your very soul. In short, all that I owe you will be repaid a hundred times over, with a hundredfold interest. . . ."

The Genoese merchant, a fat and ugly man of middle age, could not believe his eyes. His face filled with blood, grew purple and seemed as if it would explode. He seized the letter in a rage, ran through the corridor and burst into the room where King Ladislas was sitting in council.

He thrust the message in front of the astonished king, shouting, "See what this monster Francesco di Ortano writes to me—he has taken my thousand gold crowns and now he offers to repay me in buggery! Was vice ever so shameless?"

The king squinted at the letter, then began to read it aloud. After a few sentences, the whole council burst into wild laughter.

"Aha," said the king. "All this bother is beside the point. The fact is that you were truly buggered on the day you lent a thousand crowns to Francesco!"

—Retold by Robert Mahieu

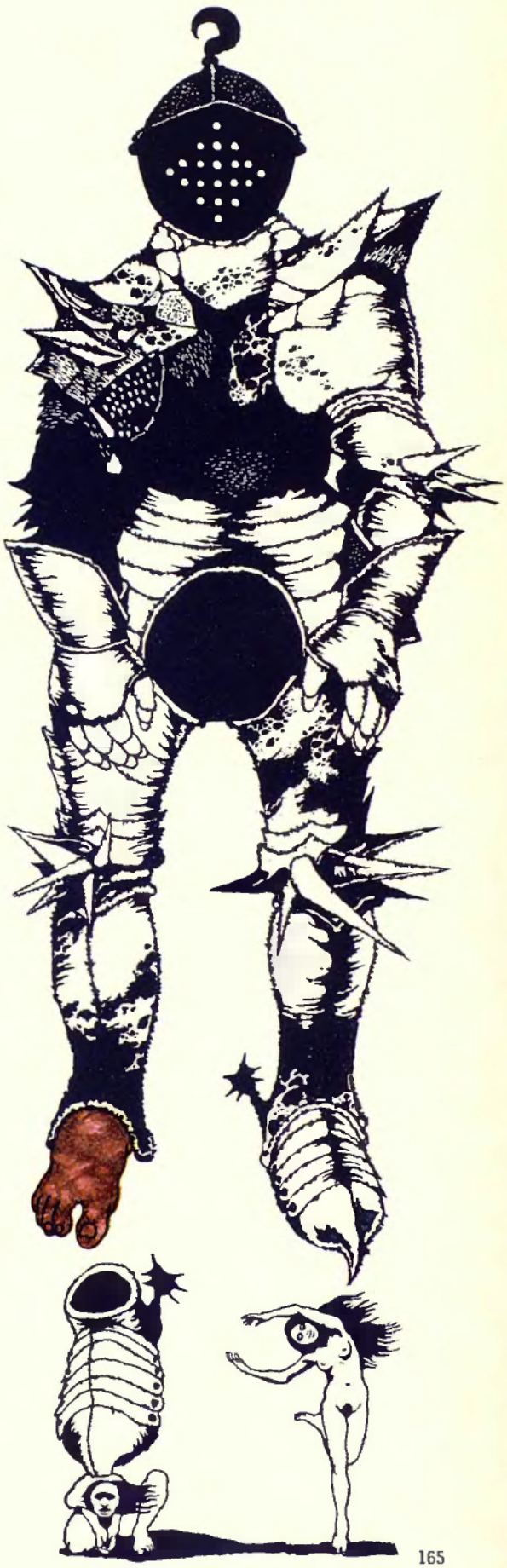


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

in a world they never made

five black south african poets write about life in the white-makes-right land of apartheid

introduction
by nadine gordimer

All the world knows that in Johannesburg, blacks and whites live at once together and apart under the color bar of South African apartheid. The high-rise world of shops, cinemas, theaters, restaurants and garden suburbs is white —except for the mines, the factories, the kitchens, back yards and streets, where the blacks go about working for whites. The vast shoe-box complex of workers' houses, Soweto (and smaller areas like it), is black. Whites are allowed to go there only on guided tours offered as a tourist attraction. Black townships are neat as cemeteries; they smoke with the life of thousands of cooking fires. Down to earth, here are struggling peach trees, scrap lean-tos, rutted streets of beat-up vehicles, chickens, curs, children, gangsters, dark little shops and—always—a big white-owned liquor store.

It's a black man's world made by white men.

The guided tour won't tell much about what it's like to live defined by other men's idea of what you are. Black writers who did this in the Sixties all have been gagged by government banning or exile, and a year or two ago there was silence. Then—sweet, wild, thin, raw—the voices began again. Who speaks? Who has the nerve for it?

Up through the cracks in the laws that overlay their lives, black street-corner poets have pushed like those peach trees germinated from pips spat into the dust. The stock vocabulary of American black consciousness is not theirs; although they write in English, their mother tongues have not been torn out in the Diaspora, and although the dirt beneath their feet is proscribed for the time being, it is the earth where their lineage lies, unbroken.

Look upon me as a
pullet crawling
from an eggshell
laid by a Zulu hen
ready to fly in spirit
to all lands on earth

writes Oswald Mtshali, working as a messenger for a white firm and going home to Soweto at night. These writers are a new breed, poets trying to assert life as whole men, in spite of laws designed to lop them down to white specifications. A hopeless attempt? A kind of unanswerable protest of survival?

It's not fortuitous that they write poetry rather than prose. Image and metaphor bamboozle the censors in their pursuit of "subversive" statements. Yet any articulate black must be suspect; their work is pawed and pored over. Oswald Mtshali had a visit from the political police after a poem had been published in a white newspaper; since then, a collection of his poems has sold 10,000 copies in South Africa, mainly to whites, whose enthusiasm probably arises as much from radical chic as from love of poetry. Such are the paradoxes of Mtshali's life. He is a neat, friendly man with well-polished shoes and the bold-planed mahogany face and almost girlishly beautiful eyes common to Zulus; his vision of the many hungers of his people sometimes takes on hunger's hallucinatory horror, as when it combines with the metaphor of blacks' castration by deprivation:

My father is not there.
He had left me, a child,
with his penis to eat for
a boerewors [sausage]
and his testicles to slice
as onion and tomato
to gravy my dry and stale
mieliepap [porridge]

The Babi Yar of the township Yevtushenkos is Sharpeville, where 67 Africans were shot during the anti-pass demonstrations of the early Sixties. But the pass, a document of identity that restricts his movement and freedom to sell his labor, is still a burning resentment in every black man's pocket. Writers Sydney Sepamla and Stanley Motjuwadi carry theirs, just like any laborer or beggar. Sepamla is personnel officer for black workers in a factory and writes plays without ever having seen the inside of a real theater; the theaters of Johannesburg are for whites only. Motjuwadi, at 41, is veritably the only survivor in Johannesburg of the Fifties' group of ebullient young bloods whose forum was the back-yard speak-easy and whose credo was that they could change their world through their writings. Some went into exile; some died there; for some, the world ended no bigger than the circumference of the bottom of a final bottle. Motjuwadi is still a journalist on one of the black-oriented but white-owned magazines and papers where once they all worked together. He has come through, a quiet triumph, with a thick scar across one eyebrow and a gentle, small-hours-of-the-morning face.

Young Mongane Wally Serote, after selling insurance and digging white men's gardens, went to the neighboring country of Swaziland for peace to write. When he came home to South Africa, his poems and typewriter were taken from him and later he himself was detained by the police. After eight months, he was released —but the typewriter remains in custody. Now, he seems to bring with him the terrible silences of solitary confinement, as he sits slender, stiff and stark-eyed. He reads Ralph Ellison, Langston Hughes, James Baldwin, Le Roi Jones, Eldridge Cleaver and is preparing to go to the U.S. this year to study. Preparing means a patient process of endless applications and supplications for passport, scholarships and sponsorships and a heavy dependence—probably resented by him—on the cooperation of whites on both sides of the ocean. He has just married but knows he must leave his bride behind in the townships from whose brutalizing life his poems manage to extract either some familiar tenderness or the bitter pathos in a dead man's clothes.

It is said of black women in South Africa that they have strong graceful necks because they load their burdens on their heads: a conveniently romantic image of a mother figure expected to carry the weight of her family's world on her skull. Joyce Nomafa Sikakane is a 28-year-old black girl—with a lovely, delicate-featured face and a solid, Maillol body —who, seemingly, could fit the role. But she bears a different burden. She is under a political ban following a long spell of detention in prison and acquittal in two political trials. She has never fitted docilely into ordained roles, whether imposed by black tradition or white oppression. She was the first black woman to work on a white newspaper in Johannesburg. When she came out of prison, she met and married Samson Fadana, a black man who had just served eight years as a convicted political prisoner. They were together a matter of months before he was banished to a tribal area where she is not allowed to follow. She's alone in the townships now. Her ban prevents her from working as a journalist. You catch a glimpse of her, sometimes, about the city—a wave, an alert smile, no Afro pompadour nor hoop earrings necessary to assert her courage and identity.

The way the writers of the following poems live is hardly exceptional. If they belong to an elite, it is the dead-end elite into which black artists and intellectuals are thrust by any Jim Crow society and the circumstances of their daily lives are exactly those of their humblest brothers and sisters. There is no chair of poetry in Soweto. The muse is in the beer hall, the casualty ward and the *kwela-kwela*—Black Maria—crammed with singing prisoners.

"tired of hoping to hope—behold these items of our death-life lives..."

an agony

by Joyce Nomafa Sikakane

My head is heavy, my shoulders shrug,
because despite
all my eyes have seen
my head has said
my heart has felt,
I do not believe
that White, Black and Yellow
cannot talk, walk, eat, kiss and share.

It worries me to think
that only people of my color
will liberate me.

You mustn't trust a White man
my grandfather used to tell me
when I was a child.
You mustn't think a White man cares
for you
my people caution me.
You know when a White man wants to
know you?
When you bring him money!

The Indian? He's black as you
but not as poor as you.
He knows his trade—cheating you.
He's happy to lend you money,
just forgets to mention
the twenty percent interest
until you have to pay it.

And the Colored? I ask.
Ag! Him, they say.
He doesn't know where he stands,
but he prefers his skin whitest
and his hair straightest
and somehow forgets the second names
of his black and kinky cousins.

I know of Whites, Coloreds and Indians
who are not like that, I say.
But I'm told they are only a few.

Now what about you, my fellow
African?
We are intimidated, they say.
Modimo, we're very, very busy,
they say.

Not losing
our passes,
our birth certificates,
our train tickets,
our rent receipts,
our urban residential permits
(not to mention our money, our husbands
and our lives).

My head is heavy, my shoulders shrug,
because despite
all my eyes have seen
my head has said
my heart has felt,
I do not believe
that White, Black and Yellow
cannot talk, walk, eat, kiss and share.

pigeons at the oppenheimer park

by Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali

I wonder why these pigeons in the
Oppenheimer Park
are never arrested and prosecuted for trespassing
on private property and charged with
public indecency.

Every day I see these insolent birds perched
on WHITES ONLY benches, defying all authority.
Don't they know of the Separate Amenities Act?
A white policeman in full uniform, complete
with a holstered .38 special, passes by
without even raising a reprimanding finger
at offenders who are flouting the law.
They not only sit on the hallowed benches,
they also mess them up with birdshit.

Oh! Holy Ideology! Look at those two at
the crest
of the jumping impala; they are making
love in full
view of madams, hobos, giggling office girls.
What is the world coming to?
Where's the sacred Immorality Act? *Sies!*

the watchman's blues

by Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali

High up
in the loft of a skyscraper
above the penthouse of the potentate,
he huddles
in his nest by day: by night
he is an owl that descends,
knobkerrie in hand,
to catch the rats that come
to nibble the treasure-strewn street
windows.

He sits near a brazier,
his head bobbing like a fish cork
in the serene waters of sleep.

The jemmy boys
have not paid him a visit,
but if they come
he will die in honor,
die fighting
like a full-blooded Zulu—
and the *baas* will say:
"Here's ten pounds.
Jim was a good boy."

To rise and keep awake
and twirl the kerry
and shoo the wandering waif
and chase the hobo with "*Voetsek*."

To wait for the rays of the sun
to spear the fleeing night,
while he pines
for the three wives and a dozen children
sleeping alone in the kraal
far away in the majestic mountains
of Mahlabathini—
"Where I'm a man
amongst men,
not John or Jim
but Makhubalo Magudulela."

DESIGNED BY FRED NELSON / PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD FEGLEY

the clothes

by Mongane Wally Serote

I came home in the morning,
There on the stoop,
The shoes I knew so well
Dripped water like a window
crying dew;
The shoes rested the first time
From when they were new,
Now it's forever.

I looked back.
On the washing line hung
A shirt, jacket and trousers
Soaked wet with pity,
Wrinkled and crying reddish water,
perhaps also salty;
The pink shirt had a gash on the right,
And stains that told the few who know,
An item of our death-life lives.

The colorless jacket still had mud,
Dropping lazily from its body
To join the dry earth beneath.

The oversized black-striped trousers
Dangled from one hip,
Like a man from a rope beneath
his head,
Tired of hoping to hope.

taken for a ride

by Stanley Motjuwadi

I get my cue
from the glint in the cop's eye.
I have seen it before.
So I have to find it.

I pull away from Mono
and hug myself in desperation.
Up, down, back, front, sides,
like a crazed tribal dancer.
I had to find it.

Without it I'm lost, with it I'm lost.
A cipher in Albert Street.
I hate it. I nurse it,
my pass, my everything.

Up, down, back, front, sides,
Mono's lip twitches,
She looks at me with all the love.
She shakes her head nervously.
Up, front, sides, back, down,
like a crazed tribal dancer.
Molimo!

The doors of the *kwela-kwela* gape,
I jabber at Mono.
The doors swing lazy, sadistic,
like Jonah's whale.
A baton pokes into my ribs.
I take the free ride.

to whom it may concern

by Sydney Sepamla

Bearer
Bare of everything but particulars
Is a Bantu
(The language of a people in Southern Africa)
He seeks to proceed from here to there
Please pass him on
Subject to these particulars
He lives
Subject to the provisions
Of the Urban Natives Act of 1925
Amended often
To update it to his sophistication
Subject to the provisions of the said Act
He may roam freely within a prescribed area
Free only from the anxiety of conscription
In terms of the Abolition of Passes Act

A latter-day amendment
In keeping with moon-age naming
Bearer's designation is reference number 417181
And he acquires a niche in the said area
As a temporary sojourner
To which he must betake himself
At all times
When his services are dispensed with for the day
As a permanent measure of law and order
Please note
The remains of RN 417181
Will be laid to rest in peace
On a plot
Set aside for Methodist Xosas
A measure also adopted
At the express request of the Bantu
In anticipation of any faction fight
Before the Day of Judgment.

TERMINAL MAN

(continued from page 156)

paused before the second. "If you want coffee, just boil water in the kitchen," she said.

She did her other eye, pulled the towel tighter around her and leaned out toward the hallway. "Find everything you need?" she called.

Harry Benson was standing in the hallway. "Good morning, Dr. Ross," he said. His voice was pleasant. "I hope I haven't come at an inconvenient time."

• • •

It was odd how frightened she felt. He held out his hand and she shook it, hardly conscious of the action. She was preoccupied with her own fear. Why was she afraid? She knew this man well; she had been alone with him many times before and had never been afraid.

The surprise was part of it. And the unprofessional setting: She was acutely aware of the towel, her still-damp bare legs. "Excuse me a minute," she said, "and I'll get some clothes on."

He nodded politely and went into the living room. She closed the bedroom door and sat down on the bed. She was breathing hard, as if she had run a great distance. Anxiety, she thought, but the label didn't really help. She remembered a patient who had finally shouted at her in frustration, "Don't tell me I'm depressed. I feel *terrible*."

She went to the closet and pulled on a dress, hardly noticing which one it was. Then she went back into the bathroom to check her appearance. Stalling, she thought. This is the wrong time to stall. She took a deep breath and went out to talk with him.

He was standing in the middle of the living room, looking uncomfortable and confused. She saw the room freshly, through his eyes: a modern, sterile, hostile apartment. Modern furniture, black leather and chrome, hard lines; modern paintings on the walls; modern, glistening, machinelike, efficient, a totally hostile environment.

"I never would have thought this of you," he said.

"We're not threatened by the same things," she said. "Do you want some coffee?"

"No, thanks." He wore a jacket and tie; he'd changed from the orderly's uniform. But he wore the black wig over his head bandages and she couldn't get used to that. His eyes were different, too—tired, distant, the eyes of a man near the breaking point of fatigue. She remembered how the rats had collapsed from excessive pleasurable stimulation. Eventually, they lay spread-eagled on the floor of the cage, panting, too weak to crawl forward and press the shock lever one more time.

"Are you alone here?" he said.

"Yes, I am."

There was a small bruise on his left cheek, just below the eye. She looked at his bandages. They just barely showed, a bit of white between the bottom of his wig and the top of his collar.

"You seem tense." His voice sounded genuinely concerned. Probably he'd just had a stimulation. She remembered how he had become sexually interested in her after the test stimulations, just before he was interfaced.

"No . . . I'm not tense." She smiled.

"You have a very nice smile," he said.

"Well," she said, "I'm going to have some coffee." She went into the kitchen with a kind of relief. It was somehow easier to breathe in the kitchen, away from him. She put the kettle on the burner, turned on the gas and stayed there a moment. She had to get control of herself. She had to get control of the situation.

The odd thing was that while she had been shocked to see him suddenly in her apartment, she was not really surprised that he had come. Psychomotor epileptics were driven people who feared their own violence. More than half of them attempted suicide in desperation; all of them felt anguish and sought the help of doctors.

She went out to the living room. Benson was standing by the large windows, looking out over the city, which stretched away for miles in every direction.

"Why did you run away, Harry?" As she spoke, she felt her strength and control coming back. She could handle this man. She'd been alone with men more dangerous than he. She remembered her six-month period at Cameron State Hospital, where she had worked with psychopaths and multiple murderers—charming, engaging, chilling men.

"Why? Because." He smiled and sat down in a chair. He wriggled around in it, then stood up and sat down again on the sofa. "All your furniture is so uncomfortable. How can you live in such a place?" He got up and walked to the windows, stared at the expanse of streets and buildings. "They're searching for me out there," he said. "But they'll never find me. The city is too big."

From the kitchen, her kettle began to whistle. She excused herself and went in to make coffee. Her eyes scanned the counter, searching for something heavy. If she hit Benson over the head, Ellis would never forgive her, but——

"You have a picture on your wall," Benson called. "A lot of numbers. Who did that?"

"A man named Johns."

"Why would a man draw numbers? Numbers are for machines."

She stirred the instant coffee, poured in milk, went back out and sat down.

"And look at this. What is this supposed to mean?" He tapped another picture with his knuckles.

"Harry, come and sit down."

He stared at her for a moment, then went over and sat on the couch opposite her. He seemed tense, but a moment later smiled in a relaxed way. For an instant, his pupils dilated. Another stimulation, she thought.

What the hell was she going to do?

"Harry," she said, "what happened?"

"I don't know," he said, still relaxed. "I left the hospital, wearing one of those white suits. I figured it all out. Angela picked me up. And then we went to my house. I was quite tense."

"Why were you tense?"

"Well, you see, I know how this is all going to end."

She wasn't sure what he was referring to. "How is it going to end?"

"And after we left my house, we went to her apartment, and we had some drinks, and we made love, and then I told her how it was going to end. That was when she got scared. She wanted to call the hospital, to tell them where I was. . . ." He stared off into space, momentarily confused. She didn't want to press the point. He had had a seizure and he would not remember killing the girl. His amnesia would be total and genuine.

But she wanted to keep him talking. "Why did you leave the hospital, Harry?"

"It was in the afternoon," he said, turning to look at her. "I was lying in bed and I suddenly realized that everybody was taking care of me, *taking care*, servicing me, like a machine. I was afraid of that all along."

In some distant, detached and academic corner of her mind, she felt that a suspicion was confirmed. Benson's paranoia about machines was, at bottom, a fear of dependency, of losing self-reliance. He was quite literally telling the truth when he said he was afraid of being taken care of. And people usually hated what they feared. But then, Benson was dependent on her. And how would he now react to that?

He began to get angry. "You people lied to me——" He broke off and smiled again. The pupils were briefly larger: another stimulation. They were very close now. He'd tip over again soon.

"You know something? That's the most wonderful feeling in the world," he said. "That buzz. As soon as things start to get black—buzz!—and I'm happy again. Beautifully warm and happy."

"The stimulations," she said. She resisted the impulse to look at her watch. What did it matter? Anders had said he would be coming in 20 minutes, but anything could delay him. And even if he came, she wondered if he could handle Benson. A psychomotor epileptic out

(continued on page 241)

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

SEERSUCKER'S BACK IN TOWN

that classic warm-weather fabric is reincarnated in a punchy plaid suit

THERE WAS A TIME when the seersucker suit came in one pattern (striped), limited colors (usually faded blue and white) and one shape (baggy). It did have something going for it—cool comfort—and it became a virtual uniform for a generation of rumpled, pipe-smoking, slightly frayed professorial types. They'd never recognize the seersucker suit in its 1972 edition; the crisp feel of cotton remains, but the choice of patterns is far broader and the cut is very contemporary. The fellow at right wears a plaid single-breasted seersucker suit with wide lapels, flap pockets, deep center vent and slightly flared cuffed trousers, by Corbin, Ltd., $110, with a diamond-print Arnel triacetate knit shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Excello, $14, a paisley-patterned striped polyester tie, by Resilio, $8.50, and a pair of duck and crinkled-patent-leather spectator shoes with crepe soles, by Hush Puppies, $18.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOEL BALOWIN

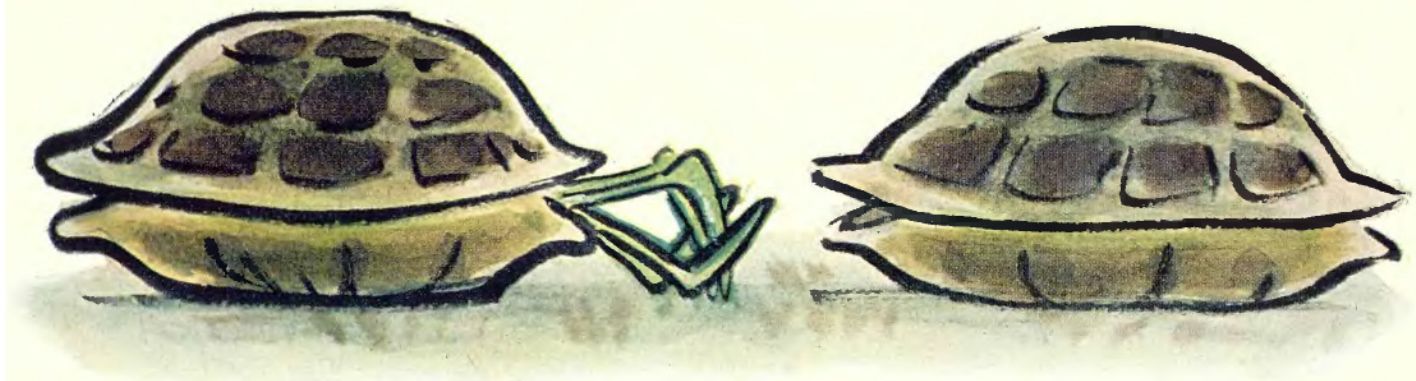
migod! they're behaving just like humans!

BESTIAL SEX

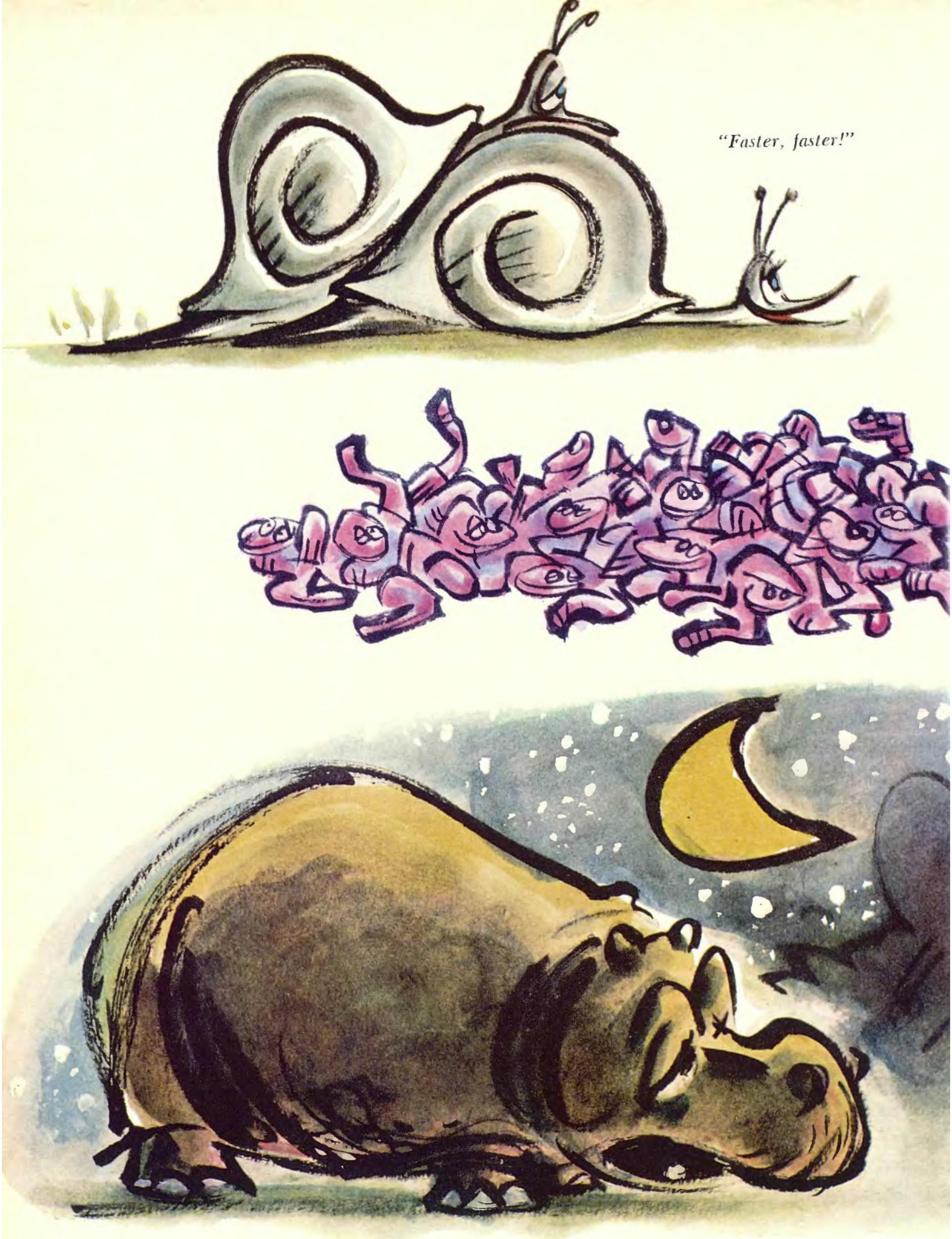
by Lorenz

"You're not in the mood—you're not in the mood. You're never in the mood!"

"Well, so much for the French kiss."



"Did the 'Kama Sutra' tell you how to get out of this position?"



"Faster, faster!"

"Tonight, how about me getting on top?"

"Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks?"

"No, thanks—I don't dig the orgy scene."

FOR MY NEXT ACT

(continued from page 140)

engineer, a land speed record man, then a loser, a lover and a tinkerer. Anything else about his formative years would waste one's time. His best year was 1963. He had engineered and designed the car; he had conned Goodyear and Shell Oil into sponsoring him. Then he built it, a three-wheeled, jet-powered behemoth with about as much might as the California Zephyr, and he called it Spirit of America. He rolled out onto the Utah Salt Flats with this great sort of Marvel Man caravan that, if there hadn't been so much danger involved, would have been corny beyond all recall. Breedlove wore a Captain America suit long before Peter Fonda ever got the idea. There he was, in those damned tailored blue coveralls cinched at the neck, waist, cuffs and ankles, the American flag on the right shoulder. With the silver helmet and those teeth you could see from Wendover, Utah. There, too, was the Spirit—a thin skin wrapped around a 10,000-hp engine, a rudimentary cockpit—11 feet high at the tail fin, ten feet wide at the rear wheels.

Breedlove drove the damn thing, successfully, at 407, at 468, at 526 and the next car at 555 miles an hour, a "bitching sensation," he called it then, finally setting the world land speed record at 600.601 mph, "so damn fast nobody will ever break it." Now Breedlove lives over a garage, mostly because, sure as hell, somebody broke it. A demon driver named Gary Gabelich did it in a thing called the Blue Flame, a car powered by liquefied natural gas, which is not so bad an idea. He was sponsored by a wealthy combine of 50 natural-gas companies whose interest was not in Gabelich but in promoting what they figure is a pollution-free fuel. The Blue Flame is fiercer than Breedlove's Spirit—since it consists mostly of a detuned rocket engine; it is the world's biggest tricycle and easily, right now, a better car than the Spirit.

Still, in those five years before Gabelich came along, Breedlove ran his earnings up to as high as $300,000 a year, lived in an overdecorated Palos Verdes Peninsula home and was up to here in pliant women. He built the garage as a place to tinker around in before his second marriage failed and now, everything else having failed along with it, he lives over the garage that is, roughly, his last possession. The platoons of stunning girls have dwindled and now he has a mirror installed on the ceiling of his bedroom.

But since Breedlove is coming back, it doesn't matter. The spirit of comeback is now spread through three rooms in the garage below. There, scattered all around, is what will be assembled into a drag car powered by a lunar-descent engine. Lunar descent, for God's sake. Breedlove will make a car out of it and head for some drag strip to turn 300 mph in the quarter.

"If I can just get this son of a bitch going," he says, "I've got it made. Because I've really got *big* plans after that. It will take $300,000 to do it right, but, man, what a program. First, there will be the drag car down there in the garage, and then—a bigger version for the land speed record. *Bigger*. I've had five years to think about it and now it's complete in my mind. I know every nut and bolt on the car. Every panel. Every mile an hour."

Breedlove figures, correctly, "the rest of my life is in this goddamn car." He has painted some body panels red and white, because the McDonald hamburger people considered a possible sponsorship. Fine; just give him the money. he'll put melted cheese and onions on the car. The *money*. Got to have the money.

And now, exotic working hours are routine, part of the ritual. When Breedlove built his first two cars, he worked every single night until exhaustion. He has come back to that. He will build the drag car alone. It's a simple enough plan: With the publicity from it, he plans to attract sponsors for the big earthshaker that he expects will go 720 mph.

The best place to run the earthshaker, the cheapest place to get to, is that tabletop stretch of crystalline known as the Utah Salt Flats. Bonneville is a leftover from prehistoric times; once it was the bottom of a lake that stretched from mountain to mountain on either side of the sprawling valley. It is definitely Weirdsville by the Great Salt Lake: miles of baking or chilled flats glistening in the sun, cracked underfoot like some gigantic jigsaw puzzle, unreal, ethereal, with mountains off in the distance that seem to float on heat waves. Years ago, the Donner party passed across one edge of the flats and on the summer desert lost equipment that could have saved them in the mountains that winter. Not far from where the cars run there are still the Donner wagon tracks—forever frozen into the salt.

The salt is hard, lightly granular on the surface and a hell of a place to drive a car. Ever since the Ab Jenkins days, people have been driving cars fast across the flats. It's perfect. There is, under normal conditions, nothing that can cause a car to tip over—except a violent wrench such as an exploding engine or a savagely blown tire. When Jenkins and others were testing cars on the flats, the late Steve Moloney, of the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce, would climb into his car, crank the wheels into a turn, get it rolling, then crawl into the back seat and sleep while it ambulated in a steady circle for hours. He also got lost from time to time.

There is a town tucked into a rugged little foothill notch on the edge of the flats: Wendover, Utah, on one side of town and Wendover, Nevada, on the other side. Two motels, a lot of gas stations, the world's biggest supply of chicken-fried steaks, a laundromat, a grocery store that sells Levis and railroad-striped overalls. And if the waitresses at the A-1 Café won't do—and they won't—there is a whorehouse 50 miles down the road in a tiny cattle town called Wells. There, the driver of the world land speed car need not worry about a raid nor the glare of television lights as he stumbles out the door: In most Nevada cattle towns, the whorehouse is run by the sheriff. In fact, that's the sheriff now, downstairs having a drink, sort of keeping an eye on his famous customer above.

"You havin' a good time there, fella?"

"Yes sir, sheriff. As always."

"Fine. Now you drive right fast tomorrow, ya hear?"

The land speed course is simple enough: It's divided into three sections: a five-mile build-up, a measured mile, where timing takes place and the average speed is calculated, and a five-mile section for stopping the car—with luck. A single black line distinguishes the course from the rest of the terrain. Most drivers straddle the line. One simply makes a run through the measured mile in each direction for an official record. Both runs must be made within an hour. The average time of the two runs is calculated to determine the official speed. What could be simpler?

When Breedlove arrived in 1962 for his first attempt at Cobb's 394-mph record, it was as if the gypsies had just hit town. There was a 40-foot tractor-trailer containing nothing but parts and tools, a three-quarter-ton pickup with the starter generator for the jet engine, two other pickups with assorted goodies, the huge trailer with the Spirit, two small vans and an assortment of private automobiles. And the well-tailored Breedlove. Most other record attempts had been considerably less spectacular—usually a race car towed by a pickup. This one had *Easy Rider* written all over it.

At first there was disappointment. The car careened here and there across the flats at speeds in the mid-200s and Breedlove and the crew gave up. So Breedlove redesigned his steering system, added a vertical stabilizer and brought the whole show back to the salt the following year. And he broke the record, returning it to the United States for the first time since Indianapolis champion

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CANADIAN WHISKY — A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

Ray Keech had gone 207 mph in 1928. Breedlove went 407 and years of dreams and hard work reached fruition. It didn't last; it never does: Next season, Akron speed merchant Walt Arfons talked a friend, Tom Green, into getting into his Wingfoot Express and sizzling across the salt at 413 mph. Three days later, brother Art Arfons went 434 and Breedlove was the third-fastest man in the world. *Third fastest*, for Chrissakes.

So he worked on the Spirit some more and stormed back to the salt for the record. Listen to Breedlove tell about it:

"A shiver ran through me as I stepped into the cold predawn air. I had awakened more scared than usual that morning and the feeling had stayed with me. It was usually gone by the time I was completely awake, but this day it lingered; this feeling of fear—of something unexplained.

"Most of the crew and the newsmen were already at the flats when I arrived. There were the usual greetings: 'How you doin'?' 'What's happening?' 'How you feel, Craig?' I muttered something noncommittal and thought, 'I wish to hell they'd just shut up so I can go out and get this thing over with.'

"I managed a faint smile and climbed into the car. I shivered again as I sat down. In the mornings, the seat is always ice-cold. The cockpit was stark and the whole thing was a giant pain in the ass. But for some reason—I don't really know for sure—I stayed with it. Maybe it was because I honestly felt that this was going to be the best damn ride anybody ever had.

"I looked at my gloved hand. It was steady as a rock and my knees weren't shaking, but the fear was there, nevertheless. I took a deep breath and felt a little better.

"The first run was good, but when the official showed me the timing slip and I saw 513.33, I felt nervous again. I hate threes. For the next 20 minutes, the routine process of getting the car ready took my mind off the fear. All the newsmen and announcers kept crowding around, but I wouldn't talk to them. I'd told them to wait until after the second run. I ran through the same check list and flipped the same switches. It's like starting an airplane; you make doubly sure everything is ready. During the light-up procedure, you have to regulate the fuel very carefully. It's a touchy situation, one that can easily be blown. If you flood the engine and blow the light-up, you have to wait 45 minutes for the next attempt to start, because of all the raw fuel in the chambers. And if you wait too long, you may have blown the weather; winds come up quickly and they affect the way the car handles. So there's always pressure on you when you start the engine. This eliminated some of my uneasiness, but not all, because the last run I had made was through some very rough salt and I was concerned about trying to go 500 mph again through it.

"The engine started and I slipped my breathing mask on. Everything had suddenly become mechanical. There was a valve on the mask to adjust the flow of air and I set it so a little bit of oxygen was blowing on my face, even when I wasn't breathing. It cooled my mouth and nose under the mask, and it was a refreshing feeling—like splashing my face with cold water. I felt a little sharper. I polished my goggles on the sleeve of my driving suit and looked at the windshield. It was clean.

"The engine was idling and everything was set to go, so one of the crew members lowered the canopy over my head. I pulled it down and jiggled it into place. I had sat in the car so often that putting the canopy on was like slipping on an old jacket. I knew exactly how much to the right or left it had to be moved before the pins lined up and it dropped into place. I gave the crew the sign and held the wheel tightly, my thumbs poised over the two parachute buttons mounted on the butterfly-type wheel—like the gun buttons in a World War Two fighter plane.

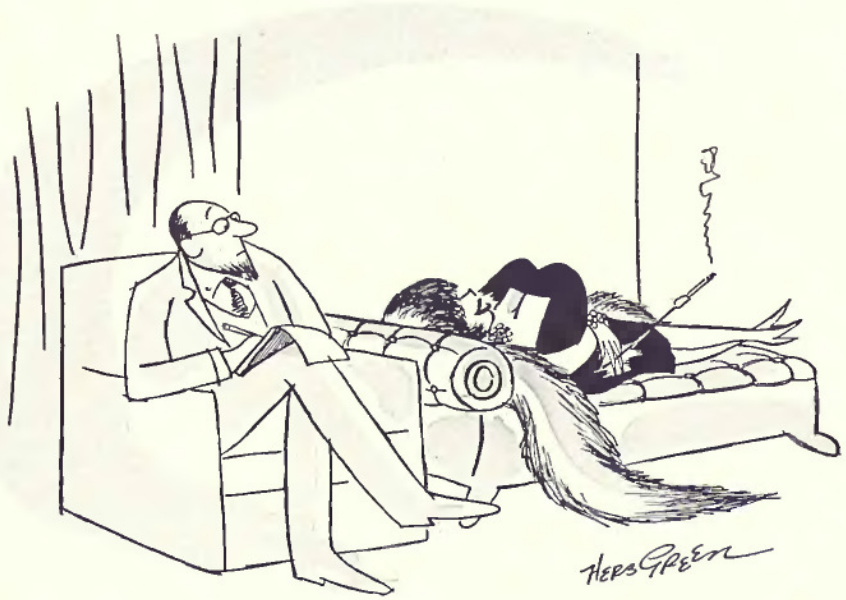
"I took a deep breath and slammed the throttle to the floor and the car shot forward. It accelerated swiftly and I was doing over 400 mph when I saw the rough stuff coming. I carefully maneuvered as far to the left side of the course as possible until I saw the marker for mile three flash by. Then I steered the car back to the right to avoid the next series of bumps. It bounced a little, but nothing like the day before.

"As the car approached the measured mile, it was really moving. The needle on the air-speed indicator was nearing 500 and the car was streaking across the salt like a comet—straight and easy. Then it happened!

"I heard a loud snap and the car began pulling badly to the right. Frantically, I turned the wheel to the left. The car came back on course, but I had the steering wheel turned completely upside down. I didn't know whether to abort the run or stay with it and hope for the best. I dimly realized that I must have lost one of the suspension bolts and that the front wheel was beginning to camber over. I was steering the car like it was a motorcycle, and it was starting to lean more. I could see the measured mile and I didn't know what to do, but I was moving so fast that I didn't have time to make a real decision, anyway. I was committed. I hadn't even taken my foot off the throttle. Then I was in the measured mile. All I could do was hang on and see if I could hack it through the timing lights.

"The car was leaning more and more and was straying off course again. I feared that I would hit one of the timing lights and I had to back off the throttle. When I did, the car immediately seemed to right itself; it was as if some torque had been released, allowing it to go straight again.

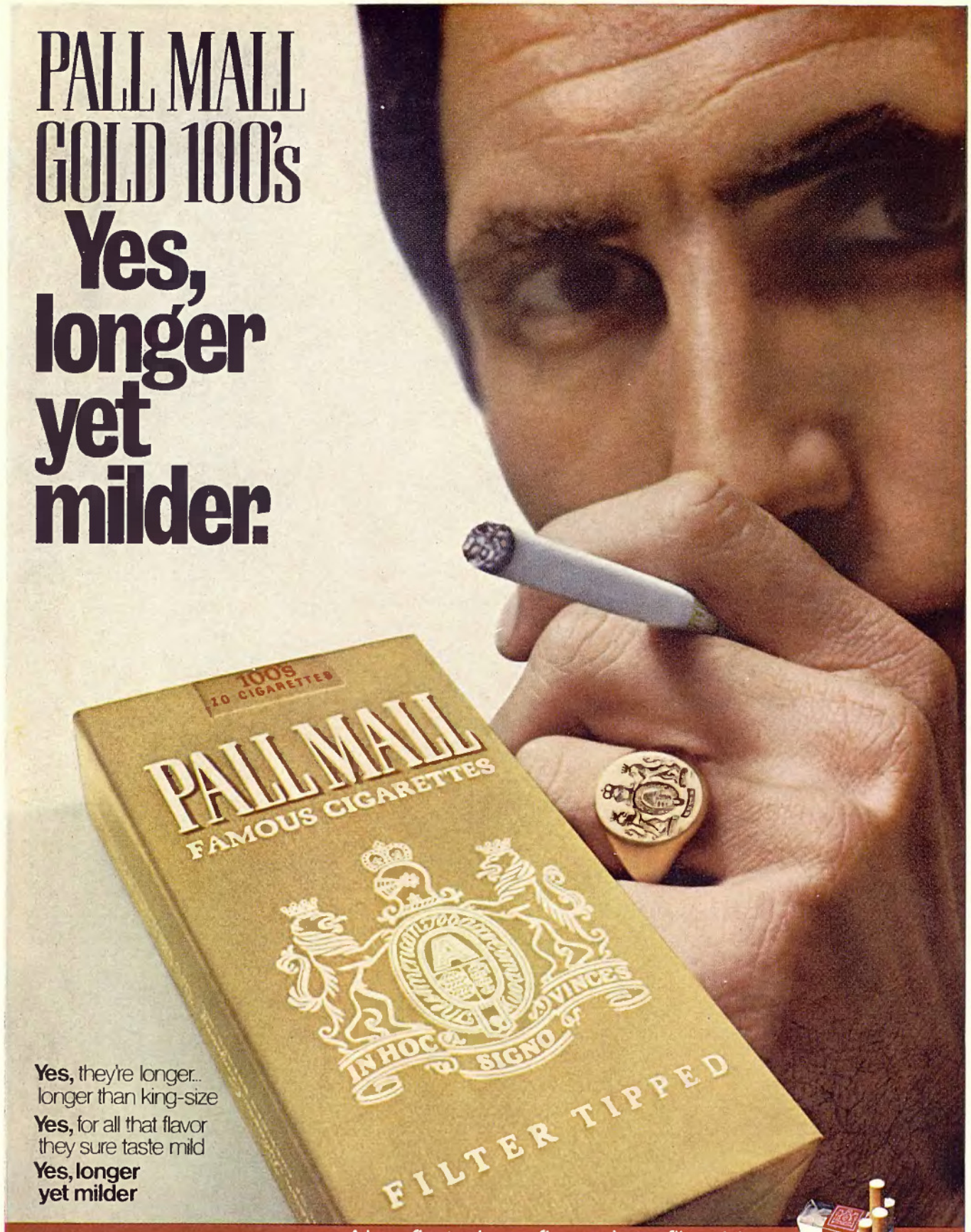
"Then it hit me that I could get through the second set of lights without hitting anything. I smashed down again on the throttle and the engine caught



"The movies have been good to me, but, then, I've been very good to the movies."

PALL MALL GOLD 100's

Yes, longer yet milder.



Yes, they're longer... longer than king-size
Yes, for all that flavor they sure taste mild
Yes, longer yet milder

Also first class flavor in a filter king
New Pall Mall Filter King

Gold 100's:
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '71.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"You won't need your glasses, Merv, I'll show you where everything is."

and relit. With a big burst of speed, the car cleared the last marker under full power.

"I glanced at my air speed. The needle was pointing to 550 mph. I thought, 'Bitching.' But the most important thing, at that point, was getting the car shut down. I was praying when I cut the power and hit the first chute button. I heard the dynamite charge fire the first chute out of its can and I felt a slight tug; I knew I had lost my chute. I tried to collect my thoughts and actually talked out loud to myself: 'You're going too damn fast, you have to slow down.' Another mile marker went by. 'Wait one more mile.' I saw the next mile sign and fired the emergency chute. The gun went off, the sound reverberating inside the cockpit like a cannon—and there was nothing. The emergency chute must have come out with the first one. It, too, had been ripped away. I punched the button again and again. 'You heard the gun fire, idiot. It's not going to fire again,' I told myself.

"I knew that if I stepped on the brakes at that speed, they would just burn out; they had been designed for stopping at speeds of 150 mph and less—after the chutes had dragged the car down to that speed. I looked at the brake pedal and then at my air speed—the car was still going almost 500. I thought, 'It's all you've got left, hero, and if you don't use the brakes now, there won't be any later.' So I pressed the pedal and it smashed right to the floor. I pumped it again and again, and I could hear the sickening thud of the pedal hitting the metal floor. I had absolutely no brakes. I leaned back hard in the seat. I didn't know what else to do.

"I flashed past mile zero, where the car would normally have come to an easy stop. The crew and the assembled newsmen stood by the marker, frozen in horror. I looked at my speed—400—and I was at the end of the course. Beyond that lay rough salt, a row of telephone poles, a shallow lake and a ten-foot-high salt dike that had been built when a drainage ditch had been dug across the south end of the flats. Beyond the dike was a deep lake.

"Andy Linden, the ex–Indy driver, had once said when he told of his car spinning out at 170 mph at Monza, Italy, 'You're apt to lose your balance if you step out at that speed.' I could hear Andy's voice saying it as the rough salt loomed ahead.

"There was nothing else to look for outside. The markers were gone; I would just have to ride it out. Suddenly I seemed to have plenty of time. I looked at the roll bar and the welds I had made in the cockpit, and I remembered putting all of these things in. I glanced down at the instrument panel and remembered drilling all the holes and mounting the instruments, forming all the metal support structures and bending the windshield around. I looked at the padding I had put in to protect myself, and I knew I was trapped. I took a deep breath and the oxygen rushed into my lungs. It was almost like being trapped in an iron lung.

"I looked around inside my goggles and saw the metal frames, and then refocused my eyes on the blue Plexiglas of the windshield. Then I listened. The engine was shut down and I could hear only the slamming and banging of the suspension as the car sped over the rough salt surface beneath it. I thought of the many times I had sat in the car, and then tried to count all the race cars I had sat in. For a moment, I thought of the black-leather seats I had put in the 1934 Ford coupe. I distinctly remember asking myself: 'What put me in this damn thing? Why am I here in the first place?'

"I looked out the windshield again and was shocked back to reality. Straight ahead was the row of telephone poles. I knew that I couldn't miss them, but I thought that if I could at least get the nose of the car between two of them, it might not be as bad. I steered to the right and the car moved over a little. Then I put my head down, ready for the impact, but there were only two sounds: WHACK! WHACK! The car was jarred a little, but it was still moving and I thought, 'Oh, Christ, I've got another chance.'

"Then the car hit the shallow lake and the spray shot high into the air. The water was slowing the car down a little and it was a good feeling. But then I saw the dike straight ahead of me. The car hit it and shot into the air—the whole horizon turned sideways. As the car cleared the top, the right outrigger wheel clipped the dike—just enough to give the car a tip—and the impact righted the Spirit. It was flying like a jet fighter—level and straight, and quiet. There wasn't a sound. Man, I was flying.

"The horizon was gone and everything was crazy to me. Then the nose started to dip and I could see the water under me. The car was going to land in the deep lake on the other side of the dike. All I could think of was getting the canopy off. I knew I wouldn't be able to get it off once the car was under water; so I grabbed the two latches inside and turned. The canopy popped up about two inches and the wind pulled it out of my hands.

"The car was almost in the water, so I tucked my hands inside my shoulder harness to hold my stomach, because I knew that I was going to hit pretty hard. Then the car came down with a tremendous crash, but broke free again, skipping across the water like a flat rock. The next time it hit, there was a big wall of water, only this time it was up over my head. The car was under water. I snapped open the harness and started to climb out. I pulled about two or three times but couldn't get out of the car, and I thought, 'Oh, Christ, all of this and now I'm going to drown.' I started to panic but caught myself and said, 'Just hold on. There's something wrong and you can figure it out if you just don't panic.

" 'The breathing mask, of course; it's still connected.' I ripped it off the helmet, floated to the surface of the lake and swam to shore. I pulled myself to the bank and rolled over, looking at the car. There it was with just the tail sticking out of the brine, making weird sounds. The water was steaming and the car was going PLUNK, PLOP, GURGLE. I looked at my hands and fingers and feet. I was all in one piece and I just rolled over and started laughing. Everything was funny and I couldn't stop."

The period after the first record runs began a long stage of development for Breedlove. Instant fame and wealth whetted his appetite for the things that had eluded him all his life. He tediously learned how to order in a fine restaurant and to appreciate a good wine list. He got his own tailor and his wardrobe began to expand, although conservatively at first.

Then his world collapsed. With all his money gone, he turned to farther-out things—the longer hair style and Mod, Mod clothes. The PR types had labeled him "Craig Breedlove, the All-American Boy." Today all traces of the Jack Armstrong of yesteryear are gone.

At a recent dinner party at Redondo Beach's posh Chart House, Breedlove entertained a group of friends with funds from a personal appearance. He zinged through the wine list with skill garnered in the fat years, then suggested outstanding delicacies, laboriously instructing the waiter.

"The big difference between being alive and being dead is that when you're alive, you can do things," Breedlove said afterward. "I know one of the things I can do is build a new car and get that record back—and put it through the sound barrier. Everybody has something he really feels, the same way Tom Jones can put a song together—he feels it, it's part of him. This is part of me."

Talking about it, he paces the floor in his apartment, gesturing wildly as he unfolds his plans for Spirit of America, Sonic II. He is clad only in a pair of blue jeans and the softly tanned skin on his five-foot-nine frame picks up the glimmer of the flames leaping in the fireplace, almost in rhythm with his

frantic gestures. He turns sublime. He has explained the concept of the new car.

"When the supersonic car is done, it's going to be magnificent, such a phenomenal piece of machinery that when we roll it out of the trailer—and this is the part I really get a kick out of—it's just going to blow their minds," he says excitedly. "They'll just look at it and say, 'How'd the sons of bitches do that?' "

Then—with that knack of showmanship that came with the first record—he plops dramatically into a chair and a visible change comes over him. As he unfurls an almost one-to-one-scale cutaway drawing of the new Spirit, it becomes clear that the all-American tinkerer of yesteryear has gone NASA.

As he explains the intricate rendering, the strong aesthetic sense of the man becomes apparent. He points to the smooth, flowing lines of his newest projectile. Completely seduced by space jargon, he becomes his own mission control, a showbiz Werner von Braun:

"Notice how the fenders have a biconvex configuration. And here's how the progressive deployment of the flap system slows the car down." Then he talks of negative lift and yaw movement and digital readout and dwells on the eight-channel galvanometer-type photosensitive recorder that will monitor ground loading (the telltale weight on the tires that tells whether or not the big-mother Spirit is getting ready to fly).

"The bottom of the car, from the front wheel aft, increases in ground clearance by an inch and one half by the time it reaches the end of the fuselage, to compensate for boundary-layer bleed build-up," he says matter-of-factly. "And there are shock propagation devices in front of each wheel so that there won't be any compressibility in front of the tires. Without these devices it's possible, when you get into a compressibility *range*, for the air to build up in front of the tires and have the car roll up on this air and start hydroplaning. It would seriously destabilize the vehicle," he says in one of his gems of understatement. He picks up the tempo a little as he rises from his beanbag chair:

"The wheels have a definite stabilization input and influence over the overall dynamic stability of the vehicle." He drops the drawing and asks, "But do you know what the single most important aspect of any design is? Well, I'll tell you: aesthetics. To me, this is paramount in the design of any good aircraft or automobile. It should *look* beautiful. There is absolutely no excuse for it not to look good. Most of the time, when people design an airplane, they let one group do the wings and another the tail section and still another the fuselage, and when they put it together, the damn thing looks like a bunch of pieces that came from three different places. It's done all the time. But when you see that rare plane that was designed by one man—like the F104 or the P51 Mustang—it's a zoomy-looking thing.

"When you find a designer who is very artistic, you usually find an aircraft or a car that's not only beautiful but also functions well. There's an old saying around the hot-rod circles that goes, 'What looks good *is* good.' This artistic thing that I have won't let me do anything that doesn't look nice."

It all may sound unreal, but Breedlove is serious. The car will be 22 inches wide, 34 inches high and 44 feet long. Forty-four feet. It will be three-wheeled, like the first car, and will have its own life-support system in a cockpit capsule that can be blasted right out of the car. It will not use the prosaic jet fuel of the other Spirit, because the lunar-descent engine is fueled with unsymmetrical dimethylhydrozine, using nitrogen tetraoxide as an oxidizer. Steering and ground loading will be assisted by an autopilot system that almost defies description. Breedlove says it will work this way:

"As the car goes transsonic, certain parts will become supersonic before the total vehicle does. At this point, when the pressure distribution is shifting and the center of pressure is moving forward and creating a destabilizing effect, the autopilot will be automatically compensating on the wheel loading. The car will have a series of three small transistorized autopilots that will vote into a computer, which, in turn, will supply the necessary information to the leveling and stabilizing system.

"And that's what I plan for the future," Breedlove says.

Breedlove is for sale. He is a winner, for the price of a stud car. In the morning, at just the right moment, in just the right lighting, an order of warmed cream will buy an audience with Mr. Comeback. What the hell, it's a start, isn't it?

"As long as I'm editor of this comic book, there'll be no ridiculing of ducks or mice!"

HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING ON BORROWED TIME?

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ON THE SCENE

JOSEPH PAPP *the play's his thing*

"SUCCESS," writes *Wall Street Journal* reviewer Irma Heldman, "doesn't exactly bore Joseph Papp, he [just] manages to operate independently of it." The New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater will be 19 this year, and from humble beginnings—"An Evening with Shakespeare and Marlowe" at a church on Manhattan's Lower East Side—and with a boundless passion, producer Papp has almost singlehandedly built what *New York Times* critic Clive Barnes has called "the most vital theater in North America, [if not] the world." Joseph Papirofsky, son of a Polish-Jewish trunk maker, could do worse. After more than a decade of free Shakespeare in Central Park, plus the world premiere of *Hair* at the completely refurbished 119-year-old Astor Library (now headquarters of the Festival), *The Wars of the Roses* (a dusk-to-dawn marathon culled from the Bard's three-part *Henry VI* and *Richard III*) and last December's Public Theater Broadway opening of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, you'd think Joseph Papp would take time to relax. "Relax?" he says. "No way!" During this month, the 50-year-old impresario will stage four new productions at the Public Theater, partially financed by grants from the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts, profits from the international stage rights to *Hair* and a hard-fought subsidy wrung from New York's City Hall. It's not for nothing that Papp, married to psychiatric social worker Peggy Bennion, a former actress, wears a label reading CHUTZPAH AND COJONES on his custom-tailored leather vest. He is proud of his Festival, so much so that he'd like the Government to step in and help other producers spread the dramatic wealth around. "Today," he says, "American theater is more alive and more energetic than any other on earth. A national theater that's a dynamic social force, a platform for ideas and an effective outlet for serious writers should have equal priority with, say, garbage collection." To say the least.

ROBERT SONNEMAN *turn-on*

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRINCIPLE that form follows function has been attractively—and successfully—applied to the field of lamp design by 29-year-old Robert Sonneman. "A lamp can be a work of art," says the New York City native, and the fact that his designs have been displayed in museums throughout the country certainly proves his point. As a child, Sonneman demonstrated his mechanical aptitude by wiring pressure buttons under the carpets in his house, enabling him to locate other people on a control board in his room. After graduation from Long Island University in 1966 with a bachelor of arts degree in industrial management, he began designing for the George Kovacs lamp firm but left five years ago to go into business for himself. He now has several showrooms in the U. S. and a growing market abroad, all of which adds up to a thriving multimillion-dollar operation. Always experimenting, Sonneman travels the world with his "thinkbook," sketching possibilities for new designs, as he continues to prove that a lamp can be more than a light. This premise is strikingly exemplified in his popular Orbiter lamp, which was nominated for an A. I. D. International Design Award in 1967, and others of his design, which make use of such materials as chrome, marble, wood and parchment. Though his work pace is hectic, he does manage to take time out for flying, tennis and skiing with his wife and son. Sonneman's plans include expansion into other areas of design—possibly furniture or other home accessories—but adhering to his desire to concentrate on one product at a time, he's keeping those ambitions in abeyance. For now, the field of lighting design still allows him plenty of room for expression. Beyond aesthetics and engineering, Sonneman regards lamp design as a psychological tool: "Lighting is extremely important in terms of evoking emotion and generating moods. I find the challenge of working within that framework continually exciting." Light on, Mr. Sonneman.

BONNIE KOLOC *this way up*

ALL SHE HAD, back on that day in 1968 when she arrived in Chicago, was seven dollars, an old guitar and an untrained—but magnificent—voice. Bonnie Koloc had dropped out of college in her native Iowa to come to the city; one Sunday afternoon, she wandered into the Earl of Old Town Pub, where, after a couple of drinks, she mustered enough courage to audition as a folk singer. Within weeks she was packing them in, and Bonnie rapidly became something of a cult figure in Chicago. But the really big break has been maddeningly elusive. There was the time she went to New York, hoping for a recording contract, and everything went wrong: Arrangers, producers, PR men all transmitted bad vibes. So Bonnie walked out and sang for small change, passing a basket in the East Village. "One night I made six dollars and two pieces of hash," she recalls. She returned to Chicago with a deep distrust of Manhattan and an original song, *New York City Blues*. She writes much of her own material, mostly melancholy ballads; on her first LP, *After All This Time* (Ovation), six of the ten selections are hers. No longer a solo performer, Bonnie works now with a four-man band. Last year they played at Chicago's prestigious night club Mister Kelly's, but they still return "home" to the Earl, where young couples huddle around wobbly tables, nursing beers and burgers, to hear Bonnie in her element. "I sort of make love to an audience," she says. Onstage, she radiates an earthy warmth. You're aware of dark, strangely seeking eyes, fingers playing with the microphone cord, straight brown hair flying as she bows halfway to the floor; but most of all, there's the voice, an instrument of striking range and clarity. "She could sing the multiplication tables and it would sound heavenly," one critic has observed. At 28, Bonnie seems to be on her way—even tackling New York again; she's just appeared there at The Bitter End. For Bonnie, it might well be a sweet beginning.

GREAT RACE

(continued from page 112)

crowd?—big business!

There was a ragged volley of shots and the contestants moved off in a cloud of dust. Accompanying them, on foot, horseback, in cars, pickup trucks and campers, went the spectators. Over the next three days, this swarm of people, animals and vehicles receded gradually farther into the desert, never to be seen in Beatty again. Stovepipe Wells, a few miles distant, did a *roaring* trade; someone said they had to send clear back to Beatty for a couple extra cases of beer. But in Beatty itself, where the town's thin dogs slunk through the empty streets, there was a pregnant solitude and an unusual amount of bunting flapping in the silence.

The mistake was never repeated. These days, the race starts and finishes in Beatty with intermediate stops in Beatty and a route through the safely deserted ghost town of Rhyolite. It is reported that this strategy was ordained at the post-mortem of the first race, when a Lion was said to have remarked, "I don't know about you fellers, but I think this thing just plumb wasn't done right."

Other and larger communities might well envy the classic simplicity of the Wild Burro Race, but since Beatty thought of it first (or at least borrowed it from an event staged in Rhyolite's good old days), it is unlikely that any self-respecting town would dare hold a similar function. There is also the consideration, as one veteran has observed, that "a little hunk of burro racing goes an awful long way for most folks."

This is a reasonable attitude, because, in point of fact, there is very little to see. Boiled down to its essentials and stripped of the accompanying pageantry, the race consists of a number of men leading the same number of donkeys across 40 miles of blistering desert.

This is done in four stages over two days (the third day is for the parade, crowning of the Burro Race Queen and presentation of prizes) and the wranglers, as the contestants are colorfully described, do not so much lead the animals as drag, push and wrestle them along the course. The burros, which are rounded up from wild herds in Death Valley, do not always prove amenable to this challenge and often demonstrate their reluctance accordingly. During one race, a couple of members of the Mustanger's Club—competent horsemen who patrol the course as outriders—had to pry loose the teeth of a burro that were sunk into the arm of one of the wranglers.

It costs $150 to enter the race, which in most cases is provided by business sponsors in different parts of Nevada. The majority of sponsors are in conventional lines of commerce, but among the names that appear regularly on the burros' saddlecloths are those of Vickie's Star Ranch and Ash Meadows, places that cater to human frailties by providing the services of attractive ladies who do it for money.

And it is the existence of these ill-famed and tremendously popular establishments—prostitution being allowed in Nevada by local option—that has caused the men in the basement of the Beatty Exchange Club to start clearing their throats and mutter uneasily among themselves.

One of these gentlemen, whose gambler's mustache now begins to resemble that of a Presbyterian minister, addresses himself to this delicate issue. His voice has a deep and courteous Western resonance that goes perfectly with his big hat.

"None of these, er, houses are actually inside the town limits of Beatty," he says. The other men nod confirmation, not altogether happily. The Presbyterian Lion continues: "Of course, these establishments are not legal, they're only condoned by the citizens."

Nobody at the table seems to know—or is willing to admit he knows—anything about the girls and what they charge. "Doesn't the Cottontail have its own airstrip?" says one, who seems immediately to regret this undue exhibition of curiosity. "I hear tell they've got jukeboxes," says another. There is a silence, one of many this evening, and the subject is allowed to drop.

"I was looking at your town hall," the stranger says. "It's really an authentic Western building, with that false front and everything. I'm glad to see there are still some of those old places left in this part of the country."

"Mighty nice of you to say so," intones the chief Lion. "We're tearing it down. Fire hazard. Gonna put up something really fine." Another silence, interrupted by the clunk of a body hitting the barroom floor above.

"Our ambulance and fire service is ninety percent volunteer," announces one of the group. "We've got fifty students in high school, ninety-eight in grade school. Six motels, one hotel,

"Pregnant, huh? Well, that does it! You can't have the car for two weeks!"

eighty rooms in all. We had five thousand people for last year's race."

"Where did they all sleep?"

"Outside, most of them. On the ground in sleeping bags, tents, campers. All over. Folks put up tourists in their yards. Tourism is real important to us."

There is another heavy thud from the ceiling and the men look at one another questioningly. "Guess someone fell over," a Lion ventures. "Sounds like the band's started up again."

It is decided to bring the basement meeting to an end and everyone troops upstairs toward an ever-expanding volume of sound. Between the thump of drums, the aggrieved moaning of a steel guitar, the rattle of slot machines and a roar of voices can be heard an occasional phrase of *Okie from Muskogee*. It is performed by a magnificently third-rate vocalist who fights a desperate and hopeless battle to attract the attention of the crowd inside the Exchange Club.

Some of the people who can still stand upright are feeding slots with the intensity of religious fanatics doing penance at an obscure, mystical shrine. A few inebriated bodies have been filed horizontally in convenient niches between tables and walls. A girl has fallen asleep on the john in the ladies' room and her escort, a gigantic Marlboro figure with an eight-inch waxed mustache, leather chaps and a crumpled derby, makes several unsteady trips between the door and the sidewalk, where he has left his horse in the care of an individual in cutoffs who has the Zig Zag man's head tattooed or painted on his bare leg.

"Thanks, pardner," says the cowboy, taking the reins and trying, unsuccessfully, to get his foot in the stirrup.

"Far *out*," replies the man with the tattoo, who lurches back into the bar, where he passes out across a table occupied by a group of wranglers whose faces appear to have been carved from concrete. One of the men guides him gently to the floor and resumes drinking his can of beer.

"FORTY-FOUR!" screams a sport at the crap table, flinging the dice against the rubber wall at the far end. "Loser seven," comes the droning response, and "New shooter coming out." A burly Indian who has had half an ear torn off in the distant past—he is probably a Paiute, since the other regional tribe, the Shoshoni, are said to be gentle, peace-loving people—throws a look of venomous disgust at the losing shooter and shoulders through the crowd to the bar.

Cards are flicked deftly across the blackjack baize (two tables, beneath one of which lies a pair of discarded cowboy boots) and a frogfaced, middle-aged man in bell-bottoms and a body shirt pushes his winnings toward two Las Vegas dancers who sit at the other end of the table chewing gum.

"Sorry, m' man, I don't feel like singing no blues!"

The bar—an elegant, lengthy counter of mahogany with a large mirror on the wall behind—is barely accessible because of the crush. A girl who drove up from Los Angeles alone in a Porsche is having a quiet discussion with a local youth who cannot take his eyes from the soft and unrestrained swelling of her breasts.

"I didn't say you were a shit-kicking Okie motherfucker," she informs him, "I said your dumb asshole friend was one." The youth nods solemnly and squeezes a tempting nipple with two gnarled fingers. For some reason, he has a nickel stuffed into each ear.

At the opposite end of the bar, near the men's room with the three contraceptive machines, two gray-haired old men sporting Remington whiskers stand with their heads close together, one foot propped on the rail. One of them holds his head on one side, popping his lower denture in and out of his mouth, while listening to his companion's explanation of the international monetary crisis.

"Your dollar ain't worth a dollar. It ain't worth a dollar in Kansas City and it ain't worth a dollar no place else. It ain't worth even sixty cents." His friend ponders this for a moment.

"How about I give you seventy-five cents for yours?" he cackles, and they both lean over the bar, wheezing mightily at a joke that is probably older than they are.

A few feet from the stage, a trio of flamboyant belles is hemmed against the bar by an assorted crowd of cowboys, wranglers, dopers and other males who have homed in on the scent of professional game. One of the girls, wearing a hot-pants outfit of bright yellow, with high-heeled yellow shoes and a yellow purse, is a red-haired Amazon who towers above many of the men. Discussing the day's activities, much to the interest of those within earshot, she has a strangely little voice for her size.

"First I fall down in the boulevard, then I fucked these three guys in the camper, my legs stuck in the air. This guy won't quit, but he can't get started, neither, so I say, 'C'mon, buddy, you're holdin' up the line out there,' but he keeps pumpin' away, my back sore as hell. I figure I must have lost a hundred, waitin' for him to finish. What the hell you think you're doin'?"—a remark addressed to a small reveler who has in some manner contrived to sink his face into her left breast while she is talking. The man mumbles something about looking for his dog and the big girl pats him on the head, saying that she's taking a break but will be ready to look after him in another half hour if he's still interested. "Bring your friends," she squeaks.

"What do you think of the big one?" a man along the bar asks.

His friend shakes his head. "Looks

like she got hit in the face by the southbound express."

"Think so? Looks kinda cute to me. Great ass."

Although there are two other bars in town, the South Seas and the Beatty Club, the Exchange is the main communal center during the race. This is where most of the crowd goes at night; some seldom leave, as the club is open around the clock. Wholesome and inexpensive meals—steaks and mulligan stew—are served in the restaurant section at the far end of the club's single room, which also contains the gambling layouts, bar, dance floor and stage. Altogether, the interior is about 100 feet in length and 40 feet wide. The walls are adobe with a plaster façade (the building is one of the town's originals, dating from 1905) and a wooden Indian stands by the side door.

Those customers who cannot get inside stand on the sidewalk or sit along the tubular-steel hitching rail. Sometimes a cowboy tries to take his horse into the saloon and is politely ushered outside. Last year, a man rode a unicycle up and down the bar counter, drinking steadily while teetering skillfully at the edges. Nobody knows how he accomplished this remarkable feat, because, when they lowered him to the floor, the trick cyclist was incapable of standing on his own feet.

On the dawn of the second day of racing, the Exchange Club is still going strong, even though the night's casualties have thinned the ranks. There have been no fights or other ugly incidents, but it is said that in one of the other bars across the street, a woman got into an argument with a man and thrashed him.

Back at the Exchange, the fellow with the large burglar alarm attached to his belt has finally stopped ringing the gong every couple of minutes; and his friend, the one who has been imitating a wounded bear and wears a DRACULA SUCKS T-shirt, has passed out in a pickup truck.

A solitary culture buff recites aloud the poem that hangs in a frame on the wall at the end of the restaurant. This piece of work, attributed to one Doug Zanders, Beatty's poet laureate, with artwork by José Sanchez, is titled *Main Street, Beatty*, and the first verse runs thusly:

Some call it lonely Boulevard
The stars look down and weep
The moon's half hid behind the clouds
Tired eyes won't close in sleep.

Twelve stanzas follow, but someone at the bar drowns them out by stuffing a fistful of quarters into the jukebox, proving yet again that versifying and wild burro races just don't mix.

Soon after breakfast, the race officials and wranglers gather at the starting line for the final race. Those wranglers who have managed to wake up stand in small, quiet groups, many of them looking like they just recovered from major surgery. Very few appear to be actually prepared to drag a wild burro the remaining 20 miles across the desert, even with the scheduled lunch stop in Rhyolite, but that is what is expected of them, and that is what they have come to do.

It must be admitted that although the race itself is promoted as the reason for Beatty's annual celebration, its significance seems to have been overlooked by some of the people from out of town who aren't particularly disposed to pay any attention whatsoever to events that take place outside the precincts of the saloons.

So they will miss the fireworks display, topless whiskerino contest (bearded men without shirts), World Championship Wild Beer Drinking Contest, and the presentation of prizes—$750, $350 and $250, respectively, to the top three wranglers.

There is also the parade, dancing to the Johnson Band and the Desert Sun Band, exhibitions by the Las Vegas Skydivers and the Wild Burro Polo Game for the Nye County Championship of the World, which is played between two teams identified in the program as Beatty *vs.* U.S. Government. The Feds are supplied by the Indian Springs Air Force Base. They usually win.

The starting gun for the final race is scheduled for nine, but the schedule has by now lost any precise meaning. They start when everyone's ready, and as soon as the last burro and wrangler have disappeared in the direction of Daylight Pass, it's back to the bar for those who bothered to leave and to bed for the visitors who have started to go blind.

Some people drive out to the hot springs north of town, where they peel off and leap into one of the two pools—male and female, husbands, wives, lovers and lookers all mixed without regard to niggling proprieties. Afterward, they might poke around in the bare ruins of Rhyolite and explore the museum in the Railroad Depot, where they will see the golden slipper that once belonged to Diamond Tooth Bertie, along with a collection of bottles, spittoons, gambling chips and other dusty relics of the Rhyolite boom.

Sometimes, strangers are accosted by an elderly lady in a shawl who strolls along the main street of Rhyolite as if she were going shopping, though the ghost town's main street today contains not a single building. This congenial apparition is fond of cornering visitors and divulging to them the cause of the Civil War, which, she maintains, was instigated solely by the greed of European munitions makers supported by a covey of English bankers working in concert with renegade Mexicans. Other notable personalities in the district, such as Badwater Bill, who moved south to Goldstrike, and Seldom Seen Slim, who went off to the big assay office in the sky several years ago, no longer contribute to the richness of the local scene; but Panamint Annie, a formidable, grandmotherly type, attends every event associated with the burro race. Her trombone voice is frequently heard above that of the m.c.

As international sporting competitions go, it is true that the World Championship Wild Burro Race, Beatty's special gift to the athletic arena, leaves certain things to be desired. But its most ardent supporters would say it is this lack of finesse that makes the occasion worth while; only the most computer-minded would disagree.

It is unquestionably an international affair. "See that big feller over there?" says one of the officials, indicating a bushy-haired, bearded wrangler. "Come all the way from Ter Han, Persia. That's in Iraq. We've had wranglers from Germany, Canada, England and Australia. People come from all over."

This time the race is won by Joe Spearman, who hails from California or Nevada—nobody seems to be quite sure—and his time is six hours, 46 minutes, 17 seconds. Gentleman Jim Gorrell, who has entered every race and was favorite for this one, came in fourth. He would probably have won, people say, if he hadn't stopped on the trail and helped another wrangler who was having trouble with his burro. But that's how Gentleman Jim got his name. It is enough for him to know that of the 34 starters, he is one of the 15 who finished the course.

Beatty, with its population of 457—as it stood at the last census—is little more than a stop sign on the road from Las Vegas to Reno, a green smudge of cottonwood trees and fruitless mulberries on the dry brown floor of the desert. One of the rarities of the American West, it is a ghost town that made a comeback, or at least makes the attempt once every year around the first Monday in September.

The people who go there for the race may not know it, but they are engaged in a gesture of solidarity in this effort. Without them, perhaps Beatty would be poorer. Without Beatty and the spirit of lunacy that inspires humble men to pointless, admirable ambitions, the world itself would be bankrupt.

"People come from all over," said the Lion, scratching his head in wonder. "I suppose it's because they can't see nothing like this no place else."

SHOOT & SHOW!

(continued from page 118)

allowing several people to watch. Finally, many Porta-Paks can record programs off the air when plugged into special monitor sets (in the future, almost every TV set will have jacks and built-in circuitry, much as stereo receivers do today, so video-tape decks can be plugged in for record and playback).

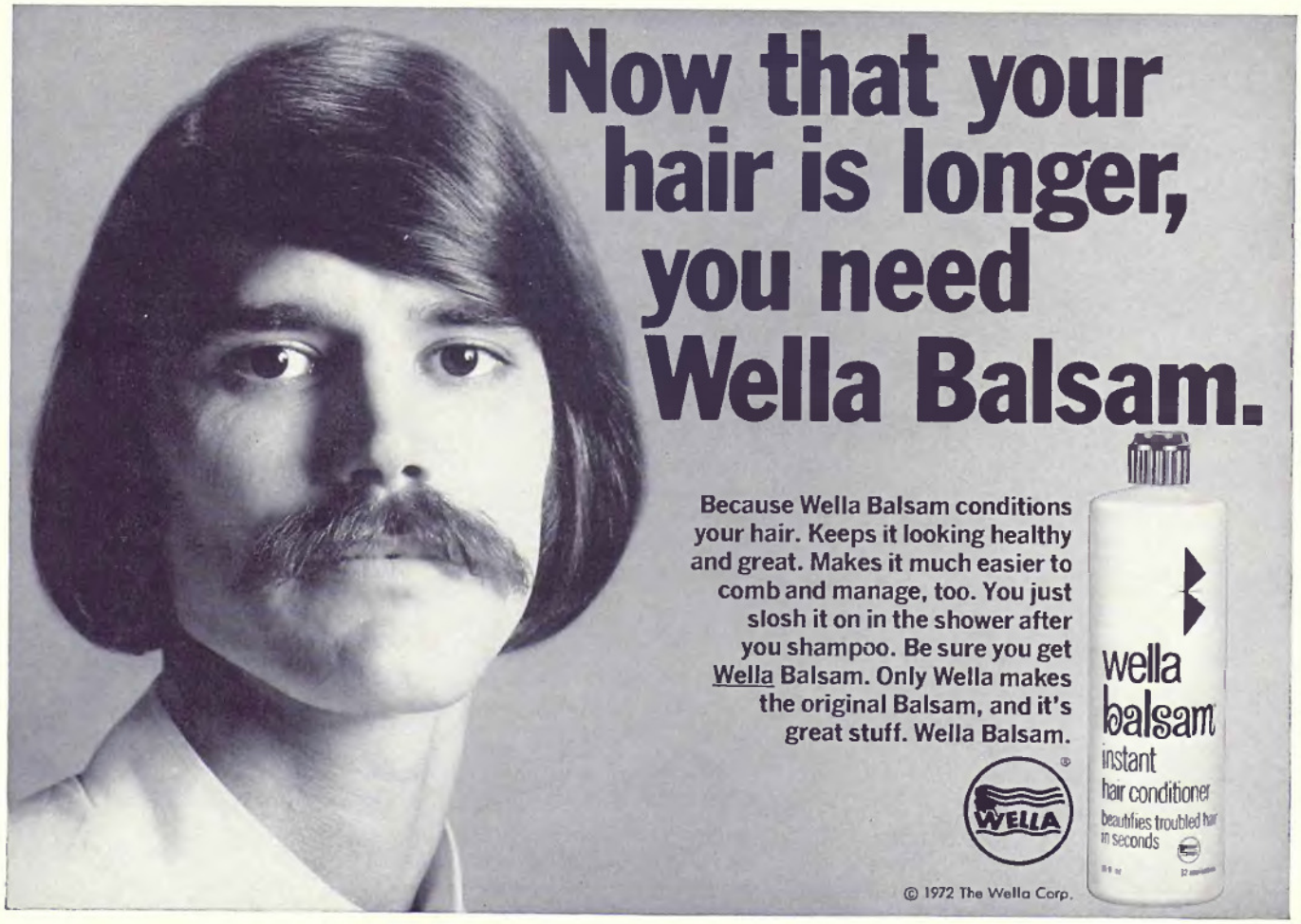
As with photography and stereo, the sky's the limit for hobbyists with ample funds. Accessories such as special lenses, long-life battery packs and carrying cases abound—and there are editing decks, special-effects generators, converters, extension cables, ad infinitum. In addition to the Porta-Paks, other half-inch but less-portable equipment is available: playback and record decks that can record off the air and play back either black and white or color via special monitors, color cameras (very expensive) and the like. There is also one-inch tape equipment (used primarily for closed-circuit TV in schools) and, of course, professional two-inch equipment —but by then, you've left the hobby class far behind.

In short, the video-tape Porta-Pak has much the same relationship to more elaborate video-tape equipment as portable audio cassette recorders have to expensive reel-to-reel units. The latter will give you greater flexibility and fidelity, but the former are frequently more fun.

The fun aspects, however, were not what first occurred to manufacturers (chiefly Sony) who originally started turning out portable half-inch video-tape units back in 1968. One-inch equipment was expensive, stationary and usually required hours of training for the operator. The result was a demand on the part of industry for simple, portable equipment that could be taken out into the plant for the making of a training tape—one that required the expertise not of a cameraman but of a foreman who was familiar with the process being taped. The military was quick to pick up on equipment that could be used in the field, and police departments weren't far behind. The Chicago Police Department uses portable systems to record the scene of homicides, while in Costa Mesa, California, the department tapes suspected drunks for later viewing when they're sober; after watching them, subjects usually cop a guilty plea and pay their fines quietly. (And who hasn't noticed the video-tape cameras focused on the tellers' cages at the local bank?) Porta-Paks were also used to record the damage caused by Hurricane Camille in 1969; claims adjusters viewed the tapes a day later in the front office, so that claims could be settled quickly and easily. Portable units also have been used to tape would-be teachers in training courses as an aid in correcting their delivery.

It's this latter, self-instructive use of instant replay that set tape apart from film and persuaded film makers—both the underground and home hobbyists—to take a closer look at portable, do-it-yourself video-tape recorders. Louis Jaffe writes in *Radical Software* (a combination *Whole Earth Catalog* and *Rolling Stone* magazine for video-tape enthusiasts): "Video tape can be played back as soon as it is recorded and seen as part of the situation that produced it. It is this capability that gives tape a clear advantage over film for use in all forms of educational experience, from encounter groups to industrial training, where it is valuable for people to see themselves in action as others see them, while they still remember freshly how they felt as they were being recorded."

It's one thing to sit home and see Arthur Ashe deliver the perfect overhead smash (in a prerecorded cartridge you can rent for viewing on the Sears console) and quite another to be on the courts and watch yourself blow one just 30 seconds after you did so. It's not only instant replay, it's instant



education. Paul Willey, boss of the Phoenix Tennis Center, uses video tape in precisely this way, to record his students and play back the tapes so they can spot their own errors.

To improve your tennis smash or golf swing through instant feedback is an obvious use of video tape. So is recording birthdays, outings and parties, where your video-tape recorder will have an advantage over many cameras because the only sound it makes is a slight hum, which means it's relatively unobtrusive and you can catch people unaware (not that they'll always love you for it).

There's also this to consider: A free-wheeling cameraman no longer need worry whether or not Kodak will decide he's gone too far in filming his girlfriend and refuse to return his shots. And sooner or later, of course, video-tape equipment will end up in the bedroom. After all, there's no reason the instructional uses of video tape should stop at the tennis court or golf course. Which makes one ponder what the future of pornographic films will be, now that everybody can make his own.

This brings us to the question of censorship. Unlike magazines from Denmark, there's absolutely no visual evidence as to the true nature of a reel of video tape—it is, after all, nothing but a configuration of iron filings on a plastic backing. Michael Shamberg, coeditor of *Radical Software* and author of *Guerrilla Television*, is convinced it means the end of Governmental censorship. "You can't see the image on video tape. You can't hold it up to the light and say, hey, that's pornography. There's no chance of a child accidentally stumbling onto it—you have to actively put it on a machine. I think in the case of tape or video cassettes that censorship will be unconstitutional—you can't have the Government pulling tapes out of the mail and playing them to see whether or not they're pornographic."

Whenever Shamberg or even the establishment TV critics consider the potential of video tape and the Porta-Paks (classed as "easy access" equipment because they're portable and almost anybody can operate one), the subject of commercial television is introduced. Described years ago as a "vast wasteland" by then FCC chairman Newton Minow, it has been getting vaster and more wasted ever since, according to some critics. Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that by the time he leaves school, the average American has spent 15,000 hours watching TV and only 12,000 in the hallowed halls of ivy. Those hours of staring at the tube also include some 350,000 commercials; as Peter Drucker, quoted in *Expanded Cinema*, comments wryly, "Few teachers spend in their entire careers as much time or thought in preparing their classes as is invested in the many months of writing, drawing, acting, filming and editing of one 30-second television commercial." The result has been that the influence and mystique of television have become so ingrained over the years that, as Alan Watts puts it, "In our society you don't really exist until your existence has been confirmed by seeing yourself on television."

Until the advent of half-inch video tape, and particularly the Porta-Paks, there wasn't much anybody could do about this. But the situation has now radically changed, and from the ground up. John LeBaron of the Media Center at the University of Massachusetts comments in *Educational Television*, "A kid can have a tremendous familiarity with prepackaged [television] programing, but not know how to make his own. This is like knowing how to read and listen, but not how to write or speak." The Media Center took pains to correct this by turning elementary school kids loose with Porta-Paks to tape their own shows, with adult supervision kept to a minimum. The kids wrote their own scripts, made their own tapes, operated the equipment, and the finished shows (a simulated astronaut's voyage to the moon, making maple sugar, etc.) were telecast over WHYN-TV in Springfield, Massachusetts. Another example: Students at the State University of New York in Binghamton were given Porta-Paks to document their own environments. One of the results: a tape of two teenaged junkies shooting up while pleading with the cameraman not to follow their example. *Mod Squad* would be hard pressed to duplicate either the shock or the reality.

For the video-tape underground—whose slogan might be "Porta-Paks to the people"—half-inch tape has much the same appeal as offset printing. The great white light for the first underground-newspaper publisher must have been when he suddenly realized that for approximately $200 he could turn out 10,000 copies of his very own newspaper, complete with photographs. Regarding half-inch video-tape equipment, Shamberg adds appropriately: "Don't forget there's more than just the underground press—there's the neighborhood press and the ethnic press, too. When it comes to video tape, what we want to avoid is just one culture getting its hands on it."

Through *Radical Software*, Shamberg is attempting to do just that. A clearing house for information about dozens of underground video groups (Global Village, People's Video Theater, Raindance, the Videofreex, Ant Farm Video and dozens of others), the publication also lists hundreds of tapes available for exchange among groups. As far as Shamberg is concerned, the more people documenting their environment the better. Some of the tapes are crude and others self-indulgent, but they're television of, for and, most importantly, by the people, and they have distinct advantages when stacked up against what is ordinarily seen on commercial TV.

Video tapes are meant to be viewed, of course, and the underground people, as well as some critics, see cable television as the natural showcase for them. A home hooked up to CATV will have access to a

"Relax, Harry. Your eyes are bigger than your you-know-what."

vastly multiplied number of channels—instead of five or six, the viewer may be able to get as many as 40 or more. The problem has been what to fill them with. The answer may be to reserve a certain percentage of the channels for open access on a first-come, first-served basis, for those who wish to show their tapes. Through this type of programing, the community may have the chance to become acquainted with itself, with the life styles and problems of the different groups that live in it.

Will it work? In New York, a version of it already has. In Manhattan, Open Channel facilitates public-service programing to 90,000 cable-TV subscribers and has helped arrange free airtime for groups ranging from the Boy Scouts to black radicals. Raindance has broadcast some of its tapes over CATV as well. (There are technical problems in broadcasting half-inch video tape, but they're not insurmountable.) And CATV is spreading; there are currently 2750 CATV stations around the country and (at this writing) 2779 applications for franchises are pending.

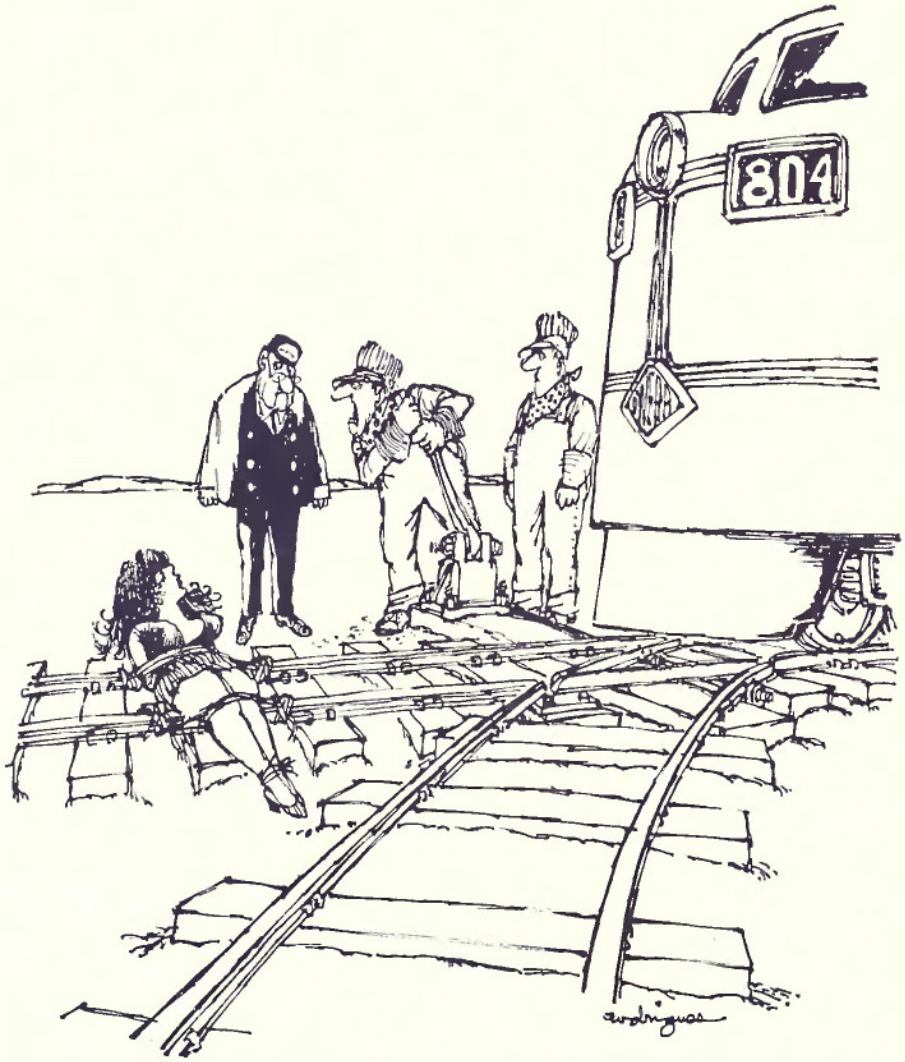
On a smaller scale, there are those buildings completely wired for television in which an enterprising video-tape maker need only plug into the master antenna. New York's Westbeth apartment complex, a former telephone-company laboratory building converted into apartments for artists and completely wired for TV, is one example. And film maker Shirley Clarke would like to do the same with New York's Chelsea Hotel, whose residents are also primarily in the arts.

As for the future of the underground, which is fast becoming an overground, Shamberg thinks, perhaps wistfully, of *real* guerrilla television. "Some of my friends are building short-range transmitters. One group that lives in a valley is already transmitting to the other residents. It's against the law, but after all, they're transmitting on a pretty small scale. And I have another friend who wants to build a very powerful transmitter the size of a Porta-Pak so he can travel around and broadcast." Television's Johnny Appleseed.

In considering how half-inch video tape and do-it-yourself portable units may remake society, some of video tape's more far-out theoreticians have rather interesting ideas. Philip Morton, a young assistant professor in experimental video at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, insists that video tape is not product but process (when not recording, the video camera shows your image on the monitor scope simultaneously—in what Morton calls "no-time"—but from a completely different angle, which is oddly upsetting; what's happening is not two different actions but a single one, in which the image feeds back to the performer and vice versa), and that instant feedback will subtly but inevitably alter the behavior, and perhaps even the nature, of whoever is watching. Morton believes that the identity crises so familiar to today's generation may never occur at all to a generation that's used to having itself fed back as information at a very early age. Print, he claims, conditions us so that the process of thinking is the same for all of us, though what we think about obviously differs. "I don't know what will happen 25 years from now," he says, "when a four- or a five-year-old, instead of learning how to print in kindergarten, will be dealing with a no-time image of himself. For the first time, there'll be some bastards coming up who don't *think* like we do—and that's beautifully frightening."

But 25 years is a long time away and meanwhile, there's this marvelous machine with which you can correct your net game, watch yourself and your friends make love, tape your own *cinéma vérité* opus and record New Year's festivities so you'll know better next time. You can exchange tapes with your friend down the street or mail them to correspondents around the world. Or, if you want to show your creations to a larger audience, there's the possibility of CATV or maybe a store-front theater. New York's Channel One Theater has attracted sold-out audiences to a hilarious, if shocking, video-taped show called *Groove Tube* (and its sequel, *Groove Tube II*), featuring most of those things you always wanted to see and hear on the tube but thought you never would.

In any event, one thing is certain: Porta-Paks bridge the gap between the film buff and the audio freak, which means that video-tape recording may well become the most popular hobby of them all.



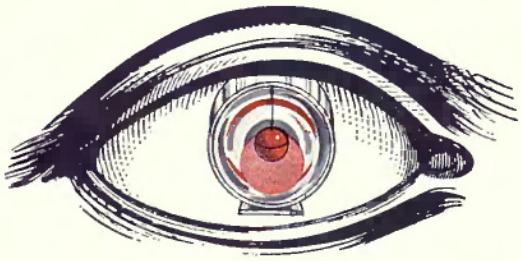
"Nothing doing—we're switching to Omaha, I don't intend to get involved!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ZAP! YOU'RE A FASHION PLATE

This may sound like something out of Buck Rogers, but a division of GENESCO has come up with the concept of coupling an IBM 1800 computer to a laser beam in order to produce scientifically accurate patterns for custom-made suits. The finished product not only fits better but also is delivered quicker, as a model now can be created in a few days rather than weeks. Laser suits are becoming available through some men's stores, including Macy's; wear one and you'll be sartorially on the beam.



WAKE UP, J. B., IT'S TIME TO GO HOME

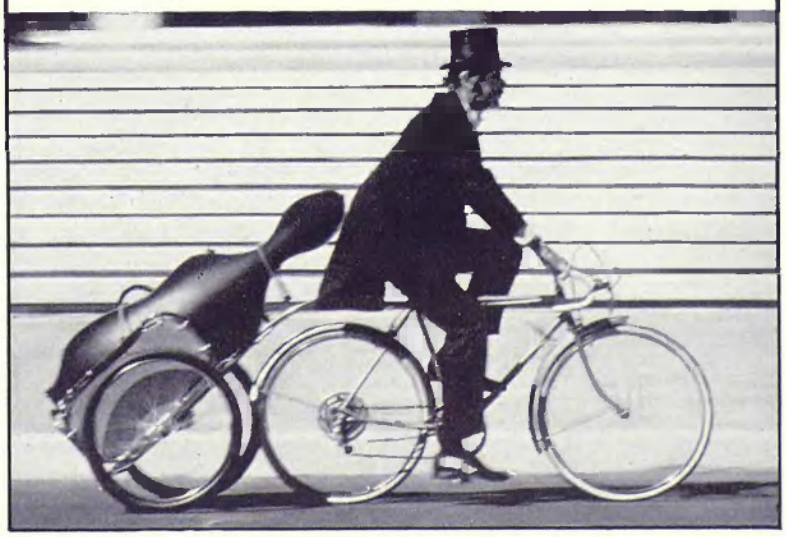
The traditional executive relaxer, of course, is a three-martini lunch. But for those of you biggies who must keep calm in the office, the Fluorescent Lite Equipment Company in Dallas is marketing, for $5.95, a highly reflective concave mirror in front of which hangs a small ball. To turn off an uptight feeling, just swing the real ball and—whongggg!—the one in the mirror leaps out at you. The effect is so hypnotically relaxing that soon you'll find your eyelids growing heavy, your muscles relaxing and the next thing you know, you'll be fast asl. . . .

THE BOOKINGS OF GENESIS

Genesis Films, Ltd., one of the country's leading distributors of film-short packages, has just acquired the exclusive nontheatrical-distribution rights to 16mm conversions of *The Confession, The Conformist, The Projectionist, Little Murders, Celebration at Big Sur* and *The Films by John Lennon and Yoko Ono,* among others. All rent for $150–$250 for a one-night stand (rates change for multiple-night bookings) or, if you're charging admission, you pay either the rental price or 50 percent of the gross receipts, whichever is greater. What's more, Genesis will even throw in free newspaper-ad proofs, a press kit and ten posters.

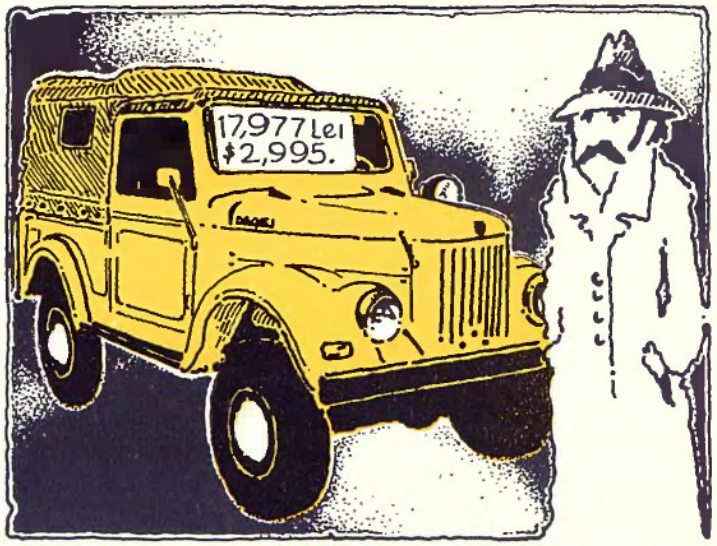
BUGGER LUGGER

Two-wheel aficionados will welcome the introduction of Bugger, the world's first high-speed lightweight bicycle trailer. With this handsome gadget affixed to your bike's stern, you can go camping, picnicking, marketing or even to the links (a quick-disconnect hitch enables the Bugger to double as a chic shopping or golf cart). Manufactured by Cannondale Corporation, the trailer is available in two models: the 24½-pound BR1 shown below, at $49.95, and a smaller Bugger, the BR2, for $39.95.



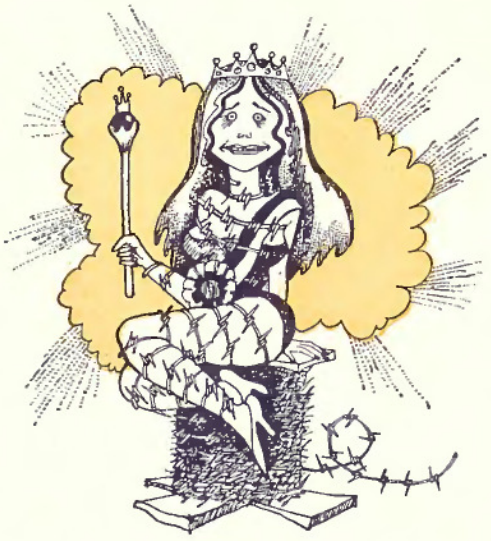
A COOL HEAD

The concept of carrying an umbrella to keep the sun off your noggin is nothing new, but the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop in Manhattan has taken the notion one step further. It's selling, for $15, a brolly called the Coolbrella that comes with a battery-powered built-in fan that generates your own personal zephyr at the touch of a button. Uncle Sam's has covered the Coolbrella with red, white and blue nylon.



WHAT HAS FOUR WHEELS AND A ROMANIAN ACCENT?

Now that our Government has opened the door to reciprocal trade with Romania, what to the wondering eyes of American car buffs should appear but a four-wheel-drive vehicle called, romantically, the M-461 that's manufactured by the Dacia Auto Tractor Company of Bucharest and priced at $2995. The design of the engine and an insulated body, according to the brochure, "enable the car to cross deep fords with ease." Heads up, Henry.



FENCE ME IN

We can see it now. The house lights dim and La Crosse, Kansas' equivalent of Bert Parks steps to the mike and begins to sing, "There she is, Miss Barbed Wire. . . ." The crowning of Miss Barbed Wire is just one unusual twist in the annual Barbed Wire Swap and Sell Session coming up May fifth, sixth and seventh in La Crosse, the self-proclaimed Barbed Wire Capital of the World. The meet is expected to attract some 5000 wire wheelers and dealers from across the country who come to peddle their prickly wares for hundreds of dollars. Don't forget to bring your Band-Aids, guys.

TOP-DRAWER DESK

The six-foot-long desk, above, from Vecta Contract Company costs $5400. Since you're probably asking why, we would like to point out that it has a fine-grain-leather exterior, mirrored molding, three drawers devoid of visible hardware and a height adjuster. But would you want to put your feet on it?

IT'S ALL OVER FOR THE HANGOVER

From Requa Manufacturing Company—the firm whose founder brought you Cubeb cigarettes and the original can opener—comes an announcement that gives us all a reason to celebrate: Its people claim to have invented a cure for hangovers. All you do is take a few of their activated-charcoal capsules and suffer no more—they say.

HOT ROCKS

(continued from page 138)

shapes and textures, and many of them have fascinating histories. Geodes, for instance, are sometimes known as thunder eggs because of a widespread superstition that people who are bashed on the head by them when they fall from the sky are victims of divine retribution for their sins. In the 19th Century, many scientists refused to believe that geodes really did fall from the heavens, but presumably the people who got hit were less skeptical. Actually, the rocks aren't supernatural: They often are produced as minerals fill lava pockets and can be thrown great distances when a volcano blows its top.

Fossil oak-tree slabs are also noteworthy rocks to keep in mind if you go stone shopping—some are dated at 20,000,000 B.C. or older. Despite their visible wood grain, these are true rocks, evolved from the oak through slow mineral displacement. The psychedelic beauty of a big rock candy mountain of these stones is a superlative conversation maker.

Selenite crystals, another favorite, usually are found in lake beds where the forces of nature have eroded them into formations that resemble flowers.

Iron pyrite may have inspired the saying that "all that glisters is not gold"; often mistaken for the real thing, it's an intriguing and decorative item. Or you might prefer trippy tektites, long regarded as having occult properties and now known to be truly unearthly; according to NASA, these stones, found from China southward to Australia, possibly fell to earth from the moon.

The display of rocks is just as important as the specimens themselves. Proper mounting to highlight the stones is a must (one source of attractive stands, and of the rocks themselves, is San Francisco's Arthur Court Designs, a specialist in the field). Stands, in fact, can be almost as interesting as the stones they hold. For example, one group of Indian craftsmen in California creates rock holders that each contain at least one imperfection, it being believed that otherwise the stonecutter's soul would be trapped inside forever without a means of escape. Lighting is also important; vitrines with glass shelves and internal lighting make excellent showcases. Or you might try a coffee-table display, or intersperse the stones among the books on your den shelves. However you use them, rocks should brighten any corner and prove a stone soul picnic.

"I'll tell you one thing—it's better than wine."

CHAIRMAN MAO, I PRESUME

(continued from page 122)

announced, "Prescott, cancel the war."

The following morning, refreshed by a good night's sleep and a breakfast of Puffed Rice, the Quaker strode briskly into the conference hall at ten A.M. on day two. At precisely the same moment, from an opposite door, the host delegation entered, Chou and his retinue moving with equal celerity, Mao waddling in the rear.

Deploying themselves in a circle around their master, the Chinese whipped out well-thumbed copies of his infamous Little Red Book from the pockets of their Peter Pan–collared tunics and sat in reverence awaiting his next gem. Mao belched, a strained look came over his face and he barked out something with a note of annoyance.

"He said, sir," the Quaker's interpreter translated quickly, "'All day I've been sitting like a klutz and I haven't come up with one fuckin' glorious thought.'"

Again the Quaker felt that surge of rapture. *The thinker can't think anymore!* It spurred him into a cheery salutation. "Well, how are you this morning, Mr. Chairman? How's it feel to be the Erich Segal of the Orient, Mr. Best Seller?"

"The fish are the people; the sea is the fish; the guerrillas are the sea," the old Buddha intoned, then began to chew noisily on some litchi nuts.

The old Chink's got starch on the brain, the Quaker thought, scanning the document in front of him, copies of which were at each place setting on the green ping-pong table that all had agreed should be the natural configuration for the bargaining.

"Quite an agenda we have here," Kissinger said. It read:

A: Taiwan	B: Nuclear Treaty
Pakistan	Soviet Union
UN Financing	Middle East
Trade	Cultural Exchange
India	Japanese Militarism

"Tell you what, Mr. Chairman and Mr. Premier," and the Free World's spokesman chuckled at yet another *Laugh-In* goody he had up his sleeve, "what say we pick one from column A and two from column B?"

Chou, suppressing mightily an urge to retch, gritted his teeth. I knew he'd say it, he thought, I knew it. And I know what he's going to say two hours from now.

"Perhaps we should break for an early lunch," Kissinger interjected, hoping to save his boss's heavily perspiring face.

"Yes," Chou responded, beckoning an

ancient waiter, but he again looked to Mao for counsel.

"The fish in the sea are sea fish; the people are the people's people and the guerrillas are the guerrillas' guerrillas," Mao said dreamily.

"Care for some won-ton soup, Mr. President?" asked Chou, passing a rare Ming-dynasty tureen to his visitor.

"Sure thing. And remember," and the Quaker's eyes twinkled, for he had prepared another salvo from his *Laugh-In* cannon, "won ton and won ton are . . . *two* ton!"

They ate their way through scores of exotic courses, the Quaker liberally dabbing each morsel with mayonnaise. During the repast, a strolling musician in a brocaded robe strummed strange, discordant tunes on a multistringed instrument.

"Would you like to make any special requests, Mr. President?" the player said in flawless English.

"You bet," the Quaker grinned. "How's about a couple choruses of *Kwai Me a River*? Or *It's the Wong Song and the Wong Lips, but It's All White with Me*?"

For this I severed ties with Brezhnev, Chou ruminated glumly.

"The guerrillas people the sea; the sea people fish for guerrillas," Mao mumbled, soup dripping from his chin.

"You fellas can sure cook up a storm," the Quaker said, rubbing his tum-tum. "Now, would you care for a little after-lunch Chinese breath purifier?"

"A Chinese breath purifier?" asked Chou, fearing the worst. "What might that be called?"

"Sen Sen!" the Quaker exploded. "Hot darn, Chou, you've got to admit that one was a howler." Suddenly the impassivity fled Mao's face and he solemnly raised his hand.

"Yes, yes, dear Chairman," Chou said quickly, "you may leave the room." He led the octogenarian from the table, but not before flashing an embarrassed glance at Nixon.

My Lord, the Quaker boggled. The khan of one fourth of mankind is going to go toity.

"What took you fellas so long?" the Quaker asked Chou and Mao upon their return.

"A thousand pardons for the delay, Mr. President," Chou said in apology, "but wherever our beloved chairman deposits night soil, that place becomes a national shrine and we must hold ceremonies befitting the occasion."

"A job well *dung*, Mr. Chairman!" the Quaker said, slapping Mao's ample belly. "But let's get to the reason why I'm here. What is it we really desire in this world? Power we've got galore; we can blow up the whole shebang if we want to, and God knows, we don't want that, 'cause we've all got kids. Prestige? Gosh, we've got all we want. I'm the President; you're the chairman. Property? I've got White Houses strewn all over the place and you have villas, palaces, teahouses, etc. What we really want is glory, right, guys? You know I want to go down in history as the President who brought peace and I know, Mr. Chairman, you're thirsting for recognition, too. Why else did you write that book? So, here's my offer. If you soften a bit on Indochina and let us get out gracefully, then I'll make you a best seller where it really matters: in America, where the moola is. I'll get you booked on the *Tonight* show, I'll see that Johnny handles you very nicely, even has his staff write you a few big laughs; and I'll vouch that on the following day, you'll move at least 500,000 paperbacks."

Mao's eyes perked up ever so slightly. "You get me on *Tonight* show?"

"That's not all," the Quaker said, pressing on, for he had discerned the first crack in Mao's hitherto stone-solid bargaining stance. "If you relent a little on Taiwan, I'll see that Gillette immortalizes you for all time by creating a deodorant for young people, and they'll call it—Red Guard!"

"Not enough," Mao said. "The guerrillas of the fish see the people in the sea——"

"OK, OK," the Quaker said impatiently, not wishing to lose his

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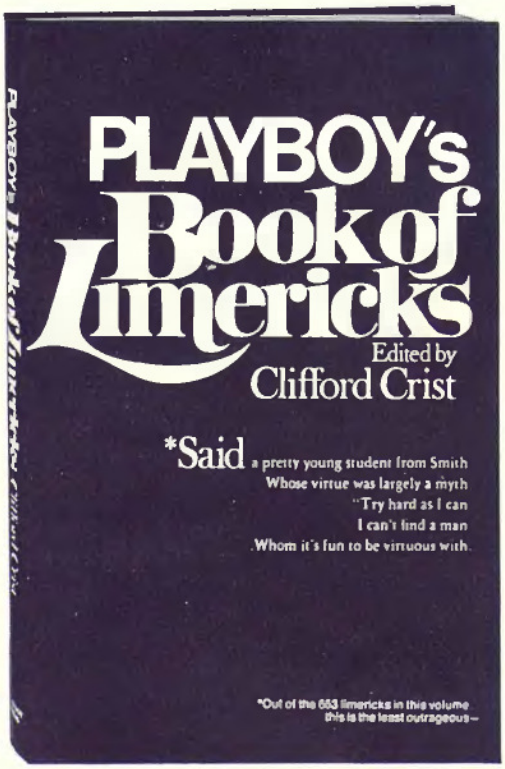

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"I don't mind the racing . . . it's the giving up sex to get in shape that kills me!"

momentum. "MGM will do a thriller called *The Yellow Perils of Pauline*. Mattel, the toy people, will create a huggable little doll that says, 'I want my Mao-Mao.' Revlon will put out a line of 'The East Is Redhead' hair dyes. For our friend the premier over here, we'll have Patti Page do a tune called *It's a Sin to Tell a Chou En-lai*."

"The fish eat the guerrillas of the people; the people eat the fish of the guerrillas." Mao rebutted cagily, still unwilling to commit himself.

"OK, dang thou!" the Quaker sputtered, playing his trump card. "*You do the whole ninety minutes as the sole guest on the David Frost show*; David will say 'Smashing!' to every comment you make, and in less than a week you'll be number one on *The New York Times*' best-seller list."

"OK, round eyes!" Mao giggled. "I accept!"

They set to work drafting a joint communiqué that would change the course of global history.

Now, on departure day, his Chinese accord signed, sealed and delivered, the Quaker was in rare form at the microphone set up in front of the Presidential jet, the throng of 20,000,000 this time applauding loud and often at his banter. "And when people ask me what I think of Red China," he sallied, "I'll tell 'em it goes great with a white tablecloth.

"Before I return to the great people of the United States with this document from the great people of China, I'd like to present your chairman and your premier with a little gift from my nation." He gestured toward the rear door of the aircraft and down a ramp came a flock of sweating Secret Servicemen rolling a dozen rickshas. "Here, my new-found friends, are twelve rickshas plated in twenty-four-carat gold. Use them to start a Chinese taxi service called"—and he fired his last arrow from *Laugh-In*'s quiver—"the Yellow Pedicab Company!"

It was the Chinese turn now. "A gift for you, Mr. President," said Chou. He opened a little wicker basket and out jumped an adorable Pekingese dog that licked the President's hand lovingly. "And guess what we've named it? Chinese Checkers!"

"Chinese Checkers! Oh, that's funny, funneeee," said Richard Milhous Nixon. Unwilling to end this memorable moment of bonhomie, he put his arms around Mao and Chou. "Come on, guys. Let's get aboard my jet for a farewell drink."

The Diet Pepsi flowed like rice wine, the toasts becoming more effusive by the swallow, but then the Quaker noticed Kissinger off in a corner, trying to force hilarity onto his face, but deep in a funk.

"Henry," the Quaker said. "We all know what must be on your mind. You set up this whole thing with your diplomatic master stroke, forged a bond between East and West, ruined your credentials with the Harvard liberal establishment by taking up the service of an old hawk like me. And now everybody's getting what they want, peace, glory, the David Frost show, and you can't help but think, 'What's in it for me?' True?"

"Sir, I. . . ." Kissinger, touched by his chief's keen perception, turned his pain-masked face away.

"Well, by golly, here's a little gift Mao, Chou and I have brought along for you," he chuckled. The Quaker unsnapped his seat belt, rose and stepped to the plane's aisle. "Major Duane Wescott! Front and center!" he barked in his best George C. Scott voice.

In a twinkling, the major was before him, standing smartly at attention. "Major Wescott," the Quaker boomed, his heavy jowls quivering as if he had minnows in his cheeks, "as you were!"

Major Wescott slowly raised his hands to his head. The crewcut, sandy-haired wig tumbled to the carpet and he shook loose shoulder-length auburn tresses and began unbuttoning the Air Force jacket. . . .

"Oh, Jill, Jill," gasped Kissinger, as he reached out to enfold his filmic love goddess.

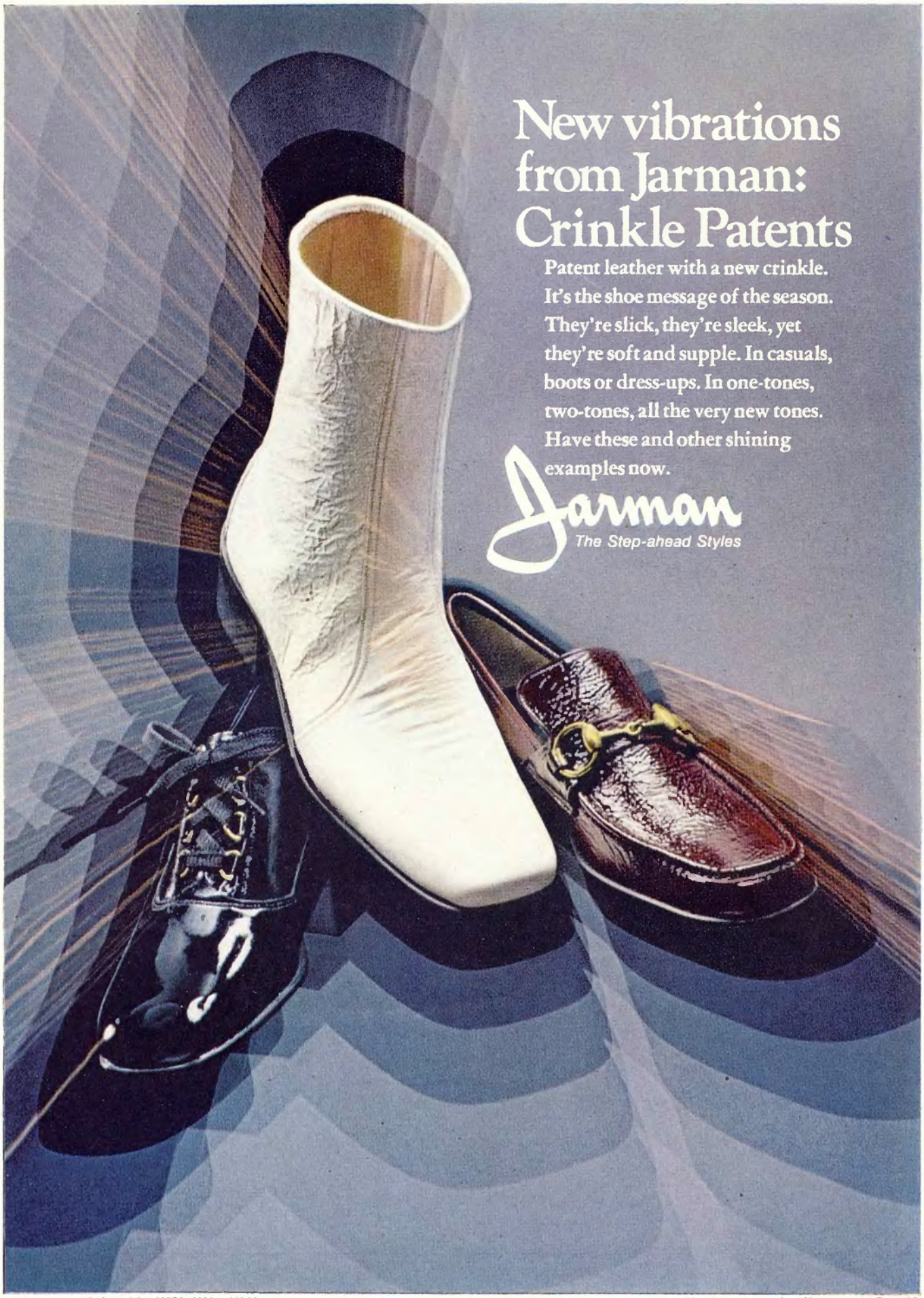
"Henry, Henry," she cried, the ample bosom suddenly swelling majestically, sending brass buttons flying in all directions.

And so, as the Spirit of '76, the Quaker's latest name for his official jet, sped over the plains of China, he gazed with utter contentment at the mighty land below. Soon there would be peace down there, and McDonald's hamburger stands. It had been a monumental task, this journey to the inscrutable East, but he had met his seventh crisis and had triumphed over it.

In the front cabin, an Air Force lieutenant sat at the President's Steinway and crooned a ballad the President had quietly commissioned some weeks back just for the occasion.

"I froze the prices on catsup and beer,
But I'll make one thing perfectly clear,
Be you hawk or dove,
When there's a moon above,
There's no freeze on love!"

And in his private rear compartment, the Quaker, now alone, ordered the projectionist to screen his favorite film for the 457th time: *The Green Berets*. And his eyes were riveted to the machine gun in John Wayne's hands, spraying its death-dealing message to the little slant-eyed devils trying to infiltrate the fire base. What the heck, the Quaker thought gruffly, I can't be expected to give up *everything*.



Left to right: J4252, J4911, J4044. At Jarman dealers and stores from coast to coast. All Jarman styles are "wear-tested" to give more comfort. Most styles $15 to $30.

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LOS ANGELES

(continued from page 150)

drifted in last night's Zig Zag papers, and ten miles ahead it would come to an end on the beach at Pacific Palisades. The Beverly Hills Hotel rose out of its palms and rich plantings with all the pink-stucco hauteur of a Monegasque palace, making the new hotels down around Wilshire look as if they had been scissored out of plastic and polyethylene by an architect who had since moved back to Miami Beach. The soft morning air of California that always seems to promise you the accomplishment *of* a dream that you will have forgotten by twilight smelled deliciously of coffee and eucalyptus and money.

Even in this town of early risers, Benedict Canyon, winding up through the Hollywood Hills behind the hotel, wouldn't wake up for half an hour. Its heated pools steamed with fairy mist among the bougainvillaea. Above English Tudor and French Provincial, above banks of geranium and hibiscus, the raw scrub and crumble of the canyonsides loomed precipitously, scored by the concrete vees of drainage ditches. To a New Englander, used to worn, inhospitable, rock-strewn hills, it seemed shockingly new land, as humped and spineless and temporary as the mountains that a child palms together in a sandbox. The native California brush—chaparral—that rooted these unstable hills in place was one of the most combustible varieties of flora in the world, and if you weren't in a slide area where the rain washed the land out from under your house, you were in a fire area where you weren't supposed to light a cigarette even in your own living room. Fire and water being treacherous elements here, the canyonites had taken to the air, and their houses were cantilevered out over empty space, like those precarious castles that tease the imagination in the illustrations of children's books. On the other side of Mulholland, there was a house that appeared to hover motionless, like a huge, metallic flying saucer, over 300 feet of nothing. Ten-room châteaux and 20-room cottages clung, mirage-like, to the sides of slipping arroyos. There were swimming pools that had less purchase on solid ground than the normal bridge. Everywhere there was evidence of an attempt by the Los Angeles construction industry to repeal the law of gravity, and yet in few places on earth was that law more remorselessly operative. According to even the most conservative seismologists, Southern California had been overdue for a major earthquake since 1957, and sooner or later every house up in the canyons would probably become rubble at the bottom.

"How's the old San Andreas today?" one native would joke over his shopping cart, heaped with diet food, in the mammoth Hughes supermarket on Van Nuys Boulevard.

"You know what they say," a second would reply. "Los Angeles is going to lose by default. Have yourself a good day."

The quake of two months before had killed 65 people and dumped Fisher's Furniture Store into the main street of San Fernando ten miles away; and only six days ago, the latest of over 200 aftershocks had injured half a dozen more, tumbled pink cement-block garden walls all over Northridge and shaken me awake in my motel bed in West Hollywood. Aftershock or forewarning? It depended upon who was speaking. "What's the sense of worrying about it?" said a canyon dweller on his sun deck up in Beverly Glen. He was wearing a pair of portable stereo earphones, with ten-inch antennas, that made him look like a large nut-brown insect tuned into the inaudible static of interstellar space. "You people back East are involved with tomorrow, with the mind. We're involved with the body, with today. Why prepare for an unknown possibility when you can go to the beach and work on your tan?" Manson's "family," on the contrary, squatting on the sidewalk outside the courthouse, their heads shaved like Buddhist monks, quietly mad with the certainty that the great quake to come would save Charley from the gas chamber, intoned: "Go to the desert, lock your doors, protect your children. Because it's going to be *heavy*."

But then, there was something in the very air in Los Angeles that aroused premonitions of apocalypse. Sometimes torpor or violence seemed the only options in the long, windless afternoons. Girls in the sunny streets around Fairfax High handed you slips of paper that read JESUS IS COMING SOON. A converted yellow bungalow on the Sunset Strip advertised TIMELESS OCCULT BOOKS AND BELL-BOTTOM JEANS. On a bridge over a scummy canal out in Venice, someone had written in spray paint THE EARTH IS NOT A STABLE PLACE—IT SUCKS! Up in deepest Topanga Canyon, there was a more-or-less-continuous encounter-group-*cum*-nudist-camp-*cum*-orgy going on at a place called Sandstone Retreat. And the *Los Angeles Free Press* that very week had come up with the Swiftian proposal that Lieutenant Calley execute Charles Manson in the Los Angeles Coliseum on closed-circuit TV, the proceeds to go to charity.

Driving farther up into the canyon, I could see how all this reckless expenditure of money to construct hanging gardens and floating houses in a subtropical never-never land might have encouraged Manson in his messianic reveries. "Why not?" he must have asked himself, echoing the words of countless Los Angeles contractors, who said, "You want a cantilevered swimming pool? Why not?" Because none of this would last. Its very attempt to imitate styles more rooted in time or tradition served only to emphasize some fatal ephemerality beneath the naïve zests of the canyon life. One day the poor or the desperate would simply burn it all down while rich hedonists frittered away their afternoons, trying to make a perfect margarita. These houses would fall, these pools burst, these gardens heave. And what was he, Charley Manson—jailbird-prophet, scruffo-seer—but an advance agent of those vast psychic and geologic forces that were inexorably building up toward the ultimate cataclysm? In the land of Aimee Semple Mcpherson, where showbiz and evangelism had always shared the same bed, he had thought to deliver his message in the religious epistle that most typified L. A.—the rock lyric; and when no one would listen, he had initiated a dialog with himself no less indigenous to this city of interchangeable identities than the gossipy backbiting of the cynical hopefuls in Schwab's drugstore on the Strip: *Who am I?* I am the Stranger in possession of the truth. *But then who are they?* They are the ones to whom my truth is strange. *So what must I do?* By the logic of Vietnamized America, I must bring them the truth, even if it kills them. *Show me the flaw.*

If the bewildered and resentful voices of Orange County, justifying Calley's murders by turning him into a contemporary Dreyfus, produced the eerie suspicion that America had become morally schizophrenic at last, the justification for Manson's crimes that you heard on the lips of dozens of young, blue-eyed, law-abiding Southern Californians suggested that sympathy for the Devil—in one guise or another—was everywhere in L. A. just then.

I turned onto Mulholland Drive, pulled over and got out for a cigarette. Down there, the smog—which at street level lent a faintly leprous cast to everything—hung in a dirty zone of grease smeared above the Civic Center complex that rose like a group of headstones almost ten miles away. A week before, leaning on the parapet of the Griffith Park Observatory, I had looked down onto the dirt path that wound up through mountain pine 200 feet below (in this largest of all municipal parks in America), where Boy Scouts were hiking up through dappled sunlight, and I had seen—a level below them—a red fox scamper across the path, his bushy tail carried weightless and aloft behind him, and then I had looked up and out and seen, in the blink of an eye, those same downtown buildings. The astringent smell of pine needles, the chilly plash of

"Gosh, Dr. Gatling, I can hear your heartbeat!"

water somewhere far below, bird song, a feeling of mountains; and, in the same glance, the architectural cemeteries of bureaucracy rising from the stews of the basin. There was no avoiding it: L. A. was as astoundingly horizontal as New York was vertical. But why had a city materialized on this unlikely spot? It was as if Manhattan had grown up out of the marshy wastes of north Jersey.

Except for the invention of the automobile, Los Angeles might have remained nothing but a second-class way station off the mission route to the north, instead of becoming the sixth largest city in the world. For a man without a car was as incongruous here as a motorist in Venice, and L. A. has the highest ratio of automobiles to people of any major city anywhere. Strollers in Beverly Hills are regularly questioned by the police on the assumption that they are up to no good. Mass transportation is all but nonexistent, and you have to walk blocks, often miles, to get a bus, and it rarely takes you anywhere near where you want to go. The old Pacific Electric trolley line that I had ridden from Pasadena to Los Angeles in 1942 ceased to function years ago, and there are people in Watts who have never been to Glendale. But once behind the wheel of an automobile, the Angeleno is liberated as few citizens of modern cities ever are. It's easier to drive the 12 miles from Hollywood to Santa Monica than to taxi cross-town on 45th Street in New York, and I regularly zipped down to Hermosa Beach for breakfast.

Superhighways in other cities were predicated on the principle of *avoidance*; they were designed to move cars over or around the densities of the urban center. But the idea behind the freeway system here is *accessibility*—to provide high-speed arteries that can feed more cars *into* the city; and as a result, every part of this horizon-wide metropolis is reachable in no more than 55 minutes from any other part, and when you get to your destination, there is always a place to park. Here, where space is in abundance, a bank, a store, a restaurant or a church without its own parking lot has small hope of customers and, contrary to the comic scare stories of the Bob Hopes and Johnny Carsons, driving on the freeways, except during rush hours, is not like being trapped on a 100-foot-wide roller coaster without tracks. It's merely the Connecticut Turnpike, doubled in width and flow, and L. A. drivers are generally savvy, quick thinking and reliable in their reflexes, the automobile being as natural an extension of their nerves as the New Yorker's contortionist agility in boarding a five-o'clock subway car. There is little or no cursing or honking in an L. A. traffic jam, and people wait behind their wheels, each isolated in his own small, air-conditioned portion of space, patiently listening to the Top 40 or the Sigalerts.

What accounts for this, I suspect, is the curious psychological fragmentation, the disoriented time sense, of this most mobile of all cities, where the Bekins moving vans are continually transporting people and their differing life styles from one section of the town to another, and where no one takes very much notice of anyone else, being too absorbed in his own house or pool or patio. The automobile has made L. A. an intensely private city, a city without a distinct sense of neighborhood, let alone of community. One's friends mostly live ten miles away, and there is little of the public conviviality provided elsewhere by bars. People get together in each other's houses, and a girl from Palos Verdes either sleeps over or drives herself home—or is designated G. U. (Geographically Undesirable) by her date in Westwood. Indeed, city living in Los Angeles resembles nothing so much as living in the country, and the hippie enclaves up in Laurel Canyon have little more to do with the garden apartments full of young marrieds on Fountain Avenue a few blocks south than Upstate New York farmers have to do with the harried fatalists of Manhattan.

Up on Mulholland, I got back into my car and turned the key. The motor hummed with the quiet power that is the source of the feeling of limitless *availability* that always witches you, in Los Angeles, into the illusion that time is only a spurious obsession with linearity, whereas space is a Zenlike awareness of simultaneity; an idea that gives the average Angeleno the slightly distracted look of a man hesitating among too many pleasant choices. I pressed the gas pedal and turned toward the Pacific.

Down there on my right, the floor of the San Fernando Valley stretched away like the enormous grid of a waffle iron all the way to the Santa Susanas, lavender-tinged and indistinct in the morning. I rolled down my window and smelled the elusive, herbal odors of L. A.'s fixation on foliage, remembering the summer I had spent alone out here in 1942, after which I had gone back East again, a 16-year-old rebel against puritanism convinced that he had glimpsed a new civilization—a leisure-oriented civilization of drive-ins, supermarkets, private pools and casual clothes—an informal, almost Mediterranean civilization that had come to him as a vision of utopian proportions in the hard-nosed reality of wartime America.

Now Mulholland Drive became a twisting, houseless, graveled mountain road. I passed a family of motorcyclists—the mother and father on full-size machines, the kids on tot-size replicas—drag racing on a level stretch. I slowed down for a loin-clothed youth, beaded headband securing shoulder-length hair, who was loping along bareback on a pinto. A sense of everyone beginning his private day, in accordance with his own whim, possessed me. Yet I was still well within the municipal limits of a world city. *Was* it a new civilization, as I had felt years ago? ("L. A. is embarrassing only when it tries to imitate other cities," the sun decker in Beverly Glen had said. "Mostly New York.") *Was* it the city of the future, as both its knockers and its boosters were so fond of saying? ("New Yorkers are ulcerous. Angelenos orthopedic," a sociologist had concluded. "The difference between brooders and act-outers, mullers and maniacs.") Or was it, above all, a city of now, a city without tenses, on which the past exerted little or no drag, and the pull of the future might best be measured by a seismograph? Wasn't it the America of the Seventies, plain as the self-carved X on Charley Manson's forehead?

I thought of him racing along this very road in a car full of his girls ("These days in L. A., every profession has its groupies," a young man, drinking *sangria* on the Strip, had said), freed to any and all distances by the internal-combustion engine, which had eventually built a psychic equivalent of itself into his soul, at once the most pitiful pariah and the most pitiless judge of whatever America was becoming, calmly thinking to himself (as he would hint in the courtroom later), "I am only a mirror of all this—the hamburger stands that look like hamburgers, the money that builds hills as well as the houses to put on them, the miniature rain forests that arrive on truck beds, and all the fantasies that are built on other fantasies in this land of lost distinctions. *What they see in me is only the madness they have made.*" But I was dissatisfied with the monolog. Like all conclusions about anything in L. A., it seemed facile, off the mark.

Far below me, and parallel to Mulholland, the neons of Ventura Boulevard—which Romain Gary had once called the most interesting street in the world—were just coming on, redundant in the morning sun. It had been early prototypes of such shopping strips that had seemed so Babylonian to me in 1942. But on this trip I had been surprised mostly by my *lack* of surprise, for in the intervening years, the peculiar life style of Los Angeles had spread back across the mountains and the deserts and the prairies, and now Iowa City had its equivalent of the Sunset Strip, and there were supermarkets in all the Fayettevilles that rivaled those in Burbank, and my own town in Connecticut sported, proportionately, almost as many swimming pools as Inglewood. The Los Angelization of America had become complete, and people in Evanston and

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Shreveport one-stop-shopped to Muzak Mantovani, banked from the front seat of their cars, barbecued in their back yards, went soft-in-the-leg in their split-levels and eventually took on that faintly passive, vegetal, dreaming look that had once seemed so peculiarly Southern Californian.

When you lounged on a garden chaise outside a summer house on Cape Cod, with Burt Bacharach on the stereo and a steak on the charcoal, you were in Los Angeles. When you made drinks built around fruit juice at your tufted, black-leather minibar with the abstract painting from Sears on the wall behind it (as Calley had been photographed doing countless times), you were in Los Angeles. When anxiety, and the Kantian sense of personal responsibility to which it sometimes leads, seemed less urgent than the next fleeting pleasure, then, too. All America was California dreamin'—as the song had said.

Perhaps only the inhabitants of the vast, decaying cities of the East, where the nerves always sizzled and the feet always ached, had escaped this process, but probably those cities were doomed anyway. How could such places as New York survive in an era of proliferating population and pollution? They had nowhere to go but upward into the poisoned air, whereas L. A., whose regulations concerning auto emissions were already more rigorous than future national standards, had only to annex another community or two, link them to the city by a freeway and build them their own versions of Ventura Boulevard.

The most interesting street in the world? No, that was only a left-handed, Gallic way of stating that an ultimate had been reached—like saying that Hiroshima was the most interesting ruin in the world. Still, Ventura Boulevard had achieved some kind of giddy zenith of the shopping-center vision. There was an air of finality about it, as if the science of arousing the acquisitive hunger had at last exhausted all the commercial possibilities of neon, poured concrete and plate glass. It stretched unbroken, arrow straight, all the way from the Hollywood Freeway to Woodland Hills, tying together a string of such separate communities as Studio City, Sherman Oaks, Encino and Tarzana. Twelve miles of midway! Twelve long miles of carnival hucksterism, where not a single thing was tasteful to the imagination or pleasing to the eye! And yet there was a stupefying fascination about it.

You could live out your entire life on Ventura Boulevard—be born, get married, die and be buried from it. You could eat in a Taco Belle, a hard-boozing Kansas City steakhouse or a chic French restaurant. You could furnish an apartment in Swedish modern or a mansion in fine antiques. You could learn karate or how to swim. You could bowl, dance, ice-skate or ride horseback. You could buy, rent, wash or repair a car—or a motorcycle, or a camper, or a mobile home. You could go to movies, saddleries, nude entertainments, jazz clubs, lectures, or even church. It was the ultimate bazaar, and driving its length three days before—the temperature up in the high 80s, everything two blocks away unfocused by a shimmer of heat and exhaust, the glare off cartops, chrome, neon and aluminum piercing even my Polaroids—I had had one of those premonitory hallucinations that a man who has been quits with cities for some years occasionally experiences: Eventually this street would lengthen, store after store, mile after mile, state after state, all the way back to the other ocean—the vast signboards walling out the trees, the leveled concrete denying the contours of the land, the towering neons creating a perpetual, timeless hour that was, eerily, neither night nor day. At last, the continent would be conquered; its ability to disturb us, enlarge us, depress us or arouse us finally annulled. And the valley that had given birth to this incredible street—the valley that was over 100 square miles of tract houses and subdivisions where no down payment and instant financing made the split-level paradise of leisure living and wife swapping available to all—the valley would finally leap over the mountains that circumscribed it here and *become* America. The meanest aspect of the democratic dream would be achieved at last: Everything, in this land founded on the idea of diversity, would have become *one thing*.

I looked out across the vast shimmer toward the mountains that were paling from lavender to beige as the smog accumulated. Had a similar vision of an air-conditioned, middle-class prison, into which millions of Americans seemed to be so happily rushing, relieved Calley of any sense of personal complicity in his own actions? There were probably thousands of replicas of his black-leather bar down there in as many recreation rooms, and certainly tens of thousands of valley-ites could see nothing wrong in what he had done. To them, Manson's assumption of nihilistic freedom was the real danger, and they glimpsed no similarity to it in Calley's appallingly literal enslavement to "orders"—no matter how inhuman. A feeling of the hopeless polarization of life in Los Angelized America swept over me. I felt as alien in it as a refugee from the novels of Henry James. Then I swung around a curve on that mountain road, on either side of which this endless, flattened city sprawled, and started the gradual descent, and sensed the ocean like a hope.

Deciding to skip Malibu, I turned onto Topanga Canyon Boulevard, wanting my trip's last sight of the Pacific to come after those wild miles of gorge and thicket where the red tiles of Italianate villas baked in the sun atop precipices, and houseless roads wound up into hills where there was nothing but the omnipresent water pipes of a city optimistically anticipating endless expansion. I wanted to get a quick sense of how this last, this greatest of oceans must have looked to the Spanish dons. Continent's end! Nowhere else to go. And there it was—blue-gray, milkily opaque, with a mild surf and no horizon. Indeed, I had yet to see the Pacific horizon on this trip. There was always a strange fog bank obscuring it half a mile out, and farther down the coast the evil exudations of the refineries filled the air with a visible murk.

The morning was sunny and cool and half clear (a combination of conflicting attributes that perhaps only an Angeleno could comprehend), and I turned south on the Pacific Coast Highway, looking for breakfast. A firm wind blew in bland, sea-freshened gusts across my face. Early hitchhikers waited at the lights with transistors, sleeping bags, surfboards, babies. The slopes of the massive headlands up toward Malibu were pale yellow with a profusion of tiny mustard flowers. The coast along there was raw, sandy, looming, misty, with that disturbing feel of new land about it that always arouses a powerful sense of the impermanence of things, a feeling that was somehow only intensified by the imitation lath-and-plaster Portofinos and Torremolinos that dotted it.

At Pacific Palisades, I gave a lift to two girls—all cascades of hair, fringed buckskin, beads and bare feet—who were taking a portable cassette player to Hermosa Beach for the day. They got in the back and, on a whim, I offered to drive them there. They seemed typical specimens of the perpetually tanned, streaked-blonde, salt-burnished, pretty young narcissist that Southern California beach life produces in such numbers out of sunshine and orange juice, and the tale I overheard in the next half hour may not have been untypical, either. They were both 18 and they had met only the day before in Lum's in Santa Monica. The taller one with the freckles had left her husband and three-month-old baby two weeks ago. "I'll never marry again," she said. "Every kiss is an obligation. Man, they figure they've got you. You're not free anymore."

The plumper one with the bangs had been beaten up by her father after a weeklong argument about getting her own apartment. "I managed to call the police, and he got so embarrassed—because of the neighbors—that I had a chance to cut," she said. She had just sold her Camaro and would live with a

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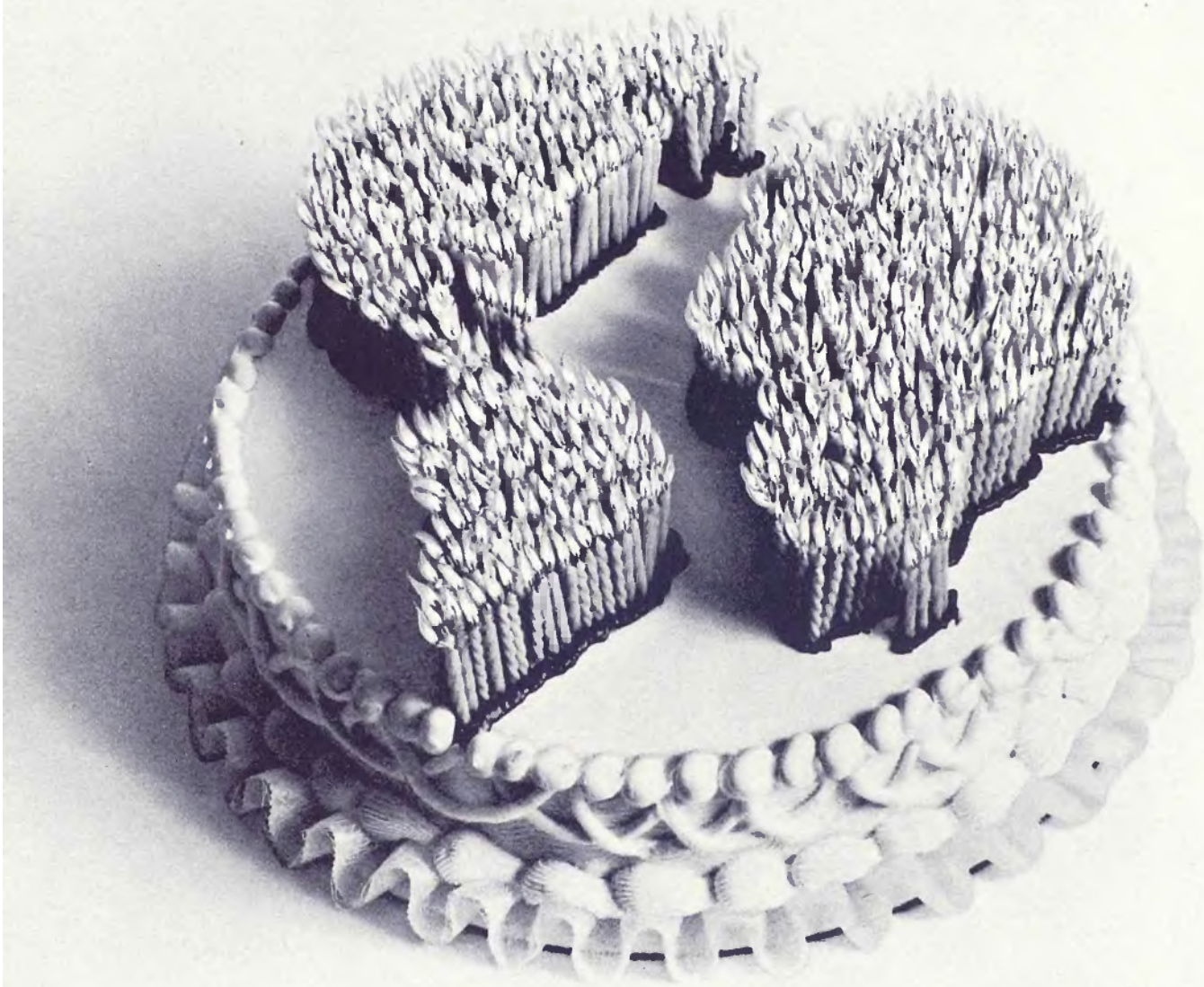

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friend in Ocean Park until June, when she graduated from high school, and then pack it in and go to Vegas. Both of them suspected they were pregnant.

All of this came out in an easy, casual, chatty flow as we passed the algae-choked canals of Venice, where dirty cats and uncombed dogs scavenged around the mudguards of 1954 Studebakers in front of run-down bungalows, behind the psychedelically painted windows of which I imagined shaggy-faced young men, who carpentered for a living, having a second cup of *bancha* tea with the blue-jeaned girls who cooked their macrobiotic rice. A scant two minutes later, we were in Marina del Rey, with its ten-story apartments, crenelated with balconies, its subterranean garages full of Porsches, and its enormous man-made harbor where 6000 pleasure craft were berthed—an instant Brasilia risen full-grown from a bog; and I was amazed again by the violent juxtapositions—the dropped out and the upwardly mobile living literally within sight of one another—that didn't seem to amaze or antagonize the Angelenos at all.

"Oh, yes. I watched my afterbirth come out when I had Cheyenne," the taller one was reassuring the plumper one as we passed the massive, bile-green oil tanks beside the highway in El Segundo, where bright borders of pansies had been planted along the chain-link fences and the air stank of chemicals. "It's kind of groovy, really—the whole having-a-baby number."

"This guy I'm with now is really beautiful," the plumper one replied, seeming not to notice the long pier in Manhattan Beach at the end of which the ominous tankers waited, nor the sudden unearthly roar of the jets climbing out of L. A. International, leaving an ugly-brown trail stain behind them in the sea air. "But I won't stay with him after June. He's into too many weird scenes. I think I may have the baby, though. Don't you just *dig* babies?"

I drove them down to the public pier in Hermosa Beach, where motels, *taco-burrito* joints and live-bait stores fronted a wide, absolutely pebbleless esplanade of soft sand. A few surfers were paddling out on their boards in shiny black wet suits to the breaking point, and the sun was as wan as a moon in the white sky. "It'll work out for you," the taller one was saying, "just like it'll work out for me. It always works out. Say, you know, really, though, thanks for the ride. It was real nice talking to you."

I watched them ankling off across the sand, their lives seemingly no heavier in their hands than the cassette that hummed with Melanie—off for a day at the beach to work on their tans. I drove on south of town to Cap'n Ahab's Coffee Shop on the marina, where the gunstock beams were sleek with too much varnish and the plank tables had been laminated with protective plastic, to be faced with one of those enormous California breakfasts—hashbrowns, sausage patties the size of beer coasters, ranch eggs (never fewer than three) and grape jelly in an impenetrable little cube—that always make the Easterner feel vaguely stingy with his coffee and toasted English. I pondered the meanings of the beach life, which burned the hours away like pools of sea water evaporating under the sun. What else did it burn away? The surfers paddled out, waited, gauged the swell, missed it and waited again—finally to be rewarded by 15 pure seconds of the surrender of the self to a tidal rhythm, the body energized by its brief moment on the wave's crest, rushing downward—loosed, free—toward the brink of a state before consciousness, that primal state we had lost when water ceased to be our element. But was something more surrendered, too?

I walked off my breakfast in seaside streets full of campers, their curtains still drawn, the occupants still asleep, reminded of the minor uproar that was going on just then over this use of the public thoroughfares as hotels. The kids of California seemed to have taken, en masse, to the VW buses, the Econolines, the delivery vans chromeless with age, and they were wandering up and down the coast, following the surf, the rock festivals or some elusive promise of better vibes elsewhere. It seemed gypsyish and good to me. Nothing in Los Angeles awakened that need for roots—for a roof and a hearth—that seasonal change necessitated back East. Life here was as undulant and gravity-free and crazy as making love on a water bed. The fact that the ski slopes of Mammoth Mountain were only a few hours away from this very beach narcotized the sense of having to earn an experience in advance. Had it, as well, so hypnotized my two passengers that the panic or despair about the fix they were in, which they might have felt in Boston's winter streets, simply hadn't materialized? I didn't think so. After all, the psyches of the young, who had all grown up in Los Angelized America, had been Los Angelized, too, and the conceiving of a baby was no more a *consequence* (with all the moral and temporal hang-ups of that word) than was an earthquake—which also happened while you weren't paying attention. It was simply an event, an occurrence among a myriad of other occurrences, to which it had little more direct relation than Watts to Westwood.

"The riots?" a magazine writer had mused to me eight days before. "Well, I've never even been to Watts. I mean, it's twenty miles from here, and it's almost as hard to get into—because of the freeways—as it is to get out of." He seemed troubled by my pursed lip. "Well, what I'm trying to say is this: The riots weren't happening in *Westwood*," and any idea of the city as a single, cohesive human unit, held together by a community conscience, seemed unreal, even dishonest, in a town where out-of-work actors arrived in Bentleys to pick up their unemployment checks and the mayor regularly indulged in racial innuendo at election time.

All at once, I decided that I wouldn't go to Henry Fonda's party after all. These were my last hours in L. A.; why spend any of them with people I could just as well see in New York, Rome, London or Nassau? It didn't seem relevant to the trip, somehow. Then I had to laugh, realizing that my two passengers would have considered partying with Henry Fonda very relevant, indeed. After all, he was related to Peter and Jane, wasn't he?

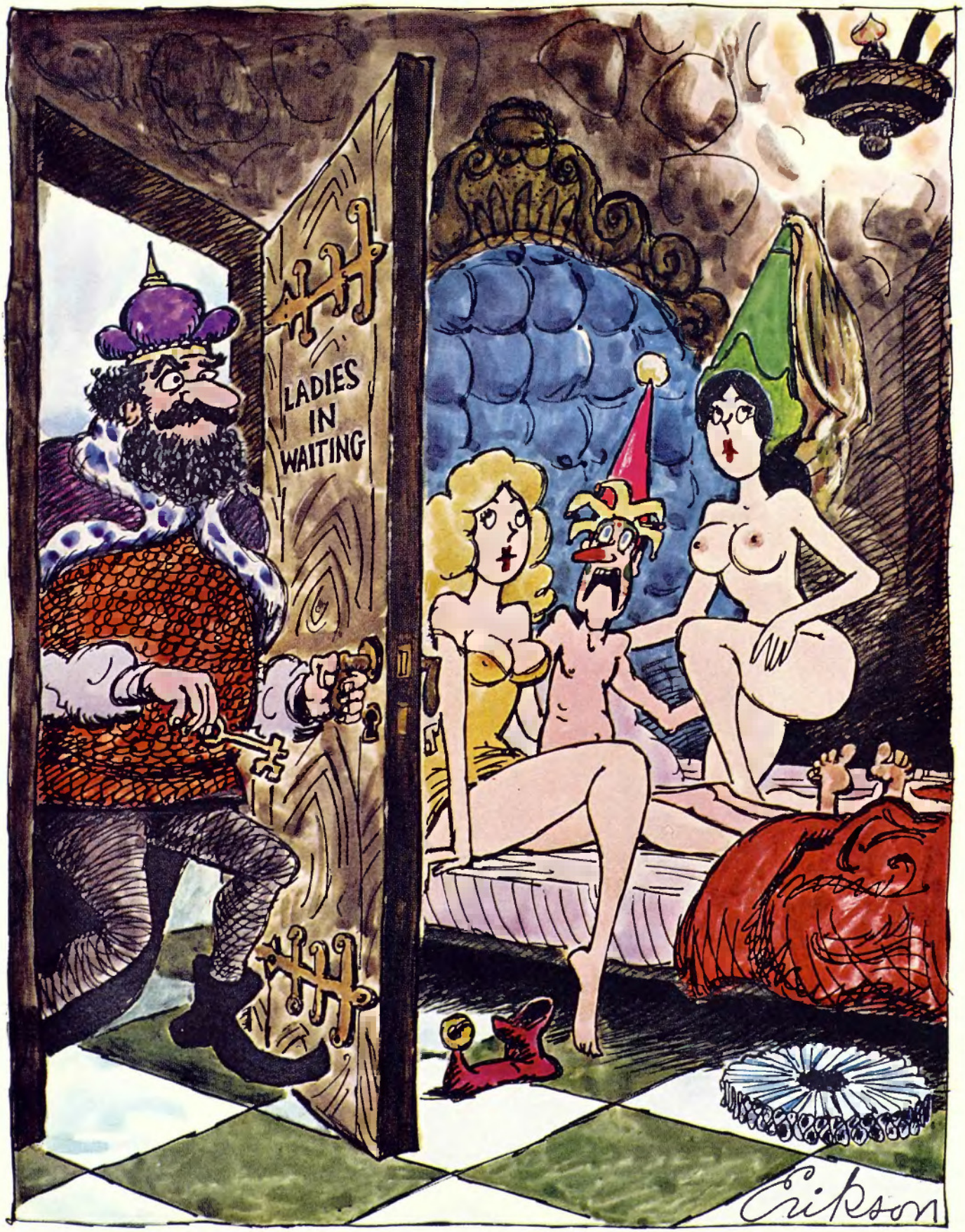
• • •

It was after 12 when I eased the Galaxie into the pell-mell, four-lane flow of northgoing traffic on the San Diego Freeway, with a feeling that I was completing a great circle—the canyons, the valley, the beaches—that had Hollywood as its terminal point. Sun-blistered boulevards of stuccoed courts, where you imagined the Bogart of *In a Lonely Place* trying to open a can of Coors for his hangover, fanned out into the heat haze on both sides of the highway, and I almost missed the exit for La Cienega Boulevard that arrowed through the barrens of the Baldwin Hills, where dead oil derricks stood against the glassy sky like those gaunt skeletons that somehow survive a forest fire, and working pumps seesawed up and down like genuflecting grasshoppers.

What other major city in the world would tolerate an oil field in its center? But then, oil had created L. A.—oil along with aviation, electronics, tourism and the movies—commodities as ephemeral as the next defense budget and the passing taste in fantasy, and in Pasadena the $70,000 homes of 34-year-old computer analysts were up for sale and you saw their owners reading the want ads in the *Los Angeles Times* over coffee in the House of Pancakes.

What other city, where power and water should have been elements as chancy as sun in winter London, would build a perpetual waterfall above a downtown freeway, or sport so many swimming pools that from the air its vast grid looked as if chips of turquoise Formica had been scattered over it, or burn with so much candle power at night that it had all but put out the stars in the telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory 20 miles away?

What other city could boast that the richest source of ice-age remains in the world (the La Brea tar pits) was a tourist attraction almost as magnetic as the



"HALTWHOGOESTHERE?!"

richest source of plastic-age imagery in America—CBS-TV City—which was barely ten blocks away? You felt the bones of extinct mammoths under the bubbling macadam of the parking lots around the Farmer's Market nearby, and the tired husbands from Des Moines, in see-through nylon shirts, plodding through mountainous displays of gift-wrapped fruit after their tireless wives, seemed no less bewildered and unadaptive than the enormous, sad beasts upon whose viscous graves they rested their openwork huarachos.

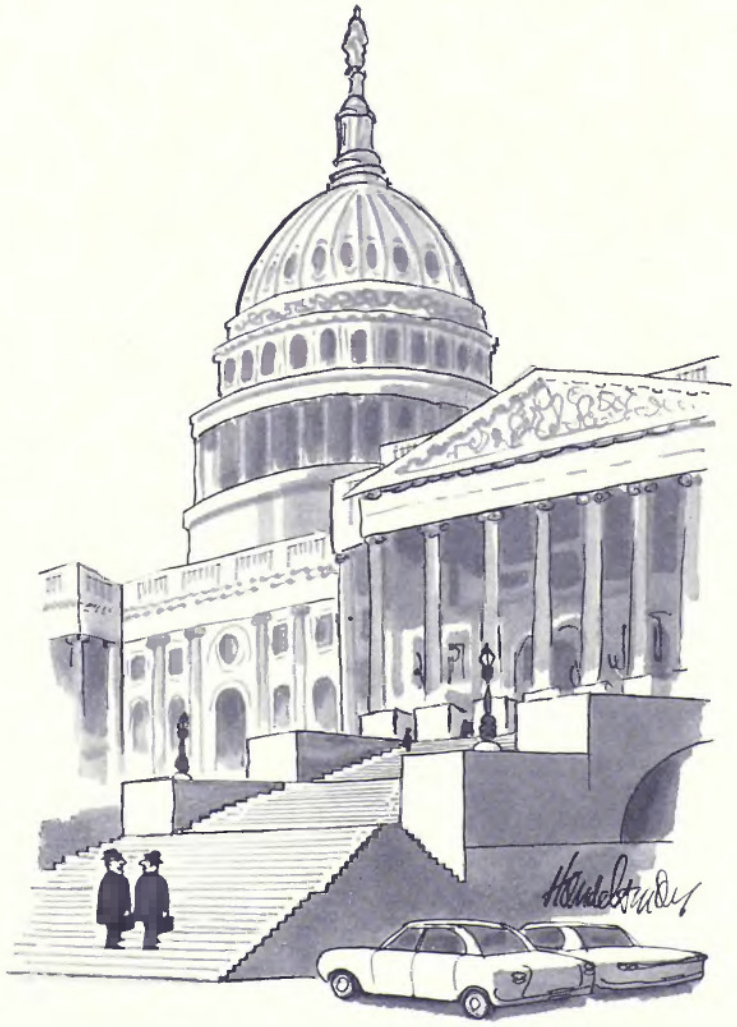
What other city suffered so publicly from the identity crisis that secretly afflicts many American cities that feature writers in its newspapers continually, obsessively anatomized the soul of the town and comparisons to San Francisco came up in dinner-party chat like the paranoid fixations of Kafka writing to his father? If you said (as I had many times) that you much preferred L. A. to Frisco, Angelenos looked at you as if they were searching for an ulterior motive, and when they learned that you were from New York, kilowatts of defensiveness crackled in the air like summer lightning.

What other city expended such astonishing creativity on the decor of its restaurants, and then set afire every foodstuff that wouldn't actually be destroyed by flame? For Los Angeles was as infatuated by the idea of flambé as it was by the concept of the cantilevered strut, and I had spent two weeks ducking the skewers that burned like torches in the pagan catacombs of Los Angeles' singed cuisine.

Yet despite all this, I liked the place. Parts of it were as surrealistically ugly as if Luis Buñuel had designed them as sets for *Los Olvidados*, but parts of it were as impressionistically beautiful as an Italian hill town reconstructed by the artisans of MGM in the Thirties. If someone had given an imaginative, impatient, pleasure-prone adolescent 100 billion dollars and told him to build a city that would gratify all his divergent urges, he would have built something very much like Los Angeles, and the city had all the unself-conscious charm, vitality and naïveté of *The Threepenny Opera* staged by Holden Caulfield in his girlfriend's garage.

I drove on toward the castellated hills that rose in a patchwork of sere brown, tropic green and stucco white over Hollywood. Now that I had no need of a dinner jacket, what was left to do? Pack up, retrieve some shirts from the cleaners, check my reservation on the morning flight home and make an eight-thirty curtain for *The Trial of A. Lincoln*. Suddenly, I missed my wife with a keenness that had nothing to do with the usual, nagging absences that a man discovers, one by one, after a few days in a motel. The trip was all but over, the "business" done, and I wished that she were there beside me in that car. She had never been to Los Angeles, and I imagined the pleasure of showing her—what? Hollywood Boulevard, with its bronze stars, each bearing the name of a showbiz personality, embedded in the sidewalk? The Grand Central Market in downtown L. A., where you could buy Chinook salmon, Calimyrna figs, cooked lambs' heads like Francis Bacon skulls, *chili pasilla*, sweet paprika, roasting rabbits and all the other ingredients of the Oriental, Mexican and southern European cuisines that intermingled there? Acme Hardware on La Brea, which would sell you a flowered-porcelain toilet bowl for $325? Universal Studios, where the tourists gawked at mock-up movie sets that had been carefully built to resemble *real* sets? Disneyland? No. Turning onto Fountain, with its stubby palms and peeling stucco, I wanted her to be there to sense what I sensed so strongly in the afternoons of Los Angeles: the ambivalent mood of a nation adrift among its conflicting desires—either to star in the next half century's all-time money-maker or to drop out of sight as completely as a hermit among the scorpions of Death Valley.

I parked and went to pick up my laundry and almost bumped into one of those apparitions that I had come to call "the ghost ladies of Hollywood." They were usually in their late 60s or early 70s and there was an air of musty eccentricity about them—of oversweet perfume and too much Coty face powder; of diaphanous clothes saved in attic trunks and the time-shriven flesh of lonely women who have taken to gossiping querulously with themselves. They came drifting up the block under the palm trees with their Twenties pocketbooks and their hectic shades of lip rouge and their huge, haunted eyes—to buy a lamb chop, a container of cottage cheese and a single can of beer. You always saw a face inside that ruined countenance that you vaguely recognized



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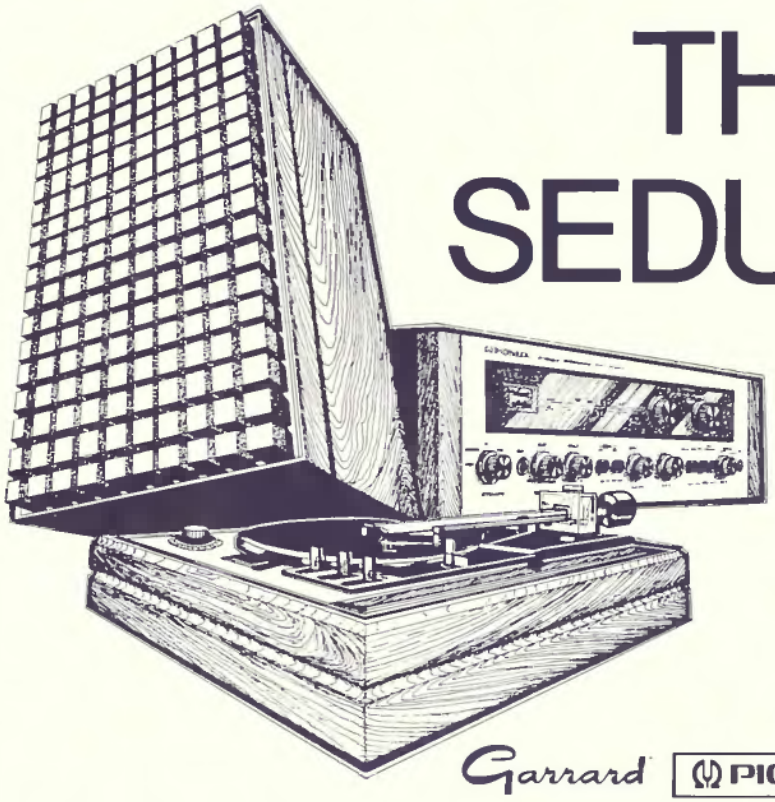

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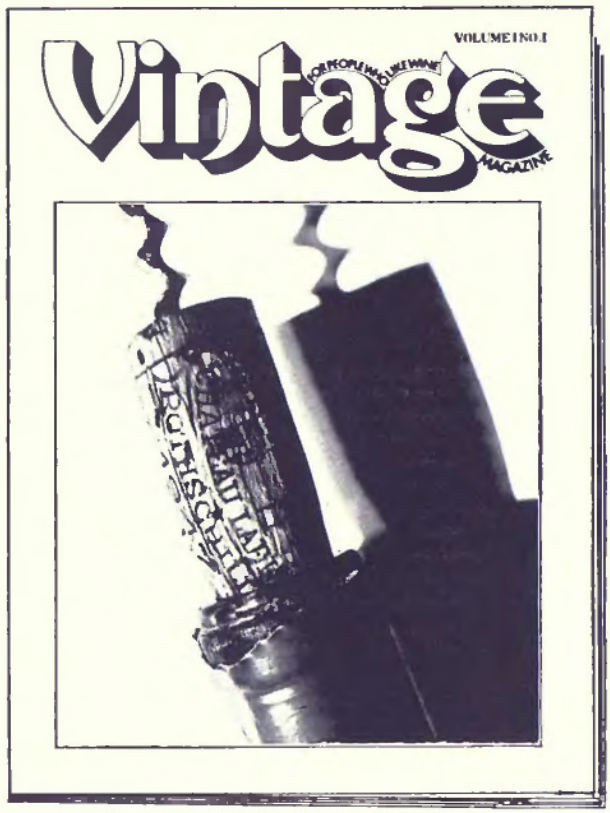

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—Mary Miles Minter, Billie Dove, Barbara La Marr—and in that face you glimpsed a vanished Hollywood of champagne corks, cocaine eyes, Hispano-Suizas and tango violins. These ladies took no notice of the girls in hip-huggers and Capezios getting out of Karmann Ghias in front of garden apartments with names like the Fountain Blu. Ghosts themselves, they seemed to be conversing silently with ghosts. They were always on foot (a fact unusual enough in this town without pedestrians), and for a moment the rueful, twilight sadness beneath Hollywood's flamboyance came over you. All of its cheap dreams had come cruelly true in the faces of these wraithlike Norma Desmonds, and the brevity of glamor, the attritions of a lifetime devoted to the phantasmal, and the inexorable passage of the years no matter what, were as graphic there as the lines no powder puff would ever expunge again. Yet Dyan Cannon, fur-coated despite the temperature, taller than she appeared on the screen, her caramel-tinted hair in need of a rinse, still strode into Schwab's as if nothing could ever ruin the moment of celebrity she was enjoying.

Hollywood! My earliest ambition, rather than to act or write or make a fortune, had been to direct movies; and in snow-drifted New Hampshire mill towns in the late Thirties, I had survived puberty's first awareness of estrangement on a diet of two films a week and dreamed of Sunset Boulevard as feverishly as other boys dreamed of the Boul Mich. But the dream, even then, had never been a dream of the Hollywood of glittering galas, star-studded premieres or jasmine-scented girls whose bodies were the stuff of masturbatory myth; and when I arrived here in 1942—all of 16—I found that something in the B films that had been shot in these very streets had prepared me for the *other* Hollywood, the Hollywood of moldering side-street bungalows where whirring table fans moved used air through stifling bedrooms; the Hollywood of ugly trolley tracks under a webbing of power lines; the Hollywood of the 1937 version of *A Star Is Born*, where, for every Janet Gaynor who succeeded in wooing the gods of fame, there was a Fredric March who walked into the Pacific as a suitor who had failed; the seedy, anonymous, dream-shattered Hollywood of Nathanael West—a Hollywood to which I was still drawn, because, with age, you come to have a certain distant fondness for your illusions. They are the last connection to your earliest self.

Just the day before, at dawn, I had made an ironical pilgrimage down to the old Paramount Studios on Melrose, where I had hung around through sweltering summer afternoons almost 30 years before in hopes of seeing Cecil B. De Mille, or at least his automobile, passing through the famous wrought-iron Spanish gates. The neighborhood was run-down now—dingy stucco courts advertising rooms for singles, an early-morning smell of pinto beans and sour coffee, Western Costume rising like a mausoleum among the Mexican cafés, and the not-unpleasant air of an abandoned Thirties airplane hangar about the studio itself. The billboards on its sand-brown walls touted three TV series for every film, and just inside those fabled gates on Marathon, the stanchions stacked with the bicycles of extras on an early call were visible evidence that—as the leaders of a floundering industry had told President Nixon two days before in San Clemente—76 percent of the members of the Screen Actor's Guild had made less than $3000 last year, a sum that was considered below the poverty level. Plainly, the action and the money had moved elsewhere—to Cinecitta, or Shepperton, or Timbuktu.

Hollywood, which had been the dream factory of the Twenties and Thirties, when America's aspirations were as innocent and hopeful as a youth planning to marry Jean Arthur and thinking of bedding Jean Harlow, had become at once an assembly line of sop, in the form of dozens of hours of inane situation comedy ground out for TV like sausage meat each week, and the capital of raunch where, along Santa Monica Boulevard alone, you could paint a girl's nude flesh for a few dollars an hour, or study her crotch in full-color close-ups in movies made on the outskirts of Burbank, or have her service you in any one of two-dozen massage parlors, or purchase glossy-paper picture magazines of her eating—or being eaten by—men and women and assorted animals. *Green Acres* or *Lust Pit*? Calley or Manson? Was there an honest choice between them? Sometimes it seemed that it was to such antitheses of unreality that America's secret life had come down. Yet perhaps it was as important to resist the simplicities of this either/or as it was for those of us who could to continue to remember and to hope—particularly in this city of the present tense.

"You're not nearly so inscrutable when you're horny."

I walked to La Brea, went down to Sunset and started back to the car. A golden, late-afternoon glow burnished everything with that warm light that always seems to foretell the languid, yellow moon that will hang in the palm trees, like some nocturnal grapefruit, once the sun goes down in the Pacific. The air wafted against the skin with the phantom caress of long-since-bulldozed orange groves. I felt that elusive lift that comes to even the most skeptical of men in places that are still unfinished, still enamored of the day, still inventing themselves, and with some amazement I realized that perhaps this was the only city in America in which it might be challenging to live again—at least for a while.

• • •

There was no moon when I parked just east of Sunset and Vine some hours later, but the long fingers of searchlights were playing on the upper stories of darkened office buildings and NO LEFT TURN signs had been set up in most of the intersections. Jesus, I thought, do they still indulge in all that hyping up of false excitement? In 1971? For a *play*? The crossings were thronged with kids in gypsy garb. There were a lot of policemen on the sidewalks, trying to look like tolerant Dutch uncles. The

metronomic thumping of a bass drum and the steely whang of overamplified guitars filled the night with their blurred reverberations.

Then I saw that the searchlights weren't in front of the Huntington Hartford Theater two blocks away but just outside a parking lot on El Centro, across from which some sort of carnival lofted its canopy of light and noise out of a canvas enclosure. The green and yellow struts of a Ferris wheel turned leisurely, out of rhythm to the music, and I realized that all the panoply was for the Tenth Annual Los Angeles Teenage Fair, and not for *A. Lincoln*, after all. The Rolling Stones wailed their defiance of the very sort of "cultural event" I was attending, wailed against Hollywood and all it had once meant. But then, of course, *they* had commandeered the searchlights now, they were the objects of the false excitement, and if there was an establishment anymore —an in-group whose money, fame and influence would make a difference to tomorrow—they certainly cut more of the mustard than the likes of Henry Fonda.

But Fonda, I found, had a searchlight, too—though it was smaller and older than the others—and three quarters of an hour before curtaintime, there were all of 10 or 15 people in front of the theater. A TV cameraman was filming the fans who were filming him filming them, and the bronze star in the sidewalk under the marquee bore the name Theodore Kosloff, a Paramount feature player from the early Twenties. Fonda's own star was in the sidewalk in front of the parking lot just down the block. It was streaked with tire marks.

I took up a position in the lobby across from the ticket window as more onlookers began to gather on the sidewalk—people who all had that indescribable look of the out-of-towner that a certain kind of middle-aged Angeleno never loses: the look of a vacationing dentist from Wichita. They took pictures of the billboards with their Instamatics and studied one another surreptitiously, as if Dennis Weaver or Edgar Buchanan might be hiding behind that plaid shirt, those sagging Bermudas.

George Montgomery arrived, and smiled, and was photographed. Van Heflin came. A few months later, he would be dead of a heart attack, and this night he looked grizzled and tired as he signed autographs. As a star, he was a bigger draw than Montgomery, and so he joked with the news photographers, who, when he had gone into the theater, said, "Well, who else is going to turn up?"

"The ushers, that's who," someone cracked.

"Listen," another said, "this is all routine. . . . Last week, I caught Shirley and Jack and *David* Cassidy outside the Ambassador."

James Garner arrived in a tuxedo (obviously, he was going to the party at the Hilton afterward), and he was bigger than either Montgomery or Heflin because he was a TV star, and he smiled his bland, apologetic smile as the flashbulbs exploded in his face.

The crowd was thickening now. Two tall, disdainful blacks, with a Diana Ross look-alike between them, swept into the theater in ankle-length black-vinyl coats with epaulets of ostrich feathers. The play was about the arraignment of "A. Lincoln" before a kangaroo court of angry blacks, and they had the look of critics who had already written their reviews.

The searchlight tractor coughed and roared. Faces, as famished by fantasies as by a diet of chow mein, hungered for more under the unreality of the lights. Then one of the photographers, looking down the street, called out, "Hold it right there, Liz—for a good one," and a deep, expiring gasp, somewhere between a death rattle and orgasm, swept the crowd forward as if on cue. But it wasn't Liz Taylor. It was—oh, you know, you know—what's-her-name! It was Elizabeth Ashley and George Peppard, and *they* had been invited to the party, too, and looked cool and dressed up and married as the autograph books were thrust into their faces and the newsmen begged for "just one more."

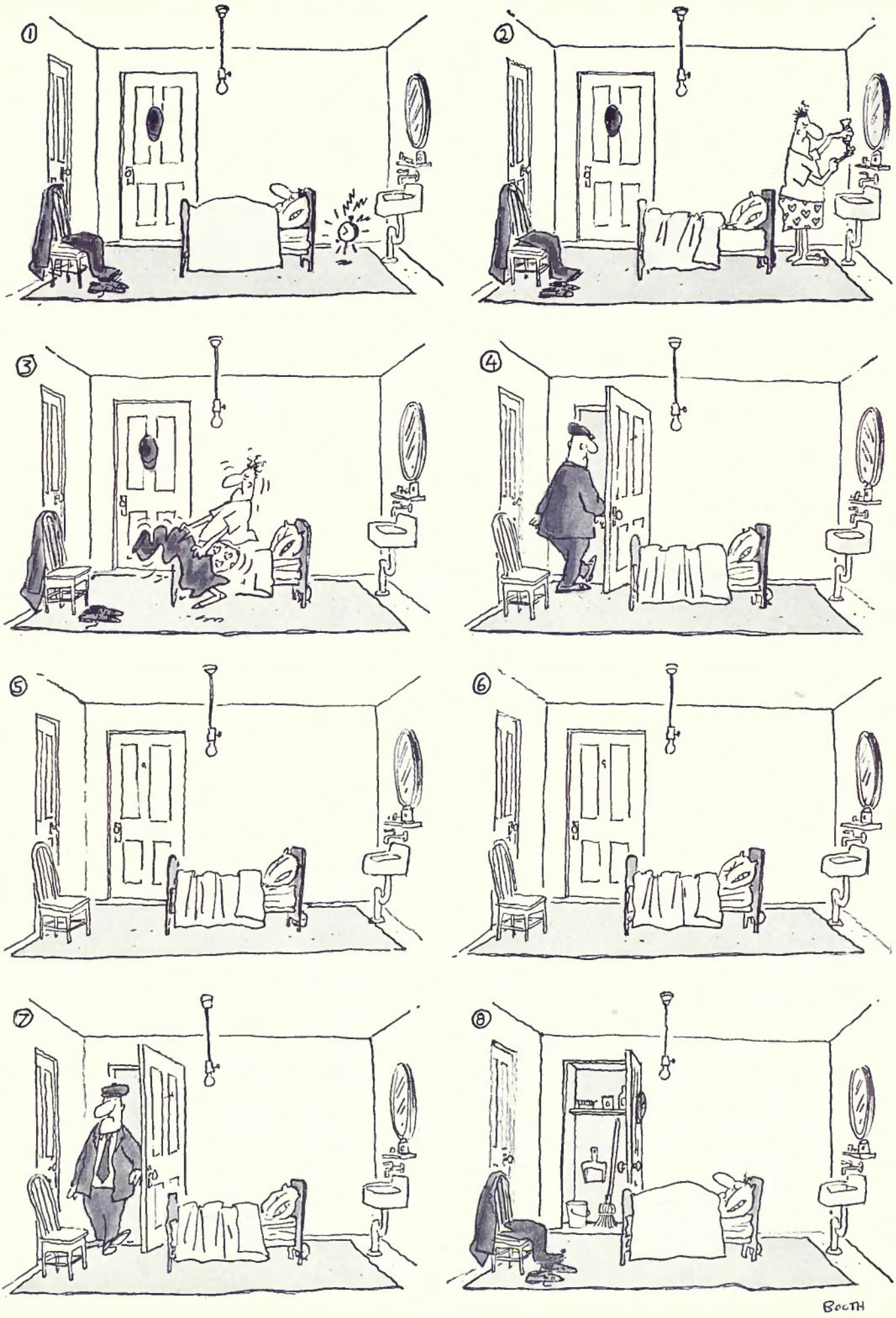
The lobby was filling now. Industry men—producers with fishy, dead, *sanpaku* eyes, agents with swept-back, graying pompadours stiff with lacquer—stood around with their chic, 40ish wives, who winced under the lights and pulled the collars of brocaded opera capes over the telltale wrinkles on their tanned throats. These people knew the dangerous emotions that the proximity, in the flesh, of the symbols of magic could unleash in this crowd—"But he's *short*!" or "It's her—it's really her!" —and their faces were pinched, weary, emptied, *scared*. They knew what was under the rock; they knew the jungle of vanities behind the jeweled screen; they were the diamond merchants who had trafficked all their lives in expensive glass; and to me, at that moment, there was a certain old-whore bravery about them because of all the squalid secrets they kept. They were like aging Tammany ward heelers. Their world was over. The as-if on which their lives had been constructed had about as much relevance as the snout of an Edsel, and yet they "showed the flag," they came. There was the sadness of long-unexamined compromise about them, of a cynicism that had become sentimental, of the dinosaur's bewildered roamings in the first icy twilights that foretold his doom.

Then I noticed that Martha Scott was talking to the man right next to me. Unrecognized in that crowd of TV addicts, she seemed as at ease as the hostess of a successful dinner party once the brandy has been poured. I stared into her lovely, animated eyes—the peculiar vulnerability and poignance that had made her performance in *Our Town* so memorable 30 years ago still there, elusively matured—and all at once she looked at me, at the expression of recognition that must have melted my public face, and seemed a little flustered, and smiled, and nodded, and said, "It's so nice to see you again," cocking her head a little, and faking it, as if saying to herself, "Martha, you're *forgetting*. Now, who *is* he?" For an instant, the peculiar false intimacy that shared fantasies encourage held us together, as if we were 20-years-ago lovers who had forgotten each other's names. I smiled and she smiled back, and neither of us knew how to acknowledge, much less explain, the flash of counterfeit sympathy that seemed to flow between us.

"It's good to see you, *too*," I said. "You look marvelous." Her smile was as modest and pleased as the smile of the girl in *Our Town*, and then she was swept away by the press of people trying to get closer to Fernando Lamas and Esther Williams.

Ricardo Montalban arrived and the lobby cracked with flashbulbs. There was the gathering tension of boredom in the crowd—more, more! They wanted to touch the hem of glamor and, having touched it, they wanted to touch its sleeve and, having touched that, they wanted—what? Anthony Quinn! But having touched him, they wanted him to write down his name on their postcards and souvenir programs as proof that they had actually been close enough to see through the image to a homelier reality: "Oh, yes, Mabel, Tony's only five-ten, but he's a regular guy. . . . Sure, we talked for a minute, and he's not so special, really." I stood there and realized that it was precisely as if these people had read Nathanael West and were willingly, even gleefully, playing characters out of *The Day of the Locust*, and that I wasn't really so different from them—my Martha Scott for their Anthony Quinn.

What was it in American life that had starved us so grotesquely? I had met enough movie actors to know that most of them were sad and mixed-up Orphan Annies trapped in the bodies of The Dragon Lady or Smilin' Jack. Was it the film medium itself that gave them such a compelling power over our imaginations? Was fantasy the only refuge for a people without a sustaining past? Or had the fragmentation of modern cities, the process of Los Angelization, aroused some last vestige of hunger for a life of proportion, coherence, wonder, meaning? A hunger that could be assuaged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BOOTH

these days only in the pathetic make-believe of the most vicarious of dreams?

Anthony Quinn smiled the empty smile of a man named George who has been caught in a conversation in which he is repeatedly addressed as Bill, and the lobby lights flicked off and on to announce the curtain. Suddenly, I didn't want to see a play; I didn't want to see Lincoln tried for his sins of omission; I was sick of the lust to expiate ourselves by judging others that had made us strangers to one another—Manson to Tate, Calley to the villagers of My Lai, and all of us to all of *them*. I craved the luxury of my own thoughts and left my ticket, unclaimed, at the box office, and walked back to the car. On a so-far-unengraved star in the sidewalk on Vine Street, one Duane Broder had written his name with a marker pen. *I'm here, it's me, I exist!* The gesture seemed so emblematic of Southern California—the Southern California now proliferating in the American heart—that I wrote the name down in my notebook. Duane Broder, a self-proclaimed celebrity in Hollywood, and Richard Nixon, from nearby Whittier, the President of the republic.

• • •

The trip was over, but I had no sense of completion, and as I drove down Hollywood Boulevard toward my motel, I succumbed one last time to the urge—to get up into the hills, to search out a taller building, to take to a helicopter, anything to get *above* the city—that testified to how L. A. frustrated the visitor's eye by its smog-blurred, amorphous distances. I took a turn into Laurel Canyon and on a whim veered onto the white curve of concrete that ascended into a new and expensive housing development, called Mount Olympus, that had been carved out of a small mountain on the right-hand side of the canyon. Eight-foot cypresses and spectral Grecian fountains appeared fleetingly in the swerve of my headlights as I climbed Venus Drive past scores of empty, leveled lots on which, overnight, those pleasure gardens that money can always buy in Southern California would miraculously blossom.

I pulled onto the highest lot of all, drove to the very edge, killed the headlights and got out. As yet, there was nothing there but the soft, parched dirt under my shoes, and a few clumps of chaparral, and the distant plash of a fountain playing on and on through the night with no one but me to hear. Yet just across the narrow canyon, the opposite hill was verdant, mysterious, dark, awink with life, *peopled*, and down there, spread out before me in vivid bands of red, yellow and blue light, the thousand glittering boulevards of Los Angeles stretched away toward some lost point of convergence on the horizon. The sight was awesome, appalling and spectacularly beautiful. A city that had engulfed every square mile that could be seen from that height under the blanket of a million blazing lights. An underwater city laved in phosphorus. An endless city. Perhaps the last.

The ghosts of the five-year-old boy and the 16-year-old youth stirred in me again. The heavy, sweetish odor of nighttime orange groves was long gone now, and these days the splendid white beaches were fouled with gobbets of oil and the carcasses of poisoned grebes. Off those sparkling boulevards, violence and despair ripped the silken darkness with the angry scream of police sirens. And yet those ghosts longed to contain Los Angeles enough to justify their stubborn fondness for it—its energy, its gaucherie, its honied nights and salad dawns, its very size that was commensurate with something untrammeled in the enormous continent itself—just as the 44-year-old man longed to love again the tragic, bedeviled, violent and idealistic nation that stretched back 3000 miles from here, bafflingly, under the unjudging night.

For what had built this most American of cities was nothing less than the unfettered and impatient national genius that often seemed to be foundering in bitterness and confusion back East, and L. A. might turn out to be the last place where Americans had taken a stand and created a mirror image of their peculiarly complex souls. It was all our dreams—the meanest and the most audacious—made astoundingly visible.

Suddenly, I realized that I was loath to leave it, and that the reason for this was that it had maddeningly eluded me, and that it had been years since I had experienced the frontier urge that once had amounted to a national trait: *What's over the next ridge? What's it like there?* After all, weren't the habits of limitlessness and horizon chasing, in themselves, our oldest tradition, our uniquely sustaining past? What else could have gotten us through the Nebraska grass and Colorado snows and desert alkali to build this final city on the margin of the last ocean?

I remembered a friend of mine, a director from New York, who had phoned me in Connecticut one night from Beverly Hills, after spending six fruitless months here, to say, "Listen, everything you've ever heard about L. A.—good and bad, pro and con, everything—it's *all* true!"

The fantasy-starved crowds at the theater, the reality-numbed girls on their way to Hermosa Beach, Ventura Boulevard, the canyons, Manson and Calley: All this was a reflection of the madness we had made. But wasn't it just possible that we could assume the human responsibilities of our own audacity? Something—perhaps a waft of far-off Pacific salts in the warm night air—whispered: "Why not?"

"After all these years, Mother, you could have found a better way to tell us apart."

PLAYBOY's offices are invaded by someone intent on robbery or burglary, you should either call a hippie or eat your words.

M. Kirk
Los Angeles, California

In the February *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter critical of police officers who went to the aid of a person victimized by a crime and subsequently arrested the victim herself for violation of drug laws. Your flippant comment was that the bumper-sticker slogan IF YOU DON'T LIKE COPS, NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE CALL A HIPPIE might not be such a bad idea. In the same issue, another letter points out that John and Connie Eye were in fact guilty of a crime, even though they might deserve sympathy for receiving 20- to 40-year sentences, and your response merely compares the persecution of marijuana users to the pagan Roman persecution of Christians.

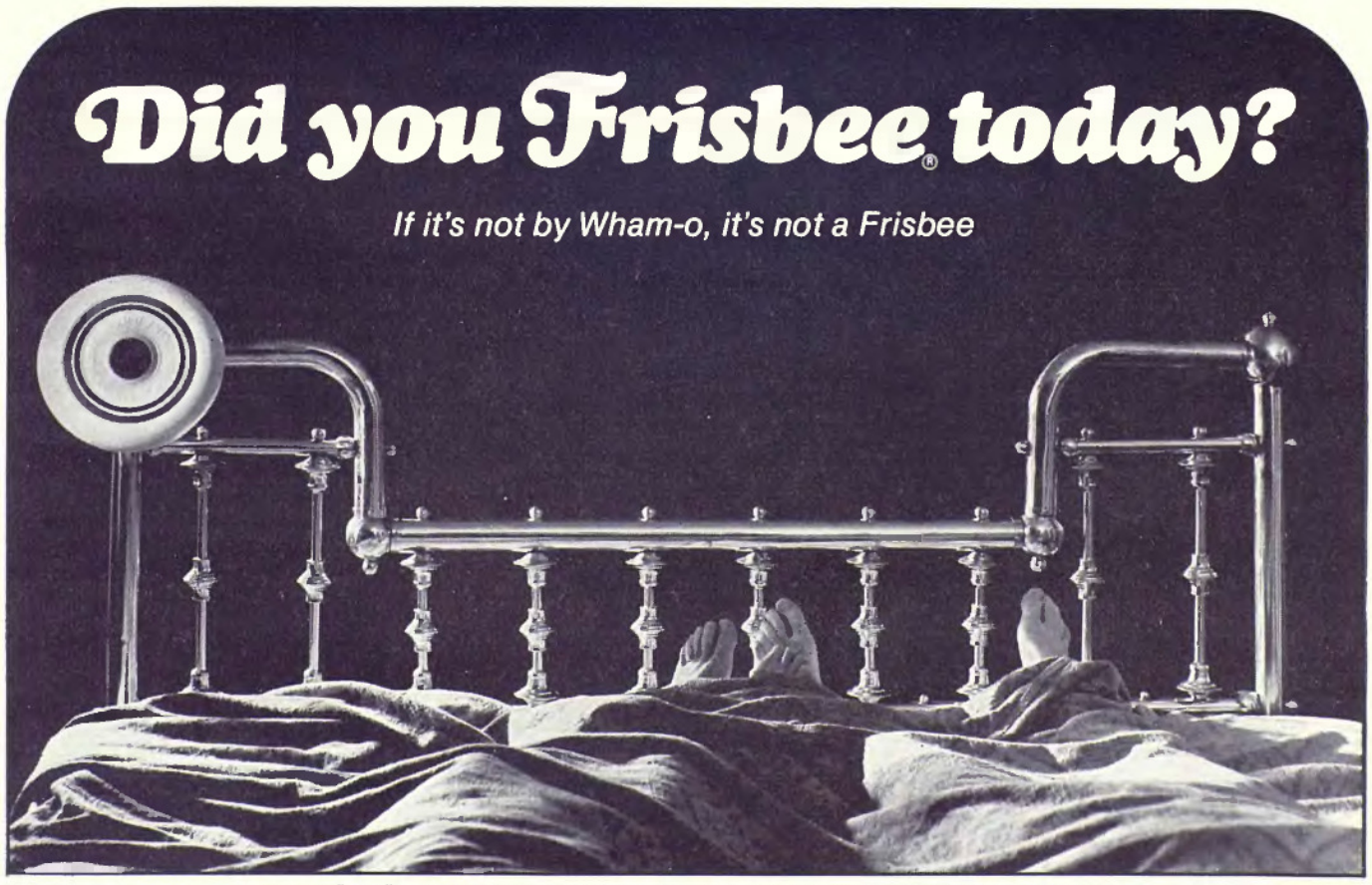
It seems to me that your attitude in these editorial replies indicates that PLAYBOY is moving from wanting to change certain laws by legal means to applauding when the laws are flouted and disapproving when they are enforced. One doesn't have to be a Spiro Agnew or a George Wallace to believe that the survival of our whole civilization depends on law. And for laws in America to function without this country being turned into a police state, it is necessary that people voluntarily respect and obey them. Any influence that undermines this vitally needed attitude is likely to bring on either totalitarianism or anarchy. Therefore, I put it to you bluntly: Does PLAYBOY advocate that people violate laws?

Thomas Carroll
New York, New York

And we will answer just as bluntly: No. But the question is not as simple as you've stated it. There are a number of laws on the books deserving of nobody's respect. In this category we'd include laws implementing racial, religious, political or sexual discrimination; those governing the private sexual behavior of consenting adults; those restricting the availability of birth control and abortion; those abrogating freedom of expression and the press; those that invoke penalties for individual indulgence in prostitution, gambling, pornography, alcohol, psychedelic drugs or narcotics; and the other laws that contradict the ideals of the founders of the U. S. and the spirit of the Constitution. The only sensible reason for not breaking such laws is that when they are enforced, people get into trouble. We don't advocate rebellion and we don't suggest that people break these laws, but we often sympathize with those who do. Furthermore, while police, district attorneys and judges are required to implement regulations as they stand, there is great latitude available for individual discretion, common sense and judgment about priorities in enforcement. Therefore, we feel it is legitimate to criticize policemen who pursue the marijuana smoker while the burglar or rapist remains at large or the judge who hands out ten-year sentences for sodomy and five-year sentences for manslaughter. The soundest response to bad laws is to seek to change them through legal channels and this is the kind of action we advocate. If all laws were socially beneficial and all officials were as scrupulous about obeying the law (including the United States Constitution) as the average citizen is expected to be, disrespect for the law in this country would not be a problem. If you're concerned about seeing the laws upheld, the best course of action is to work to improve them so that they deserve to be upheld.

POT INITIATIVE BLOSSOMS

In the December 1971 *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter explaining that BLOSSOM (Basic Liberation of Smokers and Sympathizers of Marijuana) was in the process of putting an initiative



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campaign together to legalize marijuana. On January 20th, we filed Initiative 264 with the secretary of state's office in Olympia, Washington. Before you receive this letter, the first copies of our petition will be distributed for signatures.

There are three points covered in the initiative: (1) Removal of all state penalties for possession, use and transfer of marijuana. (2) Mandatory paroles (release) for all convicted marijuana offenders presently serving sentences. (3) Making the advertisement or commercialization of marijuana a gross misdemeanor.

There are two reasons behind the third point: First of all, the public must know that we are not attempting to promote the use of marijuana; we simply want the people who want to use it to be able to do so in safety. Secondly, we do not want to see the large capitalist corporations enter the scene as soon as marijuana is legal and rip off huge profits. Rumor has it that the tobacco companies are eager to see pot legalized so that they can make a fortune off all us poor "hippies."

It definitely looks as if we will have the marijuana issue on the ballot in Washington State in November of this year. Whether the measure passes or fails depends on how many people become involved with our effort. Time is ripe for a change.

S. Thomsen Abbott
Stephen M. Wilcox
Debbie Yarbrough
Cochairmen, BLOSSOM
Olympia, Washington

MINISTER ON MARIJUANA

As a minister, I believe strongly that a person should take care of his body and guard his health. But as an American citizen, I support our Constitution, which makes a man's personal life and habits his own business and not the Government's. Therefore, I would oppose a law making the sale and possession of liquor illegal. Similarly, I believe the laws prohibiting the sale and possession of marijuana should be repealed.

The present marijuana laws make a mockery of our legal system and having them on the statute books reduces the effectiveness of more worthwhile laws.

Bill Nichols, Minister
Richardson Unitarian Church
Richardson, Texas

CINCINNATI CENSORSHIP

In a highly publicized campaign against pornography in Cincinnati, five bookstore employees were arrested and a warehouse was raided on orders from the county prosecutor. Cincinnati is the home town of that self-appointed protector of our minds and morals Charles H. Keating, Jr., founder of Citizens for Decent Literature. *The Cincinnati Enquirer* quoted him as saying, "It's always been my opinion that police action against the criminals who sell obscenity is the most effective cure for this social evil. Therefore, the action of the county prosecutor is extremely encouraging."

Keating was also represented at a court hearing confirming the closing of a local moviehouse, Cinema X. I feel it is not Keating's place nor anyone else's to tell people they can't go to see a blue movie or patronize an adult bookstore.

Mrs. Ronald T. Jones
Cincinnati, Ohio

KEATING'S GREETING

A friend received a copy of the form letter being circulated by Charles H. Keating, Jr. (*The Playboy Forum*, January). Since my friend knows of my interest in matters involving censorship, to say nothing of my longtime hobby of collecting color slides and movies featuring beautiful girls from all over the world, he promptly gave the Keating letter to me.

I was struck by Keating's honesty. He writes that he spent "some 600 hours a year on anti-pornography activities," which, I presume, include studying pornography and thinking about it. He also writes: "It's been proved again and again that when children or adults are exposed to a steady diet of pornography, they are seriously influenced by it." This should help us understand why Keating would ask PLAYBOY and other uninterested people to contribute to his organization. The man obviously spends too much time dreaming about pornography.

Lawrence J. Kopp
State Board of Directors
American Civil Liberties Union
Klingerstown, Pennsylvania

Shortly after I read in the *Playboy Forum* about the form letter being mailed out all over the country by Charles H. Keating, Jr., I received a copy of the selfsame missive. The opening statement of Keating's letter—"The other day a friend of mine sent me a check and asked that I use part of his

"How is it, Ned, that we never get invited to parties like that?"

contribution to write to you about a problem in Scranton"—is really a joke. I am sure that no one I know would contribute to Citizens for Decent Literature, let alone ask CDL to use part of the contribution to write to me.

It's also pretty funny to read a sentence like this: "Did you know that in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and other Pennsylvania cities there are theaters that show movies of men and women having sexual intercourse?" Keating, supposedly a grown man, writes like a preadolescent who has just found out about sex and is snickering about it with his fourth-grade friends.

Something that gripes me is the fact that Keating had to pay only one cent for U. S. postage on a parcel of mail that, with all the enclosures, I'm sure weighs over one ounce. Why should citizens have to pay today's high postal rates to send important letters when Keating is allowed to mail, for one cent, a piece of junk like this?

Stanley Rock
Scranton, Pennsylvania

BURN BEFORE READING

The opening sentence of Gerald L. K. Smith's editorial, as reported in the letter from Kenneth Arfa (*The Playboy Forum*, February), is fascinating: "I have never opened a copy of PLAYBOY magazine." Whereupon, he describes it as "evil, pornographic and negative in all its aspects." How the hell does he know?

His remark is typical of would-be censors who have a habit of condemning before they read. Shortly after World War Two, Philadelphia undertook a campaign to "clean up the bookshelves," an effort that eventually became so ridiculous that a number of publishers brought suit against the city. Houghton Mifflin's suit over the repression of *Raintree County* was the only one that actually got to trial, because the publisher won so handily that the censorship movement collapsed and it became unnecessary for the other publishers to press their suits.

At the trial, it developed that the city fathers had designated the head of the vice squad as sole arbiter of what reading material was safe for the citizens of the City of Brotherly Love. Under questioning, the censor admitted that he had read only three of the 400 books he had banned. And he had not even acted upon the advice of any formally organized board of review that *had* read the books. Asked how books got on his banned list, he testified that he accepted the recommendations of any "responsible" citizens who contacted him. Pressed to define a responsible citizen, he said he included in that category ministers and priests, members of P. T. A. groups, spokesmen for civic and fraternal organizations and other "people of that sort." In short, virtually anyone who was not either in jail or in a mental institution.

I have never opened a copy of Smith's magazine, *The Cross and the Flag*. I have absolutely no opinion of it.

Richard Deming
Ventura, California

Deming is the author of more than 60 books, both fiction and nonfiction.

PUBIC HAIR IN *PLAYBOY*

I read with interest the letter from the man who feels that PLAYBOY may no longer be suitable for coffee-table display (*The Playboy Forum*, February). I have long objected to PLAYBOY because it failed to display what certainly exists—i.e., pubic hair. I am now, however, pleased that you are photographing your models more realistically.

James V. Waltman
Genoa, Colorado

People have some pretty strange ideas about the human body. One reader, for example, worries about displaying PLAYBOY on his coffee table now that you've stopped hiding pubic hair. Breasts and buttocks are OK, apparently, but not pubes, though the latter are no more unnatural than the former, and we all know they're there.

Of course, some people are even offended by the female breast displayed in the most natural circumstances. A colleague of mine saw a young couple enter a restaurant with an infant. The woman, upon seating herself, exposed her breast and began nursing the baby. Meanwhile, nearby, a typical American man sitting with his family noted this occurrence. The man slammed his coffee cup on the table, yanked his children out of their chairs and stomped out of the place with them and his wife. Granted, it may be unusual to nurse a child in a restaurant, but it does seem rather childish for the other couple to have been so offended. I suppose it's just one more example of something perfectly natural being turned into something evil by a person with a foul mind.

Kristi Richter
Chicago, Illinois

STABILIZING POPULATION

Norman I. Cowan (*The Playboy Forum*, February) pins most of the blame for pollution on the superbreeders and lifts it from the superconsumers. He's correct, of course, in asserting that overpopulation is or soon will be a serious problem, but he misleads in two ways.

First, ecological disturbance is not an either/or question, but a many-faceted one. Industrial pollution, heavy consumerism, resource depletion and waste all contribute to the destruction of this planet along with overpopulation.

Second, Cowan says that "Two children

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per family would result in a stable population." That is true enough, but stabilization wouldn't be attained until the year 2040, at which time the world's population would be 15 billion. Today we are feeling the effects of overpopulation with 3.6 billion people. In other words, stability based on a two-child maximum would multiply the world's population by five times in just 70 years. Clearly, unless large numbers of people elect to have one child or no children at all, zero population growth will not be realized in time to save the biosphere.

Shirley L. Radl, Executive Director
National Organization for
Non-Parents
Palo Alto, California

STOPPING AT TWO

There's a widespread campaign to get people interested in family planning and also in limiting the number of their children to two. Are these two concepts compatible? Are they equally desirable? Some couples don't want any children; this should allow couples who do want kids to have more than two children. Unwanted children should not be born, but couples who would enjoy a large family should not be discouraged from caring for more than the magic number two.

It's a commonplace of modern popular philosophy that we are in danger of losing our individuality in a mass society. Certainly this danger is increased by pressuring all families to conform to the same size. Two parents and two children, an economic-consumer unit of four, are easily manipulated by advertising, taxation and general social pressures. Housing units are compartmentalized to fit four, family-size packaged foods are designed to feed four, compact cars are built to carry four, tax structures fit four, welfare rules fit four.

Let's do everything possible to help prevent the birth of unwanted, unloved, unplanned children, but let us not frown on large, happy families.

Greg Monk
Sausalito, California

BIRTH-CONTROL BOOKLET

Planned Parenthood of New York City's Family Planning Resources Center has just published a booklet covering all aspects of birth control. "Birth Control —All the Methods That Work and the Ones That Don't" presents the basic facts about reproduction, the latest information on birth-control methods that work, sometimes work and never work, abortion and voluntary sterilization. Single copies of the booklet are available free from Planned Parenthood of New York City, 300 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010. Extensively reviewed by leading gynecologists and family-planning experts throughout the country, the booklet is easy to read, clearly illustrated and designed, and suitable for virtually every audience—men, women and teenagers—from all walks of life.

Judith Cohen
Planned Parenthood of
New York City, Inc.
New York, New York

POPULATION AND INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

Compulsory Birth Control for *All* Americans, Inc., of which I am president, believes there is a social need to restrict by law the number of children American parents may have, because of the threat to the quality of human life posed by unchecked population growth.

A nation of 207,000,000 people, with diversity its most obvious characteristic, cannot maintain itself without compulsory restrictions on behavior in the form of laws. We Americans are fond of speaking our minds and doing our own things, but we recognize, when the rhetoric subsides and passions cool, that we can't live solely as we please. To live together demands restrictions on individual initiative. Furthermore, no large-scale social problem ever has been solved by purely voluntary action.

Currently, a small decline in our fertility rate has led many observers to conclude mistakenly that voluntarism *does* work and has or soon will stabilize our population. Nevertheless, as the economic situation improves and the faddish concern about overpopulation subsides, the birth rate will undoubtedly turn upward again. Even if it doesn't, the present rate guarantees that population will continue to grow.

I don't advocate compulsion easily. I live in a small town and teach in a small college precisely because I cannot abide the seemingly exponential expansion of regulations that inevitably accompany

"Soliciting, my ass! Setting up sexual encounters and eliciting responses from anonymous participants is my form of conceptual art."

population increase. However, the issue is no longer whether or not compulsion is attractive, but whether or not it is imperative. Those concerned with protecting essential human rights should realize that the so-called right to unlimited parenthood is a false and probably fatal freedom, the continued exercise of which could render all human questions merely academic.

Edgar R. Chasteen, Ph.D.
Liberty, Missouri

PLAYBOY endorsed an attractive concept of population control when you stated, "In a well-informed society in which contraception and abortion were available to all, individual initiative could be trusted to take care of the population problem" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971). Your statement against government interference with individual freedom in this area is well intentioned and reasonable, but, I'm afraid, unrealistic.

The fact is that, despite widespread availability of effective contraception and the ease of obtaining an abortion in the United States, no program requiring individual initiative to prevent the birth of a child has ever resulted, here or elsewhere, in controlled population growth. True, these factors have succeeded in lowering the birth rate, but it still greatly exceeds the death rate, so the population continues to increase. Just one of the many problems is that parents simply want too many children.

To espouse individual rights in the matter of reproduction, which affects us collectively, while decrying a burgeoning, consuming, polluting population, is a form of schizophrenic denial leading to procrastination in meeting an issue that could be fatal. I am afraid we can no longer have it both ways.

William J. Cameron, M. D.
University of Kansas Medical Center
Kansas City, Kansas

Plans that involve individual freedom and education of the populace frequently strike their opponents as utopian. It's always easier, it seems, to have the government decide what's right for society and to provide it. We don't deny that a "well-informed" society is something of a dream, but so is democracy, an experiment that's been under way on this continent (not always successfully) for almost 200 years. Since we believe that one will not work without the other, we think the struggle for both is worth continuing, whether or not the goal seems realistic.

Meanwhile, we have not even begun to scratch the surface of educating the populace—particularly the poor of all ages and the young of all classes—to constructive attitudes in sex and reproduction. Many people in this society believe that intercourse ought to be mysterious and spontaneous and not involve contraceptive preparation, that having children is proof of masculinity, that childbearing is the ultimate fulfillment for women, that abortion is murder or that birth control should be kept from the unmarried. None of these attitudes would characterize a well-informed public. Furthermore, contraception is not available to all who need it; Congress is only now voting on funds that will help provide some family-planning materials and counseling for the estimated 5,000,000 poor women who need free assistance. As for abortion, though the movement to legitimize it has made progress, the laws in most states are still very restrictive, and it is difficult if not impossible to obtain safe, legal abortions in many parts of the country.

What this shows is a need for less, not more, government interference with people's sexual and reproductive activities. If state and Federal lawmakers would provide information and aid to all and would repeal restrictive laws, the possibility of a well-informed people's exercising individual initiative to stabilize the population would seem less unrealistic.

Of course, the backwardness of legislators creates a disturbing dilemma. The longer that laws hampering the free dissemination of information on sex, contraception and abortion stay on the books, the longer it's likely to take to bring population growth under some kind of control. And the worse the population squeeze gets, the more probable it seems that the government will be forced to take an opposite—though equally anti-freedom—stand by imposing, rather than suppressing, contraceptive practices. Those who value personal freedom, therefore, should campaign against restrictive sex laws as well as for making contraceptives and birth-control information available to all who want them.

In short, we think calling for government intervention in population control is premature at best; our society hasn't yet reached the point where concern about overpopulation is inconsistent with a dedication to individual rights. With timely action, we may keep it from ever reaching that point.

"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.

"That's amazing! Have you any idea of what the mathematical odds must be against two persons carrying bombs on the same aircraft?"

Sound of Rain

(continued from page 141)

of being responsible and compassionate.

To keep the Zen monks company, I light a stick of incense, sit down on the *tatami* mat and begin the ink-and-brush meditation. Some people have passions for ancient weapons, crystal eggs or effigies of owls; mine is for Chinese ink and writing brushes. I can't stay away from Kyukyodo on Teramachi, where, the day before, I had bought several small slabs of black ink, each in a box of plain white wood, interestingly perfumed and embossed with gold ideographs, and also a large and somewhat expensive brush, about three quarters of an inch in diameter with hairs coming to a fine point. But the first step is to make tea for wakefulness, and for this there is nothing better than *ma-cha*, the finely powdered green tea used for ceremonial tea drinking. A small amount is put in the bottom of a roughly glazed bowl, covered with hot water and whirled into a jade-green froth with a bamboo whisk. Although it tastes vaguely like Guinness Stout, it smells of straw matting and freshly planed wood. And then I begin to rub the ink, easily back and forth, on a black stone cut like a small swimming pool with a short deep end and a long shallow end and filled with water. It takes 15 minutes or more, during which there is nothing in my consciousness except the increasingly oily texture of the liquid, the mountain-forest smell of the incense and the continuing sound of soft rain on the roof. Wide-awake but with hardly a thought in my head, I stroke and roll the brush in the black liquid, and then, with a certain unhurried suddenness, write ten Chinese characters on a long scroll of absorbent paper. They say:

In the spring scenery there is nothing superior, nothing inferior;
Flowering branches grow naturally, some short, some long.

That day my wife, Jano, and I go down to Sanjusangendo, a long barn of a building that contains 1001 images of an astonishing hermaphroditic being known as Kannon, the Watchful Lord, revered popularly as the Goddess of Compassion. One thousand of these images are life-size standing figures, each with eight arms, lined up along five or six platforms that run the entire length of an inside wall down the center of the building. But at mid-point there is the one extra figure, sitting on a lotus throne with 11 heads in a tall column and exactly 1000 arms forming an aureole about the figure. Most of the hands are empty, but at least 100 of them hold various objects—bells, wands, flowers, thunderbolts, daggers, conch trumpets, flags, books, rosaries, staves, bottles—instruments that this cosmic millepede is manipulating all at once without having to stop to think about any one of them in particular.

It is in the same way that my nervous system manages the multitudinous functions of my body, and the energy of the universe appears simultaneously in myriad patterns and forms, all working together in an ecological balance of unthinkable complexity. For you cannot truly think of one without thinking of the others, just as the earth implies the sun and the sun implies the galaxy. To think of one alone is to have your mind caught so that you miss the movement of the whole, and this is what Buddhists mean by ignorance (ignoreance) and consequent attachment to worldly things. This means any particular thing, such as myself, considered as separate or separable from the rest, and attachment in this sense is almost exactly what we now call a hang-up. Spiritual myopia. Not seeing the forest for the trees. Killing flies with DDT and forgetting about the fish and the birds. Thus, in passing judgments of praise and blame upon myself, I forget that I am like one of Kannon's hands—a function of the universe. If my conscious mind had 11 heads and 1000 arms, I might know what I was talking about. But my conscious mind is but one small operation of my nervous system.

When the rains stopped, Jano and I took a day off for meditation at Nanzen-ji, not in the temple itself but on the forested hillside behind it, where we sat on the steps of some ancient nobleman's tomb, supplying ourselves with the kit for ceremonial tea and a Thermos bottle of hot sake. Zen meditation is a trickily simple affair, for it consists only in watching everything that is happening, including your own thoughts and your breathing, without comment. After a while, thinking, or talking to yourself, drops away and you find that there is no self other than everything that is going on, both inside and outside the skin. Your consciousness, your breathing and your feelings are all the same process as the wind, the trees growing, the insects buzzing, the water flowing and the distant prattle of the city. All this is a single, many-featured happening, a perpetual *now* without either past or future, and you are aware of it with the rapt fascination of a child dropping pebbles into a stream. The trick, which cannot be forced, is to be in this state of consciousness all the time—even when you are filling out tax forms or being angry. Experiences move through this consciousness as tracklessly as the reflections of flying birds on water and, as a Zen poem says:

The bamboo shadows
sweep the stairs,
but raise no dust.

In this state, it seemed that the whole city of Kyoto—with its thousands of shops and businesses, its streetcars, schools, temples, taxis, crooks, policemen, politicians, monks, geisha girls, salesmen, firemen, waitresses, fish vendors, students and bulging sumo wrestlers—was no other than the 1000-armed body of Kannon. And a curious feature of this state is that all details are as clearly etched as in a perfectly focused photograph. Even mist appears as its millions of individual droplets of moisture, each containing the reflections of all the others—a haze of jewels. I can have the feeling "self" only in relation to, and by contrast with, the feeling "other." In the same way, I am what I am only in relation to what everything else is. The Japanese call this *ji-ji-mu-ge*, which means that between every thing-event and every other thing-event there is no barrier. Each implies all and all implies each.

The hour's train ride into the mountains of Wakayama, south of Osaka, is like a journey through one of those long horizontal landscape scrolls called *maki-mono*, which you roll and unroll as you go along. You move through ranges of densely forested hills, growing higher and higher, and below the forests are hundreds of wiggly terraced fields, following the contours of the slopes and many-colored with the various crops of tea, rice, millet, radishes, onions and beans. Villages, farmhouses and temples peek from the folds of the hills, tiled blue-gray and belonging in the landscape as much as the trees, since the old nonindustrial culture of Japan sees the work of man as but one of the many works of nature. The end of the line is Mount Koya, where, at 3000 feet and more than 1000 years ago, the monk Kobo Daishi established a complex city of temples in the midst of the colossal Japanese cedar trees known as cryptomeria.

Here, the style of Buddhism is called Shingon and is closely related to the highly ritualistic and magical Buddhism of Tibet, so that in this place I am more than ever affected by the supposedly phony mysteriousness of Asian religion. I know perfectly well that most of the priests are going through the motions and have forgotten the meaning, that the young seminarists are just dutifully following their fathers' tracks and that the economic *raison d'être* of this temple city is to be a tourist trap and a mortuary. But the point of Shingon is "to realize Buddha in this body," and as I look at the temple architecture and the imagery and symbolism, I get the odd

"Of course, in life he was allergic to them."

feeling that it is at once electronic and neurological. The masts on the pagodas are topped with a flaming golden ball and surrounded with nine metal rings, suggesting an early type of transmission mast for television, and the ever-present vajra, or thunderbolt-scepter of bronze, has five claws at each end with points barely touching, as if about to generate electric sparks. And there are diagrams of *kshetra*, or fields, containing hundreds of Buddha figures like some organism with massed eyes, or nerve endings, or contact points where, again, each implies all, because the body of Buddha means the whole universe.

Thus, "to realize Buddha in this body" is to realize that you yourself are, in fact, the universe. You are not, as parents and teachers are wont to imply, a mere stranger on probation in the scheme of things; you are rather a sort of nerve ending through which the universe is taking a peek at itself, which is why, deep down inside, almost everyone has a vague sense of eternity. Few dare admit this, because it would amount to believing that you are God, and God in our culture is the cosmic boss, so that anyone imagining himself to be God is deemed either blasphemous or insane. But for Buddhists this is no problem, because they do not have this particular idea of God, and so also are not troubled by the notion of sin and everlasting damnation. Their picture of the universe is not political, not a kingdom ruled by a monarch, but an organism in which every part is a doing of the whole, so that everything that happens to you is understood as your own karma, or doing. Thus, when things go wrong, you have no one but yourself to blame. You are not a sinner but a fool, so try another way.

Now, I have always found this a highly civilized and humane point of view. For Westerners, the only real alternative to the boss-God religion has been the so-called scientific view of the universe as a system of essentially stupid objects. This comes from looking at things in a coldly withdrawn way, as in studying the behavior of machinery, and in physiology and psychology we turn this attitude inward upon ourselves—only to become objectionable objects to our own gaze. If this mechanical view of life gets rid of horrors about sin and guilt, it also gets rid of any real reason for sympathy or kindness. From the standpoint of mechanical efficiency, all feelings and emotions are just obstructive static; and when we are through with poisoning the air, there will be every reason for replacing ourselves with steady-state electronic mechanisms that require no atmosphere and do nothing but solve mathematical problems. The objective attitude to oneself is finally suicidal, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the grandest flower of our technology is the hydrogen bomb.

But when Buddhists look very deeply into themselves, they ask, "But who is looking?" They come up with an answer that has been hard to understand, essentially because of a language problem. For the Japanese word *ku* has the sense of sky, space or emptiness, but when it is used for the root of one's own consciousness, it means also the finally mysterious and inconceivable. Not so much emptiness or darkness as the way the head looks to its own eyes. This is the meaning of the flaming golden ball atop the pagoda mast, which in Zen is said to be "like an eye that sees but does not see itself." *Ku* is therefore clarity, as of vision or hearing, and nothing is so mysterious as clarity, even though we speak of clearing up mysteries. For exactly *what* is clarity itself? Could it be well-defined form? Crystal-clear form? Then, as the *Heart Sutra* says, *ku* is *shiki*—transparency is form.

Unburdened by a Christian upbringing, the poet Gary Snyder has the humorous attitude to religion so characteristic of Zen. We found him in a Japanese-style cottage, close to the Daitoku-ji monastery in Kyoto, where he was making a 12-year study of the Zen way of life. He is like a wiry Chinese sage with high cheekbones, twinkling eyes and a scrawny beard, and the recipe for his character requires a mixture of Oregon woodsman, seaman, Amerindian shaman, Oriental scholar, San Francisco hippie and swinging monk who takes tough discipline with a light heart. He seems to be gently keen about almost everything and needs no affectation to make himself interesting. He has taken to wife Masa, a beautiful and gutsy Japanese girl from the southern islands, who looks you straight in the eye, does not simper and giggle and shows no mock humility—yet has a quiet naturalness. Their living room is adorned with two large and colorful scrolls bearing those Shingon diagrams of multitudinous Buddha figures and so abounds with Buddhist ceremonial tools that Gary calls it "the safest place in the galaxy."

After we have taken a communal bath in a huge caldron over a wood fire, much sake is downed and, apropos of *ku*, the clear void, Gary suggests that we incorporate the Null and Void Guaranty and Trust Company with the slogan "Register your absence with us; you *can* take it with you!" Later, I had some business cards printed for him to this effect, naming him the company's nonrepresentative. I wonder why it is that we can't stop laughing at the notion that none of us really exist and that the walloping concreteness of all the hard facts to be faced is an energetic performance of nothingness.

The joke derives from the fact that, although Westerners speak of conquering space, they have a radical prejudice and a positive blind spot with respect to the importance of nothingness. They balk at it as people used to balk at thinking of the earth as round. To them, nothingness is the awful-awful, the end, the demise that, we most fervently hope, is not to be the ultimate destiny of man and the universe. Yet this is due to a freaky lapse in our logic that affects our theology, our science, our philosophy and our most vivid emotions. No one seems to have realized that you can't have something without nothing. How can you know is without understanding isn't? Try to imagine a solid without any space through and around it. Try to imagine space without any solid, including yourself, within it. For if something implies nothing, then nothing—in turn—implies something. To be or not to be is *not* the question, for reality, like electricity, is a pulsation of positive and negative energy. The big bang with which this universe is supposed to have started was, as they say in Zen, "the void gnashing its teeth." Put in more scientific jargon: Every approach to the limit of absolute inertia condenses by inversion into a departure from the limit of absolute energy. Flip—total void equals big bang.

Stated in bare words, this looks too simple. Yet I regard it as my most important philosophical discovery, and if we could understand it thoroughly, we would no longer have the horrors about death, darkness, night, silence and the unknown—and, as a side effect, women would be free of their qualms about seeing themselves as representatives of the negative principle. This is, I think, what makes the difference in Masa, for she follows the Zen discipline along with Gary. When she stoops to conquer, the male confers victory upon her with pleasure. But the remaining question is how to get one's feelings, those easy victims of habit, to recognize that it takes nothing to start something.

On the far west side of Kyoto is the village of Nagaoka. Here, some years ago, there was established a Zen school, not for regular monks but for college students, so that they might combine Zen practice with their academic courses. Though the buildings are relatively new, the damp climate of Japan fosters rapid growth of moss, and the patina of antiquity forms quickly. These buildings, and their garden, are in the most exquisite Zen taste—uncluttered but not bare, white but not garish, brown but not drab. (The wooden passage floors, though stained, show all the grain and have been polished with long slithering of stockinged feet.) Gary, Jano and I are received by Morimoto-san, the *roshi* (master), and his student successor, Gisen-san, in a spacious room where that adjective does not mean simply large

You can take a White Horse anywhere

or adequate. It is a room so designed that its empty spaces are a positive feature of its beauty: The shoji windows and sliding wall screens are not mere background but, by their proportions and playing with light, are what is there to be seen.

Morimoto is so ancient and frail as to seem transparent, whereas Gisen—with his rich black hair and rounded, sensuous features—looks more Latin than Japanese, though he serves us ceremonial tea and then sake and then dinner with such perfection of refined Zen style—of slow and relaxed formality—that I find myself deposited, dreamwise, into some sort of Buddhist heaven designed by Sesshu and Rikyu. Meanwhile, Gary interprets my conversation with Morimoto so expertly that I hardly remember him as an intermediary. There is some preliminary talk about the possibilities of intelligent action without thinking—as when Kannon uses 1000 arms. In Zen this is called *munen* (no-thought), and I would describe it as using the brain rather than the conscious mind with its linear limitations. Someone suggests that this is like the skill of Japanese carpenters, who can make astonishing constructions measuring by eye alone, without yardsticks or blueprints. So I ask, "But what about the skill of making a blueprint without using a previous blueprint?" My point is, of course, that conscious thinking is one of the 1000 arms. We don't think before we think, and we don't know how we think; we just do it. That is the Zen of thinking. Morimoto makes no immediate comment but goes after my question in a roundabout way.

For what I am really asking is whether there is a conflict between Zen meditation and the intellectual life, since his school was attempting to provide both. But can one be in the state of *munen* while reading? He replies that, for college students, he goes about teaching Zen in a new way. "Instead of asking them to meditate on the sound of one hand, I ask them what is the first word in the dictionary." And, of course, there isn't one: Since every word requires other words to define it, the dictionary is circular. I remember trying, as a small boy, to write down the pronunciation of the letters of the alphabet. This is obviously impossible for just the same reason that words and ideas can never lead us to reality. Yet although you can't take a bath in the word water, the word itself is an event in the real world—not wet but noisy.

"Any book will do for studying Zen," Morimoto goes on. "You can use the dictionary or *Alice in Wonderland*—even the Bible. There's no real point in going to all the trouble to translate our old Chinese texts about Zen—not if you're serious about understanding real Zen. The sound of rain needs no translation."

Though the conversation went on for some time, that remark—as we now say—blew my mind. At the end of the evening, Gisen produced a *nyoi*, a Zen-master's ritual scepter, this one made of smooth dark wood in the shape of a butterfly's proboscis, and presented it to me with the remark, "This for Western Zenmaster!"

The following morning, Gary and I arise at dawn and go to the Daitoku-ji monastery for the *teisho*, or formal lecture, to be given by Sesso Oda, then the presiding *roshi*. It is announced by a tremendous drumming, a monk using a stick on a large upright wooden drum with its skin secured by big upholsterer's nails. He pounds it to the rhythm of a bouncing ball, with variations, crescendos and decrescendos, and sometimes circulates the stick across the heads of the nails to make a sound like a speedboat. We assemble in the great rectangular hall and sit on the mats, monks on one side, guests on the other, and everyone is given a copy of the textbook for the lecture—a Chinese text about the teachings of a Tang-dynasty master. Knowing that I had studied this work, Gary finds the place for me, and then the *roshi* enters, wearing scarlet and gold brocade robes, dangling a rosary from his wrist and holding a white horsetail fly whisk. He solemnly mounts a throne facing the Buddha image across the hall, for these lectures are actually to be understood as conversations between the master and the Buddha. At the sound of a gong, the head monk intones, "*Ma-ka-hannya-ha-ra-mi-ta-shin-gyo*," and to the heavy pulse of a wooden drum, everyone chants the *Heart Sutra*.

This done, the *roshi* begins to speak in a low voice and the monks to doze off into sleep. There is an art to this, for they must remain sitting upright as if in meditation, and the head monk must perform the trick of waking up exactly two minutes before the lecture ends, so as to ring the bell. This is sleeping Zen. About halfway through the lecture, rain begins to fall in torrents and the pelting on the roof drowns all other sounds for at least five minutes. But the *roshi* doesn't stop. He doesn't raise his voice. He goes straight on with his inaudible lecture. The story is told of another master who, years before, had been about to begin the lecture when a bird started singing. When it stopped, he announced that the lecture had been given.

Long after this, I was talking to Ali Akbar Khan, the sarod player, who is generally regarded as the greatest living master of Indian music. I have a particular personal admiration for him, for he is at once holy and sensuous, a complete man. Wine and women go with his song, a song of unsurpassed technique that he also uses as a type of yoga meditation in which—if one can use temporal language about things eternal—he is very advanced. Discussing this, he dropped the remark, "All music is in the understanding of one note."

Now, this really ought not to be explained. Simply listen to the rain. Listen to what Buddhists call its suchness—its *tathata*, or da-da-da. Like all classical music, it means nothing except itself, for great music never mimics other sounds or is *about* anything other than music. There is no message in a Bach fugue. So, too, when an ancient Zenmaster was asked about the meaning of Buddhism, he replied, "If there is any meaning in it, I myself am not liberated." For when you have really heard the sound of rain, you can hear, and see and feel, everything else in the same way—as needing no translation, as being just that which it is, though it may be impossible to say what. I have tried for years, as a philosopher, but in words it comes out all wrong—in black and white with no color. It comes out that life is a perfectly and absolutely meaningless happening—nothing but a display of endlessly variegated vibrations, neither good nor evil, right nor wrong—a display, though marvelously woven together, like a Rorschach blot upon which we are projecting the fantasies of personality, purpose, history, religion, law, science, evolution and even the basic instinct to survive. And this projection is, in turn, part of the happening. Thus, when you try to pin it down, you get the banality of formal nihilism, wherein the universe is seen as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

But this sense of "turning to ashes in one's mouth" is the result of trying to grasp something that can come to you only of itself. Trying to catch the meaning of the universe in terms of some religious, philosophical or moral system is really like asking Bach or Ali Akbar to explain their music in words. They can explain it only by continuing to play, and you must listen until you understand, get with it and go with it—and the same is true of the music of the vibrations. The vibrations can go so high on the scale of pain that we have to go into zero, and the way can be made richly horrible by thinking to ourselves, "This ought not to happen." "It was all that bastard's fault," "I'm being punished for my sins," "How could God let this happen to me?" When you say the music is abominable, listen to the sound of your own complaint. Above all, simply listen, and I—for the time being—will be silent.

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HIDDEN ENVIRONMENT

(continued from page 110)

walls from overhead slide projectors. The entire ensemble was programed and driven by a central console in an adjacent room, and my reactions—startled movements, sustained interest, avoidance, random explorations—were recorded on a cylinder-and-pen device similar to an electrocardiograph. Essentially, this instrument traced two things: (1) how long I remained in front of a given mirror, with its accompanying bombardment of lights, sounds and images; and (2) whether my response to this contradictory information—moving closer, shielding my eyes, deactivating the sound by moving farther away, etc.—favored one means of perception over another.

The psychologists at City University are still cautious about their findings, but here are some promising theories: When we are subjected to several competing stimuli, we tend to convert them into a single sensory message. In short, we translate the information into our strongest suit. Artists and other visually minded people "see" sound and describe it in terms of light and color; musicians "hear" paintings and strobe lights and sense a rhythmic, even a melodic, pattern in them. The experiments suggest that people who can perceive their surroundings by thus translating from one sense to another maintain a longer interest in the environment and find more meaning in it.

What are the practical values of all these theories? Urban planners are learning that if man is to be psychologically comfortable, he must be able to make sense out of the clutter of city life. Knowing in advance how we respond to sounds, lights, open spaces, the varieties of buildings and street layouts—what our behavioral expectations of the urban environment are—helps us create the kinds of neighborhoods we want. In some instances, planners use play money in a Monopolylike game to determine what it is that residents of a community value most about their physical environment. In Boston, designer Michael Southworth blindfolds his subjects and has them pushed around in wheelchairs while they dictate their auditory impressions into tape recorders. Southworth divides their reactions into feelings of "sonic distress" and "sonic delight" for the guidance of planners who seek to reduce unwanted sound.

In most cases, however, the new psychodesign is empirical. San Francisco architect Piero N. Patri moves into his housing developments for a month or so to test their livability. He keeps an anthropologist on his staff because he is convinced that ethnic culture influences housing preferences. Recently, before starting a low-income urban-renewal project, Patri organized an encounter group in which prospective tenants (mostly black) confronted architects and designers (all white) in a marathon session that sought to uncover the life style of those who would occupy the buildings. The session brought out the bottled-up hostility of the prospective tenants: "Don't give us another high-rise slum," they said, in effect. "We deserve better." Result: an attractive development of three-story, individually designed town houses that are a radical departure for the ghetto. Patri believes that many large housing projects are turned into slums because tenants lack a sense of "turf." Like their middle-class counterparts in the new office buildings, they mess up such developments in an attempt to assert their individuality.

The mentally ill are especially sensitive to their surroundings, and much of what we've learned about the designed environment has been discovered in the psychiatric ward. Several years ago, Izumi was hired to plan a psychiatric center in Yorkton, Saskatchewan. Among his impressions: The ward's physical environment created too much ambiguity in the minds of the patients. Free-hanging clocks seemed to defy gravity; transoms suggested guillotines about to fall; polished-terrazzo surfaces and uniformity of design confused the patients' sense of time and space.

Izumi's plans for Yorkton were finally scaled to the psychic boundaries of the patients and design was used to reinforce a feeling of security and intimacy in a complex of several small, rectangular buildings. All the structural elements were familiar, Izumi stressed, and there were no illusory qualities of the kinds that architects so often try to achieve in striving to make things seem what they aren't. He would minimize ambiguity in the environment even for healthy people, since, in his opinion, all of us tense up in the face of uncertainty.

Another behavioral scientist, Dr. Humphry Osmond, contrasts "sociopetal" space—that which draws people together—with "sociofugal" space, which pushes them apart. A New England common is sociopetal; a row of glassed-in cubicles is usually sociofugal. If you want privacy, you seek out the latter, but not all common areas are necessarily socializing. One of the puzzles that confronted a team of psychologists was why patients in multibed rooms in a psychiatric ward were more passive in their behavior than those in small rooms. In mapping patient activity, the team found that in the larger rooms, occupants spent from two thirds to three fourths of their time lying on their beds, either asleep or awake. But in smaller two-bed rooms, patients were socially interactive. It was concluded that what really matters is the freedom of choice permitted the patient in what he does; the more people in a room, the less chance each has to pursue his own activities. Without choice, one tends to withdraw.

Observations of the outside world also confirm this. A comparison of large and small schools showed that although there were more opportunities for varied activities in the bigger institutions, there was more individual participation in the smaller ones. Ideal space may be that which permits us to maintain our privacy while interacting with others, for we are social in small groups. Robert Sommer, a psychologist at the University of California at Davis, believes there is a spatial behavior that influences many of our actions. He observed that in restaurants, people are more likely to talk across the corner of a table than if sitting opposite or side by side. The shape of the table also makes a difference. Those with straight sides help define our boundaries and make us more confident and assertive. Round tables seem to promote equality and uncertainty. Men will seldom sit side by side if they are given a chance to sit opposite, but women prefer sitting next to each other.

Additionally, in a study of the seating arrangements of school children in 4000 classrooms, it was found that half the pupils with chronic infections and two thirds of those with nutritional problems occupied seats in the darkest quadrant of the rooms. Sommer suggests that social disadvantage and physical impairment probably led these children to select—or be assigned to—inferior space. In all behavior, there is a strong desire to stake out a turf that's appropriate to our self-image. Moreover, the milieu helps dictate the role we play in it. That we act like students when we are in school, are reverential in church and lackadaisical in parks is because these environments tell us in advance how to behave.

A revealing example of this occurred when the Napa State Hospital in California was heavily damaged by the earthquake of 1906. To the surprise of the authorities, when the psychiatric patients were moved into tents and were no longer walled in, their behavior and cooperation improved measurably. Epileptics undergoing treatment experienced fewer fits and, in general, the tent colony seemed to benefit everyone, even the staff. But when the buildings were restored, behavior returned to normal—patients became difficult and the epileptics had more fits. Psychiatrists concluded that in any environment, there are standards of behavior to which people adhere simply because it's what's expected of them.

Whether space is friendly or alien often depends upon size and layout. Parks, for example, bring people together on a casual basis, but they also

"It looks to me as though Claudius has met his match."

"No, no, this time it's your turn to be the love object!"

promote distancing for those who want to be alone, and they are ideal for lovers who seek a public setting in which to advertise their private feelings. Formal gardens, on the other hand, impose formal conduct; the landscaping discourages social interaction. Contrary to what one might expect, private outdoor space is more socializing than communal space. Residents of a postwar housing development near Coventry, England, fraternized more with their neighbors when they met in each other's yards; families that were compelled to share a common garden actually knew fewer neighbors. In suburbs and small towns, people are more likely to talk across their back yards if the property line is indicated by a fence. Because this boundary helps them maintain territoriality, it actually brings neighbors closer together.

If both privacy and social interaction are necessary ingredients of human behavior, how do we arrange our territory to gain the optimum values of each? Environmentalists see this as a problem in spatial separation, and they've had a field day working out the answers. Here are some of their findings:

In a study made in Topeka, Kansas, the Environmental Research and Development Foundation compared the effects of high-rise and garden apartments on the behavior of their occupants. Results showed that, proportionately, the low-rise tenants made twice as many friends inside their building area as did the high-rise tenants. Moreover, in the taller structures, people exhibited greater feelings of indifference and withdrawal, while garden-apartment dwellers were more involved in politics, civic life, etc., and enjoyed a greater sense of power over their lives.

A study in Germany compared the health of wives and children of British soldiers living in separate houses with the health of those in apartment buildings. The differences were startling. Among the latter group, the illness rate was 57 percent higher, with neuroses showing a markedly greater incidence. And within the apartment buildings, the *rates* of neuroses varied directly with the distance from the ground floor: Higher apartments seemingly created more social isolation. In short, the effect of mass housing is not crowding but loneliness.

In explaining this paradox, architect Christopher Alexander of the Center for Environmental Structure in Berkeley, California, posits another: It isn't stress itself that causes the ills of urban life, he says, but the turning away from it. "Stress forces people to withdraw into themselves [and] creates more people who believe in self-sufficiency as an ideal, making intimate contact seem less necessary." Alexander would "bring people out of hiding" through an ingenious geometric city of transparent houses, open courtyards and private connecting spaces, all buried just below the surface of the earth in clusters of 28 buildings. In a sense, he would bury people to encourage intimacy.

Reminiscent of a Pueblo cliff dweller's setup, Alexander's utopia has yet to be constructed, but the theory of forced contact may not be as crazy as it seems. Robert K. Merton analyzed families who lived on opposite sides of a street. He found that 75 percent of the people who had doors facing the front made contact with their across-the-street neighbors. Of those who didn't, only four percent became friends.

Crowding as an environmental variable is only beginning to be seriously examined, and the data so far is inconclusive. Much of what we know about the subject on a hypothetical level can be traced to Dr. John B. Calhoun's experiments with Norwegian rats. Calhoun, who is a research psychologist at the National Institute of Mental Health, demonstrated that when rats in confinement exceed a certain density, they undergo radical changes in behavior. Some become homosexual; others become aggressive; yet others simply lie down and die. Many ecologists have concluded from this that there is an upper limit to man's own tolerance for crowding, quite apart from his demands on the natural resources. Calhoun believes that, based on the total ecological picture, the optimum world population is nine billion, but he sees little hope that the increase can be stopped before it reaches 13.5 billion.

This need not be fatal, however. There is a good chance that many of the adverse effects noted in the crowding experiments—the combative behavior of men, the morbid effects on animals—are really the result of confinement. When people are free to escape—via the automobile, for instance—high density is more tolerable. And whether we *feel* crowded often depends upon the social setting. At a cocktail party, people bunch up intentionally to get in on the action. But a golf course is crowded if a foursome 200 yards away is holding up the play. The important thing is not how many people live on an acre of land but how they arrange themselves on it and for what purpose.

There does appear to be a relationship between spatial separation and our proneness to antisocial behavior. A study made in France found a direct correlation between living space, crime and other social problems among the urban working class. The optimum turf proved to be from 85 to 130 square feet per person. When space was less than 85, social pathology doubled. Above 130 square feet, the disorders also increased, although not so drastically.

If high density is a factor in crime and disease, Hong Kong should be a prize example. It is the most densely populated city in the world, containing up to 2000 people per acre (compared with 450 in Boston and New York). As many as four or five families occupy the same apartment on a shift basis. Yet, except for tuberculosis, its inhabitants appear to be healthier than Americans, and far more law-abiding. A survey based on census figures for 1961 showed 9.3 deaths per 1000 population in the United States and 5.9 in Hong Kong. Fewer than one tenth as many Hong Kong residents were hospitalized for psychiatric disorders as in the U.S. (partly, no doubt, because of fewer diagnostic and treatment facilities, although the discrepancy is nevertheless startling). Our figures for murder and manslaughter were six times as high and that for all serious

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crimes combined was double. Yet when new housing was made available to some Hong Kong families, many of them sublet space in their tiny apartments to others.

Why these disparities exist isn't entirely clear, but we can speculate that abundant public-health care and the highly organized Chinese family help keep a damper on the runaway problems of urban life. Orientals, too, have a higher involvement ratio than do most white Americans (so, for that matter, do southern Europeans and American blacks), hence they survive comfortably in environments that we consider intolerable. The Japanese have adapted to high densities by leaving their cities chaotic and unplanned while beautifying the interiors of their homes.

One of the dilemmas encountered by urban planners in this country is why uprooted slum dwellers often move to another slum rather than into new housing projects elsewhere in the city. Studies have shown that many of these ethnic groups are quite happy to be crowded. Professor Izumi thinks that ghettos are environmentally permissive in that they offer a freer range of choice. In the planned community of Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil, it is the older, "free city" of the working classes to which other residents flee to experience spontaneity and excitement—the same reason that suburban New Yorkers flock to Manhattan.

The new towns of Europe, with their unified design and careful landscaping, apparently induce a degree of apathy in their inhabitants that is not experienced in the urban "jungle." Last year, a team of educators in West Germany conducted an experiment in self-expression among young children living in three new towns and three older cities. Comparing their paintings and drawings, the researchers found that whereas the city child was stimulated by his environment, the new-town child tended to be unimaginative and bland. They concluded that for the latter, the overplanned character of the surroundings inhibited his natural curiosity and blunted his creativity.

By the year 2000, 80 percent of the American people will live in cities; world-wide, during this time, as many buildings will be erected as have gone up in all recorded history. Most environmentalists agree that the one thing our cities will not be is futuristic—at least in appearance. They are far more likely to be complex and cluttered than simple and orderly, although the clutter will be there with a purpose. Planners are thinking less in terms of efficiency than of the mental image the city projects onto its inhabitants. The new urban aesthetic, some believe, will avoid the traditional lines of scale and perspective in favor of how people go about their daily business. In brief, cities will probably be built around the behavioral needs of the inhabitants, rather than as monuments to their architects.

If the environmentalists have their way, we will carve up our cities to give residents a greater sense of belonging. Smaller schools and parks, more intimately designed public areas, promenades to break up the sameness of block layouts, more regard for the unique character of the neighborhoods—all this will help us personalize space. Nor will institutions be quite as institutional-looking in the future. In Boston, a new pediatrics hospital is being built in a cluster arrangement around open courtyards and "floated" over a shopping plaza. What might have been a threatening superstructure to young patients will be a decentralized complex that's part of a familiar neighborhood. Los Angeles architect C. M. Deasy, in redesigning an obsolescent school in a black area, put a public sidewalk through the grounds as a means of bringing the local community into closer contact with the school, thus giving the citizens a better idea of what's going on behind the fences. As a result, most of the friction between outsiders and school staff has disappeared. In housing projects, there will be participatory planning like Piero Patri's, with the occupants helping decide the environmental mix.

Can we eliminate the noise of the city? The Federal Council of Scientists reports a doubling of the environmental sound level every ten years, and at this rate, the decibels may become lethal. No doubt, legislation will intervene first, but not all noise will go away. Some of the most imaginative planning in sonic design is being done by Michael Southworth, who not merely would fight noise but wants to beat it at its own game. He would use symbolic sounds to inform pedestrians of such things as the weather and approaching buses. Street criers would relay public information; in squares and parks, large, animated sculptures would make sounds when people moved around them; and in ugly areas, sequences of different floor materials would squeak, rumble, squish or pop to provide interest when walked upon. Where there is visual monotony, Southworth says, add new sounds, such as splashing water fountains, bells and boat horns.

Fanciful? Probably, but it indicates one way the psychodesigners are trying to make a world in which we will feel at home. It's not simply the destruction of natural resources we must be concerned with now and in the future; we must also create an environment that can allow us to become more human.

"I'm not my own to give and if I were, I wouldn't give me to you."

(continued from page 98)

come up to the house. I mustn't have heard. I went with her up the walk and the stairs to the porch, where she tried the door and found it locked. She asked me again to go, but I couldn't abandon her there, could I? Then a light went on and the door was opened by a dwarf. He was exhaustively misshapen. The head was hydrocephalic, the features were swollen, the legs were thick and cruelly bowed. I thought of the circus. The lovely young woman began to cry. She stepped into the house and closed the door and I was left with the summer night, the elms, the taste of an east wind. After this, she avoided me for a week or so and I was told the facts by Maggie, our old cook.

But other facts first. It was in the summer and in the summer, most of us went to a camp on the cape run by the headmaster of the St. Botolphs Academy. The months were so feckless, so blue, that I can't remember them at all. I slept next to a boy named DeVarennes, whom I had known all my life. We were together most of the time. We played marbles together, slept together, played together on the same backfield and once together took a ten-day canoe trip during which we nearly drowned together. My brother claimed that we had begun to look alike. It was the most gratifying and unself-conscious relationship I had known. (He still calls me once or twice a year from San Francisco, where he lives unhappily with his wife and three unmarried daughters. He sounds drunk. "We were happy, weren't we?" he asks.) One day another boy, a stranger named Wallace, asked if I wanted to swim across the lake. I might claim that I knew nothing about Wallace, and I knew very little, but I did know or sense that he was lonely. It was as conspicuous, more conspicuous than any of his features. He did what was expected of him. He played ball, made his bed, took sailing lessons and got his lifesaving certificate, but this seemed more like a careful imposture than any sort of participation. He was miserable, he was lonely and sooner or later, rain or shine, he would say so and, in the act of confession, make an impossible claim on one's loyalty. One knew all this, but one pretended not to. We got permission from the swimming instructor and swam across the lake. We used a clumsy side stroke that still seems to me more serviceable than the overhand that is obligatory these days in those swimming pools where I spend most of my time. The side stroke is lower class. I've seen it once in a swimming pool and when I asked who the swimmer was, I was told he was the butler. When the ship sinks, when the plane ditches, I will try to reach

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the life raft with an overhand and drown stylishly, whereas if I had used a lower-class side stroke, I would live forever.

We swam the lake, resting in the sun—no confidences—and swam home. When I went up to our cabin, DeVarennes took me aside. "Don't ever let me see you with Wallace again," he said. I asked why. He told me. "Wallace is Amos Cabot's bastard. His mother is a whore. They live in one of the tenements across the river."

The next day was hot and brilliant and Wallace asked if I wanted to swim the lake again. I said sure, sure, and we did. When we went back to camp, DeVarennes wouldn't speak to me. That night a northeaster blew up and it rained for three days. DeVarennes seems to have forgiven me and I don't recall having crossed the lake with Wallace again. As for the dwarf, Maggie told me he was a son of Mrs. Cabot's from an earlier marriage. He worked at the table-silver factory, but he went to work early in the morning and didn't return until after dark. His existence was meant to be kept a secret. This was unusual but not—at the time of which I'm writing—unprecedented. The Trumbulls kept Mrs. Trumbull's crazy sister hidden in the attic and Uncle Peepee Marshmallow—an exhibitionist—was often hidden for months.

• • •

It was a winter afternoon, an early winter afternoon. Mrs. Cabot washed her diamonds and hung them out to dry. She then went upstairs to take a nap. She claimed that she had never taken a nap in her life and the sounder she slept, the more vehement were her claims that she didn't sleep. This was not so much an eccentricity on her part as it was a crabwise way of presenting the facts that was prevalent in that part of the world. She woke at four and went down to gather her stones. They were gone. She called Geneva, but there was no answer. She got a rake and scored the stubble under the clothesline. There was nothing. She called the police.

As I say, it was a winter afternoon and the winters there were very cold. We counted for heat—sometimes for survival—on wood fires and large coal-burning furnaces that sometimes got out of hand. A winter night was a threatening fact and this may have partly accounted for the sentiment with which we watched—in late November and December—the light burn out in the west. (My father's journals, for example, were full of descriptions of winter twilights, not because he was at all crepuscular but because the coming of the night might mean danger and pain.) Geneva had packed a bag, gathered the diamonds and taken the last train out of town—the 4:37. How thrilling it must have been. The diamonds were meant to be stolen. They were a flagrant snare and she did what she was meant to do. She took the train to New York that night and sailed three days later for Alexandria on a Cunarder—the S.S. Serapis. She took a boat from Alexandria to Luxor, where, in the space of two months, she joined the Moslem faith and married the khedive.

I read about the theft the next day in the evening paper. I delivered papers. I had begun my route on foot, moved on to a bicycle and was assigned, when I was 16, to an old Ford truck. I was a truck driver! I hung around the linotype room until the papers were printed and then drove around to the four neighboring villages, tossing out bundles at the doors of the candy and stationery stores. During the world series, a second edition with box scores was brought out and after dark, I would make the trip again to Travertine and the other places along the shore.

The roads were dark, there was very little traffic and leaf burning had not been forbidden, so that the air was tannic, melancholy and exciting. One can attach a mysterious and inordinate amount of importance to some simple journey and this second trip with the box scores made me very happy. I dreaded the end of the world series as one dreads the end of any pleasure and had I been younger, I would have prayed. "CABOT JEWELS STOLEN" was the headline and the incident was never again mentioned in the paper. It was not mentioned at all in our house, but this was not unusual. When Mr. Abbott hanged himself from the pear tree next door, this was never mentioned.

Molly and I took a walk on the beach at Travertine that Sunday afternoon. I was troubled, but Molly's troubles were much graver. It did not disturb her that Geneva had stolen the diamonds. She only wanted to know what had become of her sister and she was not to find out for another six weeks. However, something had happened at the house two nights before. There had been a scene between her parents and her father had left. She described this to me. We were walking barefoot. She was crying. I would like to have forgotten the scene as soon as she finished her description.

• • •

Children drown, beautiful women are mangled in automobile accidents, cruise ships founder and men die lingering deaths in mines and submarines, but you will find none of this in my accounts. In the last chapter, the ship comes home to port, the children are saved, the miners will be rescued. Is this an infirmity of the genteel or a conviction that there are discernible moral truths? Mr. X defecated in his wife's top drawer. This is a fact, but I claim that it is not a truth. In describing St. Botolphs, I would sooner stay on the West Bank of the river, where the houses were white and where the church bells rang, but over the bridge there was the table-silver factory, the tenements (owned by Mrs. Cabot) and the Commercial Hotel. At low tide, one could smell the sea gas from the inlets at Travertine. The headlines in the afternoon paper dealt with a trunk murder. The women on the streets were ugly. Even the dummies in the one store window seemed stooped, depressed and dressed in clothing that neither fitted nor became them. Even the bride in her splendor seemed to have gotten some bad news. The politics were neofascist, the factory was non-union, the food was unpalatable and the night wind was bitter. This was a provincial and a traditional world enjoying few of the rewards of smallness and traditionalism, and when I speak of the blessedness of all small places, I speak of the West Bank. On the East Bank was the Commercial Hotel, the demesne of Doris, a male prostitute who worked as a supervisor in the factory during the day and hustled the bar at night, exploiting the extraordinary moral lassitude of the place. Everybody knew Doris and many of the customers had used him at one time or another. There was no scandal and no delight involved. Doris would charge a traveling salesman whatever he could get, but he did it with the regulars for nothing. This seemed less like tolerance than like hapless indifference, the absence of vision, moral stamina, the splendid ambitiousness of romantic love. On fight night, Doris drifts down the bar. Buy him a drink and he'll put his hand on your arm, your shoulder, your waist, and move a fraction of an inch in his direction and he'll reach for the cake. The steam fitter buys him a drink, the high school dropout, the watch repairman. (Once a stranger shouted to the bartender: "Tell that son of a bitch to take his tongue out of my ear"—but he was a stranger.) This is not a transient world, these are not drifters; more than half of these men will never live in any other place, and yet this seems to be the essence of spiritual nomadism. The telephone rings and the bartender beckons to Doris. There's a customer in room eight. Why would I sooner be on the West Bank, where my parents are playing bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Pinkham in the golden light of a great gas chandelier?

I'll blame it on the roast, the roast, the Sunday roast bought from a butcher who wore a straw boater with a pheasant wing in the hatband. I suppose the roast entered our house, wrapped in bloody paper, on Thursday or Friday, traveling on the back of a bicycle. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that

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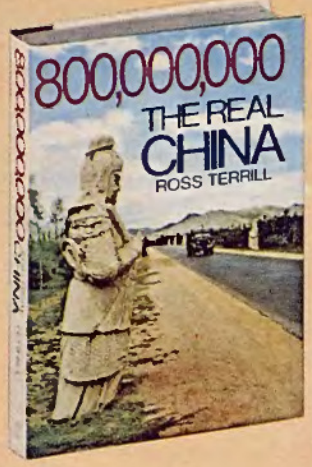

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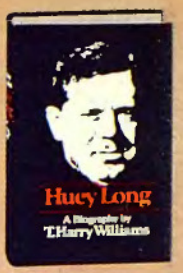

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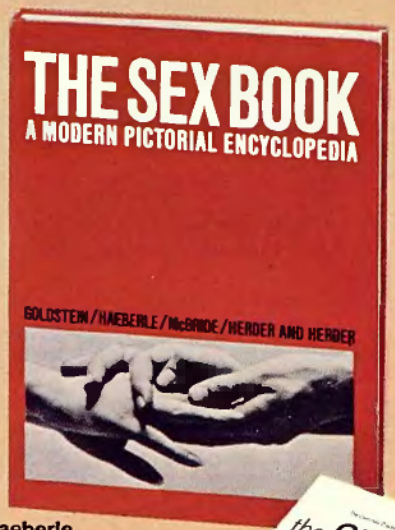

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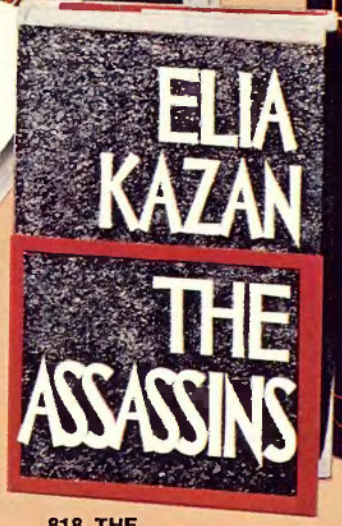

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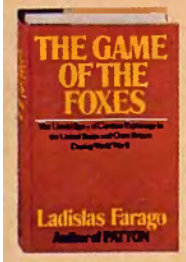

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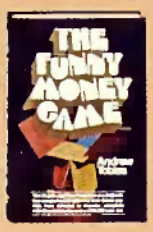

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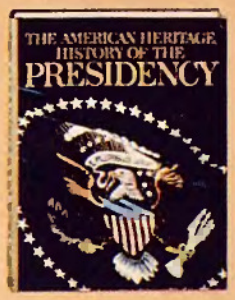

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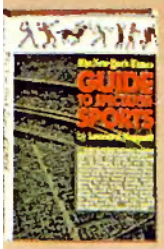

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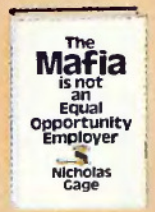

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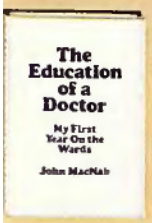

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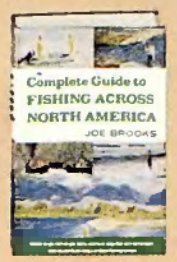

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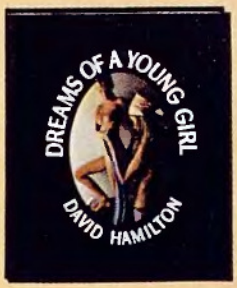

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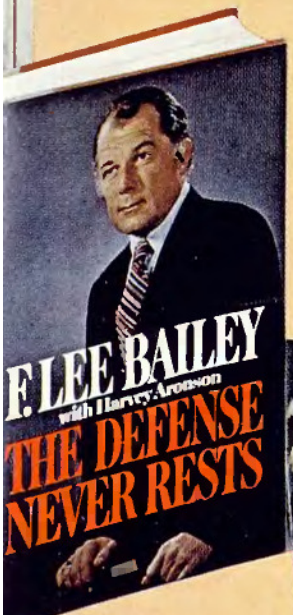

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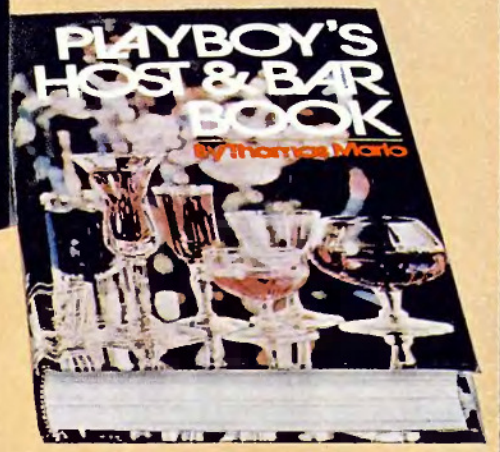

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"You're tough, Nick . . . I like a man who's tough!"

the meat had the detonative force of a land mine that could savage your eyes and your genitals, but its powers were disproportionate. We sat down to dinner after church. (My brother was living in Omaha at that time, so we were only three.) My father would hone the carving knife and make a cut in the meat. My father was very adroit with an ax and a crosscut saw and could bring down a large tree with dispatch, but the Sunday roast was something else. After he had made the first cut, my mother would sigh. This was an extraordinary performance, so loud, so profound that it seemed as if her life were in danger. It seemed as if her very soul might come unhinged and drift out of her open mouth. "Will you never learn, Leander, that lamb must be carved against the grain?" she would ask. Once the battle of the roast had begun, the exchanges were so swift, predictable and tedious that there would be no point in reporting them.

After five or six wounding remarks, my father would wave the carving knife in the air and shout: "Will you kindly mind your own business, will you kindly shut up?"

She would sigh once more and put her hand to her heart. Surely this was her last breath. Then, studying the air above the table, she would say: "Feel that refreshing breeze."

There was, of course, seldom a breeze. It could be airless, midwinter, rainy, anything. The remark was one for all seasons. Was it a commendable metaphor for hope, for the serenity of love (which I think she had never experienced)? Was it nostalgia for some summer evening when, loving and understanding, we sat contentedly on the lawn above the river? Was it no better or no worse than the sort of smile thrown at the evening star by a man who is in utter despair? Was it a prophecy of that generation to come who would be so drilled in evasiveness that they would be denied forever the splendors of a passionate confrontation?

The scene changes to Rome. It is spring, when the canny swallows flock into the city to avoid the wing shots in Ostia. The noise the birds make seems like light as the light of day loses its brilliance. Then one hears, across the courtyard, the voice of an American woman. She is screaming. "You're a goddamned, fucked-up no-good insane piece of shit. You can't make a nickel, you don't have a friend in the world and in bed you stink. . . ." There is no reply and one wonders if she is railing at the dark. Then you hear a man cough. That's all you will hear from him. "Oh, I know I've lived with you for eight years, but if you ever thought I liked it, any of it, it's only because you're such a chump you wouldn't know the real thing if you had it. When I really come, the pictures *fall* off the walls. With you it's always an act. . . ." The high-low bells that ring in Rome at that time of day have begun to chime. I smile at this sound, although it has no bearing on my life, my faith, no true harmony, nothing like the revelations in the voice across the court. Why would I sooner describe church bells and flocks of swallows? Is this puerile, a sort of greeting-card mentality, a whimsical and effeminate refusal to look at facts? On and on she goes, but I will follow her no longer. She attacks his hair, his brain and his spirit, while I observe that a light rain has begun to fall and that the effect of this is to louden the noise of traffic on the *corso*. Now she is hysterical—her voice is breaking—and I think that at the height of her malediction, perhaps, she will begin to cry and ask his forgiveness. She will not, of course. She will go after him with a carving knife and he will end up in the emergency ward of the *policlinico*, claiming to have wounded himself; but as I go out for dinner, smiling at beggars, fountains, children and the first stars of evening, I assure myself that everything will work out for the best. Feel that refreshing breeze!

My recollections of the Cabots are only a footnote to my principal work and I go to work early these winter mornings. It is still dark. Here and there, standing on street corners, waiting for buses, are women dressed in white. They wear white shoes and white stockings and white uniforms can be seen below their winter coats. Are they nurses, beauty-parlor operators, dentists' helpers? I'll never know. They usually carry a brown paper bag, holding, I guess, a ham on rye and a Thermos of buttermilk. Traffic is light at this time of day. A laundry truck delivers uniforms to the Fried Chicken Shack and in Asburn Place there is a milk truck—the last of that generation. It will be half an hour before the yellow school buses start their rounds.

I work in an apartment house called the Prestwick. It is seven stories high and dates, I guess, from the late Twenties. It is of a Tudor persuasion. The bricks are irregular, there is a parapet on the roof and the sign, advertising vacancies, is literally a shingle that hangs from iron chains and creaks romantically in the wind. On the right of

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Party Tyme Cocktail Mixes

Home was never like this before.

the door, there is a list of perhaps 25 doctors' names, but these are not gentle healers with stethoscopes and rubber hammers, these are psychiatrists and this is the country of the plastic chair and the full ashtray. I don't know why they should have chosen this place, but they outnumber the other tenants. Now and then you see, waiting for the elevator, a woman with a grocery wagon and a child, but you mostly see the sometimes harried faces of men and women with trouble. They sometimes smile; they sometimes talk to themselves. Business seems slow these days and the doctor whose office is next to mine often stands in the hallway, staring out the window. What does a psychiatrist think? Does he wonder what has become of those patients who gave up, who refused group therapy, who disregarded his warnings and admonitions? He will know their secrets. I tried to murder my husband. I tried to murder my wife. Three years ago, I took an overdose of sleeping pills. The year before that, I cut my wrists. My mother wanted me to be a girl. My mother wanted me to be a boy. My mother wanted me to be a homosexual. Where had they gone, what were they doing? Were they still married, quarreling at the dinner table, decorating the Christmas tree? Had they divorced, remarried, jumped off bridges, taken Seconal, struck some kind of truce, turned homosexual or moved to a farm in Vermont where they planned to raise strawberries and lead a simple life? The doctor sometimes stands by the window for an hour.

My real work these days is to write an edition of *The New York Times* that will bring gladness to the hearts of men. How better could I occupy myself? The *Times* is a critical if rusty link in my ties to reality, but in these last years, its tidings have been monotonous. The prophets of doom are out of work. All one can do is to pick up the pieces. The lead story is this: "PRESIDENT'S HEART TRANSPLANT DEEMED SUCCESSFUL." There is this box on the lower left: "COST OF J. EDGAR HOOVER MEMORIAL CHALLENGED. The subcommittee on memorials threatened today to halve the $7,000,000 appropriated to commemorate the late J. Edgar Hoover with a Temple of Justice. . . ." Column three: "CONTROVERSIAL LEGISLATION REPEALED BY SENATE. The recently enacted bill, making it a felony to have wicked thoughts about the Administration, was repealed this afternoon by a stand-up vote of 43 to 7." On and on it goes. There are robust and heartening editorials, thrilling sports news and the weather, of course, is always sunny and warm, unless we need rain. Then we have rain. The air-pollutant gradient is zero and even in Tokyo, fewer and fewer people are wearing surgical masks. All highways, throughways, freeways and expressways will be closed for the holiday weekend. Joy to the world!

• • •

But to get back to the Cabots. The scene that I would like to overlook or forget took place the night after Geneva had stolen the diamonds. It involves plumbing. Most of the houses in the village had relatively little plumbing. There was usually a water closet in the basement for the cook and the ashman and a single bathroom on the second floor for the rest of the household. Some of these rooms were quite large and the Endicotts had a fireplace in their bathroom. Somewhere along the line, Mrs. Cabot decided that the bathroom was her demesne. She had a locksmith come and secure the door. Mr. Cabot was allowed to take his sponge bath every morning, but after this, the bathroom door was locked and Mrs. Cabot kept the key in her pocket. Mr. Cabot was obliged to use a chamber pot, but since he came from the South Shore, I don't suppose this was much of a hardship. It may even have been nostalgic. He was using the chamber pot late that night when Mrs. Cabot went to the door of his room. (They slept in separate rooms.) "Will you close the door?" she screamed. "Will you close the door? Do I have to listen to that horrible noise for the rest of my life?" They would both be in nightgowns, her snow-white hair in braids. She picked up the chamber pot and threw its contents at him. He kicked down the door of the locked bathroom, washed, dressed, packed a bag and walked over the bridge to Mrs. Wallace's place on the East Bank.

He stayed there for three days and then returned. He was worried about Molly and in such a small place, there were appearances to be considered—Mrs. Wallace's as well as his own. He divided his time between the East and the West banks of the river until a week or so later, when he was taken ill. He felt languid. He stayed in bed until noon. When he dressed and went to his office, he returned after an hour or so. The doctor examined him and found nothing wrong.

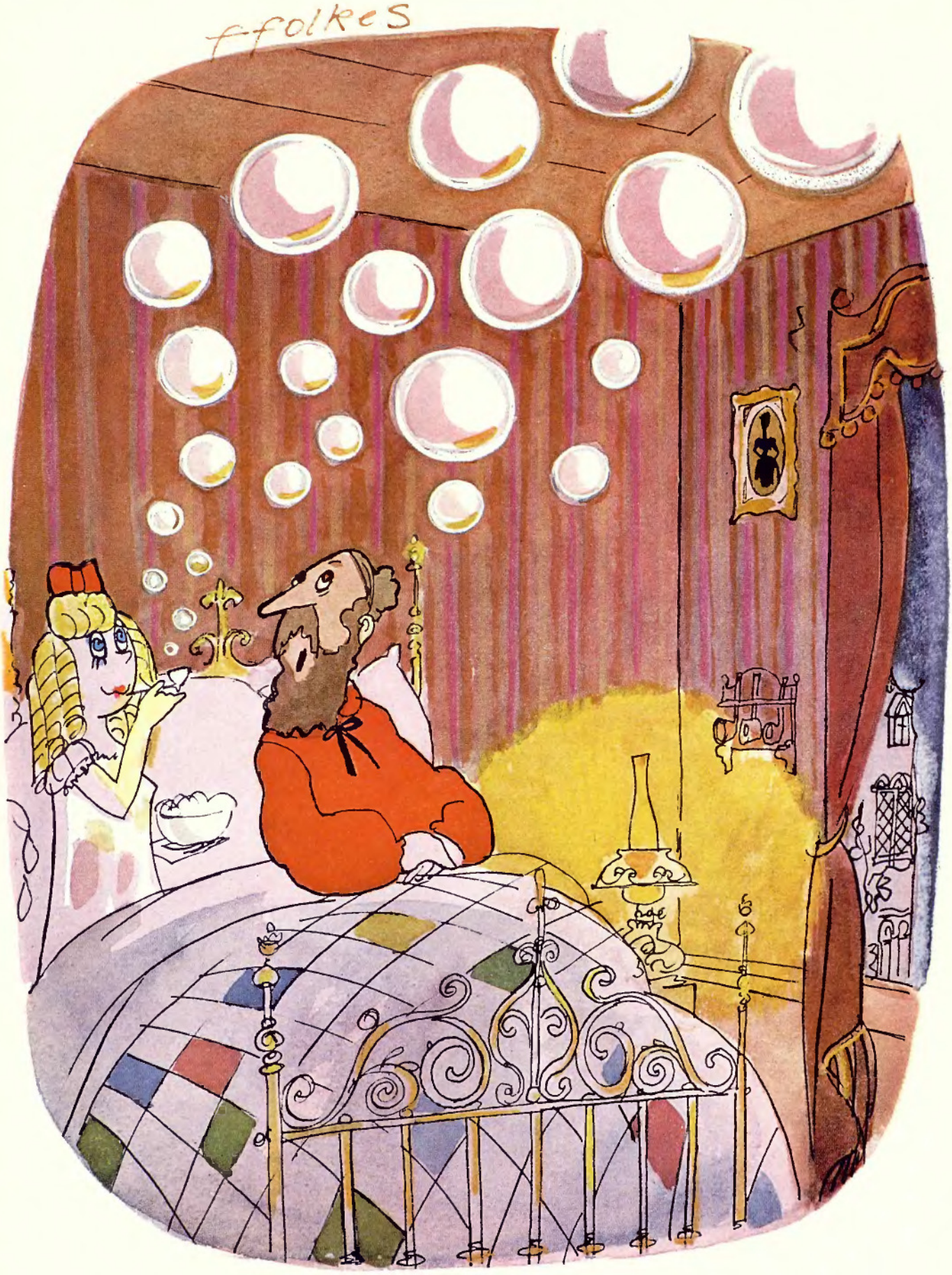
One evening Mrs. Wallace saw Mrs. Cabot coming out of the drugstore on the East Bank. She watched her rival cross the bridge and then went into the drugstore and asked the clerk if Mrs. Cabot was a regular customer. "I've been wondering about that myself," the clerk said. "Of course, she comes over here to collect her rents, but I always thought she used the other drugstore. She comes in here to buy ant poison—arsenic, that is. She says they have these terrible ants in the house on Shore Road and arsenic is the only way of getting rid of them. From the way she buys arsenic, the ants must be terrible." Mrs. Wallace might have warned Mr. Cabot, but she never saw him again.

She went after the funeral to Judge Simmons and said that she wanted to charge Mrs. Cabot with murder. The drug clerk would have a record of her purchase of arsenic that would be incriminating. "He may have it," the judge said, "but he won't give it to you. What you are asking for is an exhumation of the body and a long trial in Barnstable and you have neither the money nor the reputation to support this. You were his friend, I know, for sixteen years. He was a splendid man and why don't you console yourself with the thought of how many years it was that you knew him? And another thing. He's left you and Wallace a substantial legacy. If Mrs. Cabot were provoked to contest the will, you could lose this."

• • •

I went out to Luxor to see Geneva. I flew to London in a 747. There were only three passengers; but, as I say, the prophets of doom are out of work. I went from Cairo up the Nile in a low-flying two-motor prop. The sameness of wind erosion and water erosion makes the Sahara there seem to have been gutted by floods, rivers, courses, streams and brooks, the thrust of a natural search. The scorings are watery and arboreal and as a false stream bed spreads out, it takes the shape of a tree, striving for light. It was freezing in Cairo when we left before dawn. Luxor, where Geneva met me at the airport, was hot.

I was very happy to see her, so happy I was unobservant, but I did notice that she had gotten fat. I don't mean that she was heavy; I mean that she weighed about 300 pounds. She was a fat woman. Her hair, once a coarse yellow, was now golden, but her Massachusetts accent was as strong as ever. It sounded like music to me on the upper Nile. Her husband—now a colonel—was a slender, middle-aged man, a relative of the last king. He owned a restaurant at the edge of the city and they lived in a pleasant apartment over the dining room. The colonel was humorous, intelligent—a rake, I guess—and a heavy drinker. When we went to the temple at Karnak, our dragoman carried ice, tonic and gin. I spent a week with them, mostly in temples and graves. We spent the evenings in his bar. War was threatening—the air was full of Russian planes—and the only other tourist was an Englishman who sat at the bar, reading his passport. On the last day, I swam in the Nile—overhand—and they drove me to the airport, where I kissed Geneva—and the Cabots—goodbye.



"Aren't we taking this child-wife thing a bit far, Dora?"

riviera idyl

(continued from page 124)

mountains and when I arrived at my remembered river, it had changed from a slow stream into a rage of water. Tumbling in this tide I saw a naked body—it was a papier-mâché window dresser's dummy, naked except for shoes and stockings, its red mouth still printed vividly on the pulpy face.

What do you do in the midst of disaster? Over a bleak lunch in the villa, we agreed on one thing: You go to the circus. I suppose we both had the same notion—it was better to be miserable looking at something else than each other. The last act of the world would be a boring little provincial circus camped on a mud flat at the end of our affair. Then she would vanish into a northbound train and I, eventually, would land at London airport. Cold homecomings, in the rain, no doubt.

So, that afternoon, we drove down the winding, slippery road in my rented Fiat. Through the drenched air, we could see the river beginning to erase its banks. Upstream, it had gnawed away the underpinnings of two houses and we watched them—miniature in the distance—fall slowly into the water, swirl into midstream, break into fragments of roof and timber. On the wide, brown, mud-freighted hemorrhage of river, they swept past Porto dei Pescatori toward the sea.

I didn't look at her. I had a flash of a dissolving papier-mâché mask with red lips printed on it. Vivienne—could anyone possibly be Vivienne? A dummy's name. My tense, lovely, amber girl of a month ago surely had been called by another name, but it was lost now.

The little port looked unthreatened as we entered its streets. The mole and the stone embankment where the fishing boats were moored to iron rings, the stone arches of the arcade around the cobbled square, the yellow or ocher houses with their shuttered windows; all this seemed safe and solid enough. But once we were out of the town again, heading toward the old parade ground where the circus tents were pitched, it was different. The rain seemed denser, the thin sheets of water on the flats seemed to grow and merge even as we looked. And when we came to the tents, the circus band seemed to be playing in sheer terror to drown out the sound of the surf nearby. I locked the car, bought our tickets and we went inside.

The performance had already begun and the clowns were coming into the ring with an exaggerated fanfare from the band. We looked around—the audience was not large—and found seats without trouble. I sat next to a local monument—a bourgeois *bonhomme* with a white mustache, wearing a broad beret and a voluminous blue cloak. A redolence of wine surrounded him.

Three of the clowns were going through a frantic routine of chasing and beating the fourth. The victim stumbled through an elaborate mime of fear and stupidity. He ran to the empty lion cage and tried to squeeze through the bars; he tumbled in a clumsy somersault; he waved his arms to implore the audience. He was a man of about 60 with a gray, bushy beard; according to the notice board, he was KURZ-LE-CLOWN. The three others were nothing much to watch—they did what all clowns do—but Kurz was clearly a performer. Somehow, even in the crude, tumbling routine, he managed to transmit a feeling of the eternal victim, a man forever pursued by joking clods. Finally, he escaped from his tormenters and scrambled up a little step-ladder, where he stood appealing for rescue before they shot him. One of the others pulled a huge, comic pistol from his baggy pants and aimed at Kurz. There was a flash and the bang of a powder cap. With immense mock dignity, Kurz fell to the sawdust and they dragged him off.

"*Quelle honte!*" said the old man next to me, and then, "*Du vin, monsieur?*" He produced a bottle of red wine and two clean little glasses from beneath his cloak, poured ceremoniously and offered them to us. We thanked him and accepted. "The next act will be less shameful," he said in French. "The circus owner himself performs with the big cats."

TARZAN, the notice board read—and he was a reasonable copy. He bounded into the ring, all muscles and leopardskin tunic. But Lord Greystoke would have winced at the brilliantined black hair. He bowed, cracked his whip and the lions began to come in through the caged runway. The band was playing something it regarded as jungle music. The crowd applauded.

Kurz, restored to life, had come forward to open the cage door and Tarzan entered. He first went into a safety cage and then opened the inner door. As the last of the lions came through the runway, he marshaled them into their proper places. The ritual of movement began.

"They look like huge, jealous women," Vivienne whispered to me. Half true—there was a certain snarling about precedence, but it seemed to me that the great cats were edgy for some other reason. They made restless, false moves and Tarzan would make them readjust. He was not bad, not at all a bad trainer, but even we could see that the timing of the act had gone off a little. Tarzan exerted himself, used the whip, and the order was restored for the moment.

The lions were parading in a circle when we saw the first slip of water under the tent. It washed in near one of the exits, then spread into a dirty pool about ten feet wide. A woman screamed. We realized that the crowd, without being aware of it, had been anxious about this all along. The thrash of sea against the shore had been an undertone in every mind. Now there was panic. The crowd began to spill down over the plank seats, children scrambling, women with babies running frantically.

"Do not move. Stay here!" the old man in the cloak said to Vivienne and me. "It is not a disaster." I took Vivienne's hand. He was right—the water seemed to be spreading very slowly. Then I saw that he was looking not at the small flood but at the cage. The lions had panicked into rebellion.

Inside the bars was a massive confusion of bodies, a scrimmage of giants. One lion, roaring, reared above the others. Tails whipped the bars. The band had stopped playing and had fled. We were left with the sound of people crying out, the roaring of beasts, the suddenly loud beating of the surf. The old man next to me was on his feet. He was pointing at the cage and, strangely, shouting something at Kurz the clown, who had not left with the others. "Ravidac! Attention!" were the words I caught.

Vivienne gasped and caught my arm. Then I, too, saw it—Tarzan's limp arm beneath the haunches of one of the lions. In the next instant, we watched the clown, with something like a broomstick in his hand, going into the safety cage. "Oh, no!" said Vivienne. "He's insane."

Of course he was. The whole big-cat act depended on clockwork timing and everything happening in its right order. In a moment, the scared lions would pull them both to pieces—but no. The clown seemed to be working them somehow, just with his puny stick. Desperately, I thought, "He's seen it all so many times before; he must have learned something." Now he was talking to them, stepping adroitly into available openings, making them move. The pathetic victim-clown turned, miraculously, tall and commanding.

I never saw what prods or tricks he used, but all at once, whatever they were began to work. "Look, look," Vivienne said—a lion, belly down and appearing to mutter in its beard, was slipping into the runway that led from the cage. Another followed. The rest of them retreated, jostling to get back into their sequence around the edges of the cage. And then it was over quickly as the file of beasts moved without trouble into the runway.

Vivienne was sobbing. In the empty tent, quiet except for the background of surf, her crying sounded very distinct and musical. I put my arm around her. Two of the circusmen came in and carefully helped Tarzan out of the cage. He had some blood on him, but he seemed

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to have escaped anything serious. In a moment, he was sitting up in a chair, wiping himself with a towel. We went down to the ring, the three of us.

Now that it was over, I almost wanted to laugh. It was too much. The little clown, in a moment of panic, playing the hero. Pratfall, horror show and then the grandiose, corny climax of melodrama. But the worst of all ironies was that the great rescue scene had been played after the audience had departed, the instant of glory before an empty house.

The old man in the cloak had walked up to the clown and was bowing. "Monsieur Ravidac, accept my congratulations on one of your finest performances," he said, "just as in the old days."

The clown looked at him. I had not noticed before that Kurz's eyes were, oddly, a pure, bright blue. "I am Kurz the clown. I know nothing of any Ravidac," he said in a humble old man's voice.

"What's all this about Ravidac?" Tarzan asked from his chair. "Are you making some kind of comparison? Of course, we all know that name from the past——"

"But this *is* Ravidac," the old man said, turning. "The greatest of all lion tamers. As a boy, I saw him many times at the Cirque d'Hiver and at other places. I'd know that style anywhere. I used to have his picture pinned on my wall."

"I never heard of him. I am named Kurz," said the clown in a dull voice of self-abasement.

"You handled the lions like a master," said Tarzan. "Only a man who . . . but let it pass. If you say that you are Kurz the clown, then it is true. A man can be what he wants to be."

"Nevertheless," said the old man in the cloak, "we have witnessed a performance that only Ravidac could provide. I do not dispute your name, monsieur, but"—he slowly took off his beret and turned to the empty seats—"I salute the spirit of the great Ravidac one last time."

"Ravidac is dead," the clown said with a sudden arrogance. Then, with a listless clown shuffle, he walked out of the tent.

A pallid late sun had appeared in the west when we went to the car. The empty parade ground looked like a huge broken mirror reflecting the light in pieces. Now that the rain had stopped, the worst of the river's flood seemed to be stanched. It had fallen back to its normal banks and its noise had lessened.

Driving back, we suddenly found all tension gone; we talked, laughed, interrupted as if we were children excited by our first circus.

"Of *course* he is Ravidac," Vivienne said. "Don't you see that it all sounds so bogus that it must be true?"

"Nonsense," I said jokingly. "He is an old clown named Kurz. For years he has dreamed of being the great lion tamer. Alone in his tent at midnight, he has practiced every move of his hero. He has lived on the crazy thought that someday his moment would come."

"Oh, but you are wrong," she said, pinching my arm. "Don't you see? The famous performer realizes at last that he is beginning to falter. His retirement is announced. But when the time comes, he finds that he can't imagine life outside the circus. He changes his name, learns the clown's routine——"

"But the noble motive? The tragic theme?" I asked. "To rise to the heights of purest claptrap, the story must have something moral about it."

"*Bien sûr,*" she said. "And it is a very sad one, of course. The great show is dying. The days of the circus are over. A few shabby companies still appear in the little country towns. The once-great Ravidac, hidden under the name Kurz, expresses all his despair in the humiliation of the clown. He enfolds the tragedy of the circus within his own soul and three times a day, matinees and evening, he is mocked and then murdered symbolically."

"*Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore infranto!*"

Laughing, we seemed to forget all the depressing clichés of our own small drama. That night we made long, good-humored love. Afterward, we opened the doors and stood on the balcony, feeling the keen east wind and looking at the scatter of diamonds that marked Monte Carlo and Nice. The next morning, the wind veered and came warmly from the south. The jacaranda looked like blue snow against the blue sky and the jasmine on the furry trunks of the palms smelled very fresh.

We went to the balcony again and Vivienne spoke to the horizon. "I salute the spirit of the great Ravidac one last time."

"Because he tamed two animals?" I asked.

"And also because he has provided a comedy to make two children happy," she said.

"Roger! How many times do I have to tell you not to point when you're speaking?!"

YOU'LL LAUGH! YOU'LL CRY!

(continued from page 102)

editing copy. The writers are still on the telephone or typing. A bank of lights is suddenly turned on overhead. The two writers in the far row of desks get up. A woman comes over and tidies up the surface of their desks. Another woman is taking the sheets of copy from in front of Cronkite and feeding them into the prompting machine, an ingenious device that has also been moved onto the floor, beside one of the cameras, and which consists of a TV camera that transmits each page of copy onto a TV screen attached to the large camera that's now facing Cronkite, where, by an arrangement of mirrors, is displayed the typewritten copy, complete with last-minute corrections, directly on the lens of the camera that Cronkite looks into. A third woman comes in with a tray of make-up, which she puts down on the desk behind Cronkite, which has been entirely cleared of papers. Somebody calls. "Three minutes to air."

Cronkite gets up and goes into Midgley's office. "What about Kalb?" he says.

"Kalb is standing by," says Midgley.

"Let's forget Kalb," says Socolow.

Midgley looks at Cronkite. "Well, we don't need it," he says. "Let's dump it."

"Two minutes," someone calls. Cronkite goes back to his desk. He puts on his jacket, opens a drawer of his desk, takes out a pair of glasses, puts them on. The woman is dabbing his face slightly with make-up. The last two writers have gotten up and are standing out of the way. Cronkite is sitting down now. Socolow goes over, puts a piece of paper on his desk. Cronkite is working on it. On Midgley's screen, there is the familiar clatter of the wire-services machines. A voice says, "And now, from our newsroom in New York, the *CBS Evening News* with Walter Cronkite." Cronkite is still working at his desk. On the screen, he appears behind the lettering, still working on something. Midgley gets up, closes the door to his office. Socolow sits in a chair by the telephone. A girl sits on the couch with a clipboard. The newsroom is bright with lights. On the screen, Cronkite looks up and, without missing a beat, moves into the opening rhythms of the evening news.

• • •

News. Right now in America, there are morning newspapers. There is news radio. Afternoon newspapers. Evening newspapers. *The 11 O'clock News. The Noon News. Eyewitness News. Action News.* Newsmagazines. Newsletters. Five minutes of news. Two minutes of news. Round-the-clock news. Cronkite. Brinkley. *The News of the Week in Review.* Harry Dalrymple wrapping things up at the news desk at station KPGT. "And so this was Wednesday, November third. . . ."

One thing is clear: Americans are getting an awful lot of news beamed at them, printed for them, yelled into their ears, tossed into the mailbox. Another thing also seems clear: Generally speaking, news is supposed to be a good thing. Television stations announce pridefully that they are expanding their 30-minute news show to a full hour. Networks take expensive ads in newspapers in order to proclaim their total number of news hours. People talk of hard news and soft news. Radio in many cases has expanded its news coverage to a full 24 hours: the all-news station. News is a meliorative word these days. A meliorative concept. Many print ads are now presented in the form of news reports. *Sports Illustrated* has been taking ads in newspapers to promote itself as the "third newsmagazine." Opposed to news, which is good, there is presumably opinion, which is biased and unreliable; and analysis, which is intellectual; and criticism, which is self-serving and unconstructive; or fiction, which is irrelevant.

If it's true, though, that Americans are on the receiving end of an unparalleled

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amount and velocity of news communication, then it must also be true that something is seriously wrong with our news-communication services, because, as a nation (and also as states, as townships, as individuals), we keep getting ourselves into such serious messes—messes that result in good part, anyway, from our having been told the wrong thing or from our having an evidently complex situation communicated to us in a simplistic way, which in effect amounted to our being told the wrong thing.

Consider the classic communication debacle: Vietnam. Today, of course, everybody has the message about Vietnam. It's a lousy war, right? We had no business going in there, right? Or, if we did, it certainly all went wrong and we should have pulled out. Right? But what, one asks, was the news in 1964? Or 1965? Or 1966? Or 1967? Or even much of 1968? That is a long, long time, and there was a lot of news. To be sure, one understands what happened. The Government said certain things were true that were not always true. Americans have generally been brought up to have faith in their Government. Besides, for a generation we have been exhorted to fight communism there, and there, and there . . . so why not *there*? One understands. Last year, I think, Cronkite declared in a magazine article that he had come round from being a moderate hawk on the war to wishing us out of it, to being a dove. Recantations over the Vietnam war somehow have a curious ring—as if the process of learning were more important than the thing learned, which is sometimes true and sometimes not. Walter Cronkite recants; Pete McCloskey recants; 203,000,000 Americans recant. But from what to what? And what is it they were told all those years by all that news?

Consider some of the other matters that have resulted in the country's experiencing the real and severe malaise that it is surely now experiencing—and will obviously have to live with and suffer with for some time to come. Consider the most important and troubling of all our problems: race. Black and white. Black versus white. Segregation. Integration. Whatever you call it. What was the news on that? Until Dr. King and James Meredith and Little Rock and the integration of the University of Georgia and Medgar Evers and Selma and all the other far-off, seemingly long-ago events, what was the news telling us? Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber? Race riots in Detroit? Harry Truman integrating the Armed Forces? When the news-absorbing public woke up one morning to find the National Guard rumbling into some village square, or Watts aflame, or some frightened school kids being turned away from, or thrust into, some school—where had all that news communication left us the night before? At what spot on the map? How good was the map?

Pollution. Ecology. Did nobody look at Lake Erie until 1967? I read in the paper that a large metals smelter on the West Coast had filed suit with the Government, protesting that, if forced to comply with a certain pollution ruling by a certain date, it would be driven perilously close to bankruptcy. The executives of the company doubtless have a point. So, doubtless, do the citizens of the nearby town who have been choking on smelter gases for the past—well—how many years? What did the news tell them about that? Where were *these* citizens on the map?

Do I seem to be saying that our news systems—our network news, our newspapers, etc.—have served us badly? In fact, I think that is only incidentally so. I think it is indeed true that, as in the case of Vietnam, a highly complex political situation was treated for many years by television news as a largely military operation—the dramatic battle for Hill 937, and so forth. Not only that, but the whole war was presented to us in isolated, disconnected bits of detail—a 30-second bombing raid here, a two-minute film clip of Khe Sanh there, another minute of President Johnson at the Manila Conference, 30 seconds of a helicopter assault—with the result that, even if we had been given the real information we needed to try to come to terms with the war, the way we were given it made it doubly difficult. I think it's true that television news is usually superficial. I think it's true that most news is superficial. I think there are a lot of things wrong with all the news systems. Radio news is often nothing more than chopped-up wire-service copy (already chopped up) and then burbled onto the airwaves by a recommissioned disc jockey. Television news is also usually chopped up. And superficial. And tends to get its big ideas from newspapers. Newspapers, with a couple of exceptions, are often mind-blowingly parochial. Newsmagazines are less parochial, but only one 50th of the people in this country buy them and, even so, they mostly *follow* certified events, like everyone else.

Yet, having said all this, I'd like to say what I believe is more to the point: I think the people of this country, in a way, get better than they deserve from their news systems. Network news may be superficial, and it may have a slight Eastern bias, but—considering that it has to have some kind of businesslike relationship with its audience—the TV people put out a basically high level of afternoon newspaper. Better, anyway, than most afternoon newspapers. Morning newspapers vary hugely, and some are little more than paste-ups of the A. P. and the U. P. I. and a couple of syndicated columnists; but the A. P. and the U. P. I., despite their haste and superficiality, manage to move an awful lot of stuff in a given day, manage to tell this country more detail about itself than is true of most other countries.

The problem is, I think, that our concept of news is increasingly false, and *that* is what is serving us badly. This news, of which network X is going to give us 45 minutes more this year than last, may not be as useful a thing as we consider it to be. This news, which our newspapers take such pride in bringing us, and propose, in fact, to bring us more of, perhaps isn't as good a thing as we *say*, as we think it to be. Consider, for example, the thrust of change that has swept through virtually every aspect of modern life. Religion. Sex. Clothes. Consider the change that has swept through art forms. Look at the novel, which has always been a form of news, and observe its inner changes. How in the 18th Century it was a news of adventure, of the great migrations from the country to the city, the churning of urban and rural classes, *Clarissa*, Smollett, Defoe. How in the 19th Century it changed to provide the news of the new middle class, the manufacturing class, the new world of Dickens, George Eliot, Arnold Bennett, William Dean Howells. It told readers about the new people, how they lived, what they wore, how vicars had tea, what lawyers did at the office, all that *furniture*. And the 20th Century novel—while admittedly struggling with the furniture-describing heritage of the 19th, not quite sure where it's going, finding narrative shot away by movies and TV—still moves toward telling us what we intuitively need to know about our world, about the inside of people's heads (no longer furniture), about how men and women are in bed together, how they really are, how, at any rate, they think they are.

But news—newspapers, TV news, wire-service news—is still telling us of plane crashes. Hotel fires. The minister from such and such said this and that to so-and-so. A strike. A flood. "HUB MAN KILLS THREE." "SOCIALITE NABS BANDIT." And it does that because we seem to think we want that: fires, strikes, plane crashes. Hub man kills three. And the reason we think we want that, I think, is that we aren't nearly so serious about news as we allege. Or look at it this way: We say we're serious about news, so right away CBS and ABC and NBC and *The New York Times* and *Time* and *Newsweek* and all the rest of them rush to provide us with news—but time after time, it turns out to be the wrong news. It doesn't—

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apparently—much help us. It rarely tells us where we really are, because history is constantly appearing on our doorstep and telling us we're nowhere near where our map said we were. Admittedly, there is no news system one can conceive of that would provide us all with perfect maps; but our maps are *so* inaccurate, and require so much trouble, and tears, and often bloodshed to correct.

Clearly, the news we say we want is the old news. It somehow makes us feel good to read about a plane crash off Japan. It connects us to some ancient folk need, and maybe that is very strong, too strong, and maybe Armageddon will come mysteriously one afternoon, having been foretold by no less than four associate professors in Denver, a Swiss observatory and the *Berkeley Barb*, while the people of the most advanced nation in the world are still reading about a bus accident in Rangoon. Or Rome. Or Rochester, New York. It's perfectly likely—or so it seems to me—that we're never going to get a useful news system. In fact, in my darker moods, I can well imagine a situation developing in which the people of this country get so out of touch with what is actually going on beneath the surface that real trouble erupts, *real* trouble, and repression results, *real* repression (it certainly wouldn't be the first such cycle in history), and then, when the tanks are in place, and the guards are at their posts, and the trains are on time, and loudspeakers, or perhaps TV sets, are at the street corners—then we will have, or be given, a news system that finally will be properly attuned to the situation. Relevant.

But now, in the meantime, I think it might at least be worth while saying this much aloud: The news we congratulate ourselves on receiving, the news that our news systems congratulate themselves on transmitting, while allowing that in a more perfect world they would transmit *more* of it for us if only they could, if only they had a half hour instead of 15 minutes, 50 minutes instead of a half hour, a whole hour, a whole day, maybe, a whole week of—what? Folk entertainment. What? you say. Police-bribe scandal, rape, drowning—entertainment? I guess so. Two minutes of combat film from Vietnam—entertainment? I guess so—although maybe describing it as providing a kind of release, while giving the illusion of involvement, would be closer to it. The news we get, I think, is mostly this release, this kind of entertainment, no matter how grisly the subject, how much we even may weep at the result. We don't get it that way because *they* give it to us, nor because *they* are bad. We get it that way because we want it so. We call, they respond. Good luck, I say, to all of us.

• • •

The clock on Midgley's wall ticks toward seven. Seven is when the *CBS Evening News* goes on the air. Cronkite is still on the screen. He is winding up the taping. A commercial. During the commercial, Socolow steps into the newsroom, whispers something to Cronkite. Steps out again. The commercial is over. Cronkite is shuffling his papers. "And that's the way it is," he says. The familiar voice. The familiar inflection. "Wednesday, November third." End. People stream back into the newsroom. A writer sits back down at his desk. Cronkite walks into Midgley's office. Sits down in a chair. "I wish we could have done more with Kalb," he says.

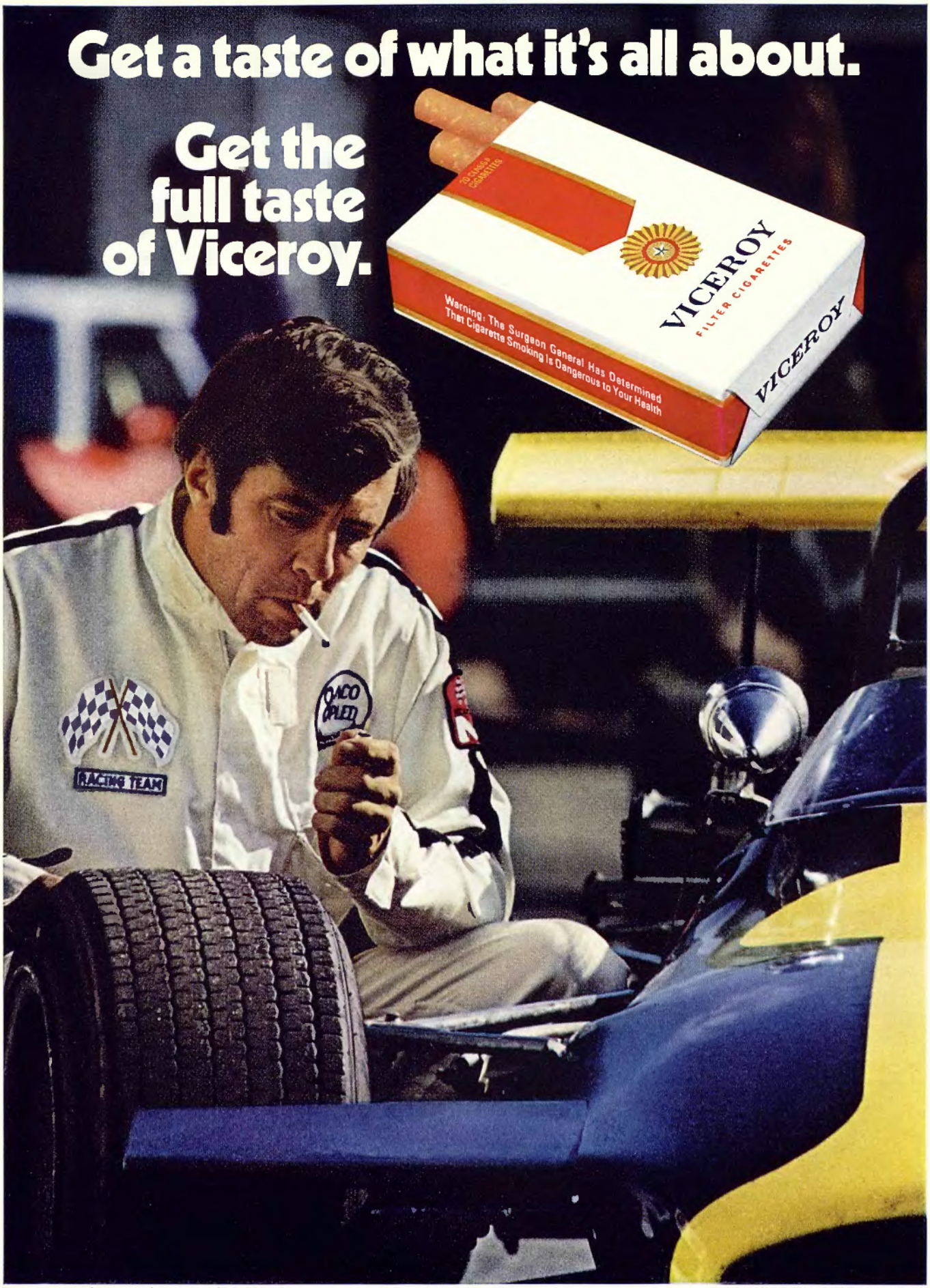
"We couldn't reach Kalb in time," says Midgley. The Cronkite show is now on the air. Cronkite is on the third screen. Chancellor on the second. Reasoner on the top. Cronkite and Midgley watch the three screens. NBC comes on with something about China. Midgley turns up the NBC audio.

Cronkite says, "We're still one day ahead of them." The three networks carry the same report about Treasury Secretary Connally. Commercials. NBC and CBS have something on the dock strike. ABC is covering Lindsay.

Chancellor sits on his studio chair, detached, helpful. He runs through four quick items. Cronkite's face oncamera is backed by what seems to be a map of Vietnam. He tells us again about the DMZ. Then Dan Rather. Washington. The monetary crisis. Reasoner speaks about a copper crisis in Chile. Midgley sips another milk shake. Cronkite sits in his chair, swiveling it a bit from time to time. Then NBC comes on with its finale, a thing about the departure of the Washington Senators. Long. Weird. Arty camera shots of the empty stadium. "Jesus Christ," says Midgley. Then Cronkite is saying good night, Chancellor, Howard K. Smith. Good night, good night. The script girl closes her log sheet. The screens are dark. Midgley stands. He has a dinner to get to. Cronkite seems in no hurry to leave. He stretches his legs. His brow furrows. Midgley looks at him, on his way out. "I have to be uptown by seven-thirty," he says.

Cronkite looks at him. "You know," he says, "the thing that really breaks my heart is we never have enough time." Cronkite waves his hand. Midgley heads out the door.

"But, K. M.—we can't do a commercial that's not false, misleading or deceptive."



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

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TERMINAL MAN

(continued from page 170)

of control was an awesome thing. Anders would probably end up shooting Benson, or trying to. And she didn't want that.

"But you know what else?" Benson said. "The buzz is only nice occasionally. When it gets too heavy, it's . . . suffocating."

"Is it getting heavy now?"

"Yes," he said. And he smiled.

She was stunned at the realization of her own helplessness. Everything she had been taught about controlling patients, everything about directing the flow of thought, about watching the speech patterns, was useless here. Verbal maneuvers would not work, would not help her—any more than they would help control a rabies victim or a person with a brain tumor.

There was only one thing she could do and that was get him to the hospital. How? There might still be some small chance to appeal to his intellectual functions. "Do you understand what's happening, Harry? The stimulations are overloading you, pushing you into seizures."

"The feeling is nice."

"But you said yourself it's not always nice."

"No, not always."

"Well, don't you want to have that fixed? Changed, so that you don't have seizures anymore?" She had to choose her words carefully.

"You think I need to be fixed?" His voice was an imitation of Ellis': the surgeon's pet phrase.

"Harry, we can make you feel better."

"I feel fine, Dr. Ross."

"But, Harry, when you went to Angela's after you left the hospital."

"I don't remember anything about that. Memory tapes are all erased. Nothing but static. You can put it on audio if you want and listen to it yourself." He smiled, opened his mouth and made a hissing sound. "See? Just static."

Her stomach was churning. She was physically sick with tension. And she was also angry at the thought of Ellis and McPherson—all those conferences with them when she had argued that implanting machinery into Benson would exaggerate his pre-existing delusional state. They hadn't paid any attention. She wished they were here now.

"You're trying to make me into a machine," he said. "You all are. I'm fighting you."

"Harry——"

"Let me finish." His face was taut; abruptly, it loosened into a smile. Another stimulation, she thought. They were coming only minutes apart now. Where was Anders? Where was anybody? Should she run out into the hall, screaming? Should she try to call the hospital? The police?

"It feels so good," Benson said, still smiling. "That feeling, it feels so good. Nothing feels as good as that. I could just swim in that feeling forever and ever."

She took a deep breath. "Harry," she said, "I want you to come back to the hospital. We care about you."

"You care about me." He laughed, a nasty hard sound. "You don't care about *me*. You care about your experimental preparation. You care about your scientific protocol. You care about your follow-up. You don't care about *me*." He was becoming excited and angry. "It won't look so good in the next journal article if you have to report, so many patients observed for so many years and one died because he went nuts and the cops killed him. That will reflect badly. I *know*," Benson said. He held out his hands. "I was sick an hour ago. Then when I woke up, I saw blood under my fingernails." He stared at his hands, curling them to look at the nails. Then he touched his bandages. "The operation was supposed to work," he said. "But it isn't working."

And then, quite abruptly, he began to cry. His face was bland, but the tears rolled down his cheeks. "It isn't working," he said. "I don't understand, it isn't working. . . ."

Equally abruptly, he smiled. Another stimulation. This one had come less than a minute after the previous one. She knew that he'd tip over in the next few seconds. "I don't want to hurt anyone," he said, smiling cheerfully.

"Let's go back to the hospital. I'll go with you. I'll stay with you all the time."

"Don't argue with me!" He snapped to his feet, fists clenched, and glared down at her. "I will not listen——" He broke off but did not smile. Instead, he began to sniff the air. "What is that smell?" he said. "I hate that smell. What is it, I hate it, do you hear me, I *hate* it!"

He moved toward her, sniffing. He reached his hands out toward her.

She got up off the couch, moving away. He followed her clumsily, his hands still outstretched. "I don't want this feeling. I don't want it," he said. He was no longer sniffing. His face was blank, an automaton mask. His arms were still extended toward her. He almost seemed to be sleepwalking as he advanced on her. His movements were slow and she was able to back away from him, maintaining distance.

Then, suddenly, he picked up a heavy glass ashtray and flung it at her. She dodged it; it struck one of the large windows, shattering the glass.

He leaped for her and threw his arms around her, holding her in a clumsy bear hug. He squeezed her with incredible strength. "Harry," she gasped,

"I'll call you later, Mom. Arthur needs me."

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"Harry." She looked up at his face and saw it was still blank.

She kneed him in the testicles.

He grunted and released her, bending at the waist, coughing. She moved away from him, picked up the phone and dialed the operator. Benson was still bent over, still coughing.

"Operator, give me the police."

"Do you want the Beverly Hills police or the Los Angeles police?"

"*I don't care!*"

"Well, which do you——"

She dropped the phone. Benson was stalking her again. She heard the tinny voice of the operator saying, "Hello, hello. . . ."

Benson tore the phone away and flung it across the room. He picked up a floor lamp and held it, base outward. He began to swing it in large hissing arcs. She ducked it once and felt the gush of air in the wake of the heavy metal base. If it hit her, it would kill her. The realization pushed her to action.

She ran to the kitchen. Benson dropped the lamp and followed her. She tore open drawers, looking for a knife. She found only a small paring knife. Where the hell were her big knives? Benson was in the kitchen. She threw a pot at him, blindly. It clattered against his knees. He moved forward.

The detached and academic part of her mind was still operating, telling her that she was making a big mistake, that there was something in the kitchen she could use. But what?

Benson's hands closed around her neck. The grip was terrifying. She grabbed his wrists and tried to pull them away. She kicked up with her leg, but he twisted his body away from her, then pressed her back against the counter, pinning her back.

She could not move, she could not breathe. She began to see blue spots before her eyes. Her lungs burned for air. Her fingers scratched along the counter, feeling for something, anything, to strike him with. She touched nothing.

She flung her hands around wildly. She felt the handle of the dishwasher, the handle of the oven. Her vision was greenish. The blue spots were larger. They swam sickeningly before her. She was going to die in the kitchen.

The kitchen, the kitchen, dangers of the kitchen.

Microwaves. It came to her in a flash, just as she was losing consciousness. She no longer had any vision; the world was dull gray, but she could still feel. Her fingers touched the metal of the oven, the glass of the oven door. She opened it; then up . . . up to the controls . . . she twisted the dial. . . .

Benson screamed.

The pressure around her neck was gone. She slumped to the floor. Benson was screaming, horrible, agonized sounds. Her vision came back to her slowly and she saw him, standing over her, clutching his head in his hands. He twisted and writhed, howling like a wounded animal. Then he rushed from the room.

And she slid smoothly and easily into unconsciousness.

VIII

The bruises were already forming—long, purplish welts on both sides of her neck. Janet Ross touched them gently as she stared into the mirror.

"When did he leave?" Anders said. He stood in the doorway to the bathroom, watching her.

"I don't know. About the time I passed out, I think."

He looked back toward the living room. "Quite a mess out there. Why did he attack you? You're his doctor——"

"That doesn't matter," she said. "When he has a seizure, he's out of control. He'd kill his own child during a seizure. People have been known to do that." She sighed, still touching the bruises. They would get much worse in the next few hours. What could she do about it? Rouge? A high-necked sweater? "He didn't kill me. But he would have," she said.

"What happened?"

"I turned on the oven."

Anders looked puzzled. "Is that a cure for epilepsy?"

"Hardly. But it affected Benson's electronic machinery. I have a microwave oven. Microwave radiation screws up pacemaking machinery. It's a big problem for cardiac pacemakers now. Dangers of the kitchen. There have been a lot of recent articles."

He left the room to make some calls while she changed. She chose a black turtleneck sweater and a gray skirt and stepped back to look at herself in the mirror. Maybe too somber, but the bruises were hidden. She went into the kitchen to make herself a Scotch on the rocks—and as she poured it, she saw the long scratches in the wooden counter that her fingernails had left. She looked at her fingernails. Three of them were broken; she hadn't noticed before.

She took the drink back into the living room. "Yes," Anders was saying into the phone. "Yes, I understand. No . . . no idea. Well, we're trying." There was a long pause.

She went to the window and looked out at the city. The sun was up, lighting a dark band of brown air that hung above the buildings. It was really a lethal place to live, she thought. She should move to the beach, where the air was better.

"Well, listen," Anders said angrily, "none of this would have happened if you'd kept that fucking guard at his door in the hospital. I think you better keep that in mind." She heard the phone slam down.

"Shit," he said. "Politics."

She smiled. "Even in the police department?"

"Especially in the police department," he said. "Anything goes wrong and suddenly there's a scramble to see who can get stuck with it."

"They're trying to stick you?"

"They're trying me on for size."

She nodded and wondered what was happening back at the hospital. Probably the same thing. She looked through the shattered window glass.

Anders said, "Listen, what does epilepsy have to do with cardiac pacemakers?"

"Nothing," she said, "except that Benson has a brain pacemaker, very similar to a cardiac pacemaker."

Anders flipped open his notebook. "You better start from the beginning," he said, "and go slowly."

She set down her drink. "Let me make one call first."

Anders nodded and sat back and waited while she called McPherson. Then, as calmly as she could, she explained everything she knew to the policeman.

IX

McPherson hung up the telephone and glanced out his window at the morning sun. It was no longer pale and cold; there was the full warmth of morning. "That was Ross," he said to Morris. "Benson came to her apartment. She lost him." Morris sighed.

"It doesn't seem to be our day," McPherson said. He shook his head, not taking his eyes off the sun. "I don't believe in luck," he said. "Do you?"

"Sure. All surgeons believe in luck."

"I don't believe in luck," McPherson repeated. "Never did. I always believed in planning." He gestured to the charts on his wall, then lapsed into silence and stared at them. They were large things, four feet across, and intricately done in many colors. They were really glorified flow charts with timetables for technical advances. He had always been proud of them. For instance, in 1967, he had examined the state of three areas—diagnostic conceptualization, surgical technology and microelectronics—and concluded that they would all come together to allow an operation for psychomotor epilepsy in July of 1971. They had beaten his estimate by four months, but it was still damned accurate.

McPherson rubbed his eyes, wondering when he would be able to sleep. He looked again at the charts. Everything had been going so well. Electrode implantation ahead of schedule. Computer simulation of behavior almost nine months ahead—but that, too, was having problems. George and Martha programs were behaving erratically. And Form Q?

He shook his head. Form Q might never get off the ground now, although it was his favorite project. It was down

"Oh, yes, my whites are whiter and my colored things are definitely brighter. Want to screw?"

on the flow chart for 1979, with human application beginning in 1986. In 1986 he would be 75 years old—if he was still alive—but he didn't worry about that. It was the idea, the simple idea, that intrigued him.

Form Q was the logical outgrowth of all the work at the NPS. It began as a project called Form Quixoticus, because it seemed so impossible. But McPherson felt certain that it would happen, because it was so necessary. For one thing, it was a question of size; for another, a question of expense.

A modern electronic computer—say, a third-generation IBM digital computer—cost several million dollars. It drew an enormous amount of power. It consumed space voraciously. Yet the largest computer still had the same number of circuits as the brain of an ant. To make a computer with the capacity of a human brain would require a huge skyscraper. Its energy demands would be the equivalent of a city of half a million.

Obviously, nobody would ever try to build such a computer using current technology. New methods would have to be found—and there wasn't much doubt in McPherson's mind what the methods would be: living tissues.

The theory was simple enough. A computer, like a human brain, is composed of functioning units—little flip-flop cells of one kind or another. The size of those units had shrunk enormously over the years. It would continue to shrink as microelectronic techniques improved. Their power requirements would also decrease.

But the individual units would never become as small as a nerve cell, a neuron. You could pack a billion nerve cells into one cubic inch. No human miniaturization method would ever achieve that economy of space. Nor would any human method ever produce a unit that operated on so little power as a nerve cell.

Therefore: Make your computers from living nerve cells. It was already possible to grow isolated nerve cells in tissue culture. It was possible to alter them artificially in different ways. In the future, it would be possible to grow them to specification, to make them link up in specified ways.

Once you could do that, you could make a computer that was, say, six cubic feet in volume but contained thousands of billions of nerve cells. Its energy requirements would not be excessive; its heat production and waste products would be manageable. Yet it would be the most intelligent entity on the planet, by far. Form Q.

Preliminary work was already being done in a number of laboratories and Government research units around the country.

But for McPherson, the most exciting prospect was not a superintelligent, organic computer. That was just a side product. What was really interesting was the idea of an organic prosthesis for the human brain.

Because once you developed a new, organic computer—a computer composed of living cells and deriving energy from oxygenated, nutrified blood—then you could transplant it into a human being. And you would have a man with two brains.

What would that be like? McPherson could hardly imagine it. There were endless problems, of course. Problems of interconnection, problems of location, speculative problems about competition between the old brain and the new transplant. But there was plenty of time to solve that before 1986. After all, in 1950 most people still laughed at the idea of going to the moon.

Form Q. It was only a vision now, but with funding, it would happen. And he had been convinced that it would happen, until Benson left the hospital. That changed everything.

Ellis stuck his head in the office door. "Anybody want coffee?"

"Yes," McPherson said. He looked over at Morris.

"No," Morris said. He got up out of his chair. "I think I'll replay some of Benson's interview tapes."

"Good idea," McPherson said, though he did not really think so. He realized that Morris had to keep busy—had to do something, anything, just to remain active.

Morris left, Ellis left and he was alone with his multicolored charts.

X

It was noon when Ross finished with Anders, and she was tired. The Scotch had calmed her, but it had intensified her fatigue. She felt as if she had never been so tired in her life.

Anders, on the other hand, was maddeningly alert. He said, "Where would Benson be likely to go now?"

She shook her head. "It's impossible to know. He's now in a postseizure state—postictal, we call it—and that's not predictable." God, she was tired. Why couldn't he understand? "Benson is very confused. He's nearly psychotic; he's receiving stimulations frequently; he's having seizures frequently. He could do anything."

"These are the impossible ones," Anders sighed and walked to the window. "In another city, we might have a chance of finding him, but not in Los Angeles. Not in five hundred square miles of city. It's bigger than New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Philadelphia put together. Did you know that?"

"No," she said, hardly listening.

"Too many places to hide," he said. "Too many ways to escape—too many roads, too many airports, too many marinas. If he's smart, he's left already. Gone to Mexico or to Canada."

"He won't do that," she said.

"What will he do?"

"Let the record show that he got hit in the head."

"He'll go back to the hospital," she said.

There was a pause. "I thought you couldn't predict his behavior," Anders said.

"It's just a feeling," she said, "that's all."

"We'd better go to the hospital," he said.

XI

It was a broad, low-ceilinged, white-tiled room, lit brightly by overhead fluorescent lights. Six stainless-steel tables were set out in a row, each emptying into a sink at one end of the room. Five of the tables were empty; the body of Angela Black lay on the sixth. Two police pathologists and Morris were bent over the body as the autopsy proceeded.

Morris was tired. His eyes hurt. After a time, he left the autopsy room and went next door to the police lab, where the contents of the girl's purse were spread out on a large table.

Three men were at work, one identifying the objects, one recording them and the third tagging them. Morris watched in silence. Most of the objects seemed commonplace: lipstick, compact, car keys, wallet, Kleenex, chewing gum, ballpoint pen, eye shadow, hair clip. And two packs of matches.

"Two packs of matches," one of the cops intoned. "Both marked Airship Hotel."

Morris sighed. He found the plodding routine was intolerable. Ross called it the surgeon's disease, the urge to take decisive action, the inability to wait patiently. Once in an early NPS conference, where they were considering a stage-three candidate, Morris had argued strongly for taking her for surgery, even though she had several other problems. Ross had laughed: "Poor impulse control," she had said.

Poor impulse control, he thought. The hell with her.

"Airship, huh?" one of the cops said. "Isn't that where all the stewardesses stay?"

Morris hardly listened. He rubbed his eyes and decided to get more coffee. He'd been awake for 36 hours straight and he wasn't going to last much longer. He left the room and went upstairs looking for a coffee machine. There must be coffee someplace in the building. And then he stopped, suddenly shivering.

He knew about the Airship. The Airship was where Benson had first been arrested, for beating up a mechanic. He glanced at his watch, and then went out to the parking lot. If he hurried, he'd beat rush-hour traffic to the airport.

• • •

Morris parked in the lot of the Airship Hotel and walked into the lobby. He went directly to the bar, which was dark

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and nearly deserted at five P.M. There were two stewardesses in a far corner, talking over drinks, one or two businessmen seated at the bar and the bartender himself staring off vacantly into space.

Morris sat at the bar. When the bartender came over, he pushed Benson's picture across the counter. "You ever seen this man?"

"What'll it be?" the bartender said.

Morris tapped the picture.

"This is a bar. We serve liquor."

Morris was beginning to feel strange. It was the sort of strange feeling he sometimes had when he began an operation and felt like a surgeon in a movie. Something very theatrical. Now he was a private eye. "His name is Benson," Morris said. "I'm his doctor. He's very ill."

"What's he got?"

Morris sighed. "Have you seen him before?"

"Sure, lots of times. Harry, right?"

"That's right. Harry Benson. When was the last time you saw him?"

"An hour ago." The man shrugged "What's he got?"

"Epilepsy. It's important to find him. Do you know where he went?"

"Epilepsy? No shit." The bartender picked up the picture and examined it closely in the light of a glowing Schlitz sign behind the bar. "That's him, all right. But he dyed his hair black."

"Do you know where he went?"

There was a long silence. The bartender looked grim. Morris instantly regretted his tone. "You're no fucking doctor," the bartender said. "Now, beat it."

"I need your help," Morris said. "Time is very important." As he spoke, he opened his wallet, took out his identification cards, credit cards, everything with an M.D. on it. He spread them across the counter. The bartender didn't even glance at them.

"He is also wanted by the police," Morris said.

"I knew it," the bartender said. "I knew it."

"And I can get some policemen down here to help question you. You may be an accessory to murder." Morris thought that sounded good. At least it sounded dramatic.

The bartender picked up one of the cards, peered at it, dropped it. "I don't know. He left with Joe."

"Who's Joe?"

"Mechanic. Works the late shift at United Air Lines."

In the hotel lobby, Morris called the NPS and got through the switchboard to Captain Anders.

"Listen, this is Morris. I'm at the airport. I have a lead on Benson." He gave the details.

There was a moment of silence. Morris heard the scribbling sound of a pencil. "Got it," Anders said. "We'll get some cars out right away. You think he went to the United hangars?"

"Probably." Morris said goodbye impatiently and hung up.

• • •

The large sign read UNITED AIR LINES—MAINTENANCE PERSONNEL ONLY. There was a guardhouse beneath the sign. Morris pulled up, leaned out of his car.

"I'm Dr. Morris. I'm looking for Joe."

Morris was prepared to give a lengthy explanation. But the guard hardly paid attention. "Joe came on about ten minutes ago. Signed in to hangar seven."

Ahead of him, Morris saw three very large airplane hangars, with parking lots behind. "Which one is seven?"

"Far left," the guard said. "Don't know why he went there, except maybe the guest."

"What guest?"

"He signed in a guest"—the guard consulted his clipboard—"a Mr. Benson."

"What's in seven?"

"A big DC-8 that's in for major overhaul. Nothing doing there—they're waiting for a new engine. It'll be another week. Guess he wanted to show it to him."

Morris drove past the gates, onto the parking lot, and parked close to hangar seven. He got out of the car, then paused. The hangar was an enormous corrugated-steel structure that didn't seem to have any doors, except for the giant doors to admit the airplane, which were closed. How did you get in? Then he saw a normal-sized door to the far left.

When he entered the hangar, it was pitch black inside. And totally silent. He stood by the door for a moment, then heard a low groan. He ran his hands along the walls, feeling for a light switch. He touched a steel box, felt it carefully. There were several large, heavy-duty switches. He threw them.

One by one, the overhead lights came on, very bright and very high. He saw in the center of the hangar a giant plane, glinting with reflections from the overhead bulbs. It was odd how enormous it seemed inside a building. He heard another groan, but he could not determine where it was coming from. There was a ladder near the far wing. He walked toward it, beneath the high sleek tail assembly. The hangar smelled of gasoline and grease, sharp smells. It was warm here.

Another groan. He walked faster, his footsteps echoing in the cavernous hangar space. The groan seemed to be coming from somewhere inside the airplane. He passed the two jet engines of the near wing. They were giant cylinders, thin black turbine blades inside. Funny the engines had never seemed so big before. Probably never noticed.

Still another groan. He reached the ladder and climbed up. Six feet in the air, he came to the wing, a gleaming expanse of flat silver, nubbled with rivets. A sign read STEP HERE. There were spatters of blood by the sign. He looked across the wing and saw a man lying on his back, covered with blood. Morris moved toward him and saw that the man's face was horribly mangled; his arm was twisted back at an unnatural angle.

He heard a noise far behind him. He spun. And then, suddenly, all the lights in the hangar went out.

Morris froze. He had a sense of total disorientation, of being suspended in air in vast and limitless blackness. He did not move. He held his breath. He waited.

The injured man groaned again. There was no other sound. Morris knelt down, not really knowing why. Somehow he felt safer being close to the metal surface of the wing. He was not conscious of being afraid, just badly confused.

Then, softly, distantly, came a laugh. And he began to be afraid.

"Benson, are you there?"

No reply. But footsteps, moving across the concrete floor. Steady, quietly echoing footsteps.

"Harry, it's Dr. Morris." Morris blinked his eyes, trying to adjust to the darkness. It was no good. He couldn't see anything. The footsteps came closer.

"Harry, I want to help you." His voice cracked as he spoke. His fear was certainly conveyed to Benson. He decided to shut up. His heart was pounding and he was gasping for breath.

The footsteps stopped. Perhaps Benson was giving up. Perhaps he had had a stimulation. Perhaps he was changing his mind.

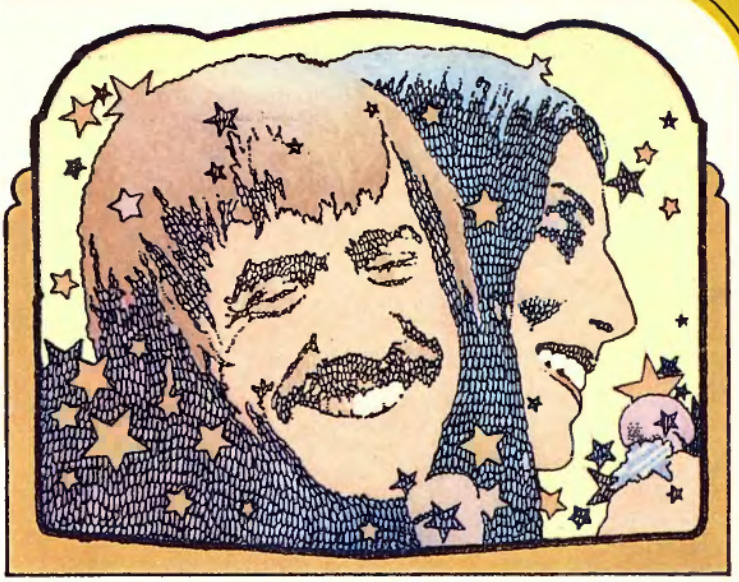
A new sound: a metallic creak. Quite close. Another creak. *He was climbing the ladder.*

Morris was drenched with cold sweat. He still could see nothing at all. He was so disoriented he no longer remembered where he was on the wing. Was the ladder in front of him or behind?

Another creak. He tried to fix the sound. It was coming from somewhere in front of him. That meant he was facing the tail, the rear of the wing. Facing the ladder. Another creak.

Benson would be on the wing soon. What could he use for a weapon? Morris patted his pockets. His clothes were soaked and clinging with sweat. He had a momentary thought that this was all ridiculous, that Benson was the patient and he was the doctor. Benson would listen to reason. Benson would do as he was told. Another creak.

A shoe! Quickly, he slipped off his shoe and cursed the fact that it had a rubber sole. But it was better than nothing. He gripped the shoe tightly, held it above his head, ready to swing. He had a mental image of the beaten mechanic, the disfigured, bloody face. And he



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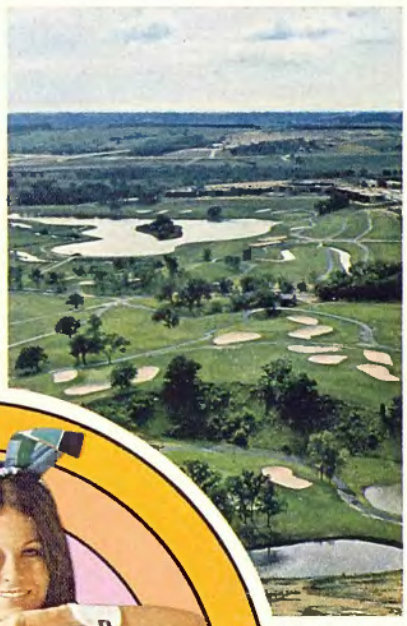

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suddenly realized that he was going to have to hit Benson very hard, as hard as he possibly could. He was going to have to try to kill Benson.

There were no more creaking sounds, but he could hear the breathing. And then, distant at first but growing rapidly louder, he heard sirens. The police were coming. Another creak.

Benson was going back down the ladder. Morris breathed a sigh of relief.

Then he heard a peculiar scratching sound and felt the wing beneath him shake. Benson had not climbed down. He had continued to climb up and he was now standing on the wing.

"Dr. Morris?"

Morris almost answered but didn't. He knew, then, that Benson couldn't see either. He wanted a voice fix. Morris said nothing.

"Dr. Morris? I want you to help me."

The sirens were louder each moment. Morris had a momentary elation at the thought that Benson was going to be caught. This whole nightmare would soon be over.

"Please help me, Dr. Morris."

Perhaps he was sincere, Morris thought. Perhaps he really meant it. If that were so, then, as his doctor, he had a duty to help him. Morris stood. "I'm over here, Harry," he said. "Now, just take it easy and——"

Something hissed in the air. He sensed it coming before it hit. Then he felt agonizing pain in his mouth and jaw and he was knocked backward, rolling across the wing. The pain was awful, worse than anything he had ever felt.

And then he fell, into blackness. It was not far to fall from the wing to the ground. But it seemed to take a long time. It seemed to take forever.

XII

Janet Ross stood outside the treatment room in the emergency ward, watching through the small glass window. There were six people in there taking care of Morris, clustered around him. All she could really see were his feet. He had one shoe on. There was a lot of blood; most of the EW people were spattered with it.

Standing outside with her, Anders said, "I don't have to tell you that I think Dr. Morris should have waited for the police."

"But the police didn't catch him," she said, suddenly angry. Anders didn't understand anything. He didn't understand how you could feel responsible for a patient, how you could want to take care of somebody.

"Morris didn't catch him, either," Anders said.

The treatment-room door opened. Ellis came out, looking haggard, unshaven, defeated. "He's OK," he said. "He won't have much to say for a few weeks, but he's OK. They're taking him to surgery now, to wire up his jaw and get all the teeth out." He turned to Anders. "Did they find the weapon?"

Anders nodded. "Two-foot section of lead pipe."

"He must have got it right in the mouth," Ellis said. "But at least he didn't inhale any of the loose teeth. The lung films are clean." He put his arm around Janet. "They'll fix him up."

"What about the other one?"

"The mechanic?" Ellis shook his head. "I wouldn't place bets. His nose was shattered and the nasal bones were driven up into the substance of the brain. He's leaking CSF through the nostrils. Lot of bleeding and a big problem with encephalitis. He's on the critical list."

Janet walked with Ellis out of the emergency ward toward the cafeteria. Ellis kept his arm around her shoulders. "This has turned into a mess," he said. "But they'll get his jaw back together. He'll be fine."

She shuddered.

• • •

The operation began at seven P.M. Ross watched from the overhead glass viewing booth as Morris was wheeled into the OR and the plastic surgeons draped him. Bendixon and Curtiss were doing the procedure; they were both good plastic surgeons: They would fix him up as well as anybody possibly could.

But it was still a shock to watch as the sterile gauze packs were taken away from Morris' face and the flesh exposed. The upper part of his face was normal, though pale. The lower part was a red mash, like butcher's meat. It was impossible to find the mouth in all the redness.

The surgeons were gowned and gloved, the instrument tables set in position; the scrub nurses stood ready. The whole ritual of preparing for surgery was carried out smoothly and efficiently. It was a wonderful ritual, she thought, so rigid and so perfect that nobody would ever know that they were operating on a colleague. The ritual, the fixed procedure, was anesthetic for the surgeon, just as gas was anesthetic for the patient.

XIII

As Ross approached the NPS, she saw that a cluster of reporters had cornered Ellis outside the building. He was answering their questions in clear bad humor; she heard the words mind control repeated several times.

Feeling slightly guilty, she cut around to the far entrance and took the elevator to the fourth floor. Mind control, she thought. The Sunday supplements were going to have a field day with mind control. And then there would be solemn editorials in the daily papers, and even more solemn editorials in the medical journals, about the hazards of uncontrolled and irresponsible research. She could see it coming.

The truth was that everybody's mind was controlled and everybody was glad for it. The most powerful mind controllers in the world were parents and they did the most damage. It was usually forgotten that nobody was born prejudiced, neurotic or hung up; those traits required a helping hand. Of course, parents didn't intentionally damage their children. They merely inculcated attitudes that they felt would be important and useful. Newborn children were little computers waiting to be programmed. And they would learn whatever they were taught, from bad grammar to bad attitudes. Like computers, they were undiscriminating.

All the important programming was finished by the age of seven. Racial attitudes, sexual attitudes, ethical attitudes, religious attitudes, national attitudes. The gyroscope was set and the children let loose to spin off on their predetermined courses.

What about something as simple as conventions? What about shaking hands when you meet someone? Facing forward in elevators? Passing on the left? Having your wineglass on the right? Hundreds of little conventions that people need in order to stereotype social interaction—take away any of them and you produce unbearable anxiety. People need mind control. They are hopelessly lost without it.

But let a group of people try to solve the greatest problem in the world today—uncontrolled violence—and suddenly there are shouts from all sides: mind control, mind control!

Ross got off at the fourth floor, brushed past several policemen in the hallway and went into her office. Anders was there, just hanging up the telephone and frowning.

"We got our first break," he said, "but I'll be damned if I know what it means. Benson's description and pictures are being circulated downtown and somebody recognized him."

"Who?"

"A clerk in Building and Planning, in City Hall. He said Benson came in ten days ago. Building and Planning stores specifications on all public structures erected within city limits and they administer certain building codes. Benson came in to check specifications on a building. He wanted to review electrical blueprints. Said he was an electrical engineer and produced some identification. Well, apparently he got them."

"What are they for?"

"University Hospital," Anders said. "He has the complete wiring system for

"Do my arms go over or under, Mr. Jackson?"

"My wife does bird imitations. . . . Right now, she's watching us like a hawk!"

the entire hospital. Now, what do you think of that?"

They stared at each other.

Later, walking along the corridor of the NPS, she realized how tired she was. Her neck was hurting badly and she had a headache. She had to get a little sleep or she'd pass out.

An orderly walked past her, carrying a filled ashtray and some empty coffee cups. It seemed strange to her that an orderly should be doing cleaning duties and the sight triggered an elusive question in her mind. But she felt so tired, so unable to think clearly that she gave up. She went into one of the treatment rooms, closed the door, lay down on the examination couch and was instantly asleep.

XIV

In the lounge, Ellis watched himself on the 11-o'clock news. It was partly vanity and partly morbid curiosity that made him do it. Gerhard was also there, and Richards, and the cop, Anders.

On the screen, Ellis was squinting slightly in the fading sunlight as he answered the questions of a group of reporters. Microphones were jammed up toward his face, but he seemed calm. That pleased him. And he found his answers reasonable.

The reporters asked him about the operation and he explained it briefly but clearly. Then one asked, "Why was this operation done?"

"The patient," Ellis answered, "suffers from intermittent attacks of violent behavior. He has organic brain disease—his brain is damaged. We are trying to fix that. We are trying to prevent violence."

No one could argue with that, he thought.

"Is that common, brain damage associated with violence?"

"We don't know how common it is," Ellis said. "We don't even know how common brain damage alone is. But our best estimates are that ten million Americans have obvious damage and five million more have a subtle form of it."

"Fifteen million?" one reporter said. "That's one person in fourteen."

"Something like that," he replied on the screen. "There are three quarters of a million people with cerebral palsy. There are over four million with convulsive disorders, including epilepsy. There are six million with mental retardation. There may be as many as two and a half million with hyperkinetic behavior disorders."

"And all of these people are violent?"

"No, certainly not. But an unusually high proportion of violent people, if you check them, have physical brain damage. Now, that shoots down a lot of theories about poverty and discrimination and social injustice and social disorganization. Those factors contribute to violence, of course. But physical brain damage is also a major factor. And you can't correct physical brain damage with social remedies."

There was a pause in the reporters' questions. Ellis remembered the pause and remembered being elated by it. He was winning; he was running the show.

"When you say violence——"

"I mean," Ellis said, "attacks of unprovoked violence initiated by single individuals. It's the biggest problem in the world today, violence. And it's a huge problem in this country. In 1969, more Americans were killed or attacked in this country than have been killed or wounded in all the years of the Vietnam war. Specifically—"

The reporters were in awe.

"—We had fourteen thousand, five hundred murders, thirty-six thousand, five hundred rapes and three hundred and six thousand, five hundred cases of aggravated assault. All together, a third of a million cases of violence. That doesn't include automobile deaths, and a lot of violence is carried out with cars. We had fifty-six thousand deaths in autos and five million injuries."

"You always were good with figures," Gerhard droned.

"It's working, isn't it?" Ellis said.

"Yeah. Flashy." Gerhard sighed. "But you have a squinty, untrustworthy look."

"That's my normal look."

On the screen, a reporter was saying, "And you think these figures reflect physical brain disease?"

"In large part," Ellis said. "One of the clues that physical brain disease is involved is a history of violence in an individual. There are some famous examples. Charles Whitman, who killed fifteen people in Texas, had a malignant brain tumor and had told his psychiatrist repeatedly, months before, that he was having thoughts about climbing the tower and shooting people. Richard Speck engaged in several episodes of brutal violence before he killed eight nurses. Lee Harvey Oswald repeatedly attacked people, including his wife. There are a third of a million cases every year that are not so famous. We're trying to correct that violent behavior with surgery. I think it's a noble and important goal."

"But isn't that mind control?"

Ellis said, "What do you call compulsory education through high school?"

"Education," the reporter said.

And that ended the interview. Ellis got up angrily. "That makes me look like a fool," he said.

"No, it doesn't," Anders, the cop, said.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1971: TERMINATION

She was being pounded, beaten senseless by brutal, jarring blows. She rolled away and moaned.

"Come on," Gerhard hissed, shaking her. "Wake up, Jan." She opened her eyes. The room was dark. Someone was leaning over her. "Come on, come on, wake up."

She yawned. The movement sent streaks of pain down through her neck. "What is it?"

"Telephone for you in Telecomp. It's Benson."

That jolted her awake faster than she would have thought possible. Gerhard helped her sit up and she shook her head to clear it. Her neck was a column of pain and the rest of her body was stiff and aching, but she ignored that. She went out into the hallway, blinking in the bright light, and followed Gerhard into Telecomp.

"Hello? Harry?" she said.

Across the room, Anders was listening on an extension.

"I don't feel good," Benson said. "I want it to stop, Dr. Ross."

"What's the matter, Harry?" But she could hear the fatigue in his voice, the slow and slightly childlike quality. What would one of those rats say after 24 hours of stimulation?

"Things aren't working very well. I'm tired. It's the feelings," Benson said. "They're making me tired now. I want them to stop."

"You'll have to let us help you, Harry. You have to trust us."

There was a long pause. Anders looked across the room at Ross. She shrugged. "I wish you'd never operated on me," Benson said.

Anders checked his watch.

"We can fix it for you, Harry."

"I wanted to fix it myself," he said. His voice was very childlike, almost petulant. "I wanted to pull out the wires."

Ross frowned. "Did you try?"

"No. I tried to pull off the bandages, but it hurt too much. I don't like it when it hurts."

He was really being quite childlike. She wondered if the regression was a specific phenomenon or the result of fear and fatigue.

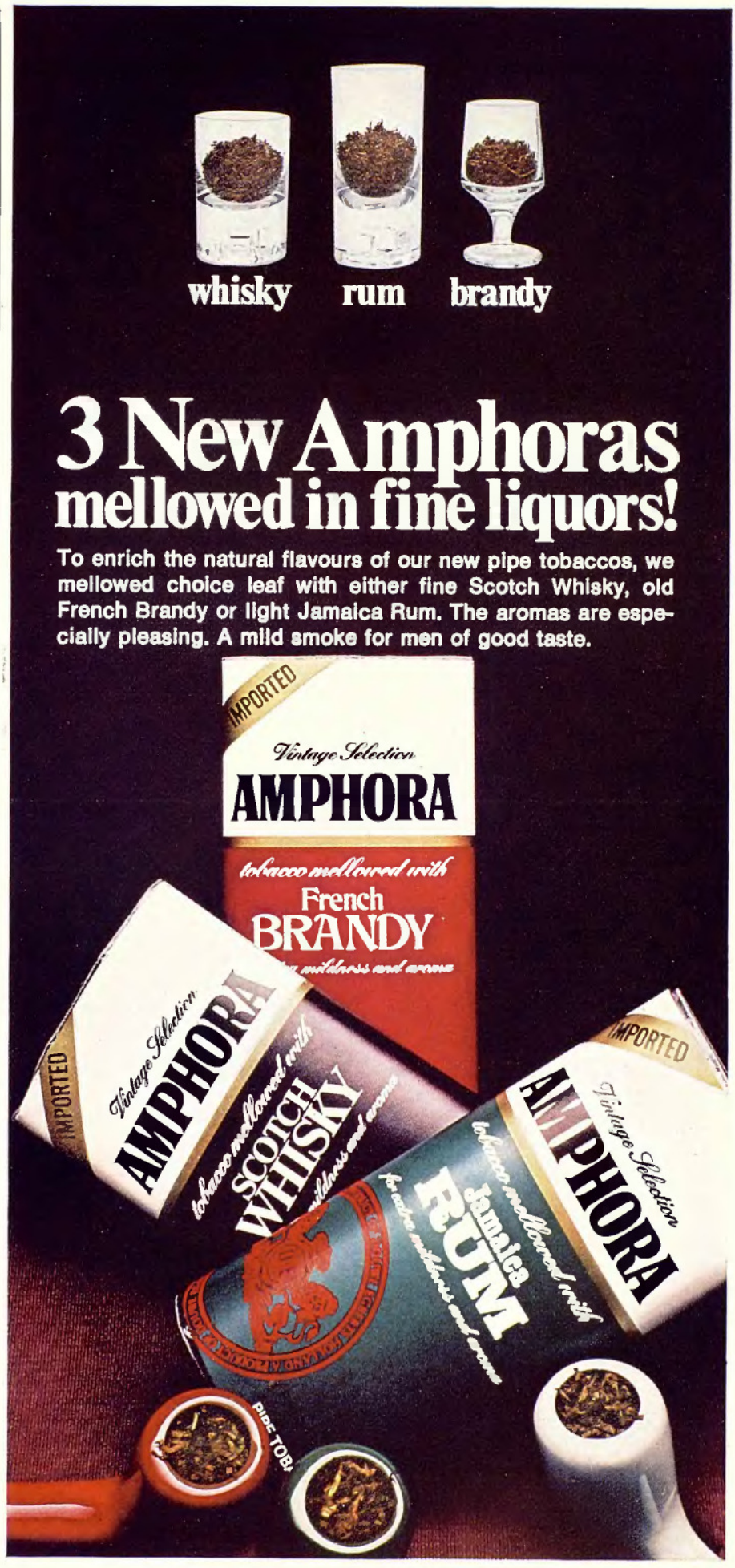
"But I have to do *something*," Benson said. "I have to stop this feeling. I'm going to fix the computer."

"Harry," she said in a low, soothing, maternal voice. "Harry, please trust us." There was no reply. Breathing on the other end of the line. She looked around the room at the tense, expectant faces.

"The police are looking for me."

"There are no police here," she said. "They've all gone. You can come here. Everything will be all right."

"You lied to me before," he said. His



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voice was petulant again. There was a very long silence, and then a sad sigh. "I'm sorry," Benson said. "I know how it's going to end. I have to fix the computer myself."

"Harry——"

There was a click, and then the buzz of a disconnection. Ross hung up. Anders immediately dialed the phone company and asked whether they had been able to trace the call. So that was why he had been looking at his watch, she thought.

"Hell," Anders said and slammed the phone down. "They couldn't get a trace. They couldn't even find the incoming call. Idiots." He sat down across the room from Ross. "He said that he's tried to pull the wires out to fix the computer. Did he mean that? Is it physically possible?"

"Maybe he meant it, maybe he didn't. He's confused now under the influence of all those seizures and stimulations. As for its being physically possible—yes. Monkeys have done it." She rubbed her eyes. "Is there any coffee?"

Gerhard poured her a cup. Then, across the room, Anders said. "How confused do you suppose he is, really?"

"Very." She sipped the coffee. "Is there any sugar left?"

"Confused enough to mix up computers?"

"I don't understand," she said.

"He had wiring plans for the hospital," Anders said. "The main computer, the computer that assisted in his operation, is in the hospital basement."

She set down her coffee cup and stared at him. She frowned, rubbed her eyes again, picked the coffee up, then set it down once more. "I don't know," she said finally.

The telephone rang. Ross answered it. "NPS."

"This is the liaison unit at the phone company again," a male voice said. "We've rechecked that trace for Captain Anders. Is he there?" She nodded to Anders.

"Anders speaking." There was a long pause. Then he said, "And what was the time period you checked? I see. Thank you."

He hung up and immediately began dialing again. "You better tell me about that atomic power pack," he said. "And what happens if it's ruptured." When his call was put through: "Bomb squad. This is Anders." He turned back to Ross.

Ross said, "He's carrying around thirty-seven grams of radioactive plutonium. If it breaks open, you'll expose everyone in the area to serious radiation."

"What particles are emitted?"

"Alpha particles," she said.

Anders spoke into the phone. "This is Anders, homicide," he said. "I want a van to University Hospital right away. We've got a possible radiation hazard. Man and immediate environment may be contaminated with an alpha emitter, P-238." He listened, then looked at Ross. "Any possibility of explosion?"

"No," she said.

"No explosive," Anders said. He listened. "All right. I understand. Get them here as quickly as you can." He hung up.

"The phone company rechecked that trace," Anders said. "It seems that Benson didn't call from the outside."

Ross blinked.

"That's right," Anders said. "He must have called from somewhere inside the hospital."

• • •

Ross looked out the fourth-floor window at the hospital parking lot and watched as Anders gave instructions to at least 20 cops. Half of them went into the main hospital building; the rest remained outside, in little clusters, talking together, smoking quietly. Then a white bomb-squad van rumbled up and three men in gray, metallic-looking suits lumbered out. Anders talked to them briefly, then nodded and stayed with the van, unpacking some very peculiar equipment.

Ross and Gerhard watched the preparations. "Benson won't make it," he said.

"I know," she said. "I keep wondering if there is any way to disarm him or immobilize him. Could we make a portable microwave transmitter?"

"I thought of that," Gerhard said. "But it's unsafe. You can't really predict the effect on Benson's equipment. And you know it'll raise hell with all the cardiac pacemakers in other patients in the hospital."

"There must be *something* we can do," she said.

He shook his head.

Anders came into the room. "We're all ready," he said.

"I can see."

"We've got two men for every basement access, two for the front door, two for the emergency ward and two for each of the three elevators. I've kept men away from the patient-care floors. We don't want to start trouble in those areas."

Thoughtful of you, she thought, but said nothing.

Anders glanced at his watch. "Twelve-forty," he said. "I think somebody should show me the main hospital computer."

"It's in the basement," she said, nodding toward the main building. "I'll show you." She didn't really care. Her exhaustion had gone beyond fatigue to a kind of numb boredom and depression.

She walked down the corridor with Anders when behind them, from Telecomp, they heard Gerhard shout, "Janet! Janet, are you still here?" She returned to Telecomp, with Anders following curiously. Inside the computer room, the console

lights were flickering unsteadily. "Look at this," Gerhard said, pointing to one print-out console.

CURRENT PROGRAM TERMINATED.
PROGRAM CHANGE IN 05 04 03 02 01 00
PROGRAM CHANGE

"The main computer has gone to a new program," Gerhard said. "We didn't instruct that. I don't know what it can be." They all watched the console.

NEW PROGRAM READS AS

Then there was nothing. No further letters appeared on the screen. Anders said, "What does it mean?"

"I don't know," Gerhard said. "Maybe another time-sharing terminal is overriding us, but that shouldn't be possible. We locked in priority for our terminal for the past twelve hours. Ours should be the only terminal that can initiate program changes."

The console flashed up new letters.

NEW PROGRAM READS AS
MACHINE MALFUNCTION
ALL PROGRAMMING TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED TERMINATED

Gerhard started to punch buttons on the console, then quit. "It isn't accepting any new instructions. Something must be wrong with the main computer in the basement."

Ross looked at Anders. "You better show me that computer," he said.

Then, as they watched, one of the consoles went completely dead. All its lights blinked off; the TV screen shrank to a single fading white dot. A second console went off, then a third. The teleprinter stopped printing.

• • •

It was a peculiarly damp night and quite cold as they hurried across the parking lot toward the main building. Anders was checking his gun, turning it sideways to catch the light from the parking-lot lamps.

"I think you should know one thing," Ross said. "It's no good threatening him with that. He won't respond rationally to it. If he has a seizure, he won't even recognize it."

They entered the hospital through the brightly lit main entrance and walked to the central elevator banks. Anders asked, "Where's the atomic pack located?"

"Beneath the skin of the right shoulder." She showed him on her own shoulder, tracing a rectangle about the size of a cigarette pack.

There were two cops in the elevator when they got in; both seemed tense and fidgety, hands touching their guns. Anders nodded to his own gun and asked Ross, "Have you ever fired one of these?"

"Never," she said.

Then the door opened and they felt the coolness of the basement air. The corridor stretched ahead of them—bare, unpainted concrete walls, overhead pipes, harsh electric lighting. The only sound was the distant hum of electrical equipment. The cops stayed behind and Ross moved forward with Anders. "Does anybody work down here at night?" he whispered.

She nodded. "Maintenance people. Pathologists, if they're still going. The computer's this way."

She led on toward the laundry room. It was locked, but huge carts with bundles of laundry stood in the corridor. Anders eyed them cautiously before they continued toward the central kitchens.

These were deserted, but the lights burned in a vast expanse of white-tiled rooms with stainless-steel steam tables in long rows. Their footsteps echoed on the tiles. Anders walked loosely, holding his gun slightly ahead of his body and pointed a little to one side. After the kitchens, they entered another hallway almost identical to the one they had left. Anders glanced at her questioningly. "Turn right," she said.

They passed a sign on the wall: EMPLOYEES REPORT ALL ACCIDENTS TO YOUR SUPERVISOR. It showed a man with a small cut on his finger. Farther down was another sign: NEED A LOAN? SEE YOUR CREDIT UNION.

They turned right down another corridor and approached a small section of vending machines—hot coffee, doughnuts, sandwiches, candy bars. She remembered all the late nights when she had been a resident in the hospital and had come down to the vending machines for a snack.

Anders peered into the vending area and whispered, "Have a look at this."

She looked, astonished. Every machine had been smashed. There were candy bars and sandwiches wrapped in plastic strewn across the floor. Coffee was

pouring in short, arterial spurts from the coffee vendor onto the floor.

Anders stepped around the puddles of coffee and soda and touched the dents and tears in the metal of the machines. "Looks like an ax," he said. "Where would he get an ax?"

"Fire-extinguisher stations have them."

They continued down the corridor and came to another turn in the tunnels.

"Left," she said. "We're very close."

Ahead of them was the section for hospital records and just beyond that the computer. Suddenly, Anders froze. Ross stopped and listened with him. They heard footsteps and humming—somebody humming a tune.

Anders put his finger to his lips and gestured to her to stay where she was. He moved forward, toward the turn in the tunnel. The humming was louder. He paused at the turn and looked cautiously around the corner. Ross held her breath.

"Hey!" a male voice shouted, and suddenly Anders' arm flicked around the corner like a snake and a man sprawled across the floor, skidding down the tunnel toward Ross. A bucket of water sloshed across the floor. Ross saw that it was an elderly maintenance man. She went over to him.

"What the f——"

"Shh," she said, a finger to her lips. She helped the man back to his feet.

"Don't leave the basement," Anders said to him. "Go to the kitchen and wait until somebody tells you it's OK to go. There's a man down here we have to find."

The janitor nodded, brushed himself off and walked away. Ross and Anders continued along the corridor and, in a moment, came to the computer section.

This section was the only refinished part of the basement. The concrete floor changed abruptly to pale-blue carpeting and a wall had been knocked out to accommodate large glass windows that looked in on the banks of the main computer. Ross remembered that, at the time of installation, the windows had seemed an unnecessary expense and she'd mentioned it to McPherson.

"Better let the people see what's coming," he had replied. "The computer is just a machine. Bigger and more expensive than most, but still just a machine. We want people to get used to it. We don't want them to fear or worship it. We want them to see it as part of the environment."

Ross could never quite agree with that. The special treatment, the hallway carpeting, the expensive surroundings did not make the computer part of the ordinary environment. Quite the reverse: It made the computer special, unusual, unique. The only other place in the hospital where the floor stopped being concrete or linoleum—and became carpeted—was outside the small nondenominational chapel on the first floor. She had the same sense here: a shrine to the computer. Did the computer care if there were carpets on the floor?

In any case, the employees of the hospital had provided their own reaction to the spectacle inside the glass windows. A handwritten sign had been taped to the glass: DO NOT FEED OR MOLEST THE COMPUTER.

Ross and Anders crouched down below the level of the windows. Anders peered over cautiously. "I think I see him." She looked, too. She was aware that her heart was suddenly pounding; her body was tense and expectant.

Inside the room, there were six magnetic-tape units, a broad L-shaped console for the central processor, a printer, a card-punch reader and two disk-drive units. The equipment was shiny, sharp-edged, gleaming. It sat quietly under even, fluorescent lighting. She saw no one—just the equipment, isolated, alone. It reminded her of Stonehenge, the vertical stone columns.

Then she saw him: a man moving between two tape units. White orderly's coat, black hair. "It's him," she said.

"Where's the door?" Anders asked. For no good reason, he was checking his gun again. He snapped the revolver chamber closed with a loud click.

"Down there." She pointed down the corridor to the door, perhaps ten feet away. She looked from Anders to the gun and back to Anders.

"OK. You stay down." Anders pressed her down to the floor as he spoke. Then he crawled forward to the door. He paused there and looked back at her once. She was surprised to see that he was frightened. His face was taut, his body hunched tensely.

Then, with a loud slam, Anders knocked the door open and flung himself onto his belly into the room. She heard him shout, "Benson!" And then almost immediately, there was a gunshot. This was followed by a second gunshot and a third. She could not tell who was firing. She saw Anders' feet sticking out of the door as he lay on the carpeting. Gray smoke billowed out through the open door and rose lazily in the corridor.

There were two more shots and a loud scream of pain. She closed her eyes and pressed her cheek to the carpet. Anders shouted: "Benson! Give it up, Benson!"

It won't do any good, she thought. Didn't Anders understand?

Still more shots, in rapid succession. Suddenly, the window above her shattered and large slabs of glass fell over her shoulders, into her hair. She shook them off. And then, to her astonishment, she saw that Benson had thrown himself through the glass window and landed on the corridor floor beside her. One white trouser leg was seeping red.

"Harry——"

Her voice cracked strangely. She was terrified. She knew she should not be afraid of this man—that was a disservice to him, a betrayal of her profession and a loss of some important trust—but she was afraid, nonetheless.

Benson looked at her, eyes blank and unseeing. He ran off down the basement corridor.

"Harry, wait——"

"Never mind," Anders said, coming out of the computer room, sprinting after Benson, holding his gun stiffly in his hand. The policeman's posture was absurd; she wanted to laugh. She heard Benson's running footsteps echoing faintly down the tunnel. Then Anders turned a corner, continuing after him. The footsteps blended in staccato echoes.

And then she was alone. She got to her feet, dazed, feeling sick. She knew what was going to happen now. Benson, like a trapped animal, would head for one of the emergency exits. As soon as he appeared outside—where it was safe to shoot—the waiting policemen would gun him down. All the exits were covered. There was no possible escape. She didn't want to be there to see it. Instead, she went into the computer room and looked around.

The main computer was demolished. The magnetic-tape banks were knocked over; the main control panel was riddled with fine round punctures, and sparks sputtered and dripped from the panel toward the floor. She ought to control that, she thought. She looked around for a fire extinguisher and saw Benson's ax lying on the carpet in a corner. And then she saw the gun.

Curious, she picked it up. It was much heavier than she expected; it felt big and greasy and cold in her hand. She knew Anders had his gun; therefore, this must be Benson's. She stared at it oddly, as if it might tell her something about him.

From somewhere in the basement, there were four more gunshots. They echoed through the labyrinthine hospital tunnels. She walked to the broken window and looked out at the tunnels. She saw nothing, heard nothing. It must be finished, she thought.

She went back to look at one of the display consoles, which was now printing ERMINA over and over.

ERMINA ERMINA

Then there were two more gunshots, not so distant as the others, and she realized that somehow Benson was still alive, still going. She stood in a corner of the demolished computer room and waited.

Another gunshot, very close now.

She ducked down behind one of the magnetic-tape banks as she heard

"Hey, looky! The varmints are running away!"

approaching footsteps. She heard someone struggling for breath; the footsteps paused; the door to the computer room opened, then closed with a slam. She was still hidden behind the tape bank and could not see what was happening.

A second set of running feet went past the computer room and continued down the corridor, fading into echoes. Everything was quiet. Then she heard heavy breathing and a cough.

She stood.

Harry Benson, wearing torn white orderly's clothes, his left leg very red, was sprawled on the carpet, his body half propped up against the wall. He was sweating; his breath came in ragged gasps; he stared straight ahead, unaware of anyone else in the room.

She still held the gun in her hand and she felt a moment of elation. Somehow it was all going to work out. She was going to get him back alive. The police hadn't killed him, and by the most unbelievable stroke of luck, she had him alone, to herself. It made her wonderfully happy.

"Harry."

He looked over slowly and blinked. He did not seem to recognize her for a moment, and then he smiled. "Hello, Dr. Ross." It was a nice smile.

"Everything is going to be all right, Harry," she said. She wanted to reassure him, so she did not move, did not approach him.

He continued to breathe heavily and said nothing for a moment. He looked around the room at the demolished computer equipment. "I really did it," he said. "Didn't I?"

"You're going to be fine, Harry," she said. She was drawing up a schedule in her mind. He could undergo emergency surgery on his leg that night and in the morning they could disconnect his computer, reprogram the electrodes and everything would be corrected. A disaster would be salvaged. It was the most incredible piece of luck.

"Dr. Ross. . . ." He started to get up, wincing in pain.

"Don't try to move. Stay where you are, Harry."

Benson's eyes flashed briefly and the smile was gone. "Don't call me Harry. My name is Mr. Benson. Call me Mr. Benson."

There was no mistaking the anger in his voice. It surprised her and upset her. Didn't he know that she was the only one who still wanted to help him? The others would be just as happy if he died.

He continued to struggle to his feet. "*Don't move, Harry.*" She showed him the gun then.

He grinned in childish recognition. "That's my gun."

"I have it now," she said.

He still grinned, a fixed expression, partly from pain. He got to his feet and leaned heavily against the wall. There was a dark-red stain on the carpet where his leg had rested. He looked down and saw it.

"I'm hurt," he said. "He shot me in the leg. . . ." He looked from the blood up to her. His smile remained. "You wouldn't use that, would you?"

"Yes," she said, "if I had to."

"You're my doctor. I don't think you would use it," Benson said. He took a step toward her.

"Don't come closer, Harry."

He smiled. He took another step, unsteady, but he maintained his balance. "I don't think you would."

His words frightened her. She was afraid that she would shoot him and afraid that she would not. "Anders!" she shouted. "*Anders!*" Her voice echoed through the basement.

Benson took another step. His eyes never left her face. He started to fall and leaned heavily on one of the disk-drive consoles. It tore his white jacket at the armpit. He looked at the tear numbly. "It tore. . . ."

"Stay there, Harry. Stay there." It's like talking to an animal, she thought. Do not feed or molest the animals. She felt like a lion tamer in the circus.

He hung there a moment, supporting himself on the drive console, breathing heavily. "I want the gun," he said. "I need it. Give it to me." With a grunt, he pushed away from the console and continued moving toward her.

"*Anders!*"

"It's no good," Benson said. "There's no time left, Dr. Ross." His eyes were on her. She saw the pupils expand briefly as he received a stimulation. "That's beautiful," he said and smiled.

The stimulation seemed to halt him; he was turned inward, enjoying the sensation. When he spoke again, his voice was calm and distant. "You see," he said, "they are after me. They have turned their little computers against me. The program is hunt and kill. The original human program. Hunt and kill. Do you understand?"

He was only a few steps away. She held the gun in her hand stiffly, as she had seen Anders hold his. But her hand was shaking badly. "Please don't come closer, Harry," she said. "Please."

He smiled. He took another step. She didn't really know what she was going to do until she found herself squeezing the trigger and the gun discharged. The noise was painfully loud and the gun snapped in her hand, flinging her arm up, almost knocking her off her feet. She was thrown back against the far wall of the computer room.

Benson stood blinking in the smoke. Then he smiled again: "It's not as easy as it looks."

She gripped the gun in her hand. It felt warm now. She raised it, but it was shaking worse than before. She steadied it with the other hand. Benson advanced.

A flood of images overcame her. She saw Benson as she had first met him, a meek man with a terrifying problem. She saw him in a montage of all the interviews, all the tests, all the drug trials. He was a good person; nothing that had happened was his fault. It was her fault, and Ellis' fault, and McPherson's fault, and Morris' fault.

Then she thought of Morris, the face mashed into a red pulp, deformed into butcher's meat.

"Dr. Ross," Benson said, "you're my doctor. You wouldn't do anything to hurt me."

He was very close now. His hands reached out for the gun. Her whole body was shaking as she watched the hands move closer, within inches of the barrel, reaching for it, reaching for it. . . .

She fired at point-blank range.

With remarkable agility, Benson jumped and spun in the air, dodging the bullet. She was pleased. She had managed to drive him back without hurting him. Anders would arrive any minute to help subdue him before they took him to surgery.

Benson's body slammed hard into the printing unit, knocking it over. It began to clatter in a monotonous, mechanical way as the keys printed out some message. Benson rolled onto his back. Blood spurted in heavy thick gushes from his chest. His white uniform became darkly red.

"Harry?" she said. He did not move.

"Harry? Harry?"

She did not really remember what happened after that. Anders returned and took the gun from her hand. He moved her to the side of the room as three men in gray suits arrived, carrying a long plastic capsule on a stretcher. They opened the capsule; the inside was lined with a strange, yellow honeycomb insulation. They lifted Benson's body—she noticed they were careful, trying to keep the blood off their special suits—and placed it inside the capsule. They closed it and locked it with special locks. Two of the men carried it away. The third went around the room with a Geiger counter, which chattered loudly. Somehow the sound reminded her of an angry monkey. She couldn't see the man's face behind the gray helmet he wore; the glass was fogged.

"You better leave this area," the man said.

Anders put his arm around her shoulders. She began to cry.

This is the third and final installment of a condensed version of "The Terminal Man."

A. C. SPECTORSKY

A. C. SPECTORSKY, PLAYBOY's Associate Publisher and Editorial Director, died of a stroke on the island of St. Croix on January 17. He was there in a new vacation home, far from Chicago's bitter winter, recouping the strength sapped by a previous heart attack, sending memos full of article ideas back to the magazine he was so instrumental in building, and watching the sailing ships that were his passion. He was buried at sea that day.

He was born Auguste Comte Spectorsky in Paris in 1910, but he was Spec to his associates and Augie to his intimates. In his late 20s, he quit graduate studies in physics at Columbia University to take his first job, as a journalist with *The New Yorker*, where he began to develop his editorial talents.

He was a writer who loved the tricks words can play. Anagrams and puns lurked in almost everything he wrote. He once told a story of an early assignment, a piece that was to be published without his by-line. He wrote it so that the initial letters of the first 12 sentences spelled A. C. Spectorsky. "But some damn editor got hold of it," he said, and then he stood and buttoned his coat, which he always seemed to do near the end of a story, "and when the anagrammatic formula was applied, my name was gibberish. *Bad* gibberish, even."

After *The New Yorker*, he held many jobs —as literary editor for the *Chicago Sun*, associate Eastern story editor for 20th Century-Fox, managing editor of *Living for Young Homemakers*, editor in chief of *Park East* and senior editor at NBC-TV, where he helped organize the *Home* show. And he continued to write; he produced ten books, finally. The 1955 best seller *The Exurbanites*, a mischievous tattle on city folks living beyond the suburbs, was his favorite.

In 1956, Hugh Hefner hired Spectorsky to share in and give new spark to his then-three-year-old magazine. Spec brought with him a unique sophistication, both personal and professional, and an urbanity of style that have left an indelible impact on this magazine. Throughout his years as Editorial Director, during which he saw PLAYBOY's circulation go from fewer than 1,000,000 to 6,500,000 copies monthly, he was shepherd to the words in the magazine—and to its writers.

As an editor, he possessed an inside understanding of writers' problems. He knew they were crazy children, mostly, and he understood when they were broke (and usually did something about it) or why they were drinking or hiding out. "Editors tiptoe past writers," he would say, and he meant it. He had a strong sense of corporate decorum, which demanded that most of his editorial staff be at their desks on time, every day. But for writers he allowed a certain relaxation of the general order, and even when a writer overstepped this freedom, the reproof was gentle. "I can understand why he drinks wine in the morning," he once said of a young staff writer, "but can't he shut his door while he does it?"

Perhaps his greatest gift to the hundreds of writers and editors with whom he worked over his lifetime was his attitude about the compensation they deserved for the work they did. He put the essence of that philosophy into a speech he delivered in London not long before he died. "Your creative staff and your contributors," he said, "are your senses, your eyes and ears—and your voice—and you must never demean them by buying or selling their work at bargain prices."

His professional achievements endure, in books on shelves and bound into magazines. But the person—a delicately featured man, dapper, erudite, who seemed to have no bluster in him and who was totally at its mercy when it came from others, whose anger was slow and even then hesitating, who loved a clever quip and all big sailing ships—that person is gone; and we miss him.

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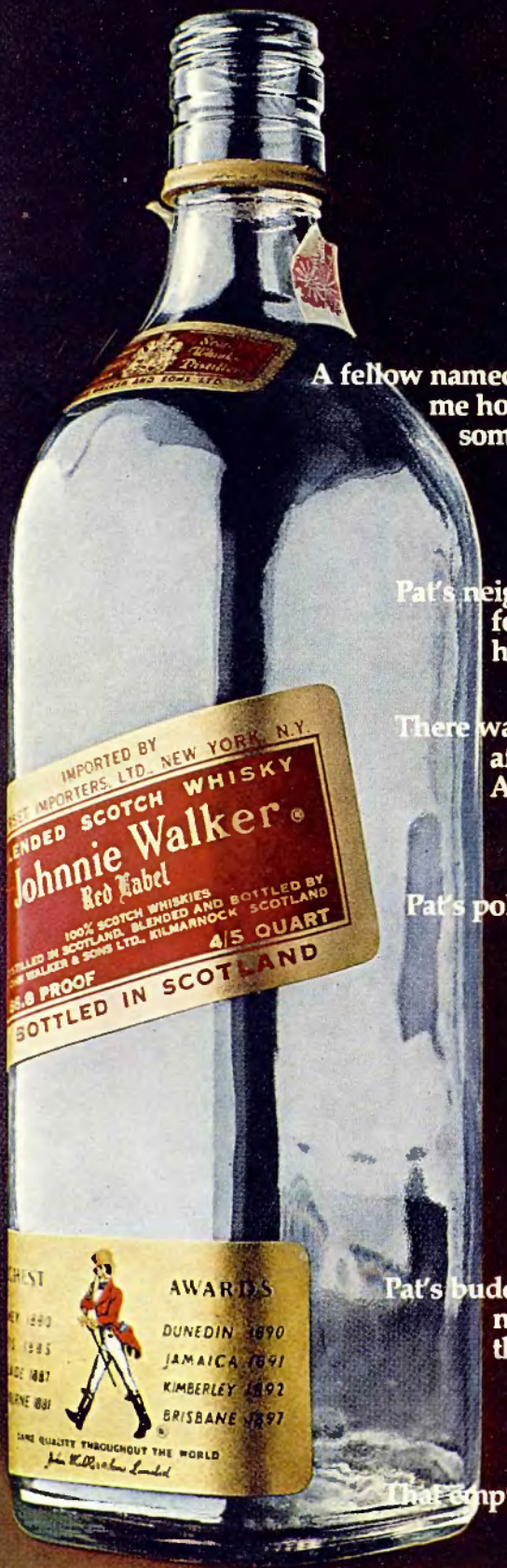

A fellow named Pat Sands got a raise one day and brought me home that night. He wanted to celebrate with something special. I was flattered.

Pat's neighbor dropped by to borrow a little vermouth for a Rob Roy and remembered he didn't have any Scotch either.

There was a little less of me when Pat came home after opening his paycheck with his new raise. After taxes, he wondered if he got a raise at all.

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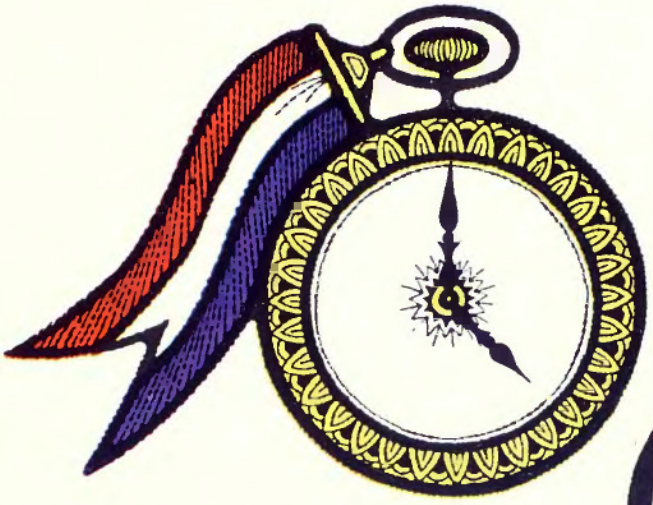

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